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No.



RIGHT REVEREND T. J. DOWLING, D. D.,
BISHOP OF HAMILTON, ONT.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XIV.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1907.

No 1.

Golden Jubilee of the Diocese of Hamilton.

IT seemed fitting that the beautiful month of May, associated as it is in the annals of Hamilton with the installation of the first, as well as of the present, Bishop of the Diocese, should be selected as the month most appropriate for the Diocesan celebration.

Under auspices the most favorable, and with all the pomp and ceremony befitting the importance of such an occasion, the Jubilee Services began with the tendering of a Canonical reception to His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate; and continued for three days; on the first of which was Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by Mgr. Sbaretta.

The Jubilee sermon, of which the following is a synopsis, was preached by Reverend J. R. Teefy, C. S. B., LL. D., St. Michael's College, Toronto.

"Your Excellency, my Lord, Reverend Fathers, and dear brethren: With all respect and humility, my Lord Bishop of Hamilton, I venture to express the thought that this pulpit would, upon the present occasion, have been more appropriately filled by a member of your household. He would have voiced with filial piety the gratitude of the Diocese. He would have sketched with personal reminiscence the coming in and the going out of these fifty golden years, whose struggles and labors have been crowned with blessing and success. He would have told the story of this cathedral—how, in 1860, he had seen it rise over the ashes of the old frame building; how it passed through several stages until at last it has assumed its present beauty and condition; how he saw the first Bishop bless its foundation-stone, whilst to-day we all witness its sol-

emn consecration. Such men are not far to seek. There are those around your throne to-day, my Lord, venerable in years and priestly service, whose memory must be deeply stirred this day. They could have given pathos to this edifying chapter of religious history. Indeed, you yourself were the most fitting bard. You would have told in poetic prose and eloquent diction the story of those early days whose sowing was in tears, but whose reaping is in joy—those days in which you took so active a part, and those later years in which you, in your higher position, and by your zealous administration as Bishop, have laid deep and broad the foundations of God's tabernacle in this Diocese of Hamilton.

Thus the task has fallen to the lot of a stranger. Yet hardly a stranger. I feel that on this day I, too, have returned to my own family: for here, many years ago, within these sacred walls, that grace was given to me, as to one out of season, whose links reach to the present and bind me in undying gratitude to unforgotten associations. Whilst, therefore, it is with diffidence that I attempt to do the occasion anything like justice, it is with filial feeling I join in the congratulations and thanksgiving of to-day. However varied may be the sentiments of each of us, one dominant note prevails. It is thanksgiving to God—praise and blessing to His Holy Name—and to Mary Immaculate, the Mother and Queen of this cathedral, praise and thanksgiving, I say, for the sacrifice and glory of these fifty years. Fifty years are not long in the history of the immortal Church. They are long in a young land, for though we are the heirs of all the ages, still we are in the foremost files of time. There are those living who witnessed the espousals of this Diocese, who saw the first episcopal candlestick placed upon this cathedral altar.

Our Institutions, religious or secular, must be measured not by centuries, but by individual lives.

What was this Diocese fifty years ago? Missionaries were few in number, their territory unlimited, and the facilities for travelling and for serving their flock, most discouraging. Not a single railway throughout the Diocese, and only two or three highroads. The blazed trees and the narrow, distant clearing were the only guides for the weary missionary in his long journeys. No churches, no schools, no homes for priests. No homes for priests, do I say? None; for they were rather headquarters than homes. That venerable pioneer whose memory is still green in this Diocese, whose remains rest beneath these walls, the Very Reverend Vicar-General Gordon, was one of the few resident priests. This zealous missionary was wont to describe with characteristic modesty his share in these toils, the early state of religion, and the people whom he served.

What a contrast from the present time! To-day, forty-three diocesan priests, and eighteen priests of religious orders; forty churches with resident pastors, and twenty-four mission chapels, two hospitals, five institutions for the needy, a well-equipped college, three academies, and fifty-one parochial schools.

How did all this change come about? Whose work is this? Many have had a share in it—many who are not with us, whose names are written in the book of life, who would have wished to see this day, but who saw it only in hope. Many there are who, quietly fulfilling their duty, bore in lonely parish and unremitting toil, the heat and burden, and contributed to this morning's glory. I speak not of these—nor of those heroic Jesuit missionaries who, on distant Manitoulin, or Superior's northern shores, taught the world the value of an immortal soul, in their service of the poor Indians. But there are those to-day whom I cannot pass unnoticed. There is the revered Vicar-General of this Diocese, the Right Reverend Mgr. Heenan, whose work, whose name and whose memory will forever be associated with these fifty golden years—with the seed-time and the harvest of the Diocese. There is the venerable Archdeacon Laussier, the eldest priestly son of Hamilton, whose faithful service has told with more efficiency than *éclat* for the good of souls and the advancement of religion. And my own Community, the Basilians, presents

the third—Father Granottier, whose memory goes back to the time when Owen Sound mission covered the northern part of the Diocese. The good which these veterans have done will live after them. And what is better for us, Reverend Fathers, their example is an odor of sweetness to us all.

In the building of the Temple of Solomon, we read that it was built of stones hewed and made ready, so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house when it was in building. So was it with the temple of Hamilton. The work went on without noise. Year succeeded year, and no change was noticeable. But the work was quietly advancing. Generosity is not noisy, nor is true zeal trumpet-tongued. Throughout these fifty years, the generosity of the faithful and the zeal of a devoted priesthood toiled steadily at this work of God. The temple, fair and well-proportioned, grew in perfection as the stones were elevated to their place by the willing hands of skilful workmen. Bishops passed away, leaving the walls higher up than they had found them. Then, some seventeen years ago, your Lordship was installed Bishop of Hamilton. What a share you have had in the framing of this temple, in the organization and ministration of this Diocese, will ever remain your joy, your crown and your monument. Under your zeal, St. Lawrence went down to the lake, and Mary the Mother, away north to the distant, humble Indian settlement—and twenty-five others, patrons of the churches erected under your Lordship's episcopate, started forth, and, last of all, St. Anne, who is to be the guardian of this Jubilee. But this is not all. You saw the inception of this golden tide. Then afterwards, as priest, you took a noble share in the hidden sacrifices of a pastor's life. As Bishop, you have to-day the happiness of placing the roof and glory upon this temple of which you have been, to a large extent, the high-minded, zealous architect. Your people rejoice with you, your devoted co-laborers, the clergy of Hamilton, rejoice with you. Your brethren of the episcopate rejoice with you. Rome, through its Delegate, rejoices with you, upon this auspicious occasion. We all sincerely congratulate you, and pray God to spare you many years to govern the Diocese, whose interests you have advanced so well. And as we look back to-day, gratitude and praise rise from



HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND DONATUS SBARETTI,
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

this altar to the one Bishop who alone could give the harvest, who alone can claim the glory. Eternal praise and thanks be to Thee, O Jesus Christ, the true Bishop of every diocese, praise to Thee for the blessings of these fifty years, pardon and mercy for their shortcomings, and eternal rest to the departed faithful, bishops, priests, and laity, who served Thee in the erection of Thy Temple of Hamilton."

In honor of the Jubilee, a grand concert was given at Loretto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, by the young ladies of the Institution, on the evening of Wednesday, May twenty-third. Among the honored guests, besides His Lordship Bishop Dowling, were His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, His Lordship Bishop McEvay of London, Reverend A. A. Sinnott, D. D., Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa; Reverend J. M. Mahony, Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton; and the priests from the city and neighboring parishes.

If we may be permitted to quote from the pen of one present, the reception given to His Excellency Mgr. Sbaretti by the pupils of Loretto, was one of the most interesting of the many events which formed part of the festive celebration. Uniqueness united with simplicity and culture marked the entertainment from the moment the curtain rose till the last number, and the performers—ranging from tiny miss to graduate—clad in their snowy white gowns, with badges of the Papal color, elicited from His Excellency the tribute, "Loretto is the rose garden of the Diocese." The programme, perfect in its rendering, was listened to by Hamilton's representative citizens, and friends from a distance, and was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

1—CHORUS—

- (a) "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus"
- (b) "Loretto's Greeting"*Nemmers*
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

2—ADDRESS AND FLORAL PRESENTATION, MISS ELIZABETH MCSLOY.

3—GOLDEN BOAT OF JUBILEE, Here we float in our golden boat On the swift silvery stream, Through joys and fears of fifty years Drift and dream.

4—PRELUDE (C Sharp Minor)...*Rachmaninoff* MISS COUGHLAN.

5—PANTOMIME, "Lead, Kindly Light"..*Newman*

6—CHORUS*Veazie* Hark, the soaring lark Pours forth her morning lay! Away, while yet 'tis break of day! O'er the fields and meadows gaily go Up the hills and through the woodlands low; By the brook, where tiny wavelets flow. Come away. Bright the morning, Breezes light and fair Cool the summer air; With joy we hail the dawning, Haste away.

7—POLONAISE*Chopin* MISS WORRELL.

8—MADONNA OF PALOS (Musical Recitation)*Hughes* MISS MCGUIRE.

9—AVE VERUM—Viols, Organ and Piano*Mozart*

10—JUBILANTES IN AETERNUM SENIOR CHORAL CLASS. SOLO, MRS. MARTIN- MURPHY.

Miss Elizabeth McSloy of St. Catharines read the address.

To His Excellency Mgr. Sbaretti, Apostolic Delegate.

May it please your Excellency: Welcome, Priest of the Most High God, welcome, representative of our Holy Father, Pius X., Christ's Vicar on earth, welcome, honored guest of our Jubilee celebration.

Often in the past did the walls of our Alma Mater resound with joyous strains, but, to-day, our hearts are filled with unusual gladness and thrilled with the glorious notes of the "Jubilantes."

Fifty years since the then infant diocese took its place among those of Mother Church, and who can tell the varying trials of each decade of years to the present day when it stands crowned with laurels in the garden of God—a giant tree spreading its branches far and near, sheltering

'neath it a Chief Pastor, our Right Reverend and beloved Bishop, who, for seventeen years, has ruled so wisely and so well the flock committed to his care—a devoted clergy and a faithful people.

Fittingly to celebrate this anniversary, we are honored by the presence of your Excellency—would that we could express in words the gratitude that fills our hearts, but the scene around you must speak for us—the presence of so many Most Reverend, Right Reverend, and Reverend clergy, loved parents and friends, uniting to honor the occasion, and to offer to your Excellency a tribute which our lips would fain express.

Accept, then, Loretto's greeting—may the remembrance of it be to your Excellency a memory which time cannot efface until the dawn of the eternal Jubilee, when, not alone the golden glory of five decades of years will encircle the brow of this fair Diocese, but that never-ending glory wherein angel choirs will forever join in the "Jubilantes in Aeternum."

His Excellency replied, thanking His Lordship for the invitation extended to him, eulogizing the merits of the Institution, and congratulating the pupils on the privilege of being educated by those whose fame as educators has gone forth into all lands.

At the close of the entertainment, an informal reception was held and many leading citizens availed themselves of the opportunity to congratulate Bishop Dowling on the Jubilee, and present their respects to His Excellency, and also to His Lordship the Bishop of London.

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In the columns of the *Catholic Record*, London, Ont., the following fitting tribute was paid to the success of the Golden Jubilee:

"We congratulate the Bishop of Hamilton and the priests and people of that city on the magnificent celebration which took place last week in honor of the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's Cathedral. It was a splendid outpouring of Catholic faith and Catholic devotion, which must have been particularly pleasing to His Excellency Mgr. Sbarette, the Papal Delegate, who honored the occasion by his distinguished presence. In no other country in the world may be seen more fervent and more loyal Catholics than in the Dominion of Canada, and in no other dio-

cese of Canada may be seen more exemplary Catholic lives and more anxiety to forward the interests of the Church than in the Diocese of Hamilton.

To the administrative capacity of the present incumbent of the office of Chief Pastor of souls in the Diocese of Hamilton, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., may be attributed the prosperous condition of every parish in these later days. In season and out of season has he been found faithful and energetic in the performance of even the slightest details connected with the episcopate. Into this high office he brought the same energy, the same capacity, the same noble ambition to spread the divine faith, which was a feature of his character when parish priest of Paris. The parish of Paris became a model under his administration; and, in his larger field, the whole diocese partook of the same character. In the Cathedral City, the results of his careful administration are to be seen on every side. And in this connection the energetic and painstaking work of Reverend J. M. Mahony, Rector of the Cathedral, has been, we feel assured, fully recognized and appreciated by his Bishop and the people of the Episcopal city. A Bishop can do much for God's holy Church, but, with a loyal, industrious and exemplary clergy, such as is found in the Diocese of Hamilton, the work of promoting the interests of the Church of Christ will proceed in a manner consoling to all who desire to see its beneficent influence permeate every avenue of life."

* * * * *

The Golden Jubilee of the diocese, the Golden Jubilee of religious foundations, and the Golden Jubilee of members of Communities, have marked this year of 1906. Among them all, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of S. M. Angela Don Carlos into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Canada was of special interest to the Community of Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, where, for a goodly number of the five decades of years, this faithful Religious has labored zealously and well to promote the honor and glory of Him for whom she left father, mother, brothers and sisters.

Sr. Angela was born in Rimouski, P. Q. She entered the Institute when the harvest was great and the laborers few; and was followed by three

younger sisters—all of whom, together with a brother, Mr. Léon Don Carlos of Burlington, Vermont, and his two daughters, were present to do honor to the loved Jubilarian.

The twenty-first of August was an ideal day for such a joyous celebration. In the morning, High Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. P. Holden, Chancellor of the Diocese, assisted by Reverend R. E. Brady and Reverend M. J. Weidner, as deacon and subdeacon. His Lordship Bishop Dowling honored the occasion by his presence in the sanctuary; with him were Reverend J. H.

Coty, Reverend E. R. Walsh, and Reverend A. Savage.

All day, Mount St. Mary was *en fête*. A beautiful display of Jubilee gifts was arranged, chief among them a handsome sanctuary lamp and a gold lace antependium from the members of the Don Carlos family, as also an exquisite floral offering of lilies, roses and rosebuds—the nine lilies representing the nine Religious of the family, the roses and buds, the nieces and cousins. An address in French was delivered by Miss Regina Don Carlos, Sr. Angela's niece.

Greetings

FROM THE URSULINES OF QUEBEC

To the Belovèd Jubilarian of Loretto Convent, Hamilton, Ont.

Dearest Mother! On this your fiftieth year,
E'en from far-off Quebec there comes a cheer,
As all your loving Sisters round you press
Ready with wishes kind, and asking Heaven to bless
Ever, as in the past, their Mother so endeared,
So loved, from year to year, and ever more revered—
To all a light by which their life is cheered!

More gen'rous e'en, although your footsteps bleed,
Onward along the narrow path they see you speed
To heights unscaled, save by a fervent will;
Heights that o'erlook a fairer prospect still,—
E'en heaven itself,—'tis there you'll safely rest,
Released, at last, from earth, you'll join the blest!

May thoughts of that dear land, all restful prove,
As round you press dear Sisters, with their love!
Receive with their fond greetings, *ours* as true;
Your friends, the Ursulines, are all with you!

And with your name they lovingly entwine
No wish for earthly good—but things divine;
Graces most precious, seek they from above,
E'en from His Heart whose name is all your love.
Long years, dear Mother, may you still enjoy!
And ever love *Him* more, whose love is life's enjoy.

(The above lines have a special interest, and are among the dearest treasures of the Jubilee Day, being written by the venerable Sister Ste. Croix, in her ninetieth year!)

An Appraisalment of an Artist.

IT is, indeed, a delectable task to record our impressions of a recital of "Julius Cæsar" given recently at Loretto Convent, Hamilton, by Mr. John Rummell of Buffalo. After the first flush of enthusiasm produced by a work of art has somewhat subsided, one's pleasure may be renewed and often enhanced by a careful analysis of what the artist has done, by noting the means he has employed to obtain his effects, by tracing out the design in each of the effects he obtains, and thus discovering his mode of thinking and the great purpose by which his effort was inspired. We are glad, therefore, to review Mr. Rummell's recital, and revive for ourselves, and perhaps in a measure impart to our readers, the enjoyment it afforded us at first.

Every artist must needs learn the technique of his art, though his own idiosyncrasies will determine the manner in which he will apply it in his work. As we recall Mr. Rummell's interpretation of the great Shakespearian tragedy, it seems to us that his mastery of the technique of his special art is well-nigh perfect. He has a dignified bearing; his body is admirably poised and graceful in action; expressive in every movement; assumes instantly the attitude of any state of mind or of any character that he desires to present. Great mobility of countenance, too, he has, and every passing thought is reflected there. By means of his facial expression alone he can suggest to the imagination of his audience the most opposite characters, presenting the patrician at one moment and the plebeian at the next; nay, even showing all the varying moods of each of many characters, yet always keeping each character distinct from all the rest. His voice, too, betokens exceptional training. Rich and musical it is; of unusual compass and remarkable flexibility; capable of all manner of modulation; always moulded into a clarity of utterance and with a purity of accent that cannot fail to delight the most critical ear. And if a well-disciplined and highly-retentive and trustworthy memory may be reckoned a part of his technique, Mr. Rummell is the fortunate possessor of that, too; for he gave his entire recital without once faltering, and without once glancing at a book or manuscript or even having one anywhere in sight. Yet all this technical equipment represents but a part, though an indispensable part, of Mr.

Rummell's resources as an artist. Without this technique he certainly could not produce his wonderful effects, yet it is evident that he employs his technique, as it should be employed, only as a means to an end.

What impressed us much more than his technique was Mr. Rummell's skill as an intellectual and emotional interpreter of the author's text; his evident general culture; his knowledge of human nature; his breadth of sympathy; his vivid imagination; his courage to think for himself and be guided by his own inspirations. As an artist, he has a strongly-marked individuality, but he is not eccentric, nor freakish, nor faddish. As we listened to him, we saw no sign that he was striving after originality, or that he did anything for mere show. His manner seemed always simple, direct, sincere. He appeared to get his effects with great economy of effort, and yet he was always intensely alive and absorbed in his work.

As we think it all over, we confess to a degree of disappointment at the beginning of the evening's performance. Mr. Rummell omitted the very first scene in the drama, in which Marullus and Flavius chide and drive home the idle mechanics who are congregating in the Roman streets. This is an interesting scene, and we had hoped to hear it well rendered. Later in the evening, especially during the oration scene in the third act, Mr. Rummell gave evidence of his power to do full justice to this part of the drama. We feel sure he could have brought out the humor in the speeches of the rabble, and delivered the eloquent rebuke of Marullus with fine effect. However, at the close of the recital, which lasted two full hours, we realized that his version of the play had been carefully thought out, that the omissions he made were, perhaps, the best that could have been decided on. In no instance did he transpose scenes or speeches, or alter the text in any way, except to omit some of the less essential passages. The substance of these, when needed for a full understanding of the situation or progress of the action, he told briefly and tastefully in his own words.

Mr. Rummell's comments were comparatively few, but he made some preliminary remarks to prepare the minds of his audience for an understanding of the great second scene in the first act, which served as the opening scene of his version

of the play. Then the great characters of the drama were made again to live and move and speak; first, the imperious Cæsar, then the blunt-spoken Casca; now Cæsar's wife Calpurnia, and then his friend, the hearty Antony; anon is heard the shrill, startling voice of the aged soothsayer; shortly the dignified Brutus steps into view; then Cassius; at last, Cæsar's triumphal procession moves on, the shouts of the multitude die away, and Brutus and Cassius alone remain. By this time Mr. Rummell had won our attention completely, as was attested by the deep silence that pervaded the room.

And now he proceeded to reveal his conception of the two leading figures in the drama. Strongly contrasted they were as he presented them; Cassius, intense, subtle; cautiously feeling his way with Brutus; flattering him in the most artful manner; sarcastic in all his references to Cæsar; manifestly jealous of his power and determined to shake him from his high place. Smooth and warm and rich was the voice when speaking courteously to Brutus; hard and thin and cutting when disparaging Cæsar; at times condensed and harsh with hate; vibrant at times with indignation; shrill and quavering when imitating Cæsar's own cries as he lay sick with fever during his Spanish campaign; sad and full of despair when deploring the degeneracy into which Rome had fallen; then expressive all at once of flattery, of pride, of hate, of indignation as the great climax of the appeal to Brutus was reached, the appeal to his patriotism, his family pride and his personal influence and power. And all through this part of the scene the facial expression of Cassius was as varied, as interesting, as illuminative as the tones of his voice; revealing his thought before it was uttered in words; often showing it in the process of forming and assuming shape for effective utterance. Brutus, on the other hand, was represented as well-poised, noble, magnanimous; though speaking little yet thinking much; his speaking being, indeed, but thinking aloud. Lovable he was and sincere; though played upon by the flattering tongue of Cassius, yet evidently stirred by noble patriotic motives; winning our affection and esteem, and withal our sympathy and compassion.

Cæsar reappears upon the scene with Antony, Casca and the others; and now the reciter had a

further opportunity for showing the contrast between one character and another; between Cæsar whom he showed confidential in manner toward Antony, distrustful and fearful of Cassius, yet denying his fear and uttering his boast of "Always I am Cæsar"; and Antony, whom he represented as heartily generous, unsuspecting and loyal. These differences were beautifully revealed by subtle changes of attitude and facial expression, of gesture and vocal modulation; making clear not only the surface meaning of the lines, but telling much more than any lengthy commentator upon the text could hope to explain. Equally artistic was the contrast presented between Casca and Brutus; the one so blunt, so scornful, so contemptuous; affecting indifference while evidently caring very much; the other so gentlemanly, so polished in manner, so patient and forbearing and just.

I must not be snared by my enthusiasm or my love for analysis into too great prolixity, but I cannot refrain from mentioning several noteworthy features of Mr. Rummell's elocution. He has, first, a manner of reading his lines that often suggests to the hearer that the thought contained therein has just flashed upon the mind of the speaker for the first time. This gives his speech at times a spontaneity and a naturalness not otherwise to be obtained. Then, too, he has a wonderful gift of making the most of a single word, bringing out a wealth of meaning that other readers entirely overlook. And again he makes certain speeches seem like the intimate conversation of two persons, while other speeches are meant for the ears of an entire company. The great advantage of these points in the recital of a drama can only be fully understood when illustrated by the living interpreter.

And now let me touch more briefly upon his treatment of the remaining scenes of the tragedy. Of special interest was his rendering of the dialogue between Brutus and Portia in the second act. To Brutus he gave a noble manly tenderness; to Portia a womanly charm and dignity and withal an affectionate, appealing manner that made the entire passage very touching and beautiful. Equally interesting was the scene between Cæsar and his wife Calpurnia. Calpurnia's pleading with her lord was made by the reciter to reveal a less heroic type of woman than Portia, while Cæsar, though gentlemanly and kind

like Brutus, was represented, unlike Brutus, as somewhat masterful and patronizing toward his wife. In this scene, also, the part of Decius was very skilfully handled. A diplomatic, tactful man the reciter showed him to be, a man of personal charm and with a smooth, persuasive manner.

In the third act of the drama Mr. Rummell at last found his opportunity for strongly dramatic work, and made the most of it, too. Here he had a series of great situations to present and gave it in a majestic, sublimated, uplifting style, that moved, that melted, that excited, that thrilled his hearers and carried them with rapt attention through the whole grand sweep of the action to the magnificent climax at the close. The conspirators pleading in vain with Cæsar to recall the banished Cimber; the confusion and excitement as Cæsar is stabbed by the conspirators; their vainglorious shouts of liberty and their boastful appeal to future time for approval of their deed; the dramatic entrance of Antony; his laments over the body of Cæsar; his pathetic parley and his final compact with Brutus and Cassius and the other conspirators; his cries of grief, his terrible prophecy, and his fierce maledictions when left alone with the body of Cæsar;—these were made by the reciter a series of vivid moving pictures, proving him the possessor of rare imaginative power; of an artistic temperament, quickly responsive to every emotion; and of an understanding of dramatic technique, enabling him to present a large group of characters, impersonating each in turn, yet always preserving proportions and values and keeping the situation clear at every point. In the oration scene Mr. Rummell represented Brutus with an added dignity and authority as he addresses the howling mob; delivered the eloquent speech of Antony with a marvellous variety of telling effects, bringing out many shades of meaning new to myself, and, I surmise, to the rest of his audience as well; and suggested the fickle, excitable, frenzied rabble swaying and surging to and fro, first hostile to the speaker, then shamed into silence and submission, then melted to tears, and lastly mad with indignation and thirsting for revenge as they sweep out of sight with the body of Cæsar, leaving Antony there alone on the rostrum in the joy of his triumph. Here Mr. Rummell reached his most thrilling climax.

In the last two acts of the drama it was the

tenderness and the gentleness that he gave to Brutus that impressed me most. The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius was done artistically, but the remainder of the act appealed to me very much more. Here the reciter made Brutus exceedingly lovable, especially in his conversation with the boy Lucius, which was the most pathetic thing in the entire performance. The concluding scenes, in which Cassius and Brutus die on their own swords, were rendered in a manner beautifully sad and impressive. There was a solemn grandeur in the death of Brutus that left its spell upon the audience after the reciter had ceased to speak. Excellent as were Mr. Rummell's impersonations of Cæsar, of Antony, of Cassius and all the other characters in the drama, the final verdict could not but be that his Brutus was the grandest and "noblest Roman of them all." And this, no doubt, is the impression that Shakespeare himself intended to convey.

The occasion was honored by the presence of His Lordship Bishop Dowling, Reverend J. P. Holden, Reverend R. E. Brady, Reverend E. R. Walsh, Reverend A. Savage, and many of Hamilton's representative citizens.

In glowing terms His Lordship complimented Mr. Rummell on the artistic performance he had given, and eulogized the perfection of his work, to praise which, His Lordship said, would be—"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet, to smooth the ice, or add another hue unto the rainbow."

THE RECORDER.

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can consist only in that majestic peace which is founded on the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet records.

There is something in the practices of the Catholic faith that spiritualizes the face of a faithful woman in a remarkable degree—tempering the fire of the eye, mellowing the features, and casting a shimmer of modesty and simple gladness about her that is scarcely ever to be mistaken. Is not the modern passion for the old Italian Madonnas an unexpected confession of the power of this charm? Those artistic creations are the painter's efforts to render the supernatural in its natural housing.



RIGHT REVEREND MGR. HEENAN, V. G.



VERY REVEREND EDWARD GORDON, V. G.

The Shepherd's Story.

Sombre and still the holy night
 Was nearing the solemn hour
 That ushered in another dawn
 On a world of boastful power.
 A world that shone with Caesar's fame,
 A world of great pomp and pride,
 Where all that spoke not of splendor
 Was ruthlessly cast aside.

We were merely simple shepherds
 Attending our flocks with care,
 Aloof from the mighty city
 That revelled in pleasures rare.
 We had heard the declaration
 That summoned from east and west,
 All that the sway of Augustus
 Had bound by his vain behest.

We knew that feasting and riot
 Filled the hours now speeding on,
 Yet little cared we for pastime
 Besides what our lot had won.
 Silent and watchful we guarded
 Our flocks 'neath the starlit sky,
 When suddenly—oh! what sounded
 So sweetly, as from on high?

The air seemed alive with voices
 That chanted a glorious strain;
 The echo replied in gladness,
 That wondrous midnight refrain:
 "Glory to God in the highest
 And on earth good will to men!
 Glory to God in the highest!"
 Echoed again and again.

The brightness of God shone round us,
 Yet our hearts were filled with fear,
 When behold! A blessed angel
 Unto us, poor shepherds, drew near.
 He said in a tone of comfort:
 "Fear not, for great joy I bring;
 On this day is born a Saviour."
 At last He had come, our King!

Then said we one to another:
 "To Bethlehem let us go
 And behold this word come to pass
 Which the Lord to us doth show."

We went in haste, and what saw we?
 Mary and Joseph were there,
 And an Infant in the manger,
 An Infant so wondrous fair,

That impelled by some power unknown,
 We reverent homage gave
 To the little child before us
 Who had come to seek and to save.

This is our plain, simple story
 That the world cares not to hear,
 But the world has other pleasures,
 While we, little else to cheer. S. M. D.

The Children's Festival.

IT is curious what a variety of customs the beautiful Christmas-tide has given rise to in all lands. What a strange commingling of obstinate superstitions with the sweetest impulses of faith a volume of Christmas lore would show! The grotesque and the exquisite, the profane and the hallowed, the hideous and the charming, all inextricably woven together in the sports and merry-makings that distinguish the day dearest of all the year to the hearts of the little ones. I wonder what the children of the Puritan forefathers, who had no Christmas, did? Surely they must have missed something out of their lives, and wondered what it was. The fathers themselves endeavored to make amends for the absence of a festival, which they considered idolatrous, and would not countenance, by the adoption of "Thanksgiving," or "Harvest Home," and putting it as near the old Christmas season as possible; but it never was, and never can be the same thing, for it is not dedicated to the children, or to the celebration of the natal day of the Saviour who loved them, and desired that they should be brought to Him. The touching request—"Suffer little children to come unto me"—do not put hindrances in their way, associate their Christmas joys with some evidence of this gentle interest and loving kindness, addresses itself to us with peculiar force at this season.

Christmas, it is true, has somewhat changed its character of late years. The world-worn turn from its simple allurements, press rude fingers upon its sacred memories, resist its divine sentiment, and go cold and hard about the little cares of life through all its Royal hours. But, for the

Father's little ones, it holds the best romance of life. Their smiles fringe its dawn with beauty. Their abounding laughter fills its morning with jubilee—its evening echoes the same mirth. It is buried in their hearts. Their waking on the morrow is its radiant resurrection. Happy they who can look back on an uninterrupted succession of "Merry Christmases," memories full of brightness and unclouded by the pain, regret, or remorse that may come with later years. And even though brilliant success crown their endeavors, nothing will ever come to them freighted with the delight of the "Merry Christmas" days, when anticipation was sure to find fruition, when life was young, and care had not yet begun.

But there are those, alas! who vainly look through the single frosted pane for the print of Santa Claus' footsteps in the snow, sparkling in the light of morning; and the earth is full of homes so poor, so naked, and so wretched, that this ambassador of joy does not know they shelter God's children. His glittering equipage stops not at their doors. Christmas brings not to them the gifts that gladden the hearts of a luxurious generation. Poverty bars the door against the Prince who is wont to make glad the coming of the Christ-Child.

All over this broad earth to-day where the light of God's Gospel shines, the laughing voices of the children ring out from happy homes, and gifts are showered into their laps. And yet there are byways running out from palatial squares, there are dark and narrow lanes going out from the great thronged streets along which commerce makes her Royal progress, where hovel leans against hovel and crime and want abide, and children cower in rags and weep out their young lives in infinite wretchedness. One seems to see the fiery sword turning every way to keep light and joy and gladness out of these dire retreats. There is no Christ here. Oh, blessed little ones in happy homes, with arms full of gifts and hearts full of joy, may the Heavenly Father keep you always in the garden of His love, and implant in your hearts the desire to spare of your abounding plenty and be His radiant messengers to the little ones shut out from love and light in these dark and forbidding places where want is King and Christ is dethroned.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

Anniversary Celebration.

Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary Celebrates the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Guelph Foundation, on the Tenth of June, Nineteen Hundred and Six.

SCARCELY had the echoes of the Jubilee of the Diocese died away when the glad strains were again taken up by the Guelph Community to fittingly celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of the Religious there, half a century ago.

Gratifying, indeed, must have been the contrast between the commodious, well-equipped convent, decorated so artistically for the occasion, and the bare walls of the unfinished building to which, in June, 1856, the pioneer Religious were conducted by our revered benefactor and friend, Reverend J. Holzer, S. J.

Two of the members of the first Community, Reverend Mother Ignatia Lynn, Superior of the Institute in America, and Mother Stanislaus Hennegan, were present on the Jubilee day. The third, Mother Berchmans Lalor, since called to receive from the Master the reward promised to those who leave all to follow Him, looked down, we trust, from her heavenly throne and rejoiced with those who are still in the vineyard. The name of this zealous missionary is held in benediction by those whose privilege it was to come under her influence.

Te Deum Laudamus must, in all truth, have been the heartfelt outpouring of the souls of these valiant women, yet humble Religious, as they contemplated the little grain of seed planted in the soil of hardships and privations, now yielding fruit a hundredfold, and, a like hymn of thanksgiving must have gone up from the heart of many a pupil of Loretto, Guelph, who, wherever their lot may be cast, revert with loving tenderness to that convent home wherein they spent so many happy years, wherein the present generation is receiving that training of heart and mind, fitted to equip them for the battle of life, while glorying, as did those gone before, in being ranked beneath the banner of our Lady.

The festivities of the Jubilee were appropriately inaugurated with Pontifical High Mass, the celebrant being His Lordship Bishop Dowling, whose presence added to the happiness of all, and was deeply appreciated by the Community, whose sincere, unflinching friend he has ever proved him-

self to be. His Lordship was assisted by Very Reverend Dean O'Connell, Mount Forest; Very Reverend Dean McGee, Stratford, Ont.; Reverend J. H. Coty, Hamilton; Reverend P. Brennan, St. Mary's; Reverend J. J. Connolly, S. J., Guelph; the other priests in attendance were—Reverend J. M. Mahony, Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton; Venerable Archdeacon Casey, Peterboro; Reverend J. Forrester, Reverend E. Monta, Little Germany; Reverend E. Doyle, Freelon; Reverend J. Bellinger, Berlin; Reverend J. Donovan, S. J., Guelph.

Reverend J. C. Coffee, S. J., Guelph, was the preacher. His discourse was an eloquent and touching tribute to the zeal, self-sacrifice, and devotion of the members of the Institute.

"In all things give thanks: for this is the will of God.—I. Thes., v., 18.

History tells us that all nations have had some privileged dates—Romans, their secular year—Hebrews, their fiftieth year of jubilee—Christians first celebrated each recurring hundredth, then the fiftieth, and now, often the twenty-fifth that marks each quarter of a century's life.

These periodical halts or religious anniversaries, sanctioned by the Church's discipline, are so consonant to the wants of the human heart that their commemoration has been introduced among the customs of private and even public life, and we know how rare are the happy spouses who are privileged to look back upon fifty years of wedded life and gratefully receive the felicitations of their friends, while giving thanks to God for their victory over time and the inconstancy of human life.

In the sanctuary, in the cloister, the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of religious or sacerdotal life seems to reconsecrate one's existence to the lofty and definite, and often heroic resolves of youth, and place a fresh crown upon the whitened locks of deserving age.

No less fitting is it, rather is it truly meet and just, right and available that, after five decades of consecrated labors, an Institution which, from pioneer times, has been at once the pride and glory of this parish, exercising a beneficent and hallowed influence over the lives and fortunes of a couple of generations of parochial residents, should with true maternal joy invite hosts of grateful children and cohorts of friends and well-wishers to unite with her in presence of our Chief

Pastor and celebrate her semi-centennial year, by this joyous festival of thanksgiving.

There are those among you here to-day, not to speak of others in the parish, whose venerable years alone regretfully forbid their presence, who, reviving treasured memories, will gladly recall the year 1856. Then it was that the late lamented, but oh! so well-beloved and fondly-revered Bishop Farrell, by whose hands so many of us were confirmed, upon taking possession of his newly-created diocese of Hamilton, established among us the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, more popularly known as the Ladies of Loretto, to help the Reverend J. Holzer, S. J., in diffusing the blessings of a superior Catholic education among the members of his flock, scattered as they then were, from Guelph northward, to the shores of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron.

Unwilling to trespass too much upon your time, I cannot dwell at length upon the many touching circumstances connected with the earliest years of Loretto Academy, and the lofty, noble-minded, whole-souled ladies, who, with truly Apostolic zeal, responded to the call of superiors and, generously breaking the ties that bound them to the convent homes and associations they had loved elsewhere, with no thought of looking backward, heroically devoted themselves to the service of years of unmingled love of God, of incessant toil for souls, of unflinching endeavors, of ever-recurring sacrifices and unsparing efforts for the spiritual and temporal betterment of thousands, who, to-day, gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the Ladies of Loretto.

In the year 1856, Guelph was a small but thriving town, then, as now, a centre of agricultural activity, with but a few leading roads giving access to it through stately forests rapidly falling before the ceaseless onslaughts of valiant and hospitable pioneers. Awakening the slumbering memories of an eventful past, the mind wanders back to the tenth of June, five decades ago, when news spread quickly through the town, particularly gladdening the hearts of its Catholic residents, that Religious had arrived by the Galt stage to commence their work among us. Welcomed and lodged over night at the house of the late Mr. John Harris, Mother Berchmans Lalor, Mother Ignatia Lynn, and Mother Stanislaus

Hennegan were, the following morning, conducted by Reverend J. Holzer and Reverend F. Matoga, S. J., to their new home on the hill: to be joined a few days later, by S. M. Berchmans and Sr. Michael. The mention of these pioneers cannot fail to evoke fond recollections and pleasant souvenirs in the minds of many of you here to-day, when tender memories recall their gentle, courteous manners, their cultured gifts, their patience under trials, their joyful sacrifices, their devotion to duty, their unflagging solicitude for the intellectual and moral improvement of the children confided to their care, and, above all, the enduring influence of their pious example and edifying lives.

There are those of you who will remember that June morning, fifty years ago, when these venerated Religious took possession of the desolate unfurnished rooms set apart for their use. The outlook was certainly dreary—without scrip or purse, without anything to assure to them the necessities of life, without furniture or ordinary home comforts, with nothing but their unshaken confidence in the bounty of Him to whose service they were pledged, they at once set to work to put their house in order for the opening of classes in the following September. With poverty as their mother, with chastity as their shield, and obedience as their sure guide, they boldly undertook the precious duties assigned to them. Nor was their reliance misplaced. No sooner were they installed within their convent walls than the sturdy German and Irish families through the neighboring country hastened with Guelph's people to discover their needs and generously provide them with necessities until self-sustaining.

All honor to them for their more than hearty coöperation, for their timely and substantial appreciation of the advent among us of a thoroughly competent and well-trained corps of religious teachers, by whom their children could be educated according to the truly Catholic standard of education—a standard that is admirably attained in all its details in the system of instruction carried out by the members of the Institute. No system of education that does not contemplate the development of all the powers and faculties of the soul can claim to be complete, and the failure of any system is all the greater in proportion as the part that is overlooked is the more im-

portant. Education must, to be worthy of the name, take into account not only the interests of the body, but especially those of the soul; not only the individual's present, but the future as well; not only the temporal end of a human being, but its eternal destiny. What educational scheme can be said to possess scientific completeness that, putting aside all question of religion, necessarily ignores what is noblest in man, and, wrapt up in the pursuit of merely temporal aims and interests, excludes those eternal ends that give to man his real dignity, and to human life its real significance? To secure the boon of a truly religious education in the atmosphere of the school, every Catholic, worthy of the name, is always ready to make, if need be, the most exacting sacrifices. On this point there has always been, there is now, and there will, doubtless, always be, a conflict between the desires of the world on the one hand, and the demands of the Church of God on the other. The Church in her ardent and watchful solicitude for her children's everlasting welfare, and in fulfilment of the commission solemnly entrusted to her by the lips of the Saviour himself, stands beside them from the cradle to the grave, ever elevating their thoughts to higher and more perfect levels, filling their souls with nobler aspirations, moulding their conduct by purer and loftier standards than any that earth could supply. Her mission is to sanctify childhood, inspire youth, ennoble manhood, and fill the dim eye and withered heart of age with visions and aspirations of a glory that shall never fade, as an everlasting reward for the faithful practice of those Christian virtues that make our ideal Catholic men and women and children the most admirable living examples of those enduring cultivated qualities of mind and heart that, throughout the ages, have the esteem and veneration of mankind. Such is the aim ever kept in view and most successfully carried out by the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary throughout every continent, in steadfast opposition to the aim of the world, striving to put its own mark upon a soul, lowering its fondest aspirations to its own sordid level, and divesting the soul it undertakes to educate of every thought and hope and concern for the world beyond the grave.

The spirit that has ever animated Loretto Academy is the self-same spirit that animates every

member of the Community, imparting to its work as an Institution a character of unity and uniformity, of precision and regularity, of clear-cut methods and intelligent order, that cannot fail to produce the very best educational results.

In the storied record of Loretto Academy, like the record of many other sister Institutions, there are, just as in human lives, scenes which might be recalled that a divine pencil alone can fitly sketch, deeds which divine lips alone can fitly praise, events which divine words alone can fitly rehearse and commemorate. For so wide-spreading, so far-reaching are they that some, nay, perhaps the most striking among them, must stretch hopelessly beyond the range of merely human eyes, even the most sweeping. So many and fruitful those seeds planted in the souls of generations, that human speech the most skilled and gifted must unavoidably leave unsaid even the most salient of them. So deep those events in their results, so immeasurable in their influence, that a human tongue the most searching in its telling, can, at best, but portray what lies on the surface.

Such is the character of that Institution, such the life-work of those who, in a spirit of Christ-like immolation, have guided its destinies, whose success and labors you have assembled this morning to honor and reverence, whose institutional and human life is eminently worthy of your felicitations and substantial gratitude, a life truly deserving the homage of every heart that throbs with consuming love for Jesus Christ, because it represents fifty years' glad and continual service of the Divine Master in a field of tender childhood and delicate maidenhood, wherein theirs is all the toil, yours all the fruit. These scenes, these deeds, these events, are not entirely hidden from those of us who, through close association with the work directed by a Mother Ignatia, a Mother Berchmans, a Mother Joachim, a Mother Stanislaus, a Mother Gonzaga, and their successors, can let loose a pent-up flood of reminiscences and recount stories of their long struggles against want and distress, calling for the most stringent economy even of diet, of petty persecutions patiently endured, of insulting greetings on the streets, of openly-expressed threats of incendiarism against their convent home, sad reminiscences, now dimmed in the radiance of the heavenly brightness shed upon five decades of

fidelity to their Master, of unselfish labors for the betterment of souls.

The day which ushers in such memories and marks the close of a half century's record, may well be chronicled in the archives of heaven and the annals of earth as a golden anniversary; for it tells the story of human hearts fortified with the strength of the best of human lives, and clothed in the lustre of the noblest of metals. Aye, more, it points to an unbroken line of deeds wrought by the transforming and transmitting alchemy of human wills wholly Christ's, into the only gold that will pass currency in heavenly treasuries. The world, the world that is not with God and His designs, cannot understand how chosen souls, resplendent with the best gifts of nature and of grace, can so consecrate themselves to a life-long immolation of gratuitous toil, and would fain believe it a life of unnecessary pain. True, there is pain, but it is the pain of sweetness. It is the pain of the martyr laughing amid his tears, rejoicing amid his torments, and, with his eye fixed like the protomartyr St. Stephen, upon the vision of the Lord Jesus beaming approvingly through the portals of heaven upon his martyrdom, craving for still more searching trial, asking only to spend and be spent in the wake of their crucified Master and model, and thus be better fitted to finally receive an everlasting welcome from Him who, speaking to their hearts, in the springtime of youth and beauty and dazzling worldly hopes, said "Come, follow me—Suffer little children to come unto me." If, in the eyes of the world, thorny seems the path of the religious life, it is because the world, blinded to all else but its lower aims, fails to see treading the same path two sacred feet, the feet of Christ, which gently press down the hated thorn points and make soft and pleasant the way for those who closely follow in their prints.

If the world looks askance at the burdensome obligations and seemingly unnatural sacrifices of such a life, it is because the world takes no heed of two sacred hands gently carrying the burden and making light the yoke of His irrevocably-pledged servants and friends, who, burning their ships behind them, have generously thrown themselves, their talents and their labors, into the forefront of the never-ending fray of Christian warfare against the concupiscences of the world,

the flesh and the devil. That the Religious of the Institute have done their work nobly needs no assurance from me. In days of adversity, no less than in time of prosperity, have they faithfully, quietly, perseveringly, patiently and hope-fully, borne the brunt of poverty and hardship, of toil and sacrifice, of sorrow and distress, of carping opposition and petty persecution.

And now, at the close of a semi-centennial existence, Loretto Academy can boldly say to hostile critics, "Judge me by my works." She can point to an untarnished record of unbroken successful labors in the cause of sound Catholic education of the poor and uncultured, no less than the well-to-do and more refined classes. The characteristic stamp of her training is in such evidence on every side that he who runs may read. It is seen in the modesty of her children's demeanor on the streets and in the home. It is evident in their reverence for parental and lawful authority. It betrays itself in the love of piety and purity that marks her pupils' lives. It proves itself in the ease and grace with which her scholars adapt themselves to new duties, the moment they leave their convent home, equipped with sound intellectual, artistic, and moral advantages, that at once combine to make them admired members of society, consciously or unconsciously exercising a wholesome, leavening influence for good everywhere.

Few there are in this parish who have not reason to gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the zealous labors and exemplary lives of the Community of Loretto in our midst. Few are the families of long standing that do not proudly claim a peculiarly personal interest in their work, because of kinship's ties with some dear soul that, heeding the Master's secret call to come and follow Him, have in Catholic circles made the name of Guelph synonymous with a nursery of religious vocations.

As you, religious ladies, look back on those five decades of years which, like the mighty waves of a great ocean, have already flowed into eternity, bearing upon their crests to the throne of God the merits which await you and your noble predecessors for a better and more glorious crowning than our hands can give you—as you remember the yearnings of your immolated hearts to lead a nobler, if more toilsome, life than any which the world had in its gift—as you

remember 'your urgent requests to be enrolled among those who tread in cheerfulness and saintly valliance the path of enduring self-denial—as you remember the dawn of that day when, with befitting ceremonies, you consecrated yourselves before God's altar to your chosen life-work, tears of joy, perhaps, coursing down your cheeks, as parents and friends vied with one another in invoking God's choicest benediction upon you—as all these memories cluster about you, on this the Jubilee festival of the Academy you call your own, it is becoming that you renew your pledges of fidelity to the Eucharistic Victim of the altar, pledges to make the future of Loretto Academy worthy of its glorious past, while pouring out fervent hymns of thanksgiving for a half century's providential blessings upon the fruitful labors of those who have gone before.

Te Deum laudamus—in the name of the people of the parish of Guelph, I can I know, in a spirit of profound gratitude, say we thank Thee, O God, who from our earliest years, hast made us know and love and proudly appreciate the unremitting devotion of these religious ladies. We thank Thee for the boon it has been to our mothers, our wives, our sisters, our daughters, and we pray Thee, on the threshold of another cycle, that a still greater harvest of good works may be placed to the everlasting credit of Loretto Academy, that each of the members of its Community, aided by the powerful intercession of the Mother of God, may be fortified with a lavish abundance of celestial graces, to enable them to bring to successful fruition their unselfish, whole-souled labor of love, to implant in the hearts of their children salutary lessons of virtue and piety, of purity and reverence, of secular knowledge and graceful accomplishments, that are at once the joy of the home, the delight of the family, the pleasure of society, and the security of order in the State.

Te Deum laudamus!"

The pupils' demonstration of devotion to their Alma Mater took the form of a delightful entertainment, which evidenced the training given by the members of the Institute.

Nor were those who had already answered the summons of the Angel of Death forgotten amid the festivities. On the second day, a High Mass of Requiem was offered by Rev. J. J. Connolly, S. J., for the eternal repose of deceased members,

pupils and benefactors. His Lordship Bishop Dowling chanted the *Libera*.

During the afternoon which closed the Jubilee celebration, the members of the Community, representatives from every House in Canada being present, held a reception for former pupils and friends. Besides those in the city, many of Loretto's children from distant places availed themselves of the opportunity to express their love for their convent home and those in it. Refreshments were served by the Alumnae—and creditably did they perform this hospitable duty.

Even Golden Jubilees come to an end, and so closed the first half century of the life-work of the Community in Guelph, bearing with it, let us trust, the blessed realization—"They who instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."

The Wine of the Leaf.

Why should regret note their falling?

—Autumn leaves dreamily calling—

"Come ye immortals, 'tis Eden to wander

Where sordid cares may not control!

Come from the cot, and the mansion,

Free to the skies' wide expansion;

Cast off your trammels, your fetters, to joy in

This festival high of the soul!"

Breezes so softly caressing,

Pass but to murmur in blessing;

Sweetly the sunshine floods beauties that
heighten

In telling of others so brief:

All that is changing or dying,

Meeds not one moment of sighing;

Here as immortals, our soul's dearest joyance

We'll pledge in the wine of the leaf!

Spring wooed in promise enchanting;

Summer's fruition was wanting;

Promise, fruition,—tho' parted, or failing,

But weaklings remember in grief:

All that of life is most glorious,

All that the soul owns victorious,

All that immortals may gather or garner,

We pledge in the wine of the leaf!

IDRIS.

Bells.

"Say! How canst thou mourn?

How canst thou rejoice?

Thou art but metal dull,

And yet, all our sorrowings,

And all our rejoicings

Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many

Placed within thy form.

When the heart is sinking

Thou alone canst raise it

Trembling in the storm."

WHAT queer things they are,—bells—
life-like almost, whimsical, swayed by
every passing emotion and thoroughly
unselfish, converting themselves into the moods
of those who surround them. Yes, to me they
are almost human, grave, merry, solemn, wrath-
ful,—just as moodful as the best of us.

Take the little piece of metal here on my desk.
I don't know where I got it really,—was it from
the Falls?—or stay! I know—it was from St.
Anne de Beaupre. I brought it for a souvenir
for someone and, well, she didn't get it, and here
it is reposing peacefully among a litter of let-
ters, photos, stationery, and, yes, confess it, dila-
pidated manuscripts, the outcome of golden day-
dreams and worth, I venture, almost the foolscap
they're written upon.

But, I like that bell, tiny little morsel of silver
that it is, with its playful little voice, a tinkle
that resounds throughout the entire house and
often beguiles folks into believing it is the door-
bell.

The door-bell! A welcome sound often—and
often not! Ting-a-ling—quick and glad some—
and enters your best girl chum—at which grand-
mamma shakes her head and protests that
"chum" is on the catalogue of forbidden words
for young ladies, but you tell her if she wants
to keep pace with the young ladies of to-day
she'll have to get a "hustle on."

You knew it was Mary—you know her ring.
There! a huge mistake, a monstrosity. Say,
rather, you know how the faithful little bell ex-
presses Mary's characteristics. It isn't Mary's
ring—it's the bell's response—it is glad to admit
this frank, blue-eyed girl into your home for it
knows that she will bring mirth and goodness in

her very wake. So you see a bell can have discriminative powers, too!

Ting-a-ling—a ring of importance! Oh! 'tis the postman—you dear little bell—a letter from our soldier boy on the far-off battlefield, or a note from the married daughter from over the seas—and mother's eyes are misty while the little bell slowly subsides into watchful silence.

And then the school-bell!—Sharp, imperative, and even commanding.

The groups on the convent verandah are enjoying themselves.

"Julius Cæsar!" gasped Nell. "Who could prefer such a methodical hero! No, indeed! Give me Alcibiades, or some other blood-thrilling, hair-raising, inconsistent wonder. None of your—"

"There, Nell," interposes May, softly, "no ancient history, please, with its Peloponnesian War or Spartan valor. Give me the one subject that admits of such glorious researches—science."

"Come, now, May, you want something where you can ask foolish questions to your heart's content without fear of a scoff from the class. As for me, I prefer—"

"Bodily onward motion," cries Rose, rudely pushing the group and sending the girls pell-mell.

"There, you err," cried Daisy, glad at a chance to contradict. Sr. Madeleine says she doesn't know whom that girl will contradict yet before her days are numbered—and we all devoutly hope it won't be any one so very exalted. "It's bodily vibration—see!"

"No, I don't," returns Rose, coolly; "bodily vibration refers to the molecules or minute particles and," eyeing Daisy with disdain, "I fear you are rather a substantial particle."

"There, no sarcasm, Lady Rose. Let Sister Cyril settle the question; here she comes!" and Maud waved her hand dramatically towards the approaching teacher.

"No, indeed!" rebelled May, hotly. "Show your ignorance after all sister's drilling?"

"Whose ignorance, mon amie?" suggested Blanche, with just a naughty little inflection on the pronoun.

"Yours," chimed in Bertha. "Don't you talk, Blanche. The day you fell out of the haymow on the farm, you didn't even realize it was an excellent example of gravity."

Blanche drew herself up with all the airs of—not an offended queen—but a miss of sixteen—which is saying just about as much.

"Bertha Clarissa Watson, I deny the haymow—"

Ting-a-ling.

And that imperative little bell spoiled it all, and the conversation, so interesting and so characteristically girl-like,—if not so brilliant,—was completely spoiled. For shame! You are the only member of all your race on whose offending head are called down such denunciations as ought to make the glib tongue of any well-disposed and properly-constituted bell silent ever more. You are just as mean as,—as—as the curfew! There's another abominable institution,—to the youthful mind,—the ogre of all his evening sports. No! to-night he will defy the curfew and stay out until late—but the first stroke of that sonorous voice invariably finds him on his own steps and glad to be there.

And then, those symbols of Christianity—church bells!—dear to the heart of each one of us, dear to the traveller in the foreign clime, for it tells him that he can worship God in the self-same way as in the little country church so far away; dear to the tired toiler in the city street, for it tells him that a day will come when the Saviour will repay him for all the trials and pains so nobly borne; dear to the young, the aged—dear to us all.

Ding-dong; ding-dong; ding-dong! 'Tis the Angelus! Its dull and resounding tones cause us to lift up our hearts to God and, almost unconsciously at that sweet summons there arise unbidden to our lips the words of our Faith's beautiful prayer, "The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary."

Is it not a pretty custom,—the Angelus? Three times a day from our Catholic spires there rings out to God man's thanksgiving for the angel's annunciation, to wit, for a Redeemer. And then the Mass-bell on a Sunday morning, calling us all to divine worship. How good the people look, our Catholic people, wending their way to early Mass, the children happy and well-cared-for, the maidens sweet-faced and ethereal, the aged,—all hastening at the sound of that inviting voice,—coming at the call of Jesus.

And you, dear little bell of the sanctuary, how divine is your mission,—announcing to the kneel-



VERY REVEREND DEAN MAHONY,
RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, HAMILTON, ONT.



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, HAMILTON, ONT.

ing multitudes the awful mystery of the consecration! Ah, blessed little bell, so near to our Saviour, I believe, I know your faithful little voice is more true, more earnest than the voices of those to whom God has given such wonderful graces,—and you, inanimate little bit of metal, put us all to shame.

Hush,—’tis the funeral knell! Alas! how often is not its dismal voice heard ringing out in the gladsome air,—a voice which bids us stop and consider—what will it profit a man—aye, what will it profit us if we heap up treasures untold,—fame, happiness,—all; what will it profit us when we are carried away like yonder shell—when the death-bell will toll and the choir chant “Dies irae, dies illa.”

And yet, it must ring for us all,—for the child at play, the boy at his desk, the maiden, the father and the mother.

Alas! ’tis then its voice is doubly drear when it rings for the mother,—when the light has gone out of those mild, soft eyes and the dear, sweet voice is stilled forevermore. She is gone and yet the world, *your* world, goes on the same. You live without her. There was a time when her chair was the Delphi from which the oracles that controlled your young life were issued, and now,—your bark is left without the strong guiding hand, and still it drifts on, wavering and unsettled at first, but presently you learn to steer it alone, and the chaos is gradually dispelled and brightness dawns. Mother becomes merely a sacred memory! ’Twas only yestereve that the clods fell dull and heavy upon her newly-made grave, and yet you think of her, not as the tender mother who caressed you nightly, but as some pale saint in distant heaven above.

Yes, we are susceptible beings,—as much so as are bells.

Do you wonder when I say they are almost human?

KATE C. ADAMS.

With regard to the choice of friends, there is little to say; for a friend is never chosen. A secret sympathy, the attraction of a thousand nameless qualities, a charm in the expression of the countenance, even in the voice or manner, a similarity of circumstances—these are the things that begin attachment.

Feast of All Saints.

To the brightness and the glory of the fair Celestial City

Oft with longing love we raise our eager eyes to-day,

As the exile towards his fatherland oft turns his wistful glances,

As the weary watcher waiteth for the dawn’s first welcome ray.

And the faces of our loved ones seem to smile from out the splendor

Of the mansions of our Father’s House where joy forever reigns.

With peace and love abiding without end and without measure,

And we seem to catch the echo of the glad angelic strains.

E. I. D.

Pictures on Memory’s Walls.

IS there anything more interesting than an art gallery? Surely not, for even as children, nothing appealed to us as much as pictures. But how we do enjoy visiting the art gallery of Memory and pondering on all that is presented to our view! Pictures hung up in childhood, others later, all arranged in one long line—pictures that will never fade, for they have been given to us by immortal rhymesters and songsters, novelists and poets.

Let us gaze once more on them. First we see Little Jack Horner, sitting in a corner, eating his pie, a perfect type of self-complacency, for there are some people who are perfectly satisfied with themselves; then there is Old King Cole and the King with the black-birds in the pie, both of whom remind us of the words, “Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.” But what is this? Why, of course, it is little Bo-Peep waiting for her sheep, just like some women, so easily offended and grieving over the least trifles, while if they only waited a short time and left them alone they might be pleasantly surprised with the results. And here is Mary with her little lamb! I wonder if this is a type of ideal, constant friendship, if the lamb was always so faithful or if, perchance, one day it wandered off “to seek fresh fields and pastures new,” leaving Mary in

wavering uncertainty whether "'tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." But who is this grand lady, stepping out of a golden coach? It is Cinderella; is she not beautiful? And look at her golden slippers—I wonder if her pedal extremities ever caused her much anguish! And see the next portrait,—it looks like Cinderella, too, but why cannot we see her plainly? She seems all covered with spider-webs, and she is sleeping,—oh! look at the handsome prince trying to get to her—why this must be the Sleeping Beauty. So we need not be very wide-awake, nor on the look-out for Prince Charming, he will come in spite of obstacles.

We are at the end of this side of the wall, let us see the other—it is covered with princes and princesses, step-mothers, giants, ogres, goblins, goose-girls, witches and fairies. How pretty it is! We almost wish we could be those wonderful creatures, instead of real prosy people.

Now we come to another division and this seems all confused, the portraits are of so many different characters. First there is Aladdin with his wonderful lamp, ready to step into the cave all covered with jewels. If we could only have the "open sesame" to a place like that! But we have learned to apply these charmed words to King's Treasuries of another description. Why, here are the three little bears who had so much trouble over their belongings. The spirit of the whole family seemed to be—"Don't touch anything of mine." We realize that bearish propensities, other than hugging, are common to the human race. And there is Little Red Riding-Hood with the wolf on her track, teaching us a great lesson of prudence and caution, that we ought to use our eyes the better to see, my dear, and our ears the better to hear, my dear!

But now we come to the prettiest sketch of all, that drawn by Louise Alcott—we can see poor little Amy, in distressing endeavors to look pretty, with a clothes-pin on her nose; Meg, and sweet visions of domestic bliss, in spite of the poor invalid girl sitting in her chair near her mother, always so kind and gentle, and there is Ted, forever teasing someone, and poor Joe, with a tear in her dress. What a delight it is to see again these lovely characters!

The next picture is of Indians—it is Hiawatha with a handsome deerskin, which he is presenting to Minnehaha, loveliest of Dakota Maidens;

now we see the old Nakomis, breaking the ice on the Gitche Gumees in order to get fish for the wedding. Yes, that is an interesting sketch, but this one of Acadia—could there be another lover? Evangeline! how we love to watch her, walking so serenely that she did not even crush the flowers. Then we see her again, a nun, at the bedside of the dying Gabriel, but look—"Here is the forest primeval, but far away from its shadow, Side by side in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping." What a world of lessons is contained in this sad story, which seems to verify the statement that "the course of true love never runs smooth." But let us turn from the sad spectacle and greet this Puritan Maiden at the spinning-wheel, with John before her, pleading the suit of Miles Standish,—we almost imagine we can hear Priscilla say, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Again we see a breakfast table with the Autocrat at the head trying to explain his doctrine of the three personalities, and John helping himself to three peaches, one for each personality. This next is a scene in Scotland, a picture of a beautiful lake, and on its shore a handsome girl with long black hair, she is talking to a stranger. The scene is changed and this time we see the Lady of the Lake in the king's palace and we recognize Snow-down's lord as Scotland's King.

Here are some sketches by the master artist, Shakespeare. There is Juliet on the balcony and Romeo climbing up to see her; the next is the four lovers lost in the woods; cannot you see Queen Titania and her subjects? It is known as the "Midsummer Night's Dream." This shows us the little princes in the tower, and that is a picture of Miranda and her father Prospero. But what a noble sketch is this of Mark Antony pleading at the burial of Julius Cæsar! Who could help loving this high-minded man who could so influence a mob that, from a great hatred they would change to love, for the man that was dead.

We are almost at the close of our visit, one more painting—the Garden of Paradise, where we see Adam, a large, strong man, with such a lordly air about him, and Eve "so divinely fair," enjoying the many gifts of God. It seems impossible that in a garden so beautiful and into the hearts of such heavenly creatures sin could creep—but, when we look again, we see Eve in the

shade of the apple-tree gazing on the fruit and the cunning serpent trying to tempt her. How foolish Eve was!—but I suppose we would have done the same thing.

There is no enumerating all the beautiful pictures that will hang forever on the walls of Memory. Endless additions are being constantly made as the years go by, but the long walls lengthen out and the new pictures do not usurp the place of the old. The variety satisfies our changing moods that wax now retrospective, and again become wholly entranced with the modern productions of our captivating artists.

MARY McKENNA.

Elgar's New Oratorio.

EACH fresh composition of the great Catholic musician arouses a world-wide interest; and England—who only recognized the genius of perhaps her greatest living son when Germany and Italy had covered him with laurels—now follows Elgar's new inspirations with breathless and respectful homage.

"The Kingdom," which was lately given at the Birmingham festival, has not disappointed public expectation. What is more, one may dare say that it is not unworthy of the dedication on its title-page—*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*—for Sir Edward lays the bright fruits of his genius at the feet of Him who gave it, and consecrates his harmony to the Maker of all harmony in earth and heaven.

"The Kingdom" is the third part of a sacred work which embodies the calling of the Apostles, their mission, and the establishment of the Church. The first two parts, under the title of "The Apostles," were produced three years ago, and are now on the way to become as great favorites as "The Dream of Gerontius." The composer had long cherished the idea of such a work, and he has given to it the best of his great powers. The marvellous facility with which he adapts his music to the sacred text shows a special vocation. Everything is chosen, everything is significant; and yet everything is as expressive and as intensely genuine as if it had flowed unbidden from the lips of angels.

"The Apostles" is a work which finds only admirers, even apart from the lesson taught by its grave harmony. Brilliant and glamouring as

its chief parts undoubtedly are, the undercurrent of religious fervor is never absent. It grasps boldly the theme of human passions, and pictures in their violence the world's dangerous snares; but it never forgets man's higher destiny, and there breathe throughout the purifying incense of the temple and the inner consciousness of lofty aim. Those penetrating strains which have descended from above into Elgar's receptive soul, he transmits to his hearers with the ardor of an apostle. It is this force of intimate communication which carries away the reluctant and the sceptic toward the height on which stands the energetic teacher of renouncement.

"The Apostles" brings us to the Ascension; and "The Kingdom" leads us into that Upper Room where the disciples and the Holy Women are praying in anticipation of the Divine Paraclete. The choosing of St. Matthias is the occasion for a glorious chaunt on the sublimity of the priesthood. The scene of the Pentecost, the subsequent conversion of the multitude by Peter, the miraculous healing of the lame,—all are rendered with thrilling pathos and subtlety. The arrest of the Apostles, the Virgin Mother's meditation on her Son's teachings, the evening assembly of the little band once more in the consecrated room, are portrayed with the profoundest religious conviction. All is dignified, magnificent, redolent of a penetrating emotion that transports but does not unnerve, exalts but does not excite, and sinks into the heart with the forceful charm of true music.

While "The Kingdom" was receiving condign praise in England, the composer's earlier works were being enthusiastically welcomed in Germany. The Yorkshire choir, led by Dr. Henry Coward, gave his "Dance" in the Düsseldorf concert hall, where it evoked a storm of applause. Next day "The Dream of Gerontius" was performed for the first time in Cologne; and its success was so marked that a telegram was dispatched to King Edward, who replied, expressing his satisfaction at this triumph of English music in the land of *tonkunst*.

The singing was in wonderful keeping with the transcendent quality of the composition; and the soft rendering of the most delicate passages was listened to in hushed rapture by a cultured audience, on whom the new power in English music and the trained English performers broke as a

revelation. The technical difficulties of vocalization had been mastered so completely by Dr. Coward's choir that sonority and accuracy seemed attributes natural rather than acquired. With such a noble task before them, both teachers and singers can be inspired to seek the ultimate perfection of art; and the modern world can not be sufficiently thankful that a man has arisen who gives all the heart can crave for in music, while at the same time uplifting and purifying. After drinking in the sublime delights of Elgar's oratorios, who would return to the empty enjoyment of mere delicious sounds?

—B. H. in *Ave Maria*.

The Power of Association.

ADVERTISEMENTS frequently appearing in our newspapers for the return of lost articles, "valuable to the owner on account of associations," offer almost inexhaustible material for speculation. One falls to wondering how dear were the missing treasures to their possessors and from the concrete examples one's thoughts drift to the abstract subject of the power of association. It has, indeed, a far-reaching influence and one which, at times, carries even the most practical of individuals into a sphere of thought replete with sentiment.

Music often awakens associations that waft us back in spirit many years. We hear a melody that, perhaps, has been long forgotten. In a moment the present merges into the past and we experience again the emotions felt when first we listened to its notes.

If the memories revived are sweet, we beg with Moore—

"Come play me that simple air again
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again."

The interest with which associations invest places is strikingly exemplified in the pilgrimages made to the homes of great men, and to the scenes of historical events. The number of visitors to some renowned homesteads has made it undesirable to use them longer as residences and they have been entirely given over to the public. The humble pretensions of many of these places am-

ply testify that the only attraction is the interest lent by association.

There is not a day that numbers of people do not visit the Tower of London, and yet the aspect of that grim citadel is most uninviting. But the fact that it was the prison of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, Lady Jane Grey, and so many other historical personages, makes it one of the chief spots of interest in the great metropolis.

Although Rome boasts splendid architectural triumphs and possesses many allurements for strangers, independent of the past, it is her ancient glories and her connection with the early, as well as with the modern, days of the Church that attract many visitors to the Eternal City.

The land of Homer, Leonidas, Pericles, Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Thucydides, Demosthenes and other heroes and benefactors of civilization, could never be separated in our minds from her immortal sons. The very mention of Greece recalls her inimitable classic lore and unrivaled contributions to the world of art.

The places and things whose associations attract multitudes are numerous, but their charm is not as potent to the individual as is that of the souvenirs of happy personal experiences.

Let each one peep into her treasure-box and see how few things within are cherished for their intrinsic worth. The glimpse will, in most cases, reveal the fact that it is the power of association which has rendered the greater portion of the contents valuable. To a stranger our little collection of prized souvenirs might seem almost ridiculous, but to us who know their histories they are absolutely priceless.

No one would dream how much that frayed book-mark means to the owner. It is true that its beauty is gone, but "around the dear ruin" cling memories of the beloved donor that assure it of ever remaining a "treasure."

Those dried American Beauty leaves are faded memorials of the sad, yet joyous day of graduation, when the "smile and the tear" struggled for supremacy. That laurel crown recalls more than a coronation, while this dainty place-card brings up a flood of recollections.

This manuscript poem would possess a value for any lover of beautiful thoughts, but it has a hidden meaning for the one to whom the author gave it. The life of the writer illustrates to perfection the principle the poem advocates, while

her personality lends it an additional charm. These effusive productions written in school-girl hand make no pretensions to literary merit, but they are an outpouring of admiration for a first Ideal, and have a humorous as well as a somewhat pathetic history, which makes them more valued than Milton or Shakespeare by one who often reads them with a smile of sympathy for the feelings of the writer.

Some bright ribbons are conspicuous in this particular repository. The first set are college colors connected with an exciting event. The second set—red and blue—were the cause of some commotion on a dignified occasion when black and white were the prescribed colors. The offending shades were in collars which were not long allowed to adorn maidenly necks, but were exchanged in rather undignified haste for the usual white at the gentle command of an irresistible authority.

Certain expressions, frequently employed by particular friends invariably recall those friends. For instance, I know several persons who always smile reminiscently when any one says, "What do you mean?" That was the question that unfailingly followed any misdemeanor during their school-days, and its repetition recalls the fear it used to cause.

Places which have been home to us for some time are teeming with associations that so endear them to us that new surroundings, no matter how beautiful, can never take their place. The pricelessness of these happy associations has been expressed by Longfellow in the following exquisite lines, to which we must accord our concurrence:

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our walls with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

A touch of a kindly hand will oftentimes render more help and comfort than the most eloquent words. Our hands were made for helpfulness, and they are never more worthily used than when they are stretched forth to lift the fallen, to aid the weak, or to comfort the sorrowful of heart.

Piano Recital by Mr. Frank Welsman, at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

THE pupils of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, were privileged to hear a piano recital of a very high order, on Saturday, given by Mr. Frank Welsman of Toronto.

The programme rendered on this occasion was a striking proof of Mr. Welsman's catholicity of taste. His splendid interpretation of the Beethoven and Liszt numbers was in itself a great joy, and spoke volumes for the artistic equipment of this brilliant performer.

A Canadian journal, referring to this artist, says: "One of the brightest, most versatile and most popular of the younger generation of Canadian musicians is Mr. Frank S. Welsman. As a solo pianist, he has won enviable distinction in this country; as a teacher, he is specially successful; and as a composer, he has gained favorable attention. He is animated by earnestness and conscientiousness in his readings, and, consequently, does not indulge in trivial effects, but aims at reflecting the spirit of a composition as an organic whole."

At the close of the programme, Mr. Welsman was tendered such a hearty round of applause—such only as can be given by an appreciative band of schoolgirls—that he was obliged to respond by an encore, which proved to be none other than his own delightful Minuet, with which so many of us were already familiar.

But all good things come to an end. After being borne away to "the music of the spheres," we were obliged to return to the humdrum of every-day life, not, however, without a mixture of unalloyed pleasure at the very recollection of the rare treat that had been recently afforded us.

PROGRAMME.

- Sonata Appassionata (1st movement) allegro assai *Beethoven*
- Nocturne in F sharp, Prelude in D flat, Ballade in G minor.....*Chopin*
- Des Abends Aufschwung, from the Fantasie Stücke *Schumann*
- Barcarole Sapellnikoff, gavotte...*Tschaikowsky*
- Rhapsodie, Hongroise, No. 12.....*Liszt*

INOMINATA.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

*By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin
Mary in America.*

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NIAGARA RAINBOW

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

JANUARY, 1907.

Soon the Christmas chimes will gladden the wintry earth from pole to pole, in every clime on which the Star of Bethlehem has cast even a transient ray, proclaiming, as the angels did of old from the starry heavens, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will."

There is an indescribable power in this day of days that thrills alike the old and the young, for our memories are bright with the radiance of Christmas, the cherished joys of our hearts echo its musical chimes, and our most precious souvenirs are embalmed in its fragrance. Hard and cold were the heart—yea, harder than adamant—that could narrow itself within the circle of its own small sympathies in the merry Christmas time, when the very air we breathe seems instinct with the divine charity of the Babe of Bethlehem. It is, then, for each one to cultivate in heart and home this flower of heavenly growth—this Christmas rose—that its perfume may

spread abroad to cheer and comfort the poor, the sick, the sorrowful, the homeless and the desolate.

*

The following is the gracious acknowledgment of a picture of Niagara Falls by moonlight, painted by S. M. Antoinette, which His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught greatly admired on the occasion of his visit to the convent, last April, and which was forwarded by the artist to London for his acceptance:

CLARENCE HOUSE, ST. JAMES, S. W.

DEAR SISTER ANTOINETTE:

I am desired by Prince Arthur of Connaught to convey to you His Royal Highness' best and most sincere thanks for the very beautiful present that you have sent to him. The Prince has been away in Scotland and so has just only opened the parcel. He wishes me to say that he is quite delighted both with the beauty of the picture itself, and also with the care that has been bestowed upon it, and the kind thought which has prompted you to send it.

His Royal Highness will also value it in recollection of the very pleasant day that he spent at Niagara Falls and Loretto Convent.

With my kindest regards to yourself, Reverend Mother and Sisters,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

*

In this age of "advanced" women, it is refreshing to find one—generally conceded the honor of being the cleverest woman in the world—whose modesty is a byword among the scientists of France. Had it not been for Madame Curie's brilliance, it is acknowledged by those in a position to know, the wondrous radium might still have been waiting in the bowels of the earth for some scientist to discover it. Although the late M. Curie, whose almost recent death in Paris was as surprising as it was cruel, was officially regarded as the actual discoverer, it is now an open secret that the Sorbonne's first lady Professor was directly responsible for the

coup. To-day, installed as Professor at the Sorbonne, which was famed as France's premier seat of learning in the remote days of Rabelais, she has her reward.

Madame Curie does not seem to think that her discovery deserved the flourishes with which it was announced to the scientific world, and this opinion was shared by her late husband. When some admirer approaches her, his mouth filled with compliments, she shrugs her shoulders and smiles almost wonderingly at him. Recently, a number of well-meaning Parisian Society ladies attempted to present her with a testimonial to celebrate her appointment to a chair at the Sorbonne, but Madame Curie declined, saying, "It is contrary to my poor husband's ideas, and certainly to my own." So her admirers were obliged to depart, leaving the modest little lady untestimonialized.

When Madame Curie first went to Paris, her poverty of means did not admit of matriculation at the schools of the Faculty, so she went to study at a municipal working-class technical school. The laboratory was under the direction of M. Curie, who was astonished at the marvellous capacity of his pupil. No problem, however abstruse, presented any difficulties to her assimilative brain, and the Professor asked her to become his assistant. Though he could give her no salary, this did not deter the brilliant woman, who made herself so indispensable to the Professor that he proposed marriage. The fruits of the union were the discovery of radium, and the advent of a little daughter, who is still a sojourner in Doll-land and without interest in her mother's scientific work. Madame Curie, who is a devoted mother, intends to give her little girl the scientific advantages she never possessed, for she feels that the little one will develop even more brilliantly than herself.

Madame Sklodowska-Curie is thirty-eight years of age. Her features, which are particularly Polish, are regular, although her brow is

higher than one is accustomed to find in woman. Her lips are thin, which gives a touch of harshness to her mouth, and suggests past privations. Appropriately, her "crowning glory" is her hair, which is like waves of spun gold. She is fairly tall, well-built, and of good constitution—a necessary possession for one whose work is so mentally and physically exacting.

*

Mrs. Ayrton, who has just been awarded the Hughes Medal by the Royal Society of London, is following in the steps of her clever French sister, Madame Curie. Her wonderful success in science has procured for her the distinction of being the first woman who has ever been thus honored in England.

It was not until 1873 that Mrs. Ayrton began her electrical investigations, and her interest was stimulated in a remarkable way. Professor Ayrton, whose pupil she then was, was reading a paper in Chicago on the subject of the electric arc, and had not time to complete his experiment before he left England. Mrs. Ayrton and an assistant continued the work and sent the reports to America, with the result that she became personally interested, and commenced investigations on her own account. Two years later, she read her first paper on the arc before the British Association. Her experiments in sand ripples, which have gained her the Hughes Medal, were also promoted by an equally accidental cause. She was in Margate with her husband, and, as they walked along the shore, the consistency of the ripples attracted her attention and puzzled both of them. Then she tried to ascertain how they were caused, by observation and experiment. As it is impossible to overlook or command the sea, Mrs. Ayrton had a series of glass troughs made, and thus successfully traced the cause of the phenomenon. This discovery seems a small matter, but Mrs. Ayrton and the Royal Society are persuaded that great things lie behind it. One of the issues involved is the com-

plete disappearance of that terrible menace to navigation—the Goodwins.

*

Through the columns of the RAINBOW we beg to tender to Mgr. Heenan and the members of his family the expression of our sincere and heartfelt sympathy on the death of his beloved sister, Mrs. McCarten of Chicago, mother of our dear S. M. Augusta.

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., Publishers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, "The Other Miss Lisle," by M. C. Martin.

A powerful story by a writer of distinct ability. Most of the scenes are laid in South Africa, before the beginning of the Anglo-Boer War. The novel is singularly strong and full of action, and contains a great deal of masterly characterization. It is a distinctly new note in Catholic literature, and ought to prove one of the most popular books of the year.

*

In Hamilton, Canada, October 15, 1906, in St. Joseph's Convent chapel, the Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., honored the Golden Jubilee of M. M. Francis Joseph; and Sister de Sales, by celebrating solemn High Mass. These complete a band of six, who have passed the golden mile-stone: M. M. Philip, the senior member; M. M. Vincent, gone to her reward; Sister Stephen, who spent her life with the orphans; M. M. Xavier, who labors visiting the sick; M. M. Francis Joseph, as teacher and Superior for twenty years in Brantford, in Guelph for ten more, and the remainder in Hamilton. Sister de Sales, with the exception of her term as Superior in Paris, has spent her time either at the Hospital or Mother house. Should not the Community rejoice that the little design of its founder, Father Médaille, given in 1650, should be so faithfully portrayed in the lives of these two Sisters, following the model given them in the gentle St. Joseph, aiding in works spiritual and temporal, seeking shelter

and protection for the homeless babe, guarding and instructing its tender years, and, when the toil of the day is over, finding rest in the presence of Jesus and Mary.

Christmas.

'Tis the Christmas, blessed Christmas!

Let the bells ring high and clear,
For the sweetest of all festivals
Throughout the Christmas year.

Though some feasts are more splendid,
And though some more solemn be,
Yet Christmas, blessed Christmas,
Holds our hearts eternally.

'Tis the Christmas, blessed Christmas,

Let the bells ring clear and sweet
While the tender sacred story
We with reverence repeat,
Of the star, the watching shepherds,
Of the stable, poor and bare,
Of the mother, pure and holy,
Of the Babe, divinely fair.

'Tis the Christmas, blessed Christmas,

Let the bells ring out again,
"Gloria in Excelsis Deo,
Peace on earth, good will to men."
Down through all the misty ages,
Over all earth's woe and pain,
Floats the strange and wondrous music
Heard that night on Bethlehem's plain.

'Tis the Christmas, blessed Christmas,

Let the bells ring out once more,
While with wise men and with shepherds
We the Holy Child adore.
Lay we all our gifts before Him,
Though we have nor gold nor gem,
Let us make each heart a temple,
For the Babe of Bethlehem.

'Tis the Christmas, blessed Christmas,

Let the bells exulting ring,
Wreath we now the sacred altar
For the birthday of our King.
May the Christ-Child's loving spirit
Be in all our hearts to-day!
May it spread to every nation
Till the world shall own His sway.

CAMILLA KAVANAGH.



MOST REVEREND DENNIS O'CONNOR, C. S. B., D. D.



MOST REVEREND CHARLES HUGH GAUTHIER, D. D.
ARCHBISHOP OF KINGSTON,

Our Aims in Life.

THAT the power over us of the age we live in is enormous, has passed into a truism.

Few are the individuals who can escape from what Matthew Arnold, in one of his sweetest and most pathetic laments, has called,

"Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
The stupefying power."

The advice wise folks would offer, that, to escape from the influences of our age, we need simply keep apart from its humors and tendencies, leads only to unsatisfactory results. In the main, we must submit to the ideas and enthusiasms that move our coevals. The sources that stimulate their energies must affect the current of those spent in sequestered paths; everywhere there must now be felt the restlessness of a generation bewildered by the hurrying progress of science. Curious outlook of one cast adrift from ancient moorings, whose life is emptied of old convictions!

We look back with some surprise upon the uninquiring lives of our grandmothers: The stern faith that moulded their views of existence contrasts with our languid tolerance; their impressive charities, with our reasoned humanitarianism; their restricted round of housewifely interests, with our many-sided activities. We are following the tide that has set in towards new opinions; we have taken for our allegiance "culture, humanitarianism, and science," the three mottoes inscribed on the flag of our leaders. More picturesque, more philosophical and learned, our lives may appear to be; but are we not overtaken sometimes by the doubt that there is something of play-acting in our earnestness—that our art savors of artifice, that our zeal is somewhat infirm of purpose, that our brains are muddled and we are altogether sick with a surfeit of undigested learning. All this has to an extent been changed by the rising of a new school that claims the attention of the public.

"Let us live beautifully," says the apostle of aestheticism. The vague ideal of life proposed by the aesthetic hero is scouted by practical Philistines, who see in the choice of a profession a definite motive supplied to existence; yet the epigrammatic saying summarizes one of the most distinct preoccupations of the present. Society

has set its heart upon living beautifully, and its resolution has set astir the humbler currents that are fed from the main stream. To live as in a poem or in a picture is the determination of many lives. They set about achieving this in a business-like fashion; everything must be studiously artistic—our Christmas cards and our houses, our gowns and our poses. It is an all-absorbing aim to attain beauty; never was there such a hubbub raised on the important rôle of pretty trifles. Unfortunately, it not unfrequently happens that the life-poem thus laboriously composed is one exquisitely bound, but the verse of which is trashy; the background to the picture thus painted is charming, but then it is all background. The age that is so busy manufacturing its idea of what beautiful living is has gone crazy upon culture.

The word has been so liberally used, that its meaning has become somewhat vague, as the effigy on a coin gets blurred by too long handling. True culture is a discipline by which the individual becomes more complete and perfect—more receptive to impressions of beauty, pain, and joy—more responsive to the passing emotions of the hours—more a woman. Culture considered as a means to an end outside itself, is a deceit. It must be self-centered. Nor is this elegant Epicureanism, as alleged. To make oneself is as inflexible a duty as it is to live for others. Self-denial, when it comes to self-undervaluing and despising, magnifies a virtue into a vice. The philosophy of life on the part of those who exist for culture in its best sense—not in its perverted meaning—is not the contemplation and enjoyment of art and nature merely; a gently-melancholy appreciation of the world's woes and travails; the Sybarite's crumbled rose-leaf a consciousness of its pain; but least of all is it a delicate relish from contrasting the vulgarity of the multitude with the refinement of the cultured.

True culture has a nobler philosophy of life. Its sympathies are world-wide; they reach down to the deepest miseries of human kind; its consciousness of the hidden, mysterious principle that on every side has wrought and still continues to produce suffering and decay is as poignant as it recognizes its own might to remedy them futile; and the objects of its contemplation are far loftier and purer and more inspiring than the self-gratifying, Nirvana-like contemplation of natural

or artistic beauty. It is not, to adapt the quaint imagery of an old divine, making ourselves fine weeds in the Lord's garden; but really and truly the nourishment of a thrifty flower whose rich yield is to the increase of His glory.

It is remarkable that in no walk of life has the most sterling work been achieved by the over-cultured, but by those whose every activity has been made subservient to a dominant purpose. The creed of the aesthetics, that makes beauty of such paramount importance, is enervating in principle. Its more or less expressed tenets would make humanity become like a finely-strung musical instrument, capable of playing every tune, discoursing alike grandeur, frivolity, sin, passion, all tunes being acceptable if only all are played beautifully. The apostles of aestheticism are eager to distribute the privileges of culture—falsely so-called—to all who are willing to receive them. Culture, quasi culture, is the panacea they offer to every woe—the refreshment for every languor. We have a society for bringing beauty to the homes of the poor, decking the walls of their dingy abodes with paintings, and planting their gardens. We have societies for giving to the poor musical entertainments; our ladies of fashion go down on winter nights to sing and play to our mechanics. There is much that is civilizing in all this; yet we question if at any time less really beautiful work was achieved than at this time of the babble of many tongues concerning the uses of beauty. Æschylus, describing the effect of the beauty of Helen upon the inhabitants of Troy as she entered the city, says, that on beholding her, over them there fell "like the calm of a windless sea." It was the perfect satisfaction we experience before a completely beautiful thing. When the "sculptured poem of the Parthenon" rose before the eyes of men, might it not have been deemed as impertinent to have preached to them of the importance of beauty in their surroundings, as to have vaunted to a land watered by a mighty river the advantages of possessing a small rivulet? If society has grown crazy upon this would-be culture, it has made charity fashionable. A gracious philanthropic hobby is part of every lady's life. Our most brilliant entertainments are given for the sake of the afflicted. Sickness, poverty, and old age were never so well looked after as they are now. Our hospitals are models, our work-houses

are improved, our poor schools are under able superintendence. But there is a change in the spirit in which we minister to affliction. Poverty and suffering are no longer treated as legacies left to us by the Master—wan proxies of Himself upon earth. They are distinct evils, to the rooting out of which we must apply our common sense and energy.

Between the inspiration of this false culture now so much lauded and sought after, and the single devotedness which it is claimed science calls forth, there may still be another aim to be reached. We should not say between, but above and beyond. The revelations of science may inspire unquestioned faith and unbounded confidence; but the self-abnegation which it demands is far from heroic. The hardy explorers of the hitherto untraversed realms of Nature's forces may come back laden with trophies; they are conquerors of enchanted dominions; but with our pride a fear mingles that the triumph of materialistic science involves our spiritual discrowning.

"But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?
Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before
We have had time to breathe."

When, as time goes on, there is borne in upon us the assurance that science does not touch our spiritual relationships—that, if intellectual standpoints have to be shifted, our intimate and mysterious connection with the unseen world remains the same—then a new age will be born; an age when the true culture, so briefly referred to, will become the aim of each life. Upon individuals and the time will fall the calm that comes with a clearer vision; and life will be invested with the dignity that belongs to it only when our actions and our convictions are in harmony.

A. C.

Intellectual self-consciousness is dangerous, is bad—a barrier to the production of what is perfect from a literary standpoint. A thing cannot be uttered too briefly and simply if it is to reach the soul.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SCHOOL STORIES.

Sammy.

MISS DAVIS laid down her pen and closed the register. "Children!" came the reproof: school had now been in progress for a full week and still, at the daily calling of that last absent name, an involuntary and derisive giggle seized the school.

Pretty and inexperienced Miss Davis "loved children," in the city was the sweet, devoted teacher of a Sunday-school class; and on this morning, in a manner not "born to rule," she summoned all her girlish energies to the point of a most moral lecture—"children, I *am* surprised! Mr. Sammy Dasher is a gentleman, I'm sure; and you do very wrong to laugh so. Besides, it is not a bit nice of you."

The children were abashed and quelled by the injured tone and face of their beloved teacher; they had never before met a lady, much less one so weakly affectionate and sweet. Born of an ancestry of hard-working and mechanical people, the lecture in its moral sense was lost upon this poor little hard-grained progeny. But they had offended *her*, the undisguised owner of *such* lace handkerchiefs and bows; and slates and primers were resumed with a submission competent to satisfy the most blustering hero.

The three youngest classes had "been up," when Miss Davis' signal for the Junior Fourths was lost in a violent opening of the rear door to admit the long blue figure of Sammy, just arrived. Breathless, in the glories of being in time for his class, Sammy made a heroic charge for his place in the recitation line, where the boys accordingly hailed him from behind by showers of paper wads; and was Miss Davis mistaken or did she not distinctly hear the ignoble salutation of "Dammy"?

Sammy's delay in entering for the school term was very evident. He was all new, and very proudly and uncomfortably so; an uncharitable stranger might have doubts as to what Sammy had really had to wear before his appearance at school that morning. A sense of scrupulous cleanliness surrounded the stiff blue jeans and shirt, a sense that was a niggardly one with impressions of literal "scrubbing" having been done. "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud"—but Sammy's white and untrained hair

was almost too much for Miss Davis' nerves. Sammy's reader, with respects to its cover, was at peace of mind with his shirt—red calico with family groups of white, crescent moons. He seemed naturally to possess the quick energies of a war-horse, and reading always excited Sammy. He would lift his head, toss back the offensive hair and deliver the reading substance in a manner that showed great sympathy with the context.

Tallest in his classes, Sammy's worth could not be doubted as the day drew on to noon. His ingenuity at guessing in spelling was marvellous to hear, for of necessity Sammy's lessons for that first day were unprepared. But Sammy had pockets in the new jeans, and pockets and their refuge in times of trouble, Miss Davis denied. A compound word addressed to Sammy meant a dive into those blissful regions, a screwing up of features, and as each syllable was successfully begun and passed, a co-operative raising and lowering of his trouser-legs.

Noon dismissal afforded Miss Davis an opportunity to inquire, and thus place in her mind and classes this new harassment of a Sammy. On the school grounds, down the track scampering home, "Dammy Sasher" good-naturedly submitted to his last place of ridicule.

Sammy's father "didn't come back," and Sammy's tall Scotch-Irish mother washed for the section men and strove to cultivate a small "40." Then, of course, there was a baby, with Sammy's white hair and credulous gray eyes.

The afternoon classes revealed to Miss Davis a new trait in this prodigy's make-up,—he was intensely jealous and suspicious. Friday's contest in sums was hard on Sammy: breathing hard, and keeping an eye on his fellow-competitors, his slate was inevitably the first to turn face down. Miss Davis soon had reason to believe that, in contests, any place but the first would have quenched his youthful fires forever.

One day's attendance at school seemed, after the laws of Sammy's nature, ample time for the forming of a sudden and violent attachment to Miss Davis. With the other classes, nothing that she had to do or say escaped his all-absorbing eyes; he was bloodthirsty and defiant in her behalf, executing all her orders with a velocity of despatch that implied great danger to any obstacle standing in that hallowed path of duty.

Such was Friday, but Monday brought no gallant Sammy, and this troubled our conscientious little Miss Davis. To her, Sammy seemed the "lost lamb of Israel," and the loving shepherdess must go that night after school to the mean shanty by the track. Mrs. Dasher had a "big wash," she explained, and wiping a chair with her apron, pressed "the teacher" to rest a while. Sammy, of fourteen years and stepping on another apron, was briskly wiping the dishes and handing the baby clothes-pins. What subservience is given "the teacher" from country people, subservience so complete and humble that she must needs be very little at heart in order not to intrude where they would willingly stand aside and have her go.

Miss Davis "must go," and was standing in the door, when Mrs. Dasher raised her head from the wash-board over which she had been talking and rubbing, with a sudden sense of having forgotten something—"Sammy, show 'the teacher' the pie!"

(To be continued.)

On Female Education.

THE following address by Rev. Father V. Naish, S. J., was delivered at the distribution of prizes of the Loretto Convent, Darjeeling. It was sent to us by a subscriber for reproduction and we think it eminently deserves it for the sterling sense it contains.

The Reverend Father said:

My first duty is to thank Mrs. Nolan on the part of the Religious and children for being present here to-day to distribute the prizes at no slight inconvenience to herself. I feel sure that I am expressing her sentiments and those of your teachers in wishing you all, my dear children, a Merry Christmas and a happy vacation.

This is for some of you a solemn moment. You are going to say good-bye forever to your convent home. A few hours more and you will take your last flight from the nest in the mountains where you have spent some happy and useful years. Are you to reap in after-life the full benefit of the training received here, of the laborious work and earnest prayers of your devoted teachers, or is that work to be frustrated by

neglect on your part? The answer depends in great measure on your realizing the importance of the work already done, and the duties which it entails on you in future years. You stand at the parting of the ways. The efforts of your teachers are over, your own life effort must now begin. You have learned the theory of Christian education; you must now begin the fuller work of self-teaching and self-discipline for life, of which only the foundations have been laid so far. I do not intend to dwell on the subject of purely mental and intellectual culture for girls. It is a vexed and thorny question. Probably a strong reaction will set in after a time against the attempt now being made in the English-speaking world to force woman to do the work of man.

Brilliant exceptions to the general rule of man's superiority and woman's inferiority in mental pursuits will always force their way to the front, helped in a great measure by the good-humored partiality of the sterner sex, which would disappear, along with a good many other things that make life happy and beautiful, if any prolonged and serious effort were made by woman to intrude in the domain of man. But there is another side of female education on which I beg of you to reflect seriously to-day, as its development and perfection must constitute the main work of your future life. I mean the making of the home, the art of a clever and economical housekeeper, readiness and quickness to sew and mend and embroider, in which you have received such a thorough and constant training here, and then, when the more useful and laborious work of the day is over, the ministry of love and pleasure-giving in the family circle, painting, music, song, all that makes the house a home, and keeps the circle of the family unbroken.

Nowhere in the world are these arts of more importance than in India. Nowhere is there a greater craving for relaxation and pleasure when the day's work is done than here, and nowhere is there a greater dearth of the legitimate relaxation and pleasure which fathers and husbands and brothers have a right to expect in the bosom of their families. Why is India called the land of regrets? Because there are so few real homes. And why are these so few comparatively? Because girls like you when they leave school do not continue the work begun here, and neglect

for the sake of idle pleasure that self-culture and refinement which necessarily implies self-denial and earnest work in women's true sphere. It is not that you are less gifted than girls in other countries. Probably you are naturally better fitted for the lighter arts of home-life than those elsewhere, and given the same training, as you are beginning to receive it now, and the same earnestness of character and work, that you can acquire if only you will it, would outstrip them in the race of accomplishments. But to do so you must realize not merely the greater need of cultured and accomplished women in India than elsewhere, but also the fact that full responsibility comes to you at a much earlier age than it does for girls in the West.

Not merely do the circumstances of the country launch you at a much earlier age on a lonely and often unprotected life, but the force of nature itself ripens into quicker activity all your energies, physical and moral.

The burning breath of the East stirs into earlier, if not fuller, maturity all the life that it touches than do the colder breezes of the West, and this fact makes you responsible at an earlier age for your actions and the formation of your character. Here is the key to the whole question. Do you realize, young as you are, that every day and hour you are thinking and saying and acting what will influence profoundly your future destiny here and hereafter? The great statesman who has so recently retired from an active share in politics, addressed, many years ago, the following words to an assembly of young students in Liverpool, words that will live when many or most of his great political utterances are forgotten, words that claim the earnest attention of young people embarking on the sea of life. Speaking of the formation of character, Mr. Gladstone said:

"If we fail to measure the results that are hourly wrought on shingle and on sand, it is not because those results are unreal, but because our vision is too limited in its powers to discern them. When instead of comparing day with day we compare century with century, we may often find that land has become sea, and sea has become land. Even so we can perceive, at least in our neighbors, towards whom the eye is more discerning and impartial than towards ourselves,

that under the steady pressure and experience of life, human characters are continually being determined for good or evil, are developed, confirmed, modified, altered or undermined. It is the office of good sense no less than Faith to realize this great truth before we see it, and to live under the conviction that our life from day to day is a true, powerful and searching discipline, molding and making us whether it be for good."

I trust that these weighty words of the veteran statesman, of the man who perhaps has had the greatest opportunities of reading and studying character of the men of our age, will sink into your minds and hearts. You will ask me for the ideal character, for the young must live by ideals. Do you remember Wordsworth's "Portrait," those exquisite lines of our purest and tenderest poet:

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light."

I trust that you will write these lines in the favorite corner of your most cherished note-book. They sound the key-note of a true and perfect woman's life. There is no need for me to develop them. Strive above all for the temperate will, which is so much needed in India, for the balance of action and reflection, of impulse and self-restraint, which is so sadly wanted here.

Remember above all, as the great poet warns you, that if your life would be perfect you must give full play to spiritual influences. You cannot be good without God. You cannot reach the perfection of your character without the help of His grace. As Cardinal Newman has so well put it:

"Quarry the granite rock with razors, moor the vessel with a silken thread, then you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants: the pride and passion of man."

I may add: the fickleness and helplessness of woman, by her own fault left to herself, without guidance and without grace.

You heard a few days ago in the gospel of the first Sunday of Advent the solemn warning of our Lord, "Pray that your flight be not in the winter." Your last flight homeward from the Convent is in the winter time, but pray that your life's journey be not passed in the torpid cold of idleness and uselessness, in the hapless misery and chill despair of doubt and unbelief. Those who have worked ungrudgingly for you, in the years past here in your Convent home, claim as their reward that you be true in life to the lessons they have taught you. Their sympathy, their loving devotion will be yours in your future vicissitudes. Their earnest prayers, "go with you like good angels to the end." Strive to be worthy of them, to be worthy of your school, to be worthy throughout life of yourself as you now are and, as far as you can, to remove the great blot on Indian society, the want of true Christian homes.

The Marvelous Boy of Bristol.

WHAT a magic power pictures possess! We have only to gaze at them and immediately they set our imagination working. If they present beautiful woodland scenes, we see the flowers blooming, hear the birds singing and feel the influence of their delightful calm; if they represent persons, we find ourselves molding their character according to the virtues or the faults revealed in their countenance. But the picture that I have before me fills my heart with sadness. It is a poor, shabby attic, which plainly tells the story of its lifeless occupant, if it does not portray all the sufferings of that discouraged soul. It is poor and barely furnished; a bed, a chair and a table being the only articles of furniture it contains; the curtain is drawn back from the shattered window, open to admit fresh air and sunlight, which, as a poet, the occupant must have loved. A plant on the window-sill speaks eloquently for its protector, who, in his tender care of it, revealed his artist's soul. It is the only beautiful thing in the room, and we picture to ourselves the figure of Thomas Chatterton, a young poet, bending over it, confiding to it all his sorrows and sufferings, seeking comfort from this bit of nature, and the question

crosses our mind: did he confide to it that he was about to commit this dreadful act? A coat is lying on the chair, carelessly thrown there on entering, knowing that there would be no further need of it. The chest of destroyed manuscripts tells of dreams dispelled and ambitions shattered.

The burnt candle on the table, from which a small stream of smoke issues, is the only trace of the flame that once brightly burned, and the corpse is the only trace of what was once a living human being, made to the image and likeness of God. There upon the rickety bed it lies, hanging partly over in a strained posture, the pale, haggard face, the disordered hair and the features tell of previous sufferings and depth of despair, the lifeless hand still clings to the bottle, the contents of which had been the instrument of his death.

Chatterton was truly a strange character; possessed of genius, but doubting his own powers, he was afraid to give to the world his literary productions, so, pretending to have found them in an old church, he took them to a publisher, and soon the whole world was praising the works of an unknown author. Encouraged by their success, he continued to write under his own name, but the likeness was soon observed and he was forced to acknowledge that he was the author of the manuscripts he professed to have found. The world, ever ready to punish wrong and uphold honor and courage, was horrified at the deception, and chagrined to think one so young had set it in such a turmoil. As he sowed, so he reaped, but was dissatisfied with the result. Did he expect dishonor to bring fame? If he did he was deceived, and, instead of fame he reaped a bitter punishment for his deceit. Finding life so unhappy in his own town he went to London and engaged in literary works, writing political letters, satires and poems. His contributions were unpaid for and he was reduced to poverty; being too proud to acknowledge it or ask for help, he bought with his last penny a dose of arsenic, and, shutting himself in his room, ended his life. What he might have been but for his first rash act it is too late to consider; he did wrong, but for the sake of his works and as a tribute to his genius, he will ever be known as the "marvellous boy of Bristol."

ANNA KELLY.



RIGHT REVEREND FERGUS PATRICK McEVAY,
BISHOP OF LONDON, ONT.



RIGHT REVEREND D. J. SCOLLARD,
BISHOP OF SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.

Island Reveries.

"He took the cup of life to sip,
But bitter 'twas to drain;
He meekly put it from his lip,
And went to sleep again." —*Anon.*

"Wilt thou never rest or tarry,
Never leave the dusty road,
Never cheat the cares that harry,
Never flee the fears that goad?
Ah, hard by thy pathway growing,
If thou wouldst but learn the truth,
Sweetly are the blossoms blowing,
Thou hast dreamed of from thy youth.
Wilt thou ever onward ramble?
—See! the flowers thou wouldst greet,
While thou treadest rock and bramble,
Die unnoticed at thy feet."
—*James Alexander Tucker.*

"But tho' the world is gray and lone,
The song-birds and the flowers flown;
Tho' on each writhing wind is blown
The dirge of summer overthrown,
Man is not wholly bowed:
From some unguessed, unfathomed spell,
He feels a joy he cannot tell;
O in the wild night it is well
One star is still allowed!"
—*J. A. Tucker.*

We are accustomed to call life a puzzle, a riddle, a problem, and a mystery,—trying to mystify ourselves!

We condemn this world as a vale of tears, after having invited the tears.

The pessimistic view is adopted by the anonymous writer of the pretty quatrain, who tells of the babe who "took the cup of life to sip," only to put it down again.

We, as Christians, believe that God made this beautiful world for our use and benefit, and that He created us to fill the places in Heaven lost to the rebellious angels.

A citizen of a Christian country—such as our own Canada—governed by Christian laws, the practical Christian finds life worth living!

The breath of life is bliss, if we will but appreciate the fact; and when we yield that breath to the Giver it is to succeed to infinite glories, of which our finite intelligence has no conception.

Should we not be constantly animated with gratitude, and in that spirit perform our duties towards God, our neighbor, and self!

As individual members of God's great human family, our duties are manifold; when, through indolence, we neglect these duties, or through selfishness appropriate what is the right of another, we exercise the tyranny that begets slavery, and robs our neighbor of his right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

When we grow lax in our duties, we become dissatisfied, not with ourselves—admittedly; but we incline to find fault with that Christianity, the measure of which we no longer fill!

Neglected duties stare us in the face and attack our conscience; and it would be a great relief to free ourselves from them, which would be possible could we destroy that Christianity which imposed them upon us.

We embitter the cup of life for ourselves and for others.

While angels weep, we pose as "thinking" and "progressive" personages.

No unpractical Christian is happy; the ex-Christian is decidedly unhappy, restless, and mischievous.

The practical Christian is blest in the performance of his particular duties, which he regards as stepping-stones to his God; and he is not sighing for new fields of action and happiness. He finds the flowers of life "hard by his pathway growing."

The early Christian loved his neighbor as himself; the present day Christian prefers "all things in common," not with his less wealthy, but with his more wealthy neighbor.

Dissatisfaction with our lot, with our immediate surroundings, in short, with everything in our own little world or circle, seems the spirit generally prevalent.

We seek variety and change, although there is much of the unexplored and unappreciated beautiful around us.

In literature, as in everything else, we prefer the writer and the inspiration of other lands,—although often but half intelligible to us!

Our beloved Canada is beautiful; and our literary Canadians have hearts, brains and Christianity. Why not quote them more frequently and give the other poor, worn-out creatures a rest!

What poet of what other land can sing more

sweetly of the flowers by "our pathway growing," than our Canadian poet, the late James Alexander Tucker!

How sublime is his voicing of the hopeful spirit of life, of the sweet drop in the cup, which asserts itself in the severest trials experienced in life!

"—Man is not wholly bowed:
From some unguessed, unfathomed spell,
He feels a joy he cannot tell;
Oh, in the wild night it is well
One star is still allowed!"

* * * * *

The happiness of life is not peculiar to any of its different stages; it may be realized from the beginning to the end.

A long life well spent is the earthly crown of Christianity; therefore, old age should be, and is, as joyous as youth, but its joys, as its activities, are becomingly serene.

How interesting is the study of the varying phases and forms of enjoyment pursued by youth, middle life and old age. Our preferences generally accord with our physical capabilities.

As lambs skip in the sunshine, imparting joy to all beholders, so the feet of youth naturally beat time to the dancing heart. This is the beautiful Spring-time of trust, hope and guilelessness.

Middle life is the transition period. The sweet songs of wondrous possibility have been sung; and the heart has ceased its dancing. The age of expectation has passed, and has given place to that of realization. What is lost in the corporal is gained in the mental; temporalities are compared with spiritualities, and lose somewhat of significance thereby. The possibilities of enjoyment do not suffer in the least.

Spring and Summer have passed, Autumn and decline have come: we do not like to admit, even to ourselves, that old age has overtaken us and that we are no longer "fit" for the battle of life. But how all admire the persevering valor of the hoary-headed veteran!

The aged man or woman of pleasure—of worldly pleasure—is a pitiable object, and fit company for neither youth nor age!

How interesting it is to note the decline of our corporal senses, and the quickening and strengthening of the intellectual and spiritual.

Our sight gradually becomes less far-reaching: the territory over which it was exercised is contracting. Our interior vision is gaining ascendancy.

Our hearing becomes less acute; we may well be relieved of sights and sounds which no longer appeal to us!

The exterior life finally becomes the unreality, and merges into the interior, which becomes the engrossing reality.

The soul, grown fully conscious of its momentous interests, and the shortness of time, commands all its available strength to ensure the safety of the home journey.

But until the latest breath, the sympathetic Christian takes a certain loving interest in this beautiful world that God has made, and in the joys and sorrows of fellow immortals. Stupid, boding prejudice robs our lives of much joy.

A most touching and enviable tribute was that paid to the late Empress Frederick of Germany, the Princess Royal of England, when, after her marriage, a member of the German court, writing of her, said that she met every one there, every new condition, and every matter for her consideration, with an interest totally unprejudiced! Her cheerful optimism in the end defeated even the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck!

* * * * *

The present Government of Ontario merits blessings from the lips not only of teachers, but of all who are, or should be, interested in education.

Ontario schools must now be equipped with all the apparatus considered helpful to the teacher.

Teachers' salaries have been raised; so that the benefited may at last live and appear respectable and self-respecting ladies and gentlemen.

A well-furnished schoolroom is a mute educator.

Now that "Hygiene" and "Deportment" are given their proper places on the curriculum, pupils and teachers will henceforth be monumental results of the new order of things.

The thinking man of letters has a different being from the man of mere millions, but the millions have the glitter that pleases children and weak intelligences,—always in the majority.

Only the saint should be given place above the scholar!

* * * * *

When gazing upon that wonder of the world, the great cataract, Niagara Falls, we feel awed not more perhaps by the magnificent, thundering immensity defiant of time, than by the recollection, the under-thought, of the world's famous personages, the great of head and heart, who have stood where we are standing, and have vanished with their trifling years, as mere atoms, into nothingness.

A few have left their names, their autographs; but the majority have left no souvenir of their presence.

Framed, and hanging on the wall of the Museum, on the American side, are some interesting autographs, which were taken there when the Museum was moved from the Canadian side of the River.

Among them is the autograph of King Edward VII, who, as Prince of Wales, visited America, in 1860. The name "Albert Edward," written in a delicate, old-fashioned, boyish hand, is followed by those of his suite—"Newcastle," "Lyons," "St. Germain," "Peesdale," "G. N. Grey," "Hayter Arland," and "Gardner D. Englehart." The date is "Sept. 16th., 1860."

Another name connected with a crown is "Louis Napoleon"; date "17 June, 1846." This was two years before his attaining to the French Presidency, which finally led to the Crown.

Fifteen years later, when Louis Napoleon had been emperor for a half-score years, were penned here the autograph—"Napoléon, Prince Français" and that of his wife "Marie Clotilde Napoléon," with the date "8 Sept. 1861." We wonder if this "Prince Français" (Napoléon) Jerome Bonaparte, ever set eyes upon his elder half-brother, the true Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore, son of the first Jerome Bonaparte, and his ill-treated wife, Elizabeth Paterson!

Here is the pair of ingrates who had Napoleon III. to thank for all their good fortune, and yet were always thorns in the flesh to him and Empress Eugénie. It is said that once when this Jerome tauntingly remarked to Napoleon III., "You have nothing of Napoleon I. about you," the good-natured Emperor replied, "Yes, I have his family!"

With what tender interest we read "A. Lincoln and family, July 25th., 1857." We have a loving reverence for "Abe Lincoln," and unbounded admiration for Mr. Lincoln, the President. From the cradle to the grave, this great man's story is pathetic.

Here is the autograph "Father Matthew," with the date "Sept. 2nd., 1851." Everyone has heard of Father Matthew, Ireland's great "Apostle of Temperance." Nearly half the adult population of Ireland took the pledge from him, and—kept it! Life, to say nothing of death, had, for the average Irishman, sufficient disadvantages without adding intemperance to the list. Robbed by landlordism, he required a clear head in the management of his farthings!

Father Matthew was born at Cashel, 1790, and died at Queenstown, 1856.

The Swedish Nightingale visited here; we read "Jennie Lind, Sweden, Oct. 11th., 1851." Jennie Lind went to the Falls by boat from Toronto.

"V. G. Audubon, Sept., 1831," meets the eye; and thought reverts to the thrilling "Adventure in the Life of Audubon," who, weary and belated, in a lonely, remote part of the country, sought shelter with a woman who, assisted by her sons, was about to murder him for his watch and money, when he was rescued.

Here are "Prof. Agassiz, Jan. 27th., 1854," and "D. Webster."

One Canadian governor preferred to be nameless; he signed "H. E., the Governor-General," with the date "May 30th., 1839." Evidently his name was not worth mentioning; the title drew his salary.

Our disgust with titled figureheads yields to a sudden revulsion of feeling at sight of "François d'Orléans, Prince de Joinville, Frigate la Belle Poule," "19 June, 1860."

The words "La Belle Poule" are burned in the memory, as the name of the vessel that bore the remains of the first Napoleon, in 1840, from the grave in St. Helena to France, to repose, according to his will "on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

Could Napoleon, when dubbed "the General" at St. Helena, and tortured in other ways by his nefarious keeper, Sir Hudson Lowe, have fore-

seen this honor, it would have been balm to his soul so covetous of worldly honor and glory.

Louis Philippe, descendant of Charlemagne, and king of the polite nation, did the grand act when he sent his son, the Prince de Joinville, with the finest war-ship in the French fleet, to bear the remains of the ambitious Corsican to France.

To quote from the account of a Briton who sailed upon the unexpected scene:

"On the 12th. of October, we arrived at St. Helena, and on coming round Munden Point, what was our astonishment and dismay to perceive five or six French men-of-war lying there, with their tricolors flying in the wind! All our apprehensions were verified, all our fears proved true. St. Helena was in possession of the French!

"The quarantine surgeon came on board, and to our unspeakable relief, informed us that the French ships were there for the purpose of conveying the remains of Napoleon to France; and that the Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe, had come with the frigate *La Belle Poule*, to remove them to their last resting-place in the 'Invalides' at Paris.

"A man might sail between India and Europe for a century, and never behold such a spectacle as that we had now the opportunity of seeing.

"The tropical sun shone unclouded in the firmament, while a light breeze languidly moved the surface of the brilliant blue sea. All the ships at anchor in the bay, English and foreign, displayed their gayest colors.

"*La Belle Poule* was truly a noble frigate. She carried sixty guns and looked superb in the water.

"Judging from those ships of war which I now had the opportunity of examining, the vessels of the French navy appear to be built on a finer model than those in the British service, but they are assuredly not so strong, nor so capable of standing 'the battle and the breeze,' as the wooden walls of old England.

"We cast anchor in the Roads, opposite St. James' Valley, within less than a quarter of a mile of the Island. Anxious to see what was going forward, and glad to put our feet once more on terra firma, we proceeded to visit Napoleon's grave—the usual pilgrimage made by

the passengers of every ship that stopped at St. Helena.

"We had been only a few minutes there when the crew of *La Favorite*, the French corvette, with four of their officers, were marched up to view the spot, which, for nineteen years, had been 'sacred to the memory' of the greatest man of the century. As soon as they arrived, they surrounded the tomb, with heads uncovered, and loudly gave vent to their grief.

"After a while they began to pull up the shrubs, and whatever else they could lay their hands on in the vicinity, to bear away as memorials of the scene and occasion. Even the favorite willow of Napoleon was not spared and little was left for the men of *La Belle Poule*, who, next day, were in their turn marched up, under the direction of their officers."

This Prince de Joinville was every inch a man, a soldier and a scholar.

France is greatly indebted to him. He solved the adapting of steam to vessels of war, in 1845.

In the war between France and Morocco, he commanded a squadron with which he bombarded Tangiers and took Morocco. He was then made Vice-Admiral. Always on active service, he, with his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, was in Algiers when the revolution of 1848 overthrew the monarchy, and sent his father, King Louis Philippe, an exile to England. The Prince joined his family there. He was always at heart a French sailor; but he changed the sword for the pen. His articles were chiefly on military subjects and the science of warfare. After the breaking out of the American civil war he brought his nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, to join the staff of General McClellan.

The Law of Exile having been abrogated, Prince de Joinville, with other Orleanist princes, returned to France. He and his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, took their seats in the National Assembly, 1871.

* * * * *

The circle of the year will soon be completed, and is not the passing chain of months reminder of the passing of life and our chain of years! If we turn the reflection to active profit, the full blessings of the holy Christmas-tide will be ours.

IDRIS.



RIGHT REVEREND JOHN FARRELL, D. D.



RIGHT REVEREND P. F. CRINNON, D. D.

Jubilee Bells.

THE pupils of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, held High Festival on November the twenty-seventh, the occasion being the Silver Jubilee of Mother M. Febronia, Superior of the well-known institution at the world-renowned cataract.

The entertainment given by the little tots was a fitting prelude to the eventful day. At half-past five on Monday evening, the folding doors of the library were opened, revealing a bevy of thirty small maidens gowned in immaculate white, who, after making their prettiest bow, gave a French address in unison. Following this astounding feat of linguistic ability, Miss G. Willox stepped forward and crowned the Jubilarian with a silver wreath, while a band of fairies glided in and surrounded her with exquisite flowers. The performance was interspersed with charming little songs and recitations—and what more delightful than the fresh voices of the little ones! It must have startled the audience somewhat when the announcement was made—and that in the most dulcet tones—that the venerable (?) participants would now chant the *Magnificat* in thanksgiving for the favors bestowed on Mother Febronia during her twenty-five years of religious life. It certainly would have rejoiced the heart of His Holiness could he but have heard these miniature ladies singing Gregorian music. It quite took away the breath of the audience when the patriarchal Mary Bampffield, who has attained the round ripe age of six hoary winters, intoned a versicle.

At the close of this enjoyable concert, the Reverend F. Sheehan, from Ballarat, Australia, who happened to call at the convent that evening, and thus found himself in time for the opening festivities, rose and addressed the children in Mother Febronia's name. The reverend speaker told the little ones that, as he was well acquainted with the Houses of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin in Australia, their creditable efforts in no way surprised him, and congratulated them on their success along educational lines.

On the following morning, the Community Mass was celebrated as usual at half-past six by the chaplain, Reverend B. O'Neill, O. C. C., during which the pupils received Holy Communion, this being their spiritual offering for the great

day. At nine o'clock, High Mass was celebrated by the Prior of the Monastery, Reverend F. Murphy, O. C. C. Gounod's Convent Mass was sung congregationally, the "Ave Maria" by the same composer serving as a suitable hymn for the Offertory. Reverend E. Walsh, C. M., Niagara University, delivered a very appropriate sermon on the religious life. All who had the good fortune to hear it pronounced it a perfect masterpiece. Father Walsh showed great tact in the avoidance of personal references and complimentary remarks, thus relieving the Jubilarian of any embarrassment.

During the day, pupils from Niagara Falls, Ont., and Niagara Falls, N. Y., La Salle, Buffalo, and Port Colborne, came to offer their congratulations. Among the number we noticed Mrs. Noble, née Tupper; Miss Barnett and her sister, Mrs. Lothrop, Mrs. Bampffield, née Murray; Miss Matthews, Miss Mahony, Mrs. Reynolds, née Kean; and the Misses Kean; Miss McCarron; the Misses Smith; Miss E. Forrestel; Miss Maloney; Miss R. McCormack, Miss McCaurney, Miss J. Ellis, and Miss M. Weter.

In the evening, the senior pupils gave a superb entertainment, which commenced at seven o'clock. The programme opened with a pretty welcome chorus, after which Miss Garneau read the address, which, although brief, was very beautiful and voiced the sentiments of all present. At its conclusion, Rita Coffey, Kathleen Doran, Helen Langmuir and Mary Percha presented each a bouquet of magnificent flowers. These four young ladies just reached their places in time to join in the well-known melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," which was sung a cappella in four parts, a very pretentious effort for schoolgirls, but, in this case, a very successful one. Rita Simpson contributed two piano numbers, and Miss Eveleen Burns two violin solos, while Miss Wechter gave a delightful selection from *Ben Hur*, which served as an introduction to the beautiful Morality Play that followed. Too much praise cannot be given Miss Wechter, not only for the taste displayed in her choice of selection, but for her marked histrionic talent. Her interpretation might be described as the perfection of art, being characterized by perfect repose and dignity, the two great essentials that are always indicative of the best, whether in literature or art. Miss Wechter by her deep powers of

expression is capable of touching the tenderest chords, and not a few among the audience were moved to tears by the simple but sublime narrative of the story of Bethlehem, as narrated in *Ben Hur*. A recent writer said, "How persuasive a speaker is he who gives a notion of overmastering feeling kept back for the most part." It was quite evident that this clever elocutionist had learned the secret of this manifestation of self-restraint. It goes without saying that the Morality Play was the *pièce de résistance* of the programme. It consists of four scenes. The first represents Earth enchained by Paganism. She implores to be freed from her fetters, but Paganism exultingly taunts her and instead of granting her prayer, tightens her chains and hastens to assist at a feast in honor of Cybele. Earth left alone, prays the Great Creator to send His Chosen One to redeem her from captivity. A child of earth then enters, singing a sad, despairing song, and implores Earth to relieve her anguish, but Earth tells her that she is powerless to help her. Earth, again left alone, prays for the advent of the Messiah. Violence then enters and calls on Earth to rouse herself and join in the Pagan festivities. She refuses, and suddenly there is a din of voices heard without, and the revellers enter dancing the Morrice. In scene second Truth enters and hails the hour of blest release for sorrow-stricken Earth. She then turns to welcome the Virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity—who come accompanied by Virtue. Truth assigns to each a mission, and, at her behest, they go forth to win the souls of men. She then invites Virtue to hasten with her to adore the new-born King in Bethlehem, and, as they go hand in hand, the strains of the "Adeste Fideles" are heard in the distance. In the third scene Earth, still fettered, enters, and Hope is heard singing from afar—

"Love hath sent a balm for pain,
Heaven bids Earth's sorrows cease,
List to the new celestial strain,
 . . . Angels' song of peace,
Gloria in excelsis Deo."

While Earth stands entranced listening to the celestial music and wondering if it be all a dream, Hope appears and tells her that "It is no dream," that the Night of Sorrows is past and gone, and that she may now hail the dawn, the golden

dawn of Redemption's day. Faith and Charity then come to pay their tribute to ransomed Earth, and while she is rejoicing in her new-found hope, Paganism and Violence enter, the former, fearing she is about to lose her prey, attempts to win her by flattery, but in vain. Earth tells her that her spell is dissolved, and that she will no longer bow in vile allegiance to her fiendish rule. Violence then rushes forward, brandishing her sword, and endeavors by her darkest frown to win the conquest; she approaches Earth threateningly, when Truth suddenly appears, followed by Mercy, Meekness, Patience and Virtue. At the sight of the cross, held aloft by Truth, Paganism and all in her train, flee. Truth congratulates Earth on her release from captivity, while Mercy frees her from her chains, and all join in a hymn of Thanksgiving. In the fourth scene Truth and Virtue appear seated on thrones. Mercy and Peace stand on each side, a herald enters to announce the approach of Earth, she is attended by Africa, Asia, Europe and America, who come to render homage to the new sovereigns, Truth and Virtue. Each country in turn relates what progress Faith has made in her land. Science and the sister arts then approach to tell of all they have accomplished in the blessed service of Religion's cause. Truth bids all her fair subjects "Bow before the shining throne of Truth's Eternal King," and pour forth their soulful gratitude in song for this most glorious conquest. And all with one accord raised their sweet voices in the grand hymn of praise, "Jubilantes in Aeternum."

Where all performed their parts so well, it is somewhat difficult to particularize. Miss Garneau as Earth, Miss Altenburg as Paganism, and Miss Webb as Truth, deserve special praise for the manner in which they acquitted themselves of their difficult rôles. Miss Staley as Violence, elicited much commendation, Miss Lilley as Hope, Miss Coffey as Charity, and Miss Fox as Faith, looked the embodiment of the virtues they represented. Miss A. Mudd, too, deserves her meed of praise for her splendid interpretation of Virtue. Miss Harvey was a typical child of Earth. Her singing of Schubert's "Wanderer" added not a little to the perfect rendition of her part.

The Morrice was the personification of grace and elegance. The participants in this festive

dance were—the Misses Rochford, Miss R. Merle, Miss S. Talbot, Miss R. Coffey, Miss A. Ridout, Miss C. McLoughlin, and Miss A. Ramsey.

At the close of the entertainment, Reverend E. Walsh, C. M., rose and thanked the pupils in the name of Mother Febronia and all present for the delightful entertainment afforded them, which was only a proof of their appreciation of their teachers' labors, and he felt confident that the gratitude of the Jubilarian was too deep for words.

"Jubilantes in Aeternum."

MILDRED MACK.

Violin Recital at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Miss Eveleen Burns, assisted by Miss Pearl Deuther, Soprano, and Mrs. Edward T. Smith, Pianist.

THE capable instructor of the violin department—Miss Eveleen Burns—gave a very interesting recital, on the afternoon of October thirty-first. It was too early in the day for Hallowe'en goblins or Jack-o'-lanterns to be visible, otherwise they might have condescended to form part of our audience and, in all probability, would have been almost as appreciative as the band of schoolgirls who were privileged to hear such delightful strains from the tenderest of all instruments—the violin. It is sometimes well to have "second thoughts," and ours told us this time that it was just as well that the hobgoblins were conspicuous by their absence, for we might have been tempted to think that the skilful musician had evoked such harmonies only after holding communication with the sprites of a fairy region, away beyond our terrestrial sphere.

It was not "when the lights were low," nor "in the gloaming" that our souls were refreshed with such unspeakably lovely melodies, but in the prosaic glare of plain, ordinary daylight we were ushered into the concert hall, there to await something that we knew and felt would be unlike the usual treadmill of the daily routine of school life. It is needless to say that all our expectations were more than realized, but it was difficult to realize that what afforded such intense pleas-

ure should have been purchased at the cost of pain and labor—and yet, we know that nothing great is accomplished in this world without them. The old saying, "Knowledge hath a bloody entrance," is as applicable to music as to all other arts.

Miss Burns is the possessor of a brilliant technique, and plays with taste and genuine artistic feeling—all of which qualities were exhibited in a marked degree in the numbers given in this particular programme. The round of applause elicited encouraged her to give some encores, among which were the following well-known gems, "Adagietto," by Bizet; "La Cinquintaine," by Gabriel-Marie; and a madrigal, by Simonetti.

Miss Pearl Deuther sang very charmingly, and was also gracious enough to respond to our repeated applause. Her voice is of marvellous range and quality, and, if we may be permitted to single out any particular number for her exquisite interpretation of the same, it would be "Mon Désir," by Nevin. Miss Deuther spent over eight years at a convent, where she acquired a perfect French accent. Her faultless rendition of this lovely *chanson* appealed to us in every way.

Mrs. Edward T. Smith is a gifted pianist, and proved herself to be a very sympathetic accompanist.

The programme was as follows:

- I. "Scherzando" *Marsick*
MISS BURNS.
- II. "Invocation" (Violin Obligato)
..... *D'Hardelot*
MISS DEUTHER, MISS BURNS.
- III. (a) "Sérénité" *Vieuxtemps*
(b) "Sérénade" *Drda*
(c) "Mélodrame" *Guiraud*
MISS BURNS.
- IV. (a) "Mon Désir" *Nevin*
(b) "If I Were King" *Williams*
MISS DEUTHER.
- V. "Adagio Pathétique" *Godard*
MISS BURNS.

AGITATO.

The theory of there being just as much in life for us as we wish to grasp is itself a wonder, and a wonderfully consoling thought.

A Glimpse into "Childhood's Days."

THE first Saturday of December was one of realized anticipation, for, apart from the privilege of going to the city on that day, we had been eagerly looking forward to a visit to the entertainment, called "Childhood Days," under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire, and for the purpose of procuring funds for a sanitarium. After the usual excitement and preparation, we reached the Thistle rink, which had been transformed into a veritable fairyland, where one might forget the cares of life for a few hours and review all that made childhood pleasant. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and the scene most picturesque. Above the door was the motto: "Make me a child again just for to-night." The first booth, the *café chantant*, was beautifully fitted up in Oriental style and adorned with Turkish rugs, carpets, cushions and divans. There was music every half hour, and refreshments were served at the small tables placed around.

Next to the *café* was the Mistress Mary Quite Contrary booth, beautifully decorated with flowers, and in it flowers and fancy work of every description might be had. The color scheme was white, mauve, pink and green, and as daintily pretty as could be. The young ladies who were in charge were costumed in Dolly Varden dresses and large hats, as lovely as the flowers they sold. Though entirely different in appearance from the Mistress Mary booth, the Court of the Queen of Hearts and its charming Queen, were quite as attractive, and many paid tribute to Her Majesty. The color scheme there was red and white, and each of the young ladies represented one of the cards of the heart suit.

The Dolls' House in Toyland was the legend over the next booth. As its name indicated, it was the home of a great many dolls, big and small, and was lighted with electricity. The Old Woman in the Shoe occupied the middle of the room with her two hundred children—and managed to dispose of all of them before the end of the entertainment.

The Home of the Fairies was a delightful spot, where ice cream or lemonade was served by a number of very pretty young ladies, who flitted through the woodland in various costumes and

smiled and chatted with Earth children as though no law of Fairyland forbade such intercourse. A very inviting abode it was with its evergreens and grape-vines, from which rich clusters of grapes hung, tempting the passers-by—to whom they were all *sweet* grapes. Then came the Wood of Mystery and the Entrance to the Witches' Cave. After having been led through a long lane hung with evergreen boughs and grotesque faces, a cave, dimly illuminated with faint green electric lights, was reached. How did the fair fortune-tellers recognize that we were schoolgirls in expectation of Christmas holidays and home, when they said, "In a few weeks you will go on a journey?" Coming out of the cave, Buster Brown and Mary Jane proffered the ever-welcome salted peanuts.

And here is Little Jack Horner's Pie—a large one from which prizes might be drawn. Needless to say, we regaled ourselves, indeed Jack and his wares were the centre of attraction—to the more juvenile members of the party, at least. The House that Jack built adjoined Jack Horner. It was decorated with pumpkin vines and sheaves of wheat and farm produce, such as country-made preserves, cheese, buttermilk, etc. Handy-Spandy, Jack-a-Dandy, the boy who was so fond of sugar candy, was quite at home next door, and should have been a contented Jack with so many nice young ladies and so much sugar candy and plum-cake near him.

The Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds that were baked in a pie held forth in the next booth, and served high tea every evening from 6 to 8 o'clock. There was a goodly share of dainties in their pie, of which we partook, whilst admiring their plumage.

Hark! the sound of a horn. It is the Pied Piper of Hamelin, in long cloak and pointed peasant's hat, playing on his pipe and running from booth to booth, the occupants of which follow him hippety-hoppety through a maze of spiral figures, winding and unwinding around him until, finally, he leads them back to their respective booths, after a very amusing encounter.

Our eyes rested lingeringly on Mistress Mary and her floral treasures, some of which we carried away with the memory of a most enjoyable afternoon.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.



FIRST REVEREND JAMES JOSEPH CARBERY, C. P., S. T. D., D. D.



RIGHT REVEREND R. O'CONNOR,
BISHOP OF PETERBORO, ONT.

The Adirondacks.

THE Adirondacks Mountain region lies south of the St. Lawrence, and is noted throughout our picturesque continent for its wild grandeur and varied splendors. Nestling among the mountains and lying upon the great plateau are a thousand crystal lakes in whose surfaces are reflected the lofty peaks and forest-clad slopes of the mountains. These lakes are of various sizes and shapes, each with a characteristic charm of its own; they are connected by an intricate tracery of streams, by means of which one can travel hundreds of miles by canoe.

The State authorities of New York take every precaution to preserve the forests, so that region for the most part is as perfect as when the Great Architect finished His work and pronounced it good.

It is a land of romance and wildwood charm, rich in lore of Indian times, and sacred as the cradle of American history, where three rival nations contested for supremacy. In the Indian tongue the name Adirondacks signifies "tree-eaters," a name contemptuously given by the fierce Mohawks to their hereditary enemies, the Montagnais, a tribe that lived upon the buds and bark of trees, when the chase failed. The Indian names—although in despair, we must mispronounce them—still cling to the lovely lakes and mountains and suggest the poetry of the aboriginal fancy.

Ganos-guvah, for instance means the "Giants clothed with Stone," Dayohjigago, the place where the "Storm Clouds meet" and Henodoawda means "The path of Thunderer." There is on the upper Hudson a conspicuous hill called Diamond Rock, whose summit glistens with quartzose crystals. Indian fable declares these to be the tears of a Mohawk mother, who for years watched there for the return of her captive son.

Within the bounds of authentic history, every foot of the ground has been made famous by the memorable struggles between French and English and Indians, and later by the war between the Americans and the English. Old Fort Ticonderoga, whose ruins are still standing, has a history more thrilling than any romance. Saranac Lake is one of the most beautiful in the great Adirondacks wilderness. It is about five miles

long and contains upward of fifty islands, it was called by the red men the "Lake of the Clustered Stars." The place is particularly healthy, and the air is always odorous with the scent of pine, fir and other coniferous trees.

GERTRUDE TAYLOR.

How to Make a Camp.

REAL camp-life is something everyone should not undertake! It is only to be enjoyed by those who are willing to endure the deprivation of so-called civilized comforts, and who glory in the idea of hard work as their appetizer and fresh air as their benefactor.

After a long row or tramp, during which one whiles away the weary hours by admiring Nature, thinking every pine more beautiful or stately than the neighboring birch, and that God is indeed good to create for our pleasure all these ferns and mosses, then it is that some site is chosen for pitching a camp.

A great many things are to be considered in selecting a good camping-ground, an essential, of course, being running water. In Canada the places generally selected for this rustic life, are in forests where pine predominates, and the needles carpet the earth to such an extent, that they serve as drainage in case of heavy rain-storms.

A slightly-sloping surface, even if trees must be felled, is desirable, as this naturally conducts away the water which might be inconvenient later. Nothing is more discouraging to a resident of the wilds than in the midst of his well-earned slumber to be awakened by a cold trickling down his back, from which many experienced campers have suffered.

Usually, very weary, one unpacks the canvas, and a search in the near-by woods will soon give the necessary supports of roughly-hewn birch trees to which the ropes of the tent are to be fastened. Two straight pine-trees, shorn of their branches, holding the tent upright with a main-beam across, are usually necessary to ensure one against any inclemencies of the weather.

Balsam boughs are unsurpassed for camp-beds, these strewn about a foot thick and overspread with a blanket, make the most elastic

and odoriferous couch imaginable. A trench is then dug around the tent, which ensures good drainage, thus keeping the floor of latter dry.

According to the number of persons the sleeping quarters are arranged. A portion of the tent is reserved for the stove, and here the food, which is one of the most important items, and plays no small part in the day's pleasures, is prepared. As luck allows, partridge, duck or venison keep the pot boiling in this small region.

A natural tendency to carpentering is a boon in a camper, as with the convenient hard wood, hammer and nails, a dining table, chairs and other furniture may be manufactured and add much comfort to the camp.

In this manner, the elements being favorable, we can begin to lead a primitive life, and enjoy nature in all its wildness, as only those who live in the smoke and turmoil of a large city can.

JOSEPHINE CARLYLE.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

"Take me with you, papa," and many a time
She'd put her little hand confidently in mine,
And side by side we'd saunter on our way.
Oh, blissful hours! of many a happy day,
Her hand in mine.

Her little hand, that I shall press no more,
Now beckons to me from that farther shore;
It beckons to a bright and happier clime
And, although that little hand is not in mine,
She leads me now.

R. R. THOMPSON.

The empire of souls is given not to the clever but to the loving, not to those who command our attention by their force of brain, but to those who touch us with their sympathy, their devotion, their sacrifice. The world is held in thrall not by the great conquerors and statesmen and financiers, but by the great saints, the mystics, the poets and prophets. As the athlete must go into training for the perfection of his bodily powers, and as the scholar must give himself to learning even though the flesh rebels, so we must set ourselves to cultivate, encourage and develop the life of the heart by the practice of all true and noble sentiments.

Letter - Box.

LORETTO CONVENT,
JACKSON PARK TERRACE,
CHICAGO.

DEAR MARY:

The memory of good things is with me and I shall share my joy with you by endeavoring to describe our Literary Entertainment of last Monday evening.

Shortly after five o'clock, the "Saint Ursula Literary Circle" assembled in the parlors of the Academy and sang a hymn to our Patroness, which was followed by the "Introduction," delivered by Miss Genevieve Corkell.

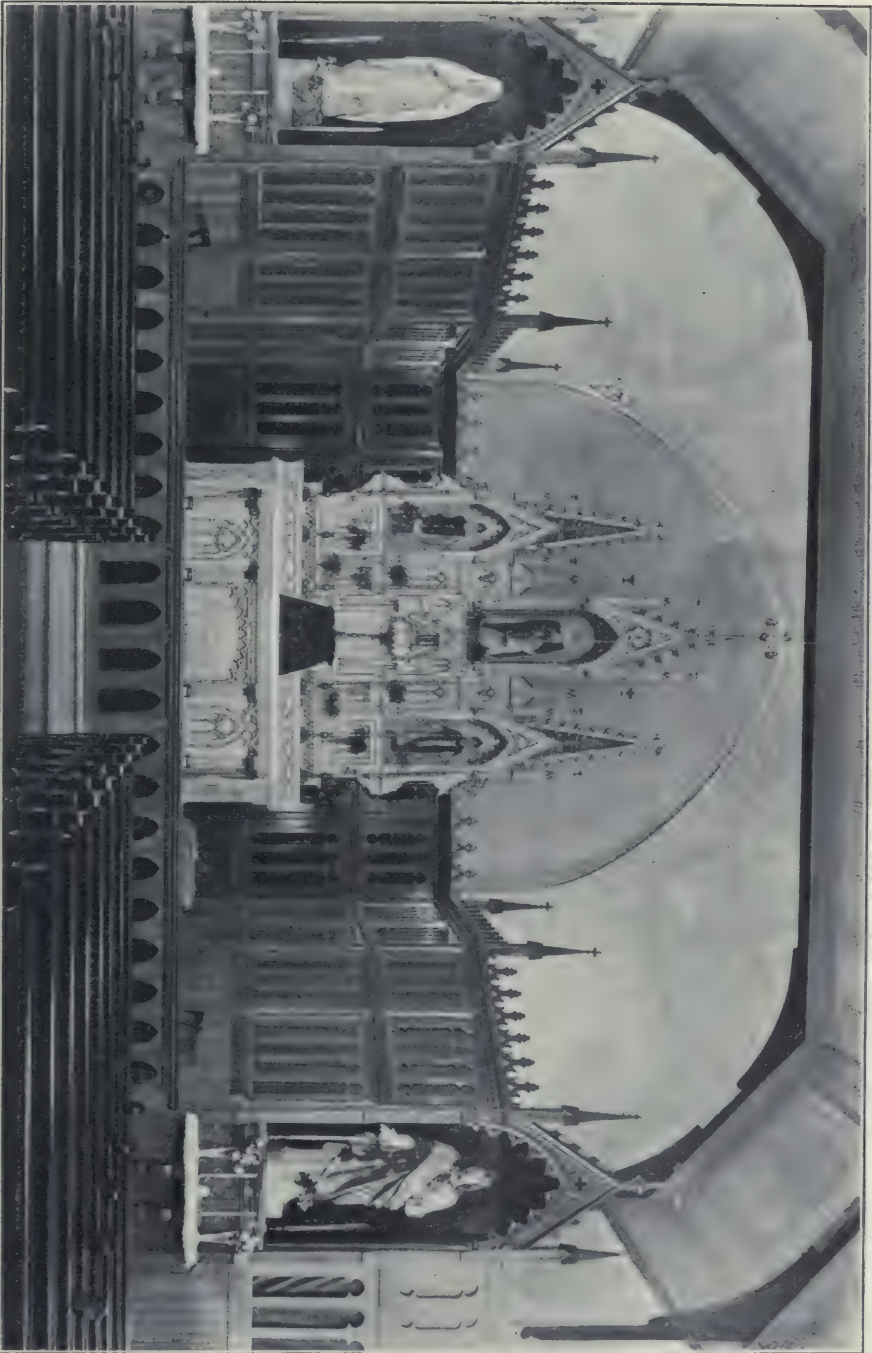
The "Introduction" finished, we repaired to the dining-hall, which was most artistically decorated in red—red and white roses adorning the tables, and potted ferns and palms in red jardinières on the window-sills. The electric lights wore red shades in honor of the occasion, and the favors were in red carnations, which glowed beneath the brilliant candelabra. Now, with the aid of imagination, you can form the picture.

Immediately after the banquet—which was served by white-aproned, daintily-capped maidens—a few "remarks" were made by Miss Margaret Jordan, pertaining to the forthcoming programme, "An Evening at the Mitre Inn." Johnson, with all his eccentricities—who, you must not forget, was "little me"—Boswell, just as fawning and attentive as of old; Goldsmith, with all his peculiarities; Reynolds, with his ear-trumpet and observing eye; Burke, with his oratorical speeches; and blythe little David Garrick, were all present, as depicted in the "Jessamy Bride."

At the close of the programme—which was received with unexpected applause—toasts were given, accompanied by a symposium, in which all the guests joined.

Mother Seraphina and Community, the Carmelite Fathers from St. Cyril's College, Father Link of Bonn, Germany, and the Loretto pupils from Joliet, honored us with their presence.

We then proceeded to the recreation hall where the dance programmes—conventional oak leaves tied with dainty bows of red ribbon—were passed—the signal for the piano to send forth its joyous tones.



ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, HAMILTON, ONT.



"HE CAME INTO THE WORLD, AND THE WORLD KNEW HIM NOT."

Mother Seraphina very graciously acceded to our desire for a holiday. With such a delightful prospect in view, we cast a lingering glance at St. Ursula's feast of nineteen hundred and six.

CECILIA M. SLOGAN.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You will like to hear something of the visit of King Haakon, Queen Maud, and our Royal baby guest, Prince Olaf, who led the way ashore on their arrival.

At 11.15 this morning, His Royal Highness Prince Olaf, aged three, walked down the platform of the railway station at Flushing, passed hurriedly through the Royal waiting-room to the quay-side, went on board and took command of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. I say walked, but the word hardly represents his method of progression. Balancing himself on one chubby little leg, he paused before regaining his balance with the other, to smile wonderingly at the strange uniforms which the Norwegian, Dutch, and English officials had donned in his honor.

There was no superfluous dignity about Prince Olaf. He was engaged on the first great journey of his life, and he was frankly interested. The Court Chamberlain, sent by Queen Wilhelmina, astonished him. He looked upon the black-coated Norwegian officials with a friendly eye, and the British naval uniforms so delighted him that his English nursery-governess had to jerk him into motion to enable him to keep pace with his father and mother who walked ahead.

As the tall, splendid figure of King Haakon followed Queen Maud aboard, the officers and men drawn up to receive them kept eyes front with the strained, concentrated air of review order. But when the baby Crown Prince of Norway, clad in his white astrachan cap and coat, came on deck under his nurse's arm, still beaming, broad smiles rippled down the lines of faces. One red-haired, jovial officer so far contravened all the rigorous laws of etiquette as to grin in the face of His Royal Highness and to seem as if he would like to take him on his shoulder. Instead of haughtily snubbing him, His Royal Highness beamed back in the most affectionate manner.

In the fifteen minutes that elapsed between the

arrival of the train and the departure of the yacht, I learned from Captain Krag, King Haakon's Equerry, that Prince Olaf is looking forward with keen delight to his stay in "grandpa's kingdom." "He is a fine little fellow," said Captain Krag, "and as happy as only a dear, chubby, sunny, little Crown Prince can be. He has enjoyed his long journey immensely, and has been the life and soul of the Royal party the whole way."

The children of Windsor are talking of nothing else but little Prince Olaf, and many of them are going to climb the Castle wall on Thames Street and give the blue-eyed Crown Prince a full-throated welcome as his carriage emerges from the Great Western station into the gaily-decorated streets.

Had not duty called King Haakon to the throne of Norway, and had he followed the easier course, he would have become an Englishman. So that when His Majesty, with Queen Maud and the tiny Crown Prince, came to Portsmouth yesterday in bright, sunny weather, it was rather like a home-coming than the visit of a foreign monarch paying a ceremonious visit to an alien country.

The day broke over Portsmouth with a persistent sun struggling through white mist, and the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* came away from her moorings and entered the harbor to the thunder of the Victory's guns. The Prince of Wales, who had travelled down by special train from London, had arrived at half-past eleven, and stood on the railway jetty, the centre of a group of officers and municipal authorities, waiting to welcome the Royal guests.

King Haakon, tall and handsome, and the very embodiment of vigorous manhood, stood under the bridge, wearing an admiral's uniform and the ribbon of the Bath, and by his side Queen Maud.

Limit of vision was alone responsible for the fact that Prince Olaf was not for the moment visible. For this tiny Prince, in a little white coat and a sky-blue sailor's hat pushed back on his head, was alternately interested in the guns of the Victory and the trim guard of honor that waited on the jetty.

The Prince of Wales was the first to go on board, and he affectionately greeted his sister and brother-in-law. After luncheon, the guard

which had saluted the arrival of the ship was re-formed, and, to the strains of Norway's hymn, the Royal party came on shore, led by Prince Olaf, with open-minded curiosity written large upon his face. After a number of formal presentations, the Royal party entered a special train, which left for Windsor in good time.

At Windsor, an enormous crowd had collected. From early in the morning London trains had been filled with sight-seers, and the most extraordinary feature of the crowd was the number of women and children, who had come apparently from every part of the country to see the baby Crown Prince. They cheered King Edward and Queen Alexandra, as they drove down to the station to greet the Norwegian King, they cheered Prince Christian, they cheered King Haakon when he arrived. But the great cheer, and the rapturous cheer, the wild yell of delight that went up from the packed streets of Windsor, was for a tiny figure, who, disdaining all convention, stood up on the front seat of the Queen's carriage and took a calm interest in everything and everybody.

King Edward drove to the station in an open carriage, and wore the uniform of a field-marshal, with the Order of the Garter. His Majesty looked remarkably well, and was all smiles when the train drew into the station, in excellent time, and the face of his Queen-daughter appeared at the saloon window.

While King Haakon with His Majesty inspected the guard of honor, Prince Olaf had a little inspection of his own. The Mayor of the Royal and ancient borough, who was waiting to present an address to the Royal visitors, caught the little Prince's eye. Perhaps he had never seen a mayor before. Perhaps this was a new kind of mayor; but seeing a gentleman in a highly-colored dressing-gown, Prince Olaf at once realized his importance, and walked up, and shaking hands with the alderman, made a conspicuous examination of the robe of office.

The carriages that bore the Royal family from the station to the Castle were drawn by horses ridden by postillions wearing the Ascot livery, and the Ascot livery is sumptuous. So Prince Olaf decided upon the postillions, and, standing up on the seat where he could obtain the finest view, drove through Windsor hypnotized by the glory of the two mounted men.

In the streets, a tempest of cheering welcomed King Haakon, and the young ruler smiled and saluted the shrill enthusiasts. But the greeting that awaited Queen Maud and the little Prince was the most remarkable that Windsor has ever witnessed. Court officials grown blasé with overmuch cheering, confess that the welcome of the baby Prince was beyond comparison.

"There he is!" It was a chorus rather than a shout, as the carriage turned into High Street and the Prince permitted his attention to be drawn from the postillions, to return, with a quaint, old-fashioned salute, the cheers of the smiling crowd and of the Eton boys who were drawn up inside the Cambridge gate.

It was in every way an extraordinary sight, for something melted in the English character, and the style and manner of the crowd's greeting was almost Latin in its effusiveness. Everybody joined in the general enthusiasm. Staid business men shouted and waved handkerchiefs and blew kisses at the boy as vigorously and as delightedly as the girls who filled every balcony and place of vantage, and the tall Grenadiers and the prancing Guards caught the fever and mechanically smiled in sympathy. The pleasure of King Haakon and his Consort at the reception they received and the unique welcome given to their son, was manifest. His Majesty's pleasure was expressed in the reply he made to the address of welcome presented by the mayor:

"Our happiness is great in once more visiting England, endeared to us by old associations, old friendships, and the ties of our relationship with your King and Queen."

Last night, in the oak dining-hall at Windsor Castle, there was a family dinner-party, and to-day, the two Kings, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught, will spend a day in the Royal coverts. To-night, King Haakon will be invested with the Order of the Garter at a special Chapter. Such a Chapter has not been held at the Castle for over fifty years.

It is the opinion of all the officials that the apartments never presented a more magnificent appearance. Queen Maud's boudoir is the Rubens Room.

Prince Olaf's very own room at Windsor Castle is a handsome, though cosy, apartment, known as the Queen's Closet. The furniture is

beautiful, and the pictures on the walls will keep the little Prince interested for hours. There are lovely landscapes and portraits of Kings and Queens, and one picture depicts St. Peter released from prison. A handsome cot has been fitted up for His Royal Highness in this lovely bedroom, which is next to that of his mother. The cot is one of the prettiest and most comfortable imaginable. Prince Olaf's nurse will sleep near him, and, during his waking hours, one of the King's tall footmen in scarlet livery will wait upon him. All kinds of beautiful toys have been provided for his amusement.

The little Prince is very much interested in animals, and he will be shown the beautiful greys, roans, and chestnuts in the Royal stables, but what will delight him most of all, perhaps, will be the two pretty little ponies which were presented some years ago to the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

It is certain that Prince Olaf will become as great a popular favorite in England as he is in Norway, for he has all the breezy unconventionality of his age. His bright blue eyes are full of the sparkle of fun, his face has a merry expression which is irresistible, and his brilliantly-fair hair sits like a golden crown on his round, stolid little head. He is the ideal of what we call "bonny." The Norwegian people worship him; he is their baby hero, and the demand for his portrait has exceeded all previous photographic records.

The little Prince gets his name from the patron saint of Norway. Olaf was an early Norwegian King, who has come down in history as a fearless warrior. And Prince Olaf is proving a worthy successor to the great name, for when he met the Kaiser, he romped with him without the slightest dread of "lèse majesté," and called him simply and eloquently, "My new big uncle."

Colonel Knollys, Comptroller to Queen Maud, has informed me that the Royal party's visit will last well into December. As soon as the official portion of their stay is over, their Majesties take up their residence on the estate they have purchased at Appleton, near Sandringham. They have very pleasurable anticipations of this first visit, as sovereigns, to England, and as for Prince Olaf, he is simply bubbling over with delight.

D. M. S.

COLEGIO DE LORETO,
CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA,
SEVILLE, SPAIN.

DEAR RAINBOW:

With profound regret I announce to you the death, on the nineteenth of September, of our former pupil, Maria Perez de Guzmán, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of T'Serclaes.

Maria came to Castilleja when quite a little child to prepare for her First Communion, which she made with all the fervor of her pure young heart, a fervor she never relaxed till she received our Lord for the last time on earth, when her love and holy joy was so great that it communicated itself to her disconsolate parents, and brothers and sisters, who knelt weeping and broken-hearted around her death-bed.

After her First Communion, Maria remained here as a permanent boarder, passing through all the divisions from the first, St. Aloysius', to the highest, St. Philomena's, distinguishing herself in each by her docility, sweetness of disposition, and rare talents. She became a proficient in music—piano and harp—showed great ability for drawing and painting, and, in her English studies, reached a high standard.

Maria was received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary on the sixth of May, 1900. That was the second happiest day of her life, and she ever proved herself a worthy child of the Queen of Angels—her purity of soul, sweetness, gentleness, and willingness to serve every one, her tender love for her parents, brothers and sisters, and for her loved grandmother, the Marquesa of San Juan, who always lived with them, made her the sunshine of the home circle—all looked up to her and ever found her a sympathetic confidante in their little troubles.

What shall I say of her affection for the nuns? It is impossible to describe the tender love she had for each and all, her gratitude for any little service they rendered her, her reverence and esteem.

Maria passed the last year of her school life at Nymphenburg, near Munich, with the *Englische Fräulein*, as our sisters are called in Germany. While there she displayed the same virtues that distinguished her at Castilleja.

At Nymphenburg, Maria became acquainted with the Infanta Paz—aunt to Don Alfonso XIII.—who is married to Prince Ferdinand of Ba-

varia, and whose palace adjoins the convent. The Infanta soon discovered Maria's sterling qualities of heart and head, and treated her with the most affectionate kindness during the year she spent at Nymphenburg.

On leaving school, Maria travelled with her parents for some time, and finally settled in Madrid, passing many months of the year in Seville. While there she joined the Sodality of the external Children of Mary, who meet every month at Castilleja and have a delightful reunion, which is eagerly anticipated by all. The members make clothing for the poor, and Maria's contribution last year was one of the largest and most beautifully arranged.

On her return to Madrid, last March, after having passed the winter months in Seville, she was attacked by fever, which rose rapidly, and never left her till the end. Her disconsolate mother, the Duchess of T'Serclaes, hastened with her to Leysin in Switzerland, where her precious life was prolonged for a few months, but, from the first, she knew the worst was to be feared. Still they hoped against hope, till the end came rather suddenly from heart failure. Our loved Maria was conscious to the last moment. She knew she was going to our Lord and welcomed His coming in the Holy Viaticum in a manner that seemed to indicate that already she had a foretaste of the eternal union in the Beatific Vision. Many non-Catholics who were staying at the hotel were edified by her resignation and her willingness to leave the joys of this world, and said that such a frame of mind could only result from great faith and a pure soul. It is to be hoped that the impression made on some may have lasting effects.

M. J. C.

NÜRNBERGER STRASSE,
DRESDEN, SAXONY.

DEAR MARY:

Your letter was forwarded to me from München, so you see it was too late for me to visit your convent at Nymphenburg. Just think, I was out there several times—had I only known what was in store for me! I should have been so happy to be with these dear, kind nuns, for I am sure they would not have seemed like strangers. However, when I am near any of your houses again, it will be my pleasure to call.

I do not know when we will leave for Italy; probably, in January. I am so in love with Dresden, and so infatuated with my work that I know I shall find it hard to tear myself away. I have a very sweet little woman from Missouri as companion now, and we intend to travel through Italy and France together. She is a ceramic enthusiast also, which makes the study of this branch all the more interesting and pleasant. Lessons *every* morning, three German lessons and two art lectures for the afternoon, keep us extremely busy. Then there are two operas a week, and sometimes a concert in the evening. We do hear the most heavenly music. This is really where Bride should be. I am coming again, so you must tell her to be ready. We have the best of everything, especially Wagner. In December the Ring will be given, which includes "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." Imagine how glorious it will all be!

Now I must tell you of the beautiful symphonic concerts—there are always about one hundred and thirty musicians. Then we have Hubermann and little Misha Elman, violinists—the latter is only fifteen years old and is already greater than Kubelik, whom we will hear next Monday evening. At the operas, the orchestra includes about sixty-five musicians, and all are artists. Dresden is charming, and everybody is here for a purpose—it is either music or art. You fairly breathe music and art—both! It is one's life here—either one of the other. There are more English-speaking people in Dresden than in any other city of Germany, consequently, my native tongue is heard on all sides, which is not the least attractive feature of this fascinating city.

The wonderful art gallery, called "The Zwinger," ranks with the Louvre and Pitti in its collections of art treasures. It contains the world-renowned Sistine Madonna—and, oh, what a marvellous creation it is! This Madonna has a room to herself—and justly—but the approach is not in keeping, and the light very indifferent, so that one has to station oneself first in one place, then in another, in order to see it properly.

Dresden is exceedingly clean and white. In fact, you are liable to arrest if you scatter bits of paper around, and, at every turn, you are confronted with, "Das ist verboten." The shop windows are maddening. There is one long street,

called the Prager, where the most exquisite displays are to be seen. You do not find many large department stores, as in America, *shop* is the word used, and each has a specialty. There is one for hats, another for gowns, still another for shoes, or flowers, a conditorei, and in the midst of all the finery, a sausage shop!—with a display every whit as artistic as the gowns and hats. Every language under the sun is spoken on the Prager. The street is very narrow, and the vast concourse of people, passing in a continuous stream, make a panorama well worth going far to see.

I am really in Dresden to study china painting, therefore, I must utilize every moment of the precious time which is passing with delicious rapidity. I have also taken up painting on ivory. It is such delicate work I am quite in love with it. If I could only show you some of the pretty things I am making!—all figure work and conventional relief.

Have I told you of Oberammergau? Only an actual visit could make you realize how lovely that spot in the far-away little village is, and so peacefully quiet that wherever you turn the same beautiful religious spirit is found.

Now I must hie me *zu Bette*, or somebody will not be ready for work, work, work, to-morrow. Say a wee prayer for your old friend over here in a foreign land. I often glance at the confessionals, hoping to find one in which English is spoken—*aber ich muss Deutsch sprechen*. Again good-night. Accept love and good wishes from

Your devoted friend,

GERTRUDE MEYER.

COUVENT DE NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE,
CUREPIPE, MAURITIUS.

MA CHÈRE BEATRICE:

La première communion des enfants de ce couvent a eu lieu le 8 de ce mois. Je voudrais vous en donner quelques détails; je ne peux mieux faire que de vous en envoyer le compte rendu qui a paru dans un de nos journaux.

Voici donc l'extrait:

"Une touchante cérémonie à laquelle j'assistais ce matin au couvent des Dames de Lorette a provoqué dans mon âme une bien douce émotion. La charmante chapelle du couvent que rendaient plus charmante encore les ornements dont elle

était parée; cette assemblée de jeunes filles revêtues de leur costume blanc et le front ceint d'une couronne de roses blanches; cette foule de parents et d'amis à genoux—tout cela préparait bien l'âme à cette fête imposante à laquelle on allait assister.

Mais voici que la messe commence. L'orgue roule ses accords harmonieux. Des cantiques aussi suaves que pieux sont chantés délicieusement par des voix féminines. Une allocution émouvante met des larmes dans tous les yeux. Les actes sont récités un à un d'une voix émue. Un profond silence succède aux actes, mais ce silence lui-même parle encore en quelque sorte et invite au recueillement et à la prière. Le moment solennel est venu. Le prêtre élève le saint ciboire; les fronts se courbent bien bas. 'Voici le pain des anges,' dit tout bas le prêtre élevant l'hostie à la foule. Et les communiantes en se frappant la poitrine disent tout bas cette parole sublime d'humiliation et de confiance. 'Nous ne sommes pas dignes de vous recevoir, Seigneur, mais dites seulement une parole et notre âme sera guérie.' Puis le défilé à la Sainte Table commence. Les mains jointes, le front radieux, elles reçoivent avec foi et avec amour la Sainte Eucharistie sur leurs lèvres tremblantes. . . . Déjà Dieu est dans leur cœur et le ciel dans leur pensée. . . . Leur âme a pris comme des ailes qui les soulèvent jusqu'au trône de Dieu et qui les soutiennent dans cette région bénie de paix et de sérénité où Dieu leur est plus familier! . . .

Nous tous, les parents de ces petits anges, nous étions tout émus. Le cœur gonflé de joie, nous suivions avec intérêt les mouvements de nos enfants, nous supplions Dieu de répandre le rayon de sa grâce et de sa bonté infinies dans ces jeunes cœurs dont il se faisait de vivants sanctuaires.

Oui, elle est vraiment touchante cette cérémonie de la première communion. Elle fait revivre à nos yeux ce printemps de notre vie auquel nous revenons toujours avec un cœur toujours jeune. Bien des souvenirs peuvent s'estomper dans l'horizon rose de notre passé, mais, pour le chrétien le souvenir de la première communion rayonne plus brillant que les autres, comme un soleil qui ne peut pas pâlir.

Un auteur a dit avec bien de la grâce: 'Il n'y a d'immobile dans la vie que nos souvenirs: nous

ne sommes sûrs de garder intact que ce que nous avons perdu.'

Bien des calendriers jaunis se sont épuisés depuis ma première communion, mais à chaque fois que j'assiste à pareille solennité je ne peux pas me défendre d'un attendrissement que ma plume serait impuissante à exprimer."

J'espère, ma chère mademoiselle, que ces quelques lignes vous feront plaisir.

Recevez mon affectueux souvenir.

Votre toute dévouée,

MARIE D'EMMERZ.

LONDON.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Are you interested in matters Russian at the present moment?—especially the Winter Palace which, under ordinary circumstances, would now be in an advanced stage of preparation for the annual arrival there of the Imperial family for the winter season. But, as matters stand, it will apparently be a long day before the Czar and Czarina again take up their residence for the festivities which have been customary ever since the days of the great Catherine. Nothing could exceed the magnificence which, until the winter preceding the outbreak of the Japanese war, was kept up during the entire winter season. Not only is the present Imperial household immense, but, from generation to generation, the friends and dependents, to say nothing of their whole families, lived year in, year out, in one or other of the vast wings of the largest Palace in the world. This flagrant abuse of the hospitality of Royalty might have existed until the present day, but ever since the night when the late Czar and the whole of the Imperial family escaped assassination by the merest chance, a vast change in the inner arrangements of the Winter Palace has taken place. This narrowly-averted catastrophe immediately led the responsible officials to see to their duties, and from attic to cellar whole families, who with their forbears, for generations had lived contentedly at the expense of the Czars, were then and there turned out for ever.

Some years ago, I was temporarily attached to the household of a Russian Grand Duchess, and the magnificence of the smallest detail in the organization of the Winter Palace arrangements, even to one accustomed to the atmosphere of

Courts, struck me most forcibly. The late Czar it was who first insisted on the elimination of the rather barbaric remains of Imperial Eastern etiquette, and, in consequence, everything was then organized on a system of unparalleled Western magnificence. To such perfection, for instance, was the detail of waiting brought, at the great Court functions and balls, that one gorgeously-attired Imperial footman was told off for every two guests. A sit-down supper for 2,000 guests was provided at small round tables. Another Palace detail, which added immense stateliness to the interior arrangements, was the immense number of Imperial powdered and gold-liveried footmen, who stood all day and night on duty at every turn in the corridors and on every step of the innumerable grand staircases. As to outdoor recreation, the choice lay in ordering at will one of the gorgeously-caparisoned Imperial sleighs, or an equally gorgeous Imperial carriage. These were held in special readiness for those "in waiting," however numerous they might be, during the winter season.

One delightful detail of the doings of those attached to the Court at the Winter Palace, is the moonlight sleighing on the ice-bound Neva. This is much in vogue at midnight and after the theatre is over; and these expeditions are more popular when made up of large parties on their several sleighs. Thanks to the Imperial Russian sables, worn up to the eyes, one is as warm as if in one's own rooms at the Palace. So well warmed, indeed, is the Winter Palace that light, summery toilettes daily are a necessity there, even in the depths of an Arctic winter. And no change when going out is obligatory, as well-drilled servants wait in the halls to wrap one in one's furs on leaving, or on arriving at the great houses of the nobility to return the endless formal calls which foreigners receive when they are in waiting at St. Petersburg.

Most gorgeous of all sights, on the nights allotted to the Court or State balls, is the entry of the Imperial family into the great "Malachite" Chamber, adjoining the State ballrooms, where they are always joined by their households. This room takes its name from the fact that the walls are panelled with malachite, and the immense double line of pillars, running the whole length of it, are built of solid single blocks of this precious marble. On these occasions, the Empress,

above all, is literally ablaze with jewels. For, besides the Imperial crown of the well-known Russian pointed design—of which each ray is made of enormous single-stone diamonds the size of a hazel nut—and the whole neck covered with row upon row of the same, the Imperial gown and train are literally sewn with these stones. Each Grand Duchess also wears exactly the same shaped Russian diamond crown, but many choose for ornament, besides, the immense parure of the Cabuchon emeralds or rubies, for which the Imperial Treasury is so famed.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and the whispers now afloat regarding the disappointment evinced by the jewellers of St. Petersburg when their offer for some of the Russian Crown jewels was passed over the other day by the Czar for the higher bids which came from Paris, seem typical of that belief. It shows the gradual trend of events even in the private life of the Imperial family, and that the Czar and Czarina are alive to the possibilities of the future, and the necessity of turning some, at least, of their possessions into gold, in preparation for an evil day! Since the time of Peter the Great, jewels of untold value have, figuratively speaking, been pouring into the private treasure-house of the Czars. It is only during the last decade that cut jewels have been in vogue at the Russian Court. The polished but uncut, ruby, sapphire, and emerald being much preferred. And jewelled baubles have ever been the personal gifts most to the liking of successive Czars when returning international civilities.

At the time when the Franco-Russian entente cordiale was at its height, and when both Czar and Czarina visited Paris together, the gift of the former to the French nation consisted of a costly jewelled map of their country. More than a yard square, every one of the eighty-two departments was represented by a groundwork inlaid with onyx, crystal, cornelian, or jade. The provincial towns were specially marked on this wonderful "carte" by gems of the purest quality, and the immense flawless emerald which stands for the seaport of Marseilles is said to have been valued while in the Imperial Treasury at more than six thousand pounds sterling. A diamond even more valuable shines in the space allotted to Lyons, while most valuable of all is the great ruby, said to be among the most magnificent of

the Cabuchon stones in the possession of the Czars. The smaller and less important towns in this extravagant design are typified by clusters of small diamonds, but these are so thickly encrusted that, strange to say, it is these smaller stones that give the whole map its wonderful brilliance.

P. T. O.

AUGSBURG, BAVARIA.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You are, no doubt, anxious for particulars of the Bicentennial Jubilee of the chapel of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Augsburg, whose members were originally known as "Englische Fräulein"—"English Ladies"—and who are still called by this name in many of the cities and towns of Germany, where they are the leading educationalists. Its location, far from the busy street, its devotional atmosphere, due in part to the presence of the Religious, its sacred paintings—all seem peculiarly adapted to attract souls naturally inclined to prayer.

To-day, this little church looks back upon two hundred years of existence, yet it has not grown old, but rather presents the appearance of a bride on her wedding-day. Here for generations, the young maidens of Augsburg have found inspiration for piety, and strength to lead truly Christian lives. Therefore, it may be of interest to those still living to hear some details of the spot where they received their training and education.

In the beginning of July, 1662, Mary Poyntz came to Augsburg. She was then the third Superior of the Institute of the "English Ladies," founded by Mary Ward. Five other members of the Institute, as well as five candidates, all of the old English nobility, accompanied her. They lodged at first in the "Drei Mohren."

The wife of the Burgomeister Felsenmayer in Augsburg had a brother a member of the Council in Munich, whose little daughter was a boarder in the Institute in that city. Mary Poyntz went to see this lady and acquainted her with her wish to found a house of the Institute in Augsburg. She readily coöperated; and, as the foundress had already made a favorable impression on the citizens, and that, moreover, the necessity of a higher and more practical education for the daughters of all classes was greatly felt, she obtained permission from the Magistrate to remain

there with her companions and open a school, for which privilege she agreed to pay the annual sum of three gold florins.

They rented a house outside the Frauentor, in the Jesuitengasse, but did not remain there long, for a larger building was required to accommodate the increasing number of pupils. The Weltdenschen Hof, near St. Barbara, seemed to suit their purpose. Among the first boarders were the two daughters of the Domkustos Gemingen, Adelheid and Dorothea, Maria Helena von Imhof, Countess von Fugger-Kirchberg, Countess Fugger-Babenhausen, and the Baronesses von Iwlerdiewsen—sisters.

The pious and venerable Mary Poyntz was called to her eternal rest on the 30th. September, 1667. By order of the Bishop, Right Reverend John Christopher of Freiburg, she was buried with great solemnity. Her body was placed in a vault in St. John's Church, which had been built by the sainted Ulrich. A marble monument, with an honorable inscription, was erected to her memory, but, with the destruction of the church during the secularization, this disappeared.

Her successors were Catharine Hamilton and Helena Catesby, respectively—both pupils of Mary Ward. The latter filled her office until 1683. During their government, several members of remarkable virtue adorned the Institute, and to them Bishop Christopher entrusted the education of his niece. And since they taught the German schools gratis, the number of pupils increased to such an extent that the Religious were again forced to procure a larger house. The approval of their work, given by the Bishop, on the 24th. April, 1680, and, to a certain extent, the endowment—an annual revenue out of the funds of the diocese—granted to the Institute, appeared to arouse something like sensitiveness or jealousy in the mind of the Magistrate of the Imperial City. However, as no one could deny the beneficial influence of the Religious, they were allowed to continue their work, encouraged, moreover, by the great generosity of the people. The house which had, so far, been only a rented one, became again too small for the growing Community, and as the increase of pupils both in boarding and day-schools required a greater number of teachers as well as other members, their desire for a more spacious house, which they

could call their own, was no less ardent than natural.

The Religious had recourse again to the worthy Burgomeister Felsenmayer, also to the City Treasurer, John Melchior Illsung, who assisted them financially. In this way, the Superior, Mary Elizabeth Rantienne, who had succeeded Helena Catesby, obtained, on the 1st. of June, 1686, with the consent of the Magistrate, a house in the Windgasse, now Frauentorstrasse—where the Institute is to-day. She also obtained permission to have a chapel erected, the building of which was finished during the period of office of the Superior, Mary Anna von Rehlingen, the daughter of a citizen of Augsburg. The cornerstone was laid by His Lordship Eustachius Egolffo, Baron of Westernach, Dompropst and suffragan Bishop of this place. Under the direction and with the advice of His Lordship the Prelate of St. George, Leopold of Illsung, the work of erection progressed, for, owing to his skill in architecture, the Religious humbly begged this favor which, owing to his zeal for the glory of God, he readily granted. Rev. Anton Eckert, formerly a merchant of the city, donated to the church the sum of four thousand florins.

On the 8th. of June, 1706, the Bishop consecrated it, celebrated the first Mass, and confirmed several pupils of the Institute, as well as some outsiders.

Mary Anna Chester, the last English Superior, a lady of remarkable intellect and highly educated, who conversed fluently even in Latin, was elected in 1726. During her government the Institute enjoyed a high degree of prosperity. Under Rosalia Weinhardt, who died in 1780, the Magistrate entrusted to the Religious the care of the Normal Schools of the Cathedral and St. George's parishes. This arrangement was confirmed at the reorganization of schools, in 1811. These Institutions did not suffer during the period of secularization. However, the "English Ladies" were forbidden to accept new members, yet, if the death of a member occurred, she might be replaced by one of the eighteen Religious from Mindelheim, who came to Augsburg because their own house had been closed, in 1809.

Josepha von Feyertag of Salzburg was the brave woman who, in these stormy times, protected the house and schools from destruction. She died on the 25th. of September, 1811, deeply



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

A GROUP OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S MAIDENS,
LORETTO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.

EVELYN FOLKES. WINEFRID O'NEAL. MARGARET BROWNLEE. HILDA MURRAY. ELIZABETH ROBINSON.
FRANCES DANIELLS. RITA SHEEDY. KATHLEEN O'BRIEN. ELIZABETH MC SLOY.

mourned by all. In the October of the same year, a Royal decree appointed Frau Katharina von Zabuesnig successor to Mother Josepha. She was the daughter of Christopher von Zabuesnig, who died in 1827. He had been a merchant, a professor, Burgomeister, and, after the death of his wife, though advanced in years, he became a priest. In each of these professions he was equally esteemed. During her term of office, Frau Katharina had the happiness of seeing the decree which forbade the acceptance of candidates, withdrawn, in August, 1816. The members, however, are obliged to undergo a severe examination before the school board, and thus become qualified teachers.

During the energetic government of Eliza de Graccho, from 1837-1855; and of Philomena Wyakowsky, from 1855-1874; the house within and without flourished. Indeed, many of the Bavarian foundations were made from Augsburg. The restoration of the Institute church there, through the instrumentality of the learned sons of St. Benedict of Monte Cassino, took place in the time of Mother Agatha Brugberger. In October, 1895, Mother Gertrude Neher was elected Superior. Her great prudence, tireless energy, and inexhaustible charity eminently qualify her to maintain and promote the advancement of the Institute.

Its sound conservatism has protected the Institute at all times from too great a desire for novelties or innovations, without, however, preventing its advancement in modern pedagogy. Its system of education, which unites, in a most successful manner, the old with the new, sustained by an admirable devotion and fidelity to duty, is the key to its indisputable success. So, for more than two hundred years, the Institute has noiselessly pursued its course, a source of richest blessing to its members and to the thousands of Augsburg's daughters who have been entrusted—and still continue to be entrusted—to its care.

As in the natural order, so in the realm of education and training, quietly-working elements produce better results than those that make great display.

* * * * *

Coincident with the above celebration was that of the Centennial of the incorporation of the city of Augsburg, which was honored by the presence

of Prince Ludwig. The decorations and processions were on a scale of magnificence rarely witnessed, and the enthusiasm of the people unbounded. Although His Royal Highness expressed his appreciation of everything, yet the untiring energy of the president of the committee, the self-sacrificing manner in which he acquitted himself with regard to the grouping of carriages, choice of costumes, etc., the assistance he rendered in drilling those who were chosen to deliver addresses and present bouquets, received special praise.

On the occasion of the festal play in the city theatre, His Royal Highness requested to meet Herr Reinhard that he might express to him his appreciation of the services he had rendered. It is said that, in the evening, at the banquet in the "Drei Mohren," Prince Ludwig again spoke of the performance in words of highest praise.

A pretty scene took place as His Royal Highness drove through the city, after the service in the church. Passing the beautifully-decorated Catholic orphans' home, he saw the children of that institution arranged in front of the building to greet him, singing and playing the national anthem. The Prince ordered the carriage to be stopped, graciously accepted the bouquet presented to him by one of the orphan girls, and spoke a few kindly words to the Inspector, and then, amid the cheers and singing of the children, drove on.

A conspicuous feature of one of the processions, was the wagon of the Prince Karl brewery, drawn by six magnificent horses. In front of it was suspended the gold and silver shield of the Schaffler Guild, dated 1778, a masterpiece of old Augsburg silver workmanship. On this wagon were two casks, containing each six different kinds of wine. These had been exhibited in the festal procession in honor of King Ludwig, in 1829. On a table rested the valuable and interesting "Welcome," that is the bumper of the Guild. A large barrel, bound with wooden hoops, a specimen of the olden time, and a well-made, strong barrel of the present day, containing forty-two hekt—these, with the master, his men and apprentices, completed the picture.

The day of the Prince's departure, the Aschenbrenner orchestra played several selections on the platform, and Frau Schwarz presented His Royal Highness with a magnificent bouquet of

roses and carnations, artistically arranged, for the Princess Ludwig and their invalid daughter, the Duchess Mathilde.

We were loath to see our Royal guest depart, and our festal garlands fade, but, in the heart of Augsburg, fidelity to Wittlesbach will live forever, and the memory of these days ring in the cheer—"Hail Wittlesbach!"

SCHMIDBERGER.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, December, 1906.

DEAR KATE:

So your ship has reached its harbor and you are anxiously awaiting tidings from other lands. Well, I shall exert my powers to the utmost to give you an account of the many pleasant events that have transpired in our secluded little world since our return to school in September. The October days were brightened by a visit from Rev. Mother and Mother M. Dosethea, and it seemed actually as if Nature rejoiced with us—she donned her most becoming garb and smiled her sweetest, and, in every possible way, tried to make their stay pleasant in the extreme. For the first time in the annals of St. Theresa's Literary Association, was an assembly honored by the presence of Rev. Mother. As you were always a faithful member and took such pleasure in these monthly meetings, I feel sure that an account of this one will interest you. The programme was entitled "Some Literary Portraits." Its first number was a choicely-worded address of welcome to our guests. This was followed by a most interesting essay, "Pictures on Memory's Walls," and two charming recitations, "A Portrait by Mrs. Browning," and "Irene," by Lowell. An essay followed, "Celebrated Portraits of Fiction," and, after it, a humorous reading from Dickens, entitled, "Dr. Blimber's School," called forth the smiles of all present, especially when the reader in her usual droll manner, emphasized the fact that no *live* language could satisfy Miss Blimber—she must dig up the dead ones, roots and all. An essay, "Paintings of the Muse," showed much deep thought and gave evidence of careful study and reading. The last number on the programme was the Casket Scene from the "Merchant of Venice." The parts of Portia and Nerissa were well and gracefully taken, while the suitors,

Morocco, Aragon, and Bassanio, had the sympathy and—may I say it?—admiration of the audience. At the close, Rev. Mother said a few gracious words of commendation, the memory of which will not soon be forgotten.

October was prolific of many pleasures, and first of these was the holiday and little entertainment in honor of Rev. Mother. At the close of the opening chorus, a very touching address was read, and we trust the fragrant white carnations expressed the thoughts that lay too deep for words. Then the musicians claimed undivided attention, while the varied selections of the little children completely charmed the audience. A recitation with musical accompaniment, and the beautiful "Ave Maria Loreto" completed the entertainment, after which, on being questioned as to whether a holiday would be acceptable, the delighted faces responded in the affirmative. The afternoon was passed at that pleasant spot known as "The Pier," and while expatiating on the beauties of nature revealed there, our other selves were rejoicing in the bounty of one who certainly knows the "tastes" of convent girls. The evening was most delightfully spent in tripping the "light fantastic" and in singing the "old sweet songs."

I know you are longing to hear about the "Spinster Tea" on St. Teresa's Feast. At five o'clock that day a dignified procession of very youthful-appearing maiden ladies was conducted to the *salle à manger*. On taking up her menu card, each looked at her neighbor in sedate amazement—for what could "Sadly Missed" be unless the dear faces that were not in our midst? And surely, "Objects of Envy" could only be applied to certain maidens whose fame has gone abroad, and as for the "Cause of Woe," it must be the "Ideals," of course. But more substantial hidden meanings were evidently discovered, for several hearty laughs, most inconsistent with the unique costumes, resulted. The repast being over, dancing was indulged in, even the most dignified taking part. As the evening drew to a close, the query, "Why are you an old maid?" was put to each spinster, and the strange replies provoked much merriment.

Truth and simplicity won the day, for of all the clever answers, the one judged the best was uttered by a prim little maid who modestly rose before the whole assembly and actually acknowledged: *Because she had red hair!*

For the two following weeks we were just our normal selves again, deep in science and classics and all the interesting events that go to make up school life, but the most beautiful of all was the reception of Children of Mary, which took place on the thirtieth of October. At three o'clock a procession of white-robed maidens wended its way to our little chapel, awaiting the great honor soon to be bestowed upon them. Rev. A. Gagnier, S. J., preluded the ceremony by a most impressive sermon, which could not fail in its object—to imbue the happy aspirants with a full appreciation of the dignity about to be conferred on them, and to warn them against the besetting snares of worldly pleasures. Every item of the ceremony was effectively carried out. Approaching the altar in three different groups, all preserved the utmost order; the responses were clearly articulated, the Act of Consecration devoutly recited, and, as the last happy possessor of the blue ribbon, large silver medal and manual, reached her assigned place, all rose to chant the *Magnificat*—a fitting close to so touching a ceremony. Ever since we have the daily pleasant aspect of seemingly innumerable "blue ribbons," while at public devotional exercises, the long flowing blue sashes are in evidence.

The last Friday of October brought the usual Literary Assembly and this time it assumed the title: "Influence of Mythology on Literature." The essays dealt with the subjects: Meaning of the Myths, Mythical Influence on Literature, Homer's and Virgil's Use of Mythology; the recitations were: Beaumont's Song to Pan, Schiller's Division of the Earth, Aeschylus' Binding of Prometheus, and a charming Idyll from Theocritus. The senior French class very successfully reproduced an appropriate scene from Racine's *Iphigénie*, and the day pupils quite captivated us with the sprightly little play "Pandora," which was left entirely to their own ideas of dramatic representation and which, undoubtedly, established their reputation as excellent amateur performers.

I can imagine I hear you asking about Hallowe'en, so I shall not keep you in suspense. At three o'clock all studies were laid aside and a most delightful walk and recreation until half-past five made the time pass all too quickly. On going to the refectory we were requested to say grace in the hall—this mysterious proceeding

arousing the curiosity of all. On entering and "deep into that darkness peering," two great jack-o'-lanterns were discovered glaring at us with two good-sized luminous orbs. The delighted exclamation of the little ones,—and I may also add of their bigger sisters—gave ample evidence of the appreciation of such unexpected guests. After supper came the "Masque of the Year," in which the little ones showed to advantage. Dancing, games, and partaking of Hallowe'en's own fruit, brought the day to a close. And I do not think any of us were cynical enough to quote our pardonable punster by saying that "All pleasures are *hollow e'en* to the core!"

I have now but one more important event to tell you, and I think you have divined it already. It is the Thanksgiving Literary Entertainment. Not being public, it was not quite as elaborate as last year's, but was, nevertheless, quite as creditable. It was arranged in conversation form and entitled, "Some Phases of Life," beginning by a younger member calling upon the president of the society to enlighten her regarding the evening's performance. The president, after arousing the curiosity of all, read an extract from a volume of Sidney Lanier's essays, which served as a key-note for the programme. In this extract, both from a human and literary standpoint, life was considered in three periods, the Dream, the Real and the Ideal. The essays on these phases were extremely interesting, especially that on the Dream Period. Its sentiments showed clearly in which phase the writer was, and it was really refreshing to view the good, healthy side of life's rosy prime. A beautiful recitation, "The Dream Ship," by Eugene Field, was given as an exponent of this period. But now I fancy I hear you asking what do we know about the Real Period. Oh! if you had only been here to listen and profit by the words of wisdom that fell from our lips you would have been amazed at the amount of worldly knowledge stored up in the small heads! But the essay on that Period explained this by saying that it had been obtained from the novelists, poets, and from those who believed in letting others profit by their experience.

As an exponent of this apparently awful period, the lovers of Shakespeare carried out to perfection some scenes from *Julius Cæsar*. In case this was not sufficiently explanatory, two of last year's graduates kindly posed among the

audience as living exemplars of this tragic phase!

Then came the Ideal Period, as a sunbeam through the gloom, for we had all been depressed at the thought of only such a future. We learned that this is the golden age of life, the re-nascence of the dream period, only stronger, more stable, and meanwhile we had become chastened by the sorrows of the real period and would find pleasure only in what is lasting and elevating. Two of Schiller's poems beautifully typified this phase, "Longing" and "The Ideals." Lest you should make the mistake of thinking these two were in German, I wish to inform you that the president begged me to restrain my desire to give poetic utterance *auf deutsch*, so that all could lend to the rhyme of the poet the music of their voice.

The Literary was brought to a close by a magnificent reflection on the ideal period, and unanimous praise of life's glorious mysteries.

The morrow brings us Thanksgiving, and how much we have to be grateful for! Sheltered from the storms and strifes of the great world, we are enjoying blessings manifold, which we wish most earnestly we could still share with our dear ones who have crossed the threshold of life's career.

With love,

LAURA S. DICKISON.

SCIENCEVILLE, Mich., December, 1906.

SISTER M. P.

Dear Madam—Those at the head of the "World of Science" have considered it their duty to inform all who are known to indulge in trivial laboratory experiments that two gases have recently been discovered—the gas Sense, and the gas Levity. Certain individuals have been most energetic in examining into the nature of these gases, and we think these scientists worthy of all honor—Professoresses—McLarney, Mayer, McKenna, and Dickison.

The Gas Levity.—Physical Properties.—Brilliant color, inspiriting taste and delightful odor. The lightest of known gases—extremely soluble in graduated atmospheres. Chemical properties: It combines, at ordinary temperatures, with every gas as light as itself; does not burn nor support combustion, but gives great aid in supporting life. It unites with the Gas Sense with almost

explosive violence and forms an acid more bitter than any known and which turns anything bright to dark blue.

The Gas Sense.—There are two varieties of this gas—Common and Extraordinary. The Common Sense is much milder in every way and since discovered has been much sought after. The second variety is the heaviest of known gases, bluish black in color, acid taste and disagreeable odor. It is soluble only in darkest places.

Properties: This gas does not combine with any known gas. It makes damp everything that surrounds it and has a depressing effect upon the atmosphere in certain localities.

By later experiments it has been discovered that if the two gases, Levity and Common Sense, can be brought gradually together, they unite and form a solid, for which a name has not as yet been determined. This solid has great stability and is in much demand in "Our Other Houses." Might we solicit your further orders? We remain,

Your obedient servants,

(M)³+D.

Who has not felt the electrifying influence of a cheerful face? One glance at it lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, but cannot express, and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. There is a world of blessed magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

Knowledge is chiefly valuable in building up force of thought. If it do not culminate in this, it is only an incumbrance. And intellectual force is never satisfied with merely observing or noting particular facts, however numerous, but uses them as illustrations of broader and higher truths. She who possesses it is always and in all circumstances growing. She meets difficulties, only to learn their causes and overcome them. Her work, whether manual or mental, is the ladder by which she mounts to a higher condition. Not only to do it and to do it well, but also through it to render herself capable of still higher attainments, is an aim of which she never loses sight.



MARIA PEREZ DE GUZMÁN
DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF T'SERCLAES.
DIED SEPTEMBER 19, 1906.

In Memoriam.

Maria Perez de Guzmán, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of T'Serclaes; a beloved pupil of the Colegio de Loreto, Castilleja de la Cuesta, Seville, Spain; died September 19, 1906.

Forever sacred is this pictured face
To all the myst'ries sweet of maiden grace;
And shadowed here, endearments that could move
Her happy world to sympathy and love.
O needless evermore were fondest fears
That aught of charm may lessen with the years;
Alas, the lily sweetness and the bloom
Are given to the keeping of the tomb!
When youth and hope unite, the lingering breath
Reluctant parts: Ah, surely this is death!
And not of earth were grace that could resign
This cherished daughter of a ducal line
To close these eyes, to open ne'er again,
On life and friends belov'd,—her sunny Spain!
What agony is theirs, who, weeping nigh,
All pow'rless, stricken, see their loved one die!
Who broken-hearted gaze on that dear face,
Recall the happy past in briefest space:—

—The smiling babe, the blossom fresh from
Heav'n,
To home and waiting love responsive giv'n;

—The early thought and word,—a precious store
Remembered still,—how treasured evermore!

—The day when home's revered and partial rules,
Were merged into the wider of the schools;

—The Convent dear,—its watchword's sterling
ring—

“A woman perfected, earth's noblest thing!” *

—The years that fitted thro' all good report,
To grace the cot, the Castle and the Court!

—Her home returning, dearer than before;
To be to loved ones all the past, and more!

Ah, short the blissful years that now remain;
The daughter idolized is called again.
And Oh, the long, long years their hearts must
yearn!—
This parting promises no glad return.

Pierced by lamentings of her fondly-loved,
Faints not the summoned soul,—the way un-
proved?

—The Bread of Life that nourished early faith,
Maintains an easy vict'ry over death:

The passing soul, full strengthened, knows no
fears;

When Heav'n is opening, eyes have done with
tears!

Her world was beautiful, and life was sweet,—
Fit sacrifice laid at the Saviour's feet.

Tho' schooled so well to live, her triumph high—
The woman perfected, knows how to die!

IDRIS.

* “Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected,”
the Loretto ideal and standard.

Could we but piece together all the wasted moments in our lives, they would round off quite a period of time. These odd moments of our existence usually pass from us, and leave a number of little blanks in our lives, blanks that can never more be filled. As a rule, we look upon them as a careless person looks upon pence, which may be spent without forethought so long as the shillings are put to good use. Undoubtedly, it is the pennies which the thrifty man hoards that swell into thousands, and, in the same way, those fragments of time which we let slip from us, day by day, are the golden sands of life, which might be used to brighten and improve it were we to gather them and turn them to good account.

Woman needs great breadth and solidity of intellectual culture to fit her for the high moral offices which belong to her domestic sphere, but the higher education should be truly higher “to guard against the immoral moths which destroy the purple and fine linen of civilization.” The mother of St. Louis was greater than Joan of Arc, and the mother of Shakespeare transcendently greater than Queen Elizabeth. The true mission of woman is in the sacred precinct of the domestic sphere, where she conserves the accumulated sum of the moral education of the race, and keeps burning through the darkest nights of civilization, upon the sacred altar of humanity, the vestal fire of truth, beauty, and love.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

October thirty-first—Brimful of merriment and frolic, and breathing a mischievous spirit of pranks and tricks, Hallowe'en came, followed closely by a train of goblins, ghosts, Jack-o'-lanterns, in various guises, and other personages known to those versed in witch lore.

One of the peculiar charms that Hallowe'en always has for us is the divesting of the study hall of everything that could suggest school or books, and transforming it into a scene where witches might hold carnival in the dim light of golden-hued pumpkins; and fairies and other mysterious folk, nocturnal revels; for everybody knows that, on the eve of All Hallows, witches fly abroad on broomsticks, and all sorts of gnomes and goblins, released from the thrall that restrains them at ordinary times, abandon their customary hiding-places, and indulge in every imaginable prank for the misleading of mortals.

When the groups of gaily-attired maidens, in costumes too unique for description—for this was one of those extraordinary occasions on which colored dresses were allowed, and from all appearance, advantage was taken of the privilege—flitted here and there, the variety of shades and tints would have charmed the eye of the most critical artist—provided he was not a Worth or a Paquin. Rita Simpson, our gifted and amiable musician, was surrounded by a band of pleading girls and led in triumph to the piano—those who have heard Rita play will appreciate how charming and inspiring is her dance-music.

Later, the younger set entertained with some very amusing charades, but so elusive and incomprehensible were the words that, although Funk and Wagnalls was explored, our pursuit was in vain.

Soon, too soon, alas! the tinkle of a tiny bell told us that our pleasures for this evening were over.

November third—The seniors and under-class enjoyed a delightful trip to the Natural Food Conservatory, the largest and most hygienic building in the world devoted to food manufacture. The perfect system and order which prevail throughout this vast edifice are admirable.

On being shown into the spacious ballroom, the guide must have divined our thoughts, for he very kindly informed us that we might dance, if we so desired. It is needless for me to tell you that we took advantage of the opportunity and enjoyed it to our hearts' content.

November twelfth—A visit from Reverend F. Owens, Columbus, Ohio. Father Owens entered the class room in the midst of an animated discussion between Brutus and Cassius. The spirit of controversy must have been contagious, for our visitor was soon as enthusiastic on the subject of Brutus' honor and Cassius' diplomacy as the disputants themselves. But I fear it was a rather uneven conflict, for, from the beginning, all sympathy had been enlisted upon the side of Brutus, and the lean and cunning Cassius received but scant attention.

Other subjects, such as the speeches of Brutus and Antony, the appearance of the ghost to Brutus, etc., were discussed with great interest, and we were quite in our element, as we had just completed the study of the drama, "Julius Cæsar."

Father Owens is a great admirer of the immortal bard and quite an authority on all matters Shakespearian.

The class was highly complimented on the "depth of thought" shown in its study of the great poet and his works.

November eighteenth—We went on our usual pedestrian tour and were followed by our universal favorite, "Jeff." As the entire literary world is moving in the direction of the Zoo, we think our "Jeff" ought, likewise, to move where he would mingle in high society and where he would meet such literary celebrities as Seton Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Black Beauty," and Agnes Repplier's "Fireside Sphinx"; not to mention a host of other immortals, as the Bucephalus of Alexander the Great, or, to come down to more modern times, Rosinante of Don Quixote. Our "Jeff" might hold his own with any of the above mentioned. Well, on this particular day, he came within very close range of a live wire, and the dismal howls of our dumb friend at once accounted for the number of human interrogation points that suddenly appeared at the doors of the various dwellings, reminding one forcibly of the nursery rhyme:

"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark"; but, perhaps it would not be in good taste to continue the quotation, for it might not be complimentary to those who were actually "coming to town." "Jeff" escaped the live wire with his precious life amid the rejoicing of all, and most particularly of our dear friend, Jane, who has always shown a "strong weakness" for this canine specimen. Why this bond? Is it owing to the fact of their names beginning with the same letter? The bond, too, seems to be a mutual one, otherwise, why this frisky and frolicsome humor of "Jeff" on beholding the object of his affection—and echo answers—"why"?

November twenty-first—Father Walsh could not have selected a more appropriate day than the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin for his beautiful lecture on "The Catholic Element in Literature." Father Walsh is a man of eminent literary attainments, and the masterly way in which he handled his subject showed that he had made it the object of deep study and consideration.

The Reverend lecturer introduced his subject by stating that religion is the basis of all literature. He showed us that from the time of the early Greeks and Romans, when Homer and Virgil wrote their immortal poems on the deeds and achievements of the gods; and all through the succeeding ages, this truth has been most evident. In the days of Paganism, it was the religion of the gods.

Attention was called to the fact, that as literature is a reflection of life, the very origin of the word *literæ*—letters—records—is at once evidence of the necessity of a knowledge of the history of a country, if we wish to have some idea of its literature. The Incarnation afforded a theme, which neither Time nor Art will ever exhaust. After that momentous event, the mind and heart of man became completely changed, and the influence of the God-man was felt in every avocation and walk of life, man was raised to the dignity of a Christian, nay, more, was made "partaker of the divinity." A brief summary was then made of all the early writers, including, of course, the brilliant authors among the early Fathers. One of the strongest proofs of the animating influence of Catholicity in literature, to which Father Walsh called our attention, was, to

our eager minds, the novel experiment of extracting from literature all that is Catholic therein, and seeing what would remain. Protestant writers are at their best only when breathing this Catholic element. We realize this ourselves in the study of great authors, for, in proportion as the characters are lovable and high-minded, so much the more does our admiration increase; but, for the dastardly, the craven-hearted, we have nothing but the greatest disgust. Why this feeling of abhorrence? Because so far removed from the Christian ideals brought into the world by the Holy One. However, this Christian influence is not always manifest, just as in life every action is not good, but is not therefore bad because of habit, of virtue, goodness, etc.

All of the great writers have very frequently borrowed their thoughts from Catholic sources, as Tennyson, Keats, Milton, Byron. A very nice distinction was made in the different branches of literature, thus we have Catholic writers exhibiting purely Catholic thought, Catholic writers employing merely profane thought, non-Catholic writers using Catholic thought, and non-Catholic writers using profane thought.

In purely Catholic literature the field is very great. There is the abundant life of the holy Church, man's relationship to God, and the inner life of God himself, things liturgical and spiritual, various, manifold and wonderful. The great minds in this particular branch received a passing mention. Cædmon, whose poetry was a direct inspiration of Catholic sentiment. Milton was indebted, of course, to the Church's teachings for his great masterpiece. Venerable Bede, the first English historian, wrote an encyclopedia in old English, treating of duty and religion. Chaucer, Sir Thomas More, Spencer, Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Dante, Thomas Aquinas, Petrarch, Cervantes, were referred to, likewise the Catholic element in their various works, and the different manifestations this took in these authors. Of course, more recent writers received their fair share of attention, prominent among them being Cardinal Newman, Orestes Brownson, Bishop Spalding, Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, etc.

From such a comprehensive subject as the above, one may easily see that it was impossible to go into detail in describing the characteristics

of the different writers, but the general principle of the Catholic element in literature was fully developed. The necessity of this element was also dwelt on, because it has produced all phases of religious life, as it is the only true standard of life, and because, finally, it is truth, the object of all real life, whether in art or science. It is impossible for men to get away from Catholic influence. It is an atmosphere they breathe. They cannot get away because they cannot undo the past, they cannot change man's nature and the world, for they are as God made them. Some have objected that men of low tendencies have given expression to ideas containing very sublime sentiments. That may be true, but these men wrote at their best only when upholding the Christian ideal. Many of them in their lives violated the ethical standard, but they never penetrated the heights and depths of the human soul, as others did. Who are those who have violated the Catholic standard? Not one of any prominence.

These remarks give but a shadowy idea of the delightful literary treat afforded us, but, as we like to share our pleasures, we have endeavored to give our readers at least a part of our joy.

November twenty-second—During the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass by Reverend B. O'Neill, O. C. C., hymns were sung in honor of St. Cecilia. The beautiful and pathetic duet, entitled "Tears of Christ," was feelingly rendered by Mary Leary and Edna Maloney, and, as their fresh, soprano voices rose sweet and clear at the most solemn part of the Mass, a deep feeling of love for the Saviour, who suffered so much for us, flooded the souls of the listeners.

The violin accompanists were—Elizabeth Fox, Mary Delaney and Cecilia Merle. Cecilia's musical début quite took us by surprise, and we feel that the present musical celebrities have cause to tremble before this rising star in the world of music.

December eighth—Reverend A. J. Smith, O. C. C., celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and delivered a most impressive sermon on the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother. Hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung, among which was Father Tonello's beautiful "Tota Pulchra es Maria." In the evening there

was a procession, in which all the pupils walked, singing the Litany of Loretto.

EDITH GARNEAU.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Hamilton.

At last the much-longed-for trip to the mountain has materialized! How Daudet should have loved to immortalize us rather than the brave, though wilful, Blanquette, had he known of our soaring aspirations! Not that we had grown weary or discouraged, that dainties seemed insipid, or flowers no longer smelled sweet—oh, no! we were not "tied too short," but our heads *were* turned in the direction of the mountain—Blanquette-like, we longed for it!

The view from the foot of the mountain was beautiful beyond description. The abrupt ascent presented a perfect tangle of trees and bushes, gorgeous in all the richness of autumnal beauty—the crimson and gold of the maples relieved by the tender green of trees as yet untouched by the frost, and standing out against the darker shade of the evergreens. Here and there toward the top of the bluff, the limestone thrust forth its huge boulders of stratified rock, which, in this vicinity, is of particular interest to students of geology.

Climbing the two hundred and fifty steps is rather fatiguing, but we were well repaid by the beauty of scene enjoyed from the height. Below us lay the "Ambitious City" of Hamilton, curving in crescent shape around the blue waters of its lovely bay, and stretching eastward until the eye could no longer distinguish the buildings—for Hamilton is growing rapidly in this direction. The beautiful homes and well-kept gardens, the broad, regular streets, shaded by the many-colored maples, the numerous church spires and massive public buildings, all seemed to give testimony of the happiness and prosperity of which Hamilton is so justly proud.

Across the bay, and almost enclosing it, lies the long, narrow sand-bar, known as the Beach. Beyond this, the great Lake Ontario loses itself in the horizon, and, extending along its southern shore towards the Niagara peninsula, we followed the long line of Burlington Heights.



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

COMING SHADES OF EVENING.
GROUNDS, LORETTO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.

We are told that at one time, the valley in which the city is built, was the basin of the lake, and the shells and water fossils which are found on the brow of the mountain, seem to prove this statement.

Recent excavations in the Dundas Valley—which lies a little to the west—have unearthed fossil remains of huge animals which must have lived in Cainozoic times, and through this same valley, is traced the bed of an old river which is said to antedate the Great Ice Age.

It is a place where imagination loves to run riot. Fancy loses sight of the fair orchards and vineyards which enrich the surrounding country, and conjures up a wilderness resounding with the shouts of the red men. If these old rocks would only speak and tell us something of human interest! Perhaps from that very spot on which we were standing, many a birch canoe shot forth over the waters which have long since receded,—but here my meditation was cut short by a crowd of laughing girls asking me if I would come home for dinner, or would I gaze on forever. I was tired and hungry, so I decided to follow the first suggestion.

November third—A visit, to-day, from Reverend R. E. Brady, pastor of St. Lawrence's Church, brought no small amount of pleasurable entertainment, and those who gladly sought instruction gave the close and appreciative attention which his eloquence, breadth of information and versatility of ideas always command. The perfection to which photography has been brought through the medium of electricity, the Irish political world, the characteristics of the Irish race, were themes which highly delighted and entertained the good Father's listeners, and we were loath to leave the living lesson for the dull cold pages of our books—not, however, before the entertainer and entertained had joined in singing several of the Irish Melodies.

November sixth—The sad announcement of the death of our loved friend and schoolmate, Eugénie Brennan, who, after a short illness, departed this life at her home on Jackson Street. She attended school until the close of the last term, when she was taken by her parents to Muskoka, in the hope of benefiting her failing health. All efforts of her loved ones, however, were unavailing—the fair flower had bloomed for a brighter garden than earth, and the Heav-

enly Gardener saw well to transplant it in its beauty.

During her years at Loretto, Eugénie endeared herself to companions and teachers, not alone by her gentle, winning manner, but by her noble, sterling qualities of heart. Always bright and happy, she was a real sunbeam in our midst, a lovable model of all that was charitable, generous and honorable.

We extend our sincere sympathy to her parents, whose grief we can the better realize, having had a glimpse into the beauty of her home life. In one of her clever essays, which we shall long remember, she described an ideal mother. It was evident that the dear girl's heart was in her subject, and that she was unconsciously revealing to us the tender admiration with which she regarded her own good mother.

Eugénie found great pleasure in the correspondence which is carried on between the Loretto pupils in different countries, and a few days after her death, letters and cards arrived for her from Fermoy, bearing the assurance of the prayers and friendship of the nuns and pupils there.

During her illness she was visited frequently by the convent chaplain, Reverend A. Savage, whose gentle ministrations and consoling words often cheered the weary, yet patient, sufferer, and lighted the way into the presence of Him for whose vision she had so ardently longed.

November ninth—Miss Marjorie German gave her former teachers and companions a very pleasant surprise by paying a short visit to Loretto. All were delighted to see her, for Marjorie has always been a prime favorite at the convent. As this was her first visit since her return from Europe we were eager to hear about her trip.

In her own easy, charming manner, Marjorie entertained the members of the Literary Club with an account of her travels in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and the British Isles. While abroad, she visited convents of the Institute in Gibraltar, Rome, Mainz, and Wiesbaden, and was much impressed by the welcome which she received as a Loretto pupil. In Rome she had the privilege of an audience with the Holy Father and received his blessing.

It is to be hoped that Marjorie will favor us with another visit in the near future.

November tenth—The “little ones” entertain as bravely as ever. After the invitations had been written, the discovery was made of the omission of the date. In order to economize time and stationery, the juvenile committee devised a novel inscription for the outside of the envelopes—“P. S. 7.30.” To many of the recipients this was enigmatical, till one tiny scribe, eager for the prompt arrival of the audience, enlightened them.

The singers were in excellent voice—they always are—and the soloist—Dorothy Robinson—brought down the house with “The Little Piccaninnies.” But when Mrs. Newcome and Miss Narcisse, Phyllis McIntyre and Olive Donohue, appeared on the scene—the former in a gorgeous red costume, of which she was very proud, and desirous that it should be mentioned—the audience and their enthusiasm rose, and at the close of the gay comedy, encore after encore burst upon the ear. Number followed number in rapid succession, Olive Donohue, Mabel Green, Phyllis McIntyre, Vera McDonald, Dorothy Robinson, Amy Hinman and Charlotte Holleran, contributing various selections, and winning unbounded applause till the sandman came and led the laurel-crowned to the land of dreams.

November fifteenth—As Reverend A. Savage, our esteemed chaplain, does not often gladden us with his presence in the recreation hall—his visits resembling those of angelic fame—we felt especially privileged to-day when he joined the happy circle and added to the enjoyment of the hour. Current topics were instructively discussed and glimpses afforded of much that was interesting and amusing.

November twentieth—The cordial greeting that invariably awaits former pupils, at the Mount, was evidenced to-day in the warmth of the welcome given to Miss McSloy of St. Catharines. Since her graduation, exceptional advantages have been enjoyed by this brilliant young lady—sojourns in European pensions, extensive travel in many lands, etc. She has profited of all, and, as a result, is one of the most charming and interesting conversationalists.

November twenty-fifth—A pleasant surprise for the Misses Coughlan—a visit from Rev. W. J. McColl, Rector of St. Mary’s Cathedral,

Peterboro, in company with Reverend J. M. Mahony, Rector of St. Mary’s Cathedral, Hamilton.

The genial and scholarly Rectors, in whose friendship Loretto rejoices, were cordially welcomed, and when the all-too-brief, but very interesting, moments had passed, the desire that the future might hold for us many such visits was expressed.

The month of November, rich in visits from Religious of the other Houses of the Institute, brought us M. M. Loretto, S. M. Theodosia and S. M. Alberta from Loretto Convent, Wellesley Place, Toronto; S. M. Aloysius from the Bond Street Loretto; Mother Dosethea, Mother Benedict Labré, S. M. Angelica, S. M. Alexandrine, S. M. St. Michael and S. M. Teresa from the Abbey; S. M. Justina and S. M. Bathilde from Guelph. The latter was accompanied by “Baby Alice,” a tiny tot of six summers—a veritable Alice from Wonderland, as she is called, who is privileged to be the traveling companion of the nuns from her native city—and a most entertaining one. Alice has merrily tripped into the hearts of all at the Mount, and did we not realize that such a bright little presence must indeed be sunshine in the home of her widowed mother, we would fain retain her as one of our little pets.

December sixth—This afternoon, at the usual weekly instruction hour, Reverend J. P. Holden gave a beautiful and lucid account of the origin and benefits of the blue scapular, and immediately afterwards enrolled sixteen pupils in it. Unbounded thanks are due to this zealous client of our Lady for his self-sacrificing devotion in imparting religious instruction to us, and we hope that great good for our future lives may be the result of his labors.

In the performance of the tasks which it may please Divine Providence to allot us, the thought of the gentleness and patience of this kind friend, our girlhood’s instructor, will bring to our minds the lessons of virtue he taught and help us to live as true children of the Church, and a credit to our Alma Mater.

December eighth—Outside, Mother Earth has donned her pure white mantle to welcome the day that commemorates the superangelic spotlessness of our Immaculate Queen; inside are lights and flowers, filling with radiance and fragrance our beautiful chapel, and paying to

the Eucharistic King their homage of silent worship.

To-day, at half-past ten o'clock, we were privileged to attend High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, the Forty Hours' Adoration having begun.

The afternoon so eagerly looked for at length arrived,—for some days the usual preparations for a reception into the Sodality of the Children of Mary had been in progress and six aspirants—Minetta Dopp, Gertrude Taylor, Marie Coughlan, Frances Dopp, Clara Buckel, Irene Mullen—were found worthy of being admitted as members. His Lordship Bishop Dowling very graciously acquiesced in our desire that he should perform the ceremony—a condescension as well as a proof of our beloved Bishop's fatherly interest, it certainly was, to lay aside the onerous duties of the Episcopate and accede so lovingly to our wishes. At the hour appointed, His Lordship, accompanied by our ever-devoted chaplain, Reverend A. Savage, arrived. The six candidates, in spotless white, and followed by the members of the Sodality, entered the chapel and the ceremony proceeded. Then Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and a most eloquent and impressive sermon from His Lordship on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that sign of predestination with which he would see each one of us marked. His Lordship's touching allusion to the first child of Mary—the beloved disciple, St. John, the favored confidant of the secrets of her Jesus, who loved her as his dearest treasure, who, in his mysterious Apocalypse, speaks of her as “a woman clothed with the sun”—for the sun was the brightest thing he had ever seen—found a responsive echo in every heart. His Lordship then drew our attention to the humility which characterized the Mother of God, and of which we had just sung in the *Magnificat*—*quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae*—and impressed on us the necessity of practising this virtue, which is almost unknown in the world. With His Lordship's blessing resting upon us and upon our future, we left the flower-decked chapel, strengthened and encouraged, and, we trust, animated with a more ardent love for all that is good and true.

December tenth—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, His Lordship again hon-

ored us with his presence—this time to receive into the Sodality of the Holy Angels the following pupils—Winefrid O'Neail, Clara Doyle, Irene Carroll, Blanche Goodrow, Vera Malone, Patricia Doyle, Inez Tracey, Venita O'Connor, Agnes Woodcroft, Frances Filgiano, Mary Fischer, Mary Goodrow, Margaret Obermeyer.

The very practical sermon preached by His Lordship on devotion to the Holy Angels, our indebtedness to these ministering spirits whom God has appointed to encourage us in our toilsome pilgrimage, and particularly our guardian angels, the recorders of our every act and thought, could not fail to impress the youngest child and afford ample matter for serious self-examination. From the lips of an angel, His Lordship reminded us, came the first Hail Mary, the prayer we so often and so lovingly repeat; the angels are models of charity and patience, perpetually pointing the way to heaven, rejoicing with us when we resist temptation, grieving over us when we commit sin. We shudder frequently at the depravity of our own hearts, much of which is hidden by our self-love, but to their pure, penetrating sense all is clearly revealed, and if pain could reach them, what mortal anguish would be theirs. From the cradle to the grave they guard faithfully their charge, and though they must often sigh over black ingratitude and infidelity, yet they hold in trust the destiny of immortal souls and remain faithfully vigilant through all the sin that results from the abuse of divine grace. Wonderful is the fervor of their love, wonderful their meekness, enduring from day to day the spectacle of the unveiled human heart, with all its weakness and vanities, its inordinate desires and selfish purposes.

So beautiful was the chapel, with its wealth of white roses and chrysanthemums, which the pupils had provided for its adornment on these two feasts of our Lady, that we could not but think that the angels who bore the holy House of Loreto to its present resting-place, had helped the good sacristan to beautify it.

Blue ribbons of merit were awarded to Frances Daniells and Margaret Brownlee.

Green ribbons of merit to Lillian Udell, Evelyn ffolkes, Muriel ffolkes, Emily Watson and Georgina Watson.

Red ribbon of merit to Jean Watson.

December sixteenth—Rita Sheedy contributes the following account of the "B. B."

The "Broom Brigade"—the very latest in organizations—and what a practical organization it is! Of its inestimable advantages we had ocular demonstration last Wednesday when the members—I have the honor to be one—proceeded to "set the house in order." Brooms were not overnumerous; there was not one for each, though diligent search had been made—and vain attempts at appropriation—hence the cry—"A broom! a broom! My kingdom for a broom!" But no one seemed willing for the exchange. Crowns must surely be at a discount.

At last, after much confusion—more laughter—many suggestions to the inexperienced—many expostulations from offended dignity—the work began. Windows open, doors closed, desks and chairs moved in every possible direction, the rooms were to be swept as they had never been before. The weather, on this particular day, was below zero. Notwithstanding the discomforting fact, the windows must be wide open to admit the fresh air—and they did admit it, until we were almost swept to the polar regions "to be frozen to death," as one of the members ventured to remark as soon as she recovered her breath. But no, you would actually think that some were determined to sweep the cobwebs off the sky, while their less ambitious, but equally energetic, sisters were unconsciously intent on a muscular development of which Delsarte in his most sanguine moments never dreamed; bending, stretching, stooping, kneeling, and, indeed, intruding on the privacy of certain dust resorts that were not meant to be disturbed by the prying eyes of the "Broom Brigade."

The wind was now blowing through the room in a regular gale, but the busy "Brigade" paid no attention to it. "Put down these windows or we will not come in here again," came a voice from the door. "A good way to keep you out," was the clever retort. "Oh, this is worse than Mrs. Ruggles' preparation for the tea party," grumbled Eva. "Look! where has all that dust come from? A nice housekeeper you'll make. I pity him." "Lilly, where did you acquire the latest method of taking up dust?"

At last the work was accomplished. With heads erect, shoulders back, brooms shouldered, we stood ready for the word of command. For-

ward—march—and to the inspiring strains of the "medley" known as "God Save the King" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," we left the scene of our late triumphs.

December thirteenth—The pupils of the physical culture department gave a creditable exhibition of the work accomplished by them during the past term, under the careful training of Miss Trusler; and afforded a proof of the benefits of systematic physical development and the importance of guiding it correctly by a proper distribution of the duties of the different organs, that one and all may be well developed.

December fourteenth—Mrs. Martin-Murphy's pupils, in splendid voice, charm a very appreciative audience by their brilliant rendering of the following programme, which was a decided success and reflected much credit on this gifted vocalist and competent teacher.

The song recital opened with "Time's Roses," sung by Lillian Udell, "Golden Summer," and "A Song of April," Frances Daniells; "The Harbor of Dreams," Clara Buckel; "Daffodils are here," and "Mary Mother," Elizabeth McSloy; Helen Coughlan, Jean Watson and Mary Battle contributed instrumental numbers, and Mrs. Martin-Murphy very kindly favored us with the "Bird Song," "The Birthday of a King," and "Star of Bethlehem," the latter a noble example of devotional singing.

The enthusiastic reception accorded to Mrs. Martin-Murphy was, indeed, creditable to the musical intelligence of her auditors. Her large, rich, warm voice, her intimate sympathy with the spirit of the songs, the feeling with which that sympathy was brought home to her hearers, were an evidence of the perfection of her art.

Refreshments and an informal social hour brought the evening to a close.

FRANCES DANIELLS.

There is a wide and deep philosophy contained in that phraseology of the street—"Forget it!" It is impossible to become an optimist without learning how to forget. Disagreeable things will surely happen, and one must train oneself to wipe them off the mind as the boy wipes the figures from his slate. Having erased the ugly memories, it is easier to write the pleasant things.

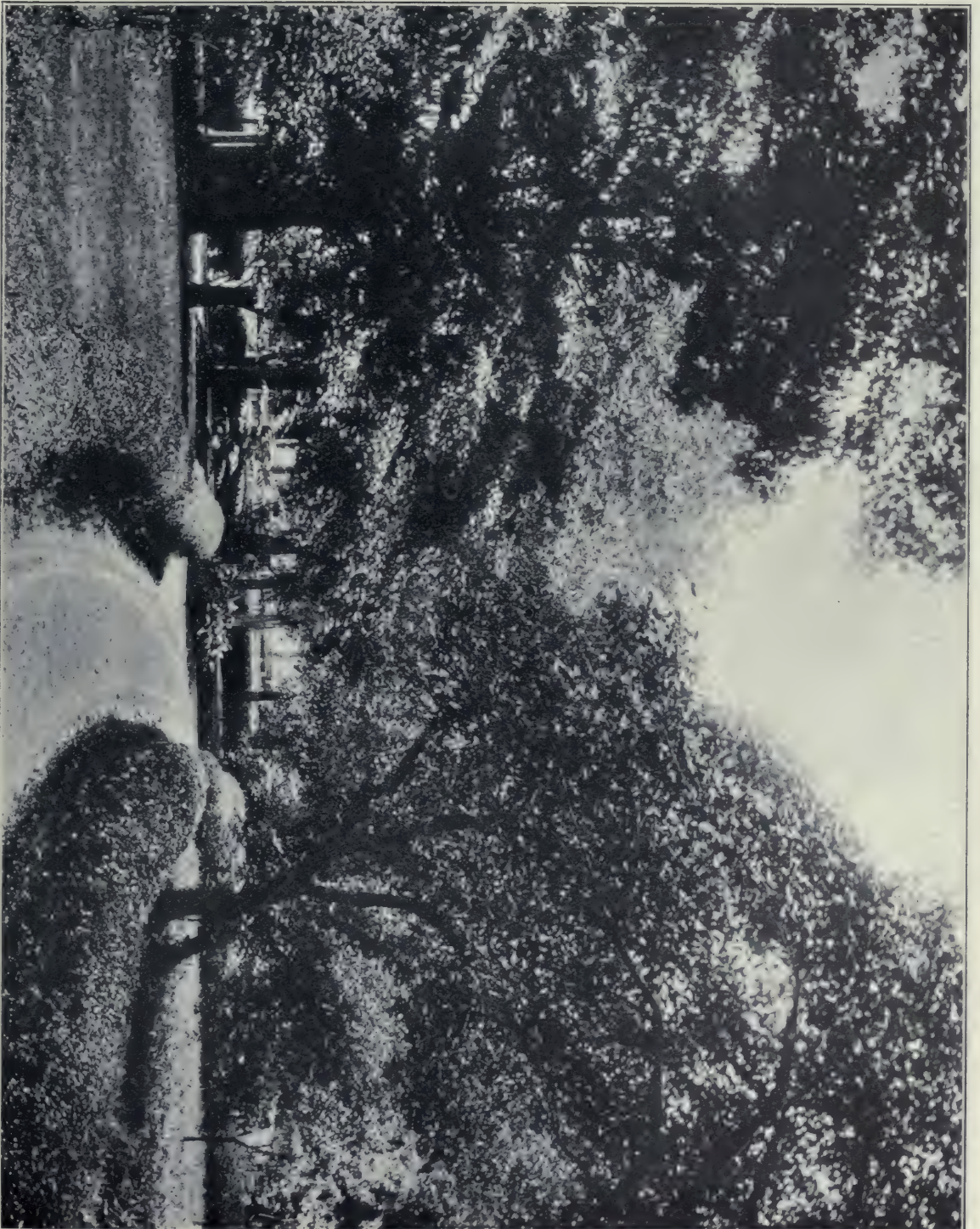


Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.
ENTRANCE DRIVE TO LORETTA CONVENT, MOUNT ST. MARY, HAMILTON, ONT.



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

SUMMER'S FADING.
ENTRANCE TO LORETTO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.

Obituary.

On December fifth, at the residence of her mother, in Toronto, passed away, at the early age of nineteen, a sweet and gentle girl, Miss Lillian Mullins. Long and lingering was the illness from which the young lady had suffered.

She had been touched by the cold hand of consumption and gradually, but painfully, did she sink, until it seemed as if she were actually vanishing by degrees from the eyes of those who loved her so well. Although little hope was entertained of saving her life, the loving care of a devoted mother left nothing undone to soothe the declining hours of her precious child. The last short space of her life and her final departure recalls to mind that most touching of pictures, described by Richard Dalton Williams, in his imperishable poem "The Dying Girl":

"Well, she smiled and chatted gaily
Tho' we saw in mute despair
The hectic brighten daily
And the death dew on her hair.

* * * *

When our kindly glances met her,
Deadly brilliant was her eye,
And she said that she was better
While we knew that she must die.

* * * *

I stood beside the couch in tears
Where pale and calm she slept,
And though I've gazed on death for years,
I blush not that I wept."

There is something pathetic in such a close to so young a life—it is like the plucking of the lily before it has fully expanded, like the shattering of the model before it has been completed. There is a sadness too sacred for strangers to intrude upon. We will not attempt to assuage such grief with words which must necessarily seem cold, but simply extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved mother and family, and with the Church pray for the repose of the dear departed.

There are few disappointments so keen as those that come from finding out the depth of insincerity that lies under the pleasant surface of some acquaintance's graceful, polished speech.

Personals.

"The man who wrote this piece of music must be awfully egotistical."

"Why?"

"He has 'fine' printed on it."

"I'm going to read up *Julius Caesar* now."

"Dat's a bad book."

"And a fortune-teller came to Cæsar and said, 'Beware the ides of March'—you know that's the fifteenth—and Cæsar said, 'Oh, go on, you're crazy!'"

"What is the capital of the United States?"

"Uncle Sam."

"Have you read Arthur's last book?"

"I hope so."

"McKinley is President of the United States, but he was shot once."

"I go to de foam now—everyting quiet—stop dat noise—hee-lo Meester."

Ting a-ling, a-ling.

"Oh, what you do dat for?"

"This is the *Moon* office, Madam."

"Mon Dieu!" Ting a-ling, a-ling.

"Who wrote Shakespeare?"

"Another man of the same name."

"He's a Broadway plate, all right."

"Cotton grows on the sheep, too, doesn't it?"

"What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?"

"A great many people come out to look at it."

"Edith, did the audience go out in that row-boat after the first act?"

"I spent all the afternoon with Mozart, and I can tell you I'm pretty tired."

"Oh, nonsense, I thought he was dead."

"Ollie has a bad attack of Christmas."

"Solis' occasu—on the only occasion."

"In tertium annum perfectionem lege confirmant—In the third year they confirm their perfection by law."

"I resolved to fast much—J'ai résolu de *déjeuner* beaucoup."

"He carried on traffic between Dublin and Ireland."

"Télémaque was written by Fasquelles to instruct the dauphin of France."

"We must listen to the *ammunitions* of our Guardian Angels."

"I was told to sit here for the present, but I've been here for a long time and I didn't get *the present* yet."

"Sister, my shoe is ripped. May I send it to the carpenter's?"

"Were you caught?"

"No, I heard her coming beyond the horizon and I smelt a rat and just said, I'll nip it in the bud."

"Who is this *Veritas* that is always writing?"

"Oh, that is the nommay du feather that Louise takes."

"I thought that French word was nommay de plumedge."

Juveniles playing a Shakespearean game—Isabel holding Henry VIII. card in her hand—"Who wrote a book against Martin Luther and received the title—'Defender of the Faith?'"

Lillian—assuming an expression of great learning—"Why, Julius Cæsar, of course!"

"Gregorian music is very weird; it ends in little wails high up in the treble."

"Bach's preludes and fugues are very pretty, almost too nice for exercises."

"Stringendo—to be played on the end of the string."

"Submediant—under a moderate speed."

"Marie, you never can see a joke."

"Well, I suppose—that is because I spent my lawst summah in England—don't you know."

Newcomer—"What books are you allowed to take from the library?"

"Oh, Shakespeare, Browning and things."

Newcomer, with a sigh of relief—"I hope it is particularly 'and things'."

Jane's favorite melody among the classics seems to be—"Where, oh, where, is my little dog gone."

"Did you hear that Patti made her *final début* last week?"

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VOL. XIV.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 2.

Resurrexit.

Hail, risen Lord, we joyfully salute thee!
Gladly we join the chorus of sweet praise
Filling the earth to-day with alleluias,
Bright as the dancing sunbeam's glorious rays.

Not as blithe children do we tune our voices,
Swayed by the impulse of the passing hour;
Deeper the feeling stirring our emotions,
Stronger, more firm, ennobled by their power.
Stern years of teaching have the lesson taught us,

Something to know of Thy mysterious ways—
All in brief utterance may be presented:

There had no brightness been without dark days.

Does any heart repeating "Resurrexit"

Question itself, while pondering to-day:
Risen? From what? Dear Lord! How few remember!

Who care to fathom? Who will dare to say?

Risen from death and all the pain and torture,
Anguish so keen that called for angel's touch
Of sympathy and words of consolation.

O Man of Sorrows! Thou hast suffered much.
Lord, we have followed stages of Thy passion,
Blind in our grief, appeared as in a haze
Naught but the heights of Calvary before us;
Naught but the Crucified e'er met our gaze.

"This is the end," thought we in desolation,
"Of our bright views and fairest hopes in life;
Earth holds no more." Our hearts cried, "It is finished,—

This is the consummation of our strife!"
Long seemed the clouds to hover black above us,
Never a ray of light dispelled our gloom,
So blind in grief, we saw Thee not, nor heard
Thee,
Conscious of nothing save our dismal doom.

But rolled the stone away one radiant morning,
Up rose our hopes, our loves, our fond desires,

Lived we again in old-time consolation,
Kindled anew the faintly flickering fires.
Then in the glow revived we saw more clearly
Into our lives: Our God's designs we traced—
Deeply to wound our hearts' most tender feelings

Ere by His Mercy, sorrow He effaced.
Thus to conform our lives, our aspirations,
Unto His own, along the narrow path.

Making us realize that all we suffer
Turns into joy in happy aftermath.

Chant we to-day the glorious alleluias!

Risen our hearts to Him whom we adore,
Borne on the wings of hope they're upward soaring,

While we repeat: "Christ lives, He dies no more."

DOROTHY B.



DUNDURN GATES, HAMILTON.

Hamilton, its Scenic Beauty and Historic Associations.

SITUATED in the valley between the Niagara escarpment and the shore of Burlington Bay, lies the picturesque City of Hamilton.

The escarpment or bluff, locally termed "the mountain," forms the outer rim of the lake basin, and is the height over which the Niagara plunges, at some distance to the east. It is supposed that at one time the waters of the lake occupied the site of the present city and that the mountain was then the lake shore. Consequently, there is but one side to the mountain. To the south, it stretches, a fair tableland rich in orchards and vineyards, which give to this region the proud name of "garden of Canada."

From the city, the mountain is an abrupt ascent; in summer, beautiful in its tangled garb of shrubbery, and in winter, showing bald patches of limestone between the scattered evergreens. From the height the scenery is unparalleled. Below lies the prosperous city, stretching far to the east and curving round the lovely bay, whose blue waters are separated from

Lake Ontario by a narrow strip of land, known as the Beach.

The drive around Burlington Bay is an enjoyable outing and gives the tourist an appreciation of the peculiar and romantic situation of the City of Hamilton. The Indians called the bay Macassa or Marcassah—beautiful water—in the days when its shores were bordered with huge willows and drooping elms. It was, in truth, a beautiful water when its calm surface mirrored the rich foliage of the northern shore, the plain, which, in the passing breeze, seemed like a restless sea of

emerald, and the mountain crowned by a forest of magnificent pines, maples, beeches and other stately trees. Sir F. Gore wrote that it was "perhaps as beautiful and romantic a situation as any in the interior of America." From this account, it was called Geneva Lake until June 16, 1792, when, by proclamation, it was given the name of Burlington Bay. But "what's in a name"? When the beautiful cottages and sum-



AN ANTIQUE ARCH, DUNDURN PARK.



DUNDURN PARK.



HOPKINS' FALLS.

mer residences that line the Beach, cast the reflection of their thousand electric lights into its bosom on a summer night, we must admit that Burlington Bay is just as beautiful as when the neighboring heights echoed the shouts of the red men whose bark canoes were the first to glide o'er the lovely waters of Macassa.

There are many pleasant and interesting drives in the vicinity of Hamilton. To the south and

Falls. This seems to be the road usually chosen for the annual sleigh-ride. The Beckett mountain drive, a rock-hewn way leading from James Street to the top of the bluff, at the extreme west end of the city, reveals at once the beauty of the mountain, the city, the bay and the surrounding country.

Nor is this beautiful city lacking in historic associations. At some distance to the north, near



DUNDAS VALLEY FROM THE PEAK.

east is the famous Albion Mills ravine with its picturesque falls and sulphur springs. To the east, the road leads through the far-famed Niagara fruit district, past the battlefield of Stoney Creek to Grimsby Park. The ride in the electric car through this panorama of beauty is a favorite with the Loretto girls, who have occasionally selected Grimsby for their June picnics.

Winding out over the rocky ridge to the west is a charming drive, which leads to the sulphur springs of Ancaster. Another road passes through the busy little town of Dundas and on to Webster

the little village of Waterdown, is the famous Lake Medad—a lake on the high ridge of land above Lake Ontario, with no known outlet and no known bottom. This spot is of particular interest to the lover of Indian lore, the land around the banks of the lake having been the camping grounds of Indian tribes, in the long ago. Excavations are constantly bringing to light valuable Indian relics. The place was visited by the great explorer La Salle, in 1669, when, after coasting along the southern shore of Lake Ontario, he came west and entered the beau-



WATERDOWN VALLEY ROAD.

bury his grief in the unexplored wilderness, and, accordingly, made his way past Niagara to where the present City of Hamilton stands. Here, in 1778, he took up his residence and spent most of his time hunting and clearing the ground. Years passed, and one day, a travel-worn woman, accompanied by two young men, came to his cabin—his wife and children. They had escaped from the Indians and fled to New Brunswick, where they underwent untold privations and hardships. In the course of time, Mrs. Land grew dissatisfied with her surroundings in New Brunswick, and migrated to the neighborhood of her father's home

tiful Macassa Bay. He and his adventurous companions were the first white men to sail across its waters, and, undoubtedly, they were as strange an apparition to the red men of Ontario as Columbus and his men were to the natives of San Salvador. La Salle and his party landed at the spot upon which the Grand Trunk station now stands, encamped upon the heights above, and proceeded to the enjoyment of the hunt. Game was plentiful, but La Salle was not favorably impressed with the soil, so he and his voyageurs sailed away, and for nearly a hundred years, the site of Hamilton did not see a white man.

During the American War of Independence, Robert Land, a royalist, after being absent from his home on duty as a scout, returned to find his dwelling in ashes and his family missing—murdered, as he supposed, by the Indians. As there was now no tie to bind him to his home, he sought to

near Niagara Falls. Here she was told that a man named Robert Land had gone into the woods under the shadow of the mountain at the head of the lake. As there was no means of communication, she set out on foot and tramped the entire distance through the trackless forest. She found



ANCASTER FALLS.



VIEW FROM INCLINE RAILWAY, HAMILTON MOUNTAIN PARK.



CITY OF HAMILTON.



VIEW AT SULPHUR SPRINGS, ANCASTER.

her reward, the reunited family lived and died in their little paradise in the woods—the pioneer family of Hamilton.

When the American invasion of 1812 took place, Hamilton was looked upon by both sides as an important strategic point, and it was fully expected that a decisive battle would be fought here. The stone and earth-piled breastworks, behind which the Canadian troops awaited the coming of the enemy, may still be traced in Dundurn Park and Hamilton cemetery. The battle, however, was not fought here, but at Stoney Creek, seven miles to the east, where, one night in June, Col. Harvey surprised and routed the Americans. All Canadians are familiar with the story of the noble Laura Secord, who walked twenty miles to warn Lieut. Fitzgibbon, at De Cew's. of the

sudden approach of Boerstler and his forces. The result was that Boerstler's plans were frustrated, and the invading forces retreated to Niagara.

Dundurn Park, with its castle and antique gates, is, perhaps, the most interesting spot in the city. Much of its interest centers in the fact that it was the home of Sir Allen MacNab, who named it Dundurn as a memorial of his ancestral home at the head of Loch Earn, in the picturesque Scotch province of Perth. Sir Allan was a famous host and the walls of his castle often sheltered royalty, and many great men of this and other lands. The lodge in the park

and the old vine-covered arch that marked the original entrance are all quaint bits of architecture. The gates were brought from England by George Rolph, a veteran of the War of 1812, and old stone pillars with the large carved balls



WOODLANDS PARK.

formed the entrance to his estate in Dundas. Many years later, gates and pillars were sold to Sir Allan MacNab, who had them placed where they now stand. Undoubtedly, in times more remote, the park was the scene of many hard-fought battles among the Indian tribes, the best evidence of this fact being that flint arrow and spear heads are often found while excavations are being made in the vicinity. Aside from its historical interest, Dundurn is one of the most beautiful natural parks in the country. The spreading shade trees, the numerous driveways, the green sward and the ravine leading down to the bay front—all combine to render it a veritable fairyland. The castle is now fitted up as a museum, and near it is a menagerie, where, every day during the summer, thousands of children feast their eyes on the animals.

But, perhaps, the place that the convent girls love best of all is Ainslie wood, an alluring park some miles to the west of the city. How many merry picnics we have enjoyed here and how many delightful summer days we have spent in this sylvan retreat!

EDNA TRACY.

The Cologne Cathedral.

PROBABLY the most magnificent Gothic monument of church architecture in the world is to be found in Cologne—a city of a thousand churches. The “Dom,” which rises sublimely on a prominence in the northeast corner of the old city, was erected on a mound of ruins, remains from the old Roman and Franconian times. If this chosen spot, which in the Roman period, was one of the most important, was the site of an ecclesiastical edifice early in the Christian era, it is difficult to prove, as the first authentic records of a church being erected here, date from the reign of Charles the Great, 742-814, when Hildebold was Archbishop of Colonia. Just in what style or degree of magnitude this building was, is not historically known; the Normans on their marauding expeditions did not spare through any religious superstition or reverence the clerical institutions, and shortly afterwards it was very badly demolished by a conflagration, through which all Cologne suffered.

In 1149, Archbishop von Dassel began the restoration of the ruins and, twenty years later, he had the extreme gratification of elevating his church to importance and power by enshrining in the crypt, in a most costly sepulchre, the remains of the three holy kings or Magi. These relics had been captured at the siege of Milan by Frederick Barbarossa, who presented them as an extreme token of amity to the Archbishop. To this shrine pilgrims of all classes and from all countries were drawn in multitudes to worship and, necessarily through this devotion, the Cologne Cathedral became celebrated and well-known throughout the entire Christian world. Gradually the predominate feeling was aroused that this structure was not impressive nor sufficiently magnificent to make a lasting imprint on the minds of the people, of the power and importance which this individual church represented, and plans for a more imposing, grander edifice, of more exalted character, were promptly sketched. The old Romanesque style of architecture, which up to this date had been universally followed, was discarded as unfitting and the Gothic, with its mass of stalyctic pinnacles soaring up towards the infinite ether of earth's heavenly vault, was chosen.

The people were taxed to the utmost to make possible the execution of these plans, the author of which was for many years shrouded in mystery. So marvellous and full of genius were they, that his satanic majesty, according to the superstition of the times, was credited with the glory. However, the architect, Meister Gerhardt, was proved almost undoubtedly to be the great mind which had conceived these intricate and awe-inspiring plans: the wonder and admiration of all nations since that time.

Then the enormous undertaking was carried on briskly—the Pope and Emperor vying with each other in levying taxes of all descriptions, and so perfect was the belief of the people in the Divine Power of the Church, that all these demands were cheerfully met.

Several of the beautifully painted glass windows, which fortunately have been spared to us, and the glorious bells, whose chimes now so melodiously announce the hour of worship to those far and near, were at this time inaugurated amidst the pomp and extravagance of the age.

The grandeur and stability of the enterprise gradually impressed itself on those interested through these means.

But such an enormous achievement as this takes generations to complete—and the later times were not so favorable to such individual expenditure caused by the heavy taxes. Discord arose between the archbishops, clergy and people, and, added to this, were the troublesome, worrying signs of a Reformation and a new Creed of Humanity in connection with the Church and its

etchings and photographs—was not furthered. Indeed, little was done to it, only the absolutely needed repairs against wind and weather being attended to. The French ignominiously made use of the Cathedral during the time of their victorious possession of the city and province, for storing their hay, stabling their horses, barracks, etc. The Germans, years after, as a just recrimination for this fearful desecration, had the revengeful satisfaction of making it a prison encampment for the sacrilegists! Such negli-



followers, which was affecting the whole of Europe. In fact, two of the reigning archbishops changed their faith according to the tendency of the time—a proceeding which naturally greatly affected the people.

Without the overpowering, inspiring enthusiasm of a religious leader, the great work gradually reached that stage when the ardent zeal cooled through years of inertia and, consequently, the collection of the necessary funds came absolutely to a standstill. This was in 1450, and for many long years the half-constructed Colossus, shrouded in a net-work of gigantic cranes and beams—so familiar to us through

gence and ill-treatment did not add to its beauty; ruin and decay held sway and, sad, indeed, was the sight! Yet, in this darkest night of degradation of a noble cause, a little gleam was trying to brighten the surroundings and, gradually, it assumed the glorious colors of a dawning morn, radiant and full of promise. As the beautiful sunrise foretells the cheerful day, so the interest of a few of Cologne's influential citizens in 1807, in this almost broken-down ruin, foretold the rejuvenation and consummation of the wonderful Dom. Writers of the day, encouraged by the interest awakened in Emperor Frederick William IV, by allowing a state lottery to be

formed for the purpose, made of the completion a national affair and, roused by the enthusiastic speeches and writings, the people responded from far and near.

The giant towers, encased in a fret-work of wooden beams, grew higher and higher, and at the same time the intricate decoration of the main church was being attended to. Year followed year, but so each individual part was added slowly but surely, in the perfection of this perfect whole, enabling the German people, in 1880, in the presence of William I, to lay the last stone of this gigantic structure. What centuries had not dared to hope for, had now been accomplished! The "St. Peter's of the North" was standing completed, finished to the least detail and beautiful beyond description, just 632 years since the grand project was in its embryonic state.

The four exterior walls have been poetically likened to the seasons. The northern, barren of detail, to the cold and dreary winter. The eastern, with an attempt at decoration, to the awakening of spring. The southern, floral and ornamental, each pinnacle richly carved and adorned with minute figures, to the height of the flower-life. The western, with its marked decrease of ornate design, to the gradual appearance of autumn.

Entering the principal portal, so very artistically carved with figures representing the apostles, surrounded by quaint and curious gargoyles, the sombre, dim light greets one. The murmuring and rumbling of the active life outside these dark walls strikes one as peculiarly apart. Here we are amidst the records of the dead; and the repose of the gloomy, silent archways has little in common with the busy, nearby world. But no nook or corner seems to remain dark or dreary when the glorious sun, in its midday magnificence, pours in through the splendidly-colored windows, emphasizing to a nicety the sculptured detail of the statues of saints and martyrs which, decorating each noble column, rob the whole of its perhaps, otherwise, massive appearance.

These windows, each one an exceptional work of art, depicting some biblical episode, add a radiance and charm. Apart from their rare beauty, the historical interest attached to these glass pic-

tures is far beyond the ordinary, some dating from the fourteenth century.

The spaciousness of this grand building, with its clustered columns of amazing dimensions rising in noble arches to gigantic height, and gradually stretching in splendid perspective to the high altar, makes mere man so small and insignificant, compared with his own miraculous handiwork.

The admonition of the solemn red-gowned vergers not to converse, appears quite superfluous, as the sombre, religious atmosphere influences one, naturally, to step cautiously and softly, and enables one to converse inwardly with one's own impressed feelings. At intervals are the many brightly-decorated chapels and the curtained confessionals, telling of the ever-devout belief in the Maker, to whom this stately pile was dedicated.

At the side of one of the transepts or cross-aisles, through the gates to the high altar, illuminated by soft tints and many colored lights, we enter the burying-ground of many of the ancient dignitaries of this Church. Perhaps we regard with a different feeling than mere idle curiosity these cold, stony abiding-places of these most influential leaders; for many were admirable and great, and some most heroic, suffering much for the always noble cause.

A small, insignificant door points the way to the very important treasury of the "Dom," a veritable chamber of rarities and antiquities of inestimable value. In spite of the Cathedral losing, during the French invasion, many of its most precious relics, it still possesses the most priceless and remarkable of any in the land. Different shrines and golden caskets adorn this holy room, and the walls are laden with innumerable trophies in ivory, enamel and precious stones from all ages. The principal sepulchre—a precious tomb of finely-wrought gold and gems—is that of the three holy kings, and is a distinguished work of the goldsmith's art from the thirteenth century. But pages of eloquence would be required to adequately describe this room so full of riches, the duplicate of which is not to be found.

Of great interest is the ascending of the main tower, 560 feet above, not only for the opportunity it affords of admiring the intricate harmony of architecture, nor the splendid great

bells, each weighing thousands of pounds, but also for the glorious panoramic view, extending beyond the distant vine-clad Siebengebirge, which greets us at the highest stage. The people in the streets are pigmies, small, insignificant, hardly discernible but in the open places—and the Rhine, that noble, swiftly-rushing river, is a faint silver thread winding its way through the green fields, dotted here and there with clusters of red-roofed cottages.

And, having admired the beautiful surrounding country, we literally and figuratively descend to earth once more, marvelling anew at all we have seen and so thoroughly enjoyed. Remembering the trials and tribulations, strife and warfare which have passed—the generations which have watched and waited in vain for the completion, we again and again contemplate this monument of perseverance and steadfastness which has become a landmark of the Rhine province and the pride of the whole German nation.

ANNIE CARLYLE.

Coventry Patmore.

“Live greatly, so shalt thou acquire
Unknown capacities of joy.”

“Angel in the House.”

IT IS impossible as yet, not eleven years after his death, to assign to Coventry Patmore, the place he is likely to fill among his contemporaries, and in the list of poets. But there are certain considerations which may bring us to an approximation of the fact. That he will ever become generally popular is altogether unlikely. The poet himself seems to have anticipated this, when, in his preface to “Rod, Root and Flower,” he says: “The readers from whom alone I expect a full and hearty, *though silent*, welcome are those literary persons who, I am sincerely glad to see, find my writings excellent matter to steal from.”

The obstacles to his popularity are enumerated by his friend and biographer, Basil Champneys, in the preface to a volume of his poems, lately published. They are as follows: First, “the comparatively small amount of his output;” Patmore himself, in one of his essays, recognizes that

“quantity must be taken into account as well as quality—then the limitation of his subject to one theme; the inner limit prescribed even to this, by a strictly personal view; opinions and ideas entirely remote from those usually prevalent, and for which few have any ready sympathy.”

To begin with, Coventry Patmore was a mystic, and, unless his readers have something of that element in them, they are in no way qualified to appreciate, nor, indeed, to comprehend him.

In all works of Christian mysticism a tendency towards one of two courses is distinctly revealed. While the aim of both is, of course, to establish a more perfect union of the soul with God, one mystic would effect his purpose by an endeavor to divest himself of earth, and earthly impediments, rising above it and above himself in heavenly contemplation; while the other, following the lesson contained in the mystery of the Incarnation, would bring God down to him, finding him present in all things, the lowly no less than the great. To this latter class Coventry Patmore undoubtedly belonged, for he has fused the human and divine as no other author has ever done. Yet, so daringly and so frankly does he treat his chosen theme, secure in the purity of his aim, and, in many instances, supported by the opinions and doctrines of St. Thomas and the Fathers, that he creates a certain amount of alarm in the minds of his readers, which, in an age so led by precedent, is scarcely to be wondered at.

We find him captivated by the idea which constitutes the foundation of all monastic life, viz.: that the human soul is the spouse of Christ. He alludes to this idea in his diary as a “mine of undiscovered joy and power.” Again he refers to the same symbol as the “burning heart of the universe.”

Tennyson, who was an intimate friend of Patmore for many years, is thought to have had him in view when writing the opening lines of “In Memoriam”—

“I hold it true with one who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

The lines referred to are those in “Love’s Apology”—

"For looking backward thro' his tears
 With vision of maturer scope
 He smiles as one dead joy appears
 The platform of some better hope."

Though it is clear that our poet has not yet come into his own, and though the limitations mentioned above are likely to weigh against that general knowledge and appreciation which will insure him a full measure of popularity, it may still be that the small coterie of ardent admirers on this as on the other side of the ocean, will keep his name alive until the time is ripe and his position secured among the foremost ranks of poets.

We have, so far, no English-speaking Catholic poet who is worthy to be his peer. Certainly not one who has so fittingly celebrated the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, so dear to the heart of every Catholic. "The more I consider the marriage of the Blessed Virgin," he writes in one of his letters, "the more clearly I see that it is the one absolutely lovely and perfect subject for poetry. Perfect Humanity verging upon, but never entering the breathless region of Divinity, is the subject of all true love poetry, but in all love poetry hitherto an ideal and not a reality has been the subject more or less." But even in this inspired ode, "The Child's Purchase," one would need to follow the poet through his difficult and delicate transition from the actual to the transcendental, a feat possible only to the "fit though few."

Coventry Patmore may be said to have been self-educated, so little did his training have to do with the formation of his mind or character. His father, recognizing, no doubt, his son's ability and strong individuality, left him much to his own devices. Therefore, such an education as he could get through his desultory reading, and temporary incursions into the field of mathematics, science and art, was deemed sufficient. If this system had its drawbacks, it also had its advantages, as it left a very free scope for individual development, an advantage hopelessly absent from many of the present-day approved systems of education.

At the age of sixteen, Patmore was sent to the Collège de France, St. Germanis, to improve his French, but school life had few attractions for him, as tending to restrain a nature unused to

strict discipline. Here, however, having formed an attachment for a Miss Gore, a friend of his father, he seems to have received what he terms "A supernatural behest to sing the praises of Nuptial Love," a fact insignificant enough, but for its persistent recurrence in later life as the theme which underlies all that falls from his pen.

From his earliest years he revealed a deeply religious turn of mind, in this respect, singularly unlike his father, who repudiated all belief in the Supernatural, though ever inculcating the soundest principles of morality and high-minded conduct.

Patmore's first wife, Emily Augusta Andrews, was an ideal woman in every way; and, undoubtedly, the one from whom he drew the inspiration for much he has written. Her judgment and criticism aided him much, as he confesses, in the production of the work by which he is most widely known—"The Angel in the House"—her mind being a singularly true complement of his own. But their union was not exempt from pecuniary anxieties, so that to obtain a more substantial and regular income, Patmore was obliged to put his hand to much strenuous work outside of his chosen avocation. This fact may serve to throw some light upon an objection mentioned above—viz., the limited amount of literary work upon which we must base his reputation for greatness.

This drawback was removed in his second marriage with a lady in possession of considerable means, which enabled him to devote himself wholly to a work whose highest inspirations were yet to come.

Patmore enjoyed that privilege without which his genius could have thrived but poorly. A circle of congenial friends—Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, Carlyle, and Aubrey de Vere—were frequently to be seen at his delightful house gatherings. The Proctors, also, were devoted friends and neighbors. It is thought by some that the influence of Aubrey de Vere, joined to his powerful ally, Cardinal Manning, had much to do with Patmore's conversion, but to those who knew him best, this change seemed but the natural development of a tendency revealed in early life.

Patmore's biographer sums up characteristics for him, many of which, from the closest study of his works would never have been discovered. "He was strong-willed, self-confident, paradoxical, austere in mien and unsympathetic in many of

his utterances, careless of effect produced upon his audience, impatient of ordinary social talk. Yet to his friends he revealed a vein of tenderness and sensitiveness unsuspected by his less intimate acquaintances. He loved solitude. His thoughts, theories and opinions were based on intuition, 'direct apprehension,' or 'pure reason,' as he called it, which was essentially opposed to 'reasoning.' In one of his essays he says: "Great contemplatives are infallible so long as they only affirm. When they begin to prove, any fool can confute them."

"He was prone to strong imagination, even an exaggerated statement of opinion or fact; a faithful friend, a good hater, and an idealist with a strong turn for and delight in practical business; faithful to his Church and submissive to her authority."

The limits of this article forbid anything like a full discussion of Patmore's works, in all of which, though personality is so manifestly predominant, he was far from indifferent to the necessity of form, believing with Tennyson that "poeta nascitur et fit." One of his most valuable essays, which appeared in the *North American Review*, under the title "English Metrical Critics," is an eloquent argument in favor of form.

Of few, however, is it as true as it was of Patmore, that his writing is the inevitable outcome of his personality. "The Angel in the House," of which, before the poet's death, there were upwards of a quarter of a million copies in circulation, is the most widely known of Patmore's works, and is by some considered his masterpiece, though in metrical form, no less than in felicity of expression, the "Odes" show a marked advance. Tennyson wrote of it: "You have begun an immortal poem, and if I am no false prophet, it will not be long in winning its way into the hearts of the people."

Browning pronounces this prophecy: "I do not say that it will be now, or soon; but some time or other this will be the most popular poem ever written."

Aubrey de Vere wrote an admirable critique of the poem, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1858, the effect of which was immediate and important, causing a great demand for the poem, and establishing the author's rights to a rank among the foremost poets of the day.

Ruskin may be said to have fathered the poem. In "Sesame and Lilies" he quotes a long passage from the "Angel," and adds, "You cannot read him too often or too carefully; as far as I know, he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken, and nearly always depress and discourage the imagination they deeply seize."

The "Odes," a series of poems bearing more or less upon his elected subject, reach a very high perfection. In certain parts they curiously remind one of the ecstasies of St. Teresa; but, here again, the poet, with questionable wisdom, brings his divine subjects down to a level so human as to suggest the commonplace, and to offend the reader who is not in full sympathy with his theories, so much so, indeed, as to lay the poems open to gross misconception on the part of the unimaginative. Aubrey de Vere, foreseeing this, urged their suppression, but in vain.

"I am the only poet of this generation, with one exception," Patmore says, in one of his letters, "who has steadily maintained a literary conscience. Though I may not be a competent judge of what my best may be, I am sure I have given the world nothing but my best."

In reference to a prospective poem, he writes: "Very few good poets have ever attempted to write religious poetry. In the few that have attempted it, Nature and Humanity are withered up, instead of being beautified and developed by the religious thought. The Incarnation, in fact, is still only a dogma. It has not got beyond mere thought. Perhaps it will take thousands of years to work itself into the feelings, as it must do before religion can become a matter of poetry."

Patmore's "Relegio Poetæ," a collection of deeply significant and interesting essays on meditations, is a fair example of his prose work. "Principles of Art" is another collection of pregnant sayings—the result of deep and original thought.

These few words may throw some light upon an author so little known and so difficult of approach, by reason of the meagre circulation of his works in this country, no less than by the difficulty and delicacy of securing readers in intellectual or sympathetic touch with his main drift of thought.

It will be a matter of interesting speculation to watch the future literary world in its treatment of the justifiable barriers to a full appreciation of this author's works. The outcome must of necessity involve a page of human history of sufficient importance to mark an era. G. W.

Island Reveries.

"O how stupendous was the power
That raised one with a word!
And every day and every hour
I lean upon the Lord."

TOALLY dependent upon our loving Lord, —everything connected with our existence being of Him and in Him,—He requires the appreciation of our enlightened intelligence, by the offering to Him of every thought, word and action. Is this a difficult obligation? Not to regenerate man, the Christian: "His yoke is easy and His burden light."

Must we, then, go about with long, unsmiling faces and funereal discourse? Oh, no! That would cast gloom over this world of sunshine that the good Lord has made for our benefit, and would be a reproof to His numberless birds of song, that fill the air with gladness, reminding us that we, too, must offer our song of praise. No promise have they of immortality, these poets of the air; short is their mortal flight, but it is one of songful gratitude.

Through the transgression of our first parents, we are born "children of wrath," but Mother Church, established by Christ to guide us to heaven, immediately comes to our assistance, administers to us the sacrament of baptism, by the grace of which we are freed from Satan's thralldom.

Instructed and guided by the Church, and strengthened by its sacraments, parents and teachers are enabled to bear all responsibility until we arrive at the age of reason—generally the seventh year—when we become responsible in great measure for our thoughts, words and actions. Our responsibility increases with every year, but that of parents, teachers and the Church does not lessen.

From seven to twelve is a momentous period. One of our bishops says: "Give me the children

until they are twelve, and I care not who takes them afterwards!" After this intensely formative period, we may claim the Bread of Life, that "strong meat" of the soul which sustains it in life and death, when earth's banquets would be but mockery.

We now know that we must avoid evil and do good; that every thought, word and action takes us nearer or farther from our Saviour, and that whether we eat, drink, play, work or rest, all must be done to the greater glory of God! While winning our spurs we are opening our eyes to the sad perception that "the devil is going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour"; that his agents are everywhere, and that during all life's battle we must keep on our armor to resist incessant attacks. We faint repeatedly in the strife, but the Church supplies us with the soul's "daily bread," the heavenly manna which strengthens us afresh for life's warfare, or fortifies us in passing through the valley of the shadow of death. The ministers of God's Church are our true "servants"; they are at our command during famine, war and pestilence—ever and always!

Such is the Christian and the Christian life. In so far as there is weakness or lack in the Christian upbuilding of the man or woman—solidity and symmetry being wanting—that individual is a failure in *all* the relations of life! This necessitates an unremitting study of self and a vigilance over the influences brought into our life by our neighbor.

Though so short this life and comparatively so little needed for the welfare of the body, the fleeting years are long enough to prepare the soul for a glorious eternity. What a joyous thought! Another wondrous fact—this preparation of the immortal soul is the only true earthly happiness, which, in light or in darkness, we are all pursuing.

The soul's home is ever in God, whence it came!

* * * * *

In the country where God is not King of kings, Satan is president. He and his emissaries now fill the high places of one of the most beautiful countries on earth—unhappy France.

God is turned out, in the persons of his priests and teachers; thousands upon thousands of dis-

consolate Christian parents are literally weeping for themselves and for their children. Ah, the children!

Under the excuse of freeing France from the "tyranny of religion," the atheistic French government is robbing religious communities of institutions devoted to the needs of humanity, founded and endowed not only by the nation, but by the religious members themselves. The outside world sometimes forgets, or does not know, that French priests and nuns, as those of other nations, are the sons and daughters of princes, peers, the middle class and the peasantry, who, when they entered the "religious life," brought their patrimony, their worldly goods to the common coffers. The bequests of devout benefactors are also involved in this relentless robbery. Truly, Christian France is again the Gaul of old, overrun by the "barbarians of the north"! The young, the aged, the crippled, the poor, the infirm, the sick and the suffering are thus deprived of their special providence, for there were religious communities for all human wants, ills and afflictions.

Among the groups of the deprived, needy ones, the present rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed children of France—the men and women of the future—are the most cruelly robbed. Any and every Christian teacher, who is also a parent, taught and influenced by convincing facts, could confess that he or she would rather see a beloved child carried out in its coffin than entrusted to a godless teacher and a godless school!

The members of the French government loudly proclaim that this robbery and plunder, on their part, is in the interests of "liberty of conscience." Their "liberty" is the license and the worship of Satan, which those atheists are imposing upon their imprisoned captives, the people of France. We have it from their own lips. In 1885, Fernand Faure declared: "I maintain we must eliminate religious influence in whatever form it may express itself. The triumph of the Galilean has endured twenty centuries. The God liar has died in his turn. He is sinking in the dust of the ages, with the other divinities of Asia, Greece and Rome."

M. Vivani, the Minister of Labor, who has taken possession of the residence of the evicted, venerated Archbishop Richard of Paris, recently said: "All of us together, first by our fore-

fathers, then by our fathers, now by ourselves, have been attached to the work of anti-clericalism and irreligion. We have snatched the human conscience from belief in a future life. Do you think that the work is at an end? No, it is but beginning!"

M. Jaures, the Socialist leader in the Chamber, says: "If God himself appeared before the multitude in palpable form, the first duty of man would be to refuse Him obedience, and to consider Him, not as a master to whom men should submit, but as an equal with whom men may argue."

M. Briand, the present Minister of Public Worship and Education, speaking at a congress of teachers, said: "The time has come to root up from the minds of French children the ancient faith, which has served its purpose and to replace it with the light of free thought. It is time to get rid of the Christian idea. We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the army, the navy, the schools, the hospitals, the insane and orphan asylums and the law courts, and now we must hunt him out of the State altogether!"

How Christian blood must have boiled at this outrage!—for let us still trust that the majority of the teachers present were something more than mere government hirelings.

Alas for the children under the charge of teachers who do not, and dare not, daily uphold the Christianity of thought, word and action! All teachers learn from ample testimony, while foolish, fond parents often do not suspect that Satan makes early and constant bid for the heart of the sweetest and fairest ringleted cherub! The mischievous "small boy" is not his only bright and shining mark. The school, recruited from godless, as well as pious homes, is full of pitfalls for the guileless child. Satan well knows that if he can secure the heart of the child he is tolerably sure of the soul of the man or woman. Henceforth he is to sit side by side with the teacher in the schools of France!

* * * * *

Very interesting and eloquent is the fact that when Jesus Christ is being hunted out of French schools, Christian ethics is advocated by public resolution for the schools of Canada. The *Toronto Globe* of January 11th, present year, states: "Three resolutions were passed at Victoria Col-

lege, deploring prevalence of electoral crimes and corporation dishonesty, and advocating the teaching of Christian ethics in the schools."

The three resolutions passed were as follows:

1. "That we express our regret and humiliation on account of these revelations, and utter a strong protest against the dishonest methods and immoral principles which have taken such a hold of the conduct of private business and the administration of public trusts."

2. "That we express the conviction that the causes of this regrettable and humiliating state of affairs are to be found in the apathy and indifference of the general public; in the lack of plain, direct teaching regarding personal integrity in the relation to commercial morality; and in the absence of a sense of personal responsibility for corporate transactions."

3. "That we, therefore, urge upon those who are moulding character and stamping public opinion, namely, the home, the school, the pulpit and the press, the imperative duty of using their opportunities to develop such healthy moral convictions as shall greatly reduce these evils, if not make them impossible. Resolved that, inasmuch as recent disclosures have revealed the fact that not only do evil practices prevail, but also the moral standards of many in the community are altogether inadequate to secure political and commercial rectitude, this meeting is of the opinion that it is desirable, as one means of raising the standards, that there should be given in all schools, both primary and secondary, systematic instruction in Christian ethics and their application to the duties of Christian citizenship."

"These three resolutions, protesting against the prevalence of corruption in the political and business life of the country as disclosed by the recent investigations, calling upon the pulpit, the school and the press to make greater use of their opportunities in developing a healthier moral sense in the community, and advocating specific instruction in Christian ethics in the schools as the most important step towards remedying the evils complained of, were passed at a public meeting at Victoria College last night, attended by some seventy citizens of various religious denominations interested in moral reform."

Judge Lindsay of the "Children's Court," Denver, Colorado, who visited Toronto recently, in

a public speech, laid the blame of the necessity of a children's court upon the lack of proper influences in the home. He goes directly to the root of the evil.

If the home, the school, the pulpit and the press but do God's work faithfully, Satan will be deprived of the "liberty" so willingly and eagerly tendered him by the infidels of France. When one Christian nation is forcibly deprived of Christianity, other nations may well tremble. Even one darkened soul has baleful effect upon hundreds throughout life! Yes, sometimes upon thousands!

* * * * *

This is not the first time that Satan has been given supremacy in France: in the first French Revolution, which broke out in 1789, his emissaries reaped a rich harvest for which they apparently paid willing forfeit with their souls. Horrible as was the guillotine ordeal through which the victims of the Revolution passed, we can now regard them as privileged souls, who died for God, King and Country!

What a travesty on truth was the Revolutionists' cry of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité"! Their "liberty" was satanic license; their "equality" the degradation of every Christian refinement of body, heart and soul to the level of the brute creation; their "fraternity," such as beasts of prey offer one another. The glut of human blood was their choicest banquet. Is it wonder that in the end they destroyed one another!

There are loyal Britons who make apologies for the first French Revolution, regardless of the fact that the American Revolution was a contributing cause, and that George III. of England was the "tyrant" to whom the cunning atheists of France compared Louis XVI.

There are always grievances to be allayed and wrongs to be righted upon this earth, and this will be to the end of time, for just so long must human nature, prone to err, battle against the selfishness of others and the selfishness in ourselves. Here is always raging the battle of the envious poorer or less "fortunate" against the wealthier classes. The evil passions of the former were excited and inflamed by the infidel writings and influence of Voltaire, Rousseau and others. Louis XVI., with great powers of head and heart, was diligently doing all that a Chris-

tian prince could do for his people. He asked his parliament to vote money to pay off France's war debt, and, behold the opportune time and excuse for the outbreak of infidelity, the spirit of plunder, and the demon of destruction.

England has lately passed through a crisis, to which the African war debt and unredeemed promises contributed. Last winter eight hundred thousand hungry, homeless men, women and children paraded the streets of Old London. Though the "West End" was embedded in London, could we have complacently beheld a mob sack Buckingham Palace and murder our King, Queen and royal family?

In comparison, the French had only a fraternal grievance!

A cause may be judged by its leaders—always! God's soldiers are the St. Michaels of the earth; not the murderous monsters of history, such as the leaders of the French Revolution, whose two years' torture of the little eight-year-old son and heir of Louis XVI. is one of the most heart-harrowing records of modern annals.

Although they destroyed the perishable part of Christianity and erected for public worship a statue of the "Goddess of Reason," they were most unreasonable in the case of the loyal Marquis de la Fayette, whom they flung into prison and condemned to death, although he had risked his life and fortune in the cause of "liberty," as the friend and fellow-soldier of Washington, in the war of the American Revolution.

La Fayette regained his freedom, but he and the millions of unorganized, panic-stricken, loyal people of France, could not save their beloved King and Queen.

* * * * *

Louis XVI. of France was a pious, upright man; a faithful, devoted husband; a loving father, and a model to Christian princes. His Queen, Marie Antoinette, the beautiful and amiable daughter of the great Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, was an affectionate wife; a fond and vigilant mother, and an ideal queen.

In the light of what was to follow, how touching is the historic letter written to Louis XVI., then Dauphin, by Maria Theresa, after having said good-bye to her only daughter and sent her to France to become the bride of Louis: "Your Bride, dear Dauphin, is separated from me. As

she has ever been my delight, so will she be your happiness. For this purpose I have educated her; for I have long been aware that she was to be the companion of your life. I have enjoined upon her, as among her highest duties, the most tender attachment to your person, and the greatest attention to everything that can please you or make you happy. Above all, I have recommended to her humility towards God, because I am convinced that it is impossible for us to contribute to the happiness of the subjects confided to us, without love to Him who breaks the sceptres and crushes the thrones of kings according to His own will."

This royal pair ever held paramount their responsibilities to their people; but blameless life, Christian duty, and order were mocked by the evil spirits of the Revolution. The royal family had prayed, hoped and striven for three years, when, on the 10th. of August, 1792, a fierce attack on the Tuileries forced Louis and the Queen with their two children and Mdme. Elizabeth to seek refuge in the Legislative Assembly. They were taken to a small room, twelve feet square, used by the shorthand writers for the press. Here crowded together the King and Queen, the King's sister, Madame Elizabeth, the little daughter Marie Thérèse, aged eleven, and the little Dauphin, Louis, aged seven, listened to the shouts of the mob as they sacked the Tuileries and massacred the Swiss Guards. The Dauphin sat on his mother's lap, and at length fell fast asleep. Henceforth, they were prisoners. At length, at one o'clock in the morning, the assembly having decreed the dethronement of the King, they were conveyed to a temporary place of confinement, a small suite of apartments, consisting of four cells, formerly belonging to a monastery. The Queen herself carried the Dauphin from the assembly to the cell, where he was to pass the remainder of the night.

On Monday, the 13th. of August, the royal family were removed to the Temple, a fortress built in 1222, and consisting of a large tower flanked with turrets. They were placed under the guard of the Commune of Paris. "It was to the ungenerous suspicions and scowling authority of the Commune," said M. Thiers, "that the royal family were subject, and thus they came to be guarded by a class of inferior men, from whom they could not expect the lenity or respect which

minds refined by education are always inclined to pay to misfortune."

Only one, the little Princess, Marie Thérèse, survived the horrors of the Revolution, and was permitted to live until she regained her freedom. She married the Duke of Angoulême and lived to old age, but the native cheerfulness of her early years never returned; her unsmiling face was remarked with unfailing sympathy. Her narrative and the records of the Commune give us the story of the Temple period.

A single domestic was allowed to follow them to their prison, the faithful Cléry, who, having escaped the massacres of the 10th. of August, had returned to Paris to offer his services to the royal captives, whom he had formerly attended in all the splendor of their power.

When not reading, the captive King occupied himself with the education of his son. He taught him to repeat passages from Racine and Corneille, and gave him other instructions befitting his years. The Queen occupied herself with the education of her daughter.

The King was condemned to death on the 17th. of January, 1793, and on the 21st. he perished on the scaffold, in front of the Tuileries.

The London *Times* of that date voices the horror of England at the regicide, and gives unstinted praise to Louis XVI. as a man, and Christian prince.

The will of Louis XVI., written by his own hand on Christmas day, 1792, three weeks before his condemnation and execution, is sublime in lofty Christian sentiment, is a royal monument to his memory, and will always be worthy of a first place in French classics.

On the death of his royal father, the Dauphin was proclaimed king, as Louis XVII., by the Royalists; and his uncle, afterwards Louis XVIII., assumed the title of Regent. After the paralyzing shock of the death of her husband had in some degree passed away, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth set themselves to fill his place in the education of his son.

The royal captives had carried no changes of apparel in their flight, and were allowed to bear the consequence. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth mended the children's clothing after they had put them to bed. The Queen's white frock went to rags in spite of her efforts to keep it re-

paired. These were trifling trials to the brave daughter of Maria Theresa; but she had a mother's heart, and the Commune knew how to break it.

The Committee of Public Safety, by two decrees, ordered that "the young Louis, son of Capet, should be separated from his mother, and placed in another apartment, the best guarded in all the temple"; and also, "that the son of Capet, when separated from his mother, should be placed in charge of a tutor, to be chosen by the General Council of the Commune." The agony of the mother on the separation, effected by the relentless officials at ten o'clock at night, on the 3rd. of May, may be imagined—in part! Marie Antoinette, with a mother's courage, rushed between the officials and her sleeping boy, and, enfolding him in her arms, told them that they would reach him only through her dead body. They replied: "We will not kill you; we will kill him." Then, spirit-broken, she lifted him from his bed, and gave him out of her loving arms to the demons who were to inflict upon this innocent little child, a two-year martyrdom of vilest satanic cruelty. His sister, the Princess Marie Thérèse, tells "When my brother was taken away, my mother, without undressing, threw herself across the bed, face downward, and sobbed and shivered, shivered and sobbed all night." There was no longer any light in her eyes, and no smile changed her set, sad features.

The little Louis had inherited his mother's beauty. He is described as slight, graceful and rather tall for his age. His brow was broad and high; his eyebrows arched; his eyes were blue and loving; his mouth was like his mother's, and he had her golden hair and beautiful complexion. He was quick and agile in his movements and, for a child, possessed a singularly high-bred charm of manner.

Antoine Simon, in whose hands and those of his wife was now placed this boy-king of France, was a journeyman shoemaker, and, at this time, fifty-seven years of age. His wife was an uneducated peasant. Husband and wife were ugly in appearance, and both exaggerated the dirty fashions of the Republic. Simon was selected as the best available agent and tutor for the management of "the little Capet." The story of his inhuman treatment of the young king gives us a glimpse of the depths to which his tormentors



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had sunk, and towards which the present atheists of France are sinking.

The vilest of epithets, accompanied by blows and curses, were constantly applied to the innocent boy, and the arts of moral corruption were employed to deprave him. He was taught to sing the revolutionary songs of the period, and forced to drink brandy until his senses became dulled and his bright intelligence lapsed into apathy and stupor. At first the prince tried to please his master and was obedient to his authority. "The child is a very dear and charming child," reports Madame Simon, "he cleans and blackens my shoes, and brings me my foot-warmer when I get up."

But at length ill-health, ill-usage and vile influences together accomplished their result—the boy became a wreck in mind and body.

He was forced to go to bed without kneeling to say his prayers. One night, thinking he was unseen, the heart-broken child stole out of bed and was kneeling at the bedside when Simon and his wife, who were watching, dashed over him a bucket of water.

What an object-lesson to the lukewarm Christian is that poor tortured child, incurring further persecution, but faithfully kneeling in prayerful submission to his God!

The queen was, for a time, spared the knowledge of the indignities to which her little son was subjected by his tormentors. She, however, managed one day to see him close to her through the planking that divided her side of the tower from Simon's. On his head was the red cap of the revolutionists. Simon was in one of his abusive moods, and the unhappy mother—powerless to rescue her child—could only look on while the fiend pursued him with oaths and blasphemies. Though she often afterwards watched at the same place, Marie Antoinette never again set eyes on her son. She was left to endure a thousand deaths in contemplating the horrors she knew him to be enduring. Her reason did not forsake her, but her beautiful hair turned snowy white.

On the 16th day of October, 1793, nine months after the execution of her husband, and five months after her little Louis was taken from her, a butcher's cart arrived at the temple to convey her to execution. Oh, what a moment for that mother's heart! But it was not unexpected; the three captives were, in a measure, prepared for it.

Kissing and embracing her little daughter, the Princess Marie Thérèse, she put her in the arms of her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, saying, "I confide my dear child to your care! You must be a mother to her now!" Then, embracing Madame Elizabeth, she turned away and, without looking back, accompanied the officials out of the room and down the stairs. Not having noticed that a doorway or archway through which she passed was very low, the poor dazed queen struck her head violently. One of the officials exclaimed, "You have hurt your head!" She replied, "Nothing hurts me now!" On her way to the guillotine the jeers and revilings of the mob fell upon deaf ears. Her thoughts were not of herself, but of the children left behind in the temple, and of her God whom she was soon to meet.

Marie Antoinette had, at least, one friend beside her scaffold,—and doubtless there were more! There, in disguise, was M. Louis d'Eschambault de Vaudreuil, nephew of the last French governor of Canada. He was named in honor of Louis XVI, and had been the queen's page. He was with the royal family when, all in disguise, they made the unsuccessful attempt to escape from France, were recognized at Varennes, and, as prisoners, brought back to Paris. Upon that occasion M. d'Eschambault managed to elude the police. Always in disguise and in danger of detection, he bent all his energies to the task of rescuing the royal family—but in vain! At the risk of his life, as her page of old, a noble of France and a Christian subject, he attended his queen to the last. When the head of Marie Antoinette fell from her shoulders, he hurried through the crazed, blood-thirsty crowd to where two horses were waiting, and, accompanied by a friend, he never drew rein until he reached the sea, where a vessel was in readiness to convey him to England. He was cordially welcomed at the court of George III, joined the British army with title of "Colonel," became the bosom friend of Edward Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, and accompanied him and his regiment to Canada. The grandchildren of M. Louis d'Eschambault, by their Canadian firesides, tell of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; also that their deserving grandfather's death-bed was granted rare consolation and blessing—but that is another story!

Madame Elizabeth held most sacred the prom-

ise made to the mother of the little Marie Thérèse. The most loving sympathy and the most sublime Christian counsel were directed towards the assuaging of that daughter's terrible grief. Not knowing what moment she herself might be summoned to death, the devoted aunt taught the Princess how, in the event of being left alone, she might purify the air of her apartment and enjoy physical exercise without venturing forth; for often, when together they passed out to their daily promenade, the ruffianly guards puffed tobacco smoke in their faces.

The Princess cherished, and gives to us, the prayer daily and early on the lips of her saintly aunt: "What will to-day bring me, O my God? I care not! All that I know is, it will bring me nothing that Thou hast not foreseen from all eternity. That suffices, O my God, to make me tranquil. I adore Thine eternal designs; I submit myself with all my heart. I wish all, I accept all, I make to Thee a sacrifice of all; I unite this sacrifice to that of Thy dear Son, my Saviour—asking Thee in His name, and by His infinite merits, that patience in our sorrows, and that perfect submission which is due Thee in all that Thou wilt or permittest."

Madame Elizabeth was aged thirty when, about a year after the death of the queen, she was called to execution. Thus perished this noble sister, affectionate aunt, and true daughter of St. Louis!

Is it not a wonder that the bereaved, desolate little Princess Marie Thérèse, did not succumb to the terrors of her imprisonment! Where was now her mother's beloved, belated Austria? Where was the chivalry of Christendom? Alas! if Satan does not suggest the policy, he but too frequently paralyzes the activities of Christian nations. He holds the balance of power!

This thought recalls Burke's eloquent tribute to Queen Marie Antoinette, inspired by her tragic death: "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added

titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

Cruel as were those days to the sister, to the little brother they were immeasurably more cruel. The so-called deposition of the boy against his mother and aunt, which the infamous Hébert wrung from him by coercion, and to which his almost illegible signature was attached, was the most diabolical wrong inflicted upon this little victim of curses, blows and manifold tortures.

The two orphans continued to be separately imprisoned—the little king in the second, the Princess on the third story of the great tower of the Temple; their prison was reeking with dampness.

Simon was dismissed from his post on 20th. January, 1794, the Committee of Public Safety having decided that "no special guardian be appointed for the little Capet." But the better to secure the prisoner, he was pent up in an inner apartment, which had been a dark room; the door, opening on the ante-room, was cut across, breast high, a grating of iron bars placed on the upper part, and the whole secured and nailed fast. A small trap was fixed in the grating to allow food and drink to be placed on a slab within the prisoner's reach. He was allowed no fire, and for light only the reflected beams of the sun by day,

and a lamp on the outside of the grating by night. No one entered, or could enter, his cell, and no one spoke to him, except when he was ordered to lie down at night, or when he was called to the grating for identification. For a time he swept out his prison and preserved some cleanliness, but these habits his waning strength and courage caused him to relinquish. Thus his ninth birthday, 27th. March, 1794, found this descendant of many kings! "He lay in his bed," says his sister, Marie Thérèse, "which had not been stirred for more than six months, and which he had not strength to make. Vermin covered him; his linen and person were foul. For more than a year his shirt and stockings were not changed. His window, closed by bars and fastened by a padlock, was never opened; and no one could remain in his room on account of the putrid smell. It is true my brother neglected himself; he might have taken a little better care of his person, and at least have washed himself, since a pitcher of water was left with him; but the wretched child was dying of fear. He never asked for anything, so scared was he by Simon and the other officials."

Behold the pictured "liberty," "equality" and "fraternity" (!) of the first French atheistic Revolution! The brutalizing of their child-king, Louis XVII., is the physical type of the moral wreck which the present "free thought" is bringing upon the children of unhappy France.

Finally, the wolves of the Revolution began to rend one another. Robespierre, the arch-monster, met his deserts at the guillotine to which he had sent thousands. Another met his fate at the hands of the fearless Charlotte Corday. History repeats itself!

The fall of Robespierre and the Revolution of 27th. July, 1794, brought a change to the little sufferer, whom his heart-broken sister characterizes as "the thing of skin and bone and sores, that just stirred within the closed room of the Temple."

Is it any wonder that Princess Marie Thérèse, the Madame Royale of France, and by marriage, Duchesse d'Angoulême, should, to the end of her long life, be known as the woman of leaden heart and unsmiling face?

At six o'clock on the morning of the day following Robespierre's fall, Barras, one of the successful faction of the Revolution, visited the little king. He found him suffering from swollen

legs, lying on a wretched little bed, and clothed in a waistcoat and pair of gray trousers. Through the influence of Barras, Laurent was appointed to take charge of the invalid. The decree of his appointment is as follows: "The Committees of Public Salvation and of General Safety decree that Citizen Laurent, member of the Revolutionary Committee of the Temple, is provisionally entrusted with the keeping of the Tyrant's children, detained in the Temple. The united Committees urge on him the most exact watchfulness." Laurent was educated, and well-bred in manner,—very different from the drunken and brutal officials who, previously, had care of the captives. When he obtained admission to the young king's apartment, he found him lying motionless on the squalid bed; his back was bent, his legs and arms were singularly lengthened at the expense of his body; his features were sunken, and he betrayed no interest on the opening of his prison. The new keeper obtained the aid of a physician. They washed the child, dressed his sores, and put on him a new suit of slate-colored clothes as a sort of semi-mourning. His cell was cleaned. Barras insisted that the visitors of the Commune should cease to call the boy by such names as "Wolf" and "Viper," and should address him properly by his Christian name. On the 8th. November, Gomin, an upholsterer, a peaceful man, was appointed to act with Laurent, after which the same system of kindly treatment was pursued. On the 29th. March, 1795, Laurent obtained permission to resign; and, on the 31st., Lasne, a house painter, arrived to fill his place. Lasne, who with Gomin had served in the National Guard, appears to have had a stronger character than his colleague, and from the time of his arrival, interested himself conscientiously in the care of the little king. Gomin gave up to him the daily care of the prisoner's clothes and cleanliness, and, though it was some time before the boy would answer his questions, he gradually won his way. He endeavored to bring some rays of cheerfulness into the gloomy place. Lasne sang; and Gomin sometimes played the violin. After three weeks, the sinking and half imbecile prince at last spoke to his new friend, and Lasne redoubled his attentions, telling him stories of the army, and reminding him of the regiment of boys which, when Dauphin, he had commanded. "Did you see me with my sword?" asked the little

king in a whisper, fearing to be overheard! That sword is still shown; it is in the collection of the Louvre, and bears the inscription—"Sword of the son of Louis XVI."

Having obtained permission, the humane Lasne frequently took the tottering, enfeebled child, to the roof of the tower. Here, supported by his compassionate keeper, he took exercise in the fresh air, and with great delight watched the sparrows—*his* birds, as called them—come to drink fearlessly out of a puddle in the worn stones.

When he became too weak to walk even with Lasne's aid, and too ill to be taken to the roof of the tower, a deputation of municipals announced to the Committee of General Safety, the danger of their prisoner. Asked in what the danger consisted, they answered—"The little Capet has tumors in all the joints, and particularly on the knees. It is impossible to get a word from him. He is always sitting or lying down, and refuses to take any kind of exercise." Asked further as to the time when his inertia and silence first dated, they said, "Since the day on which Hébert forced him to sign the calumny against his mother."

On May 2nd., Lasne and Gomin entered in their daily report—"The little Capet is ill." No notice was taken of the warning; and next day they wrote again in the register of the Temple—"The little Capet is dangerously ill." On the third day they added, "There is danger of death." On the fifth, a physician visited the prison, and recommended a change to country air! Of course, no measures were taken to that effect. The dying little king grew worse and worse. On the morning of the 8th. of June, Lasne went first up to his room, for Gomin dreaded to find him dead. On that morning a physician, named Pelletan, called; but he saw the end was near, and did not stay many minutes. Seeing him quiet and restful, Gomin said to the little sufferer, "I hope you are not in pain just now?" "Oh, yes, I still suffer, but much less; the music is so beautiful!" "Where do you hear it?" asked Gomin. "Up there. Listen, listen!" The child raised his hands, his eyes opened wide, he listened eagerly, and then, in sudden joy, cried out—"Through all the voices I hear my mother's!"

After a time, Lasne again came upstairs to replace Gomin. The child looked at him long and dreamily, and then said, "Do you think my

sister heard the music?" Soon after, he turned his eyes towards the window, or grated half-door of his cell; a joyous exclamation broke from his lips; then, looking at Lasne, he said—"I have a thing to tell you!" Did he see his long-needed mother? The guardian took his hand; the prisoner's head sank on Lasne's breast, who listened in vain for another sound. There was no struggle; the little white soul was free.

So died this innocent victim of revolutionary passion, of satanical hatred, in the Temple, on the 8th. of June, 1795, aged ten years. All who had seen the little Prince in the Tuileries, or in the Temple, attested that the dead body was, in truth, that of the son of Louis XVI. On the 10th., the body was buried in the large common pit of the cemetery of St. Margaret. The soil was levelled, and no mark left in the burying-place to show where the coffin had been placed. On the restoration of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. ordered diligent search to be made for the recovery and identification of the remains of his unfortunate nephew, but without result. No one can point to the spot where rest the ashes of Louis XVII. of France.

What a lesson is this for all who walk the earth! What a subject of contemplation for the Christian soul!

Does not the cruel fate of this sin-trodden, crushed, broken Lily of France resemble that of the innocent Lamb of Calvary? But Calvary is the road to heaven; and we must take up our cross and follow Him. Heaven is not easily won: flowery beds of ease are neither necessary nor profitable to the Christian. Worldly consolations are deceitful. We must bravely and cheerfully offer to God the sweat of our brow; and not seek to lay down our burden, but to add to it the overweight of our brother's burden. Were not all the mortal sufferings of the little Christian Louis of France well repaid by that heavenly music, the sound again of his mother's voice, and heaven opening in that sight of her loving face and outstretched arms?

"One minute of heaven is worth them all"—all the goods of which the atheists of France are plundering their neighbor, and all the so-called pleasures and privileges of their short, fleeting, fruitless, hate-filled life and hate-doomed eternity.

What is taught by the wisdom inherited from the ages, by the experience of life, by the suffer-

ing of death, by the contemplation of eternity, may be summed up in the thought—"My God and my All." And God is love.

Alas for the nation robbed of Christian heritage! Alas for the children of France!

IDRIS.

"Blessed are the Pure of Heart, for They Shall See God."

WHAT a night that was to the weary disciples on the Sea of Tiberias! Toiling in vain, catching nothing! Rowing wearily to the shore in the darkest hour before dawn, physically worn out! Added to this physical weariness was that which is far worse—a sense of disappointment and failure that seemed overwhelming. Aye, and more than this—even their beloved Lord appeared to have forsaken them.

It was with this burden of sorrow on their hearts that they drew near the shore, knowing nothing, seeing nothing of the great joy in store for them. Then, out of the darkness, a voice spoke, asking of their need and bidding them follow directions for success. And what success!—just as great as their previous failure—"a multitude of fishes."

And yet, only one of the seven—the beloved disciple, St. John—recognized the voice of the Lord, or saw Him in the gloom. What joy it must have given him to impart to the others the glad realization—"It is the Lord." What a contrast to the darkness and desolation of the night to find Christ on the shore, in the morning to sit with Him at the simple repast which His tender thoughtfulness had prepared, and, best of all, to know that never had He forgotten them! And in their extremity He had come to their help, and brought with Him success and joy!

We are out, not on Galilee's dark waters, but on the sea of life. Oftentimes we are in darkness and difficulty. There are so many heart-aches, disappointments and failures, and so much of our work seems, like that of the disciples, to be fruitless, even though we do our utmost. We, too, hear a voice speaking to us, but our ears are dull and our eyes blinded, and we know not that it is the Lord who speaks, or that His presence

is so near. Why are we like the six disciples, and not like St. John? Why have we not his keenness of hearing and his clearness of vision? There is but one answer to this—"The clean of heart shall see God."

What is this purity so much to be desired, and who are "the clean of heart?" They whose souls, like a mirror, reflect the image of God and see Him through all darkness and difficulty. No care, no grief or trouble can dim their vision, nor can this world's discord prevent them from hearing His gentle voice. But they whose souls are darkened by the shadow which sin casts between them and God, cannot see. Not always wilful sin blinds our eyes and dulls our ears, but rather a forgetfulness of the Master's presence in all the storms. And oh, the joy of hearing and knowing through all disappointments and disillusionments, through all bitter loneliness, through all fading of fairest hopes, through all renunciation of cherished plans, the Lord's voice! To know that no matter what may come to us, He is close at hand. All trials may be bravely borne when His tender voice is heard and the light of His countenance seen.

By following our Lord's direction, we, too, may have our efforts crowned with success. Too often we desire our own way, not His, forgetting that, only when we are willing to be guided by Him, will peace and joy be ours.

What a joyful feast the disciples had that morning on the shore! May we, when we come to the end of our perilous voyage, find the heavenly feast, prepared from the foundation of the world for "the clean of heart," awaiting us, and our Blessed Lord with the same approving smile with which He greeted the beloved disciple St. John.

CAMILLA KAVANAGH.

Father Faber asserts that it is very hard for a person who does not like reading, to talk without sinning. As a help to the government of the tongue, a taste for reading is invaluable. In a general way it will make piety more attractive, because more intelligent. "Ignorance is repulsive," he says, "but I doubt if it is so repulsive as that half-ignorant narrowness of mind which characterizes persons who do not read."

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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March has come again, wild, stormy March, with its boisterous winds and cloudy skies and driving showers, giving token amid all the harshness of its wintry air, of the gentle spring-time that will soon gladden the earth. But March, with its lengthening days, brings other than vernal hopes, for it reminds the faithful children of the Church, amid the gloom of earthly care and woe and the weight of human toil, that they have an ever-loving, ever-watchful protector near the throne of heaven, a father who once lived and toiled and suffered on earth, and is well acquainted with human misery—the great and good St. Joseph, to whom the month of March is specially dedicated. All the year round we cherish a tender and filial devotion to the worthy Spouse of our Immaculate Mother, whose intercession has never been found to fail, but, in a special manner, is he invoked during the month which we have made all his own and which has now passed out crowned with the triumphant

glories of the Resurrection and amid the singing of its glad Alleluias. May their spirit lift our thoughts from the turmoil of this distracting world to the regions of serene and heavenly peace, where, in the fadeless joy of the eternal Eastertide, our risen Saviour will one day wipe all tears away, and we shall feast with hearts of thankful joy on the unspeakable beauty of the Beatific Vision.

*

From a *Correspondent* at Loretto Convent, Lucknow, India, comes an interesting item: "Yesterday, I went with M. M. T. to visit Alum Bagh—the last resting-place of brave Sir Henry Havelock. The tomb erected to his memory by his widow is, of course, the chief attraction. They have made it the centre of a little cemetery containing the graves of those who fell in the defense of Alum Bagh during the mutiny, and it is well preserved by the Goot. The man who took us around gave us each a white rose or a spray of the white Indian jessamine to lay on the hero's grave. These show places in Lucknow teem with sad historic memories of Britishers, and it is hard to be even innocently gay in a spot where brave soldiers fought gallantly, 'even unto death,' for the honor of the English flag.

To arrive at Alum Bagh, you have to drive almost out of Lucknow along the very Cawnpore road the troops used when marching to the relief of the Residency. In 1857, it was the country-house of some Begum and surrounded by an immense garden, which was the scene of the severe fighting between the rebels and the English. Outram won possession of it on his march and made it the base of his operations for the relief of the city, intending to bring the women and children there from the Residency. Unfortunately, he lost so many men when they had to fight their way, inch by inch, into the city, that, though he reached the goal of his ambition, he was not strong enough to relieve it, but had to

patiently join the besieged garrison until Sir Colin Campbell came to the rescue, some weeks later. Sir Henry Havelock was then removed to Alum Bagh to try and restore his health, broken by wounds and disease, but he succumbed to dysentery and died there.

When walking through the grounds, I was trying to imagine what the feelings of that little handful of Britishers must have been when they realized that Havelock's relief party had in its turn been shut up in the Residency, and that they had only to look to themselves to defend Alum Bagh. You must wonder when I intend to bring my history lesson to a close—but these memories fascinate and thrill me! To-morrow I shall go to the Tinambara—would you like a description of it?"

*

With all the Empire, but as Canadians especially, we would offer our deepest sympathy to their Excellencies Earl and Countess Grey, who have been visited by so sad an affliction in the death of their eldest daughter, the Lady Victoria Grenfell, at Government House, Ottawa, February the third.

The attendant circumstances were in themselves distressing. The Lady Victoria with her husband, Mr. Arthur M. Grenfell of London, had been travelling in Mexico before coming to Ottawa to visit her parents. The fatal malady, typhoid fever, having been contracted during her journey, developed immediately upon her arrival in Ottawa. The seriousness of the attack was at once recognized, and everything that care and skill and parental devotion could suggest was done to bring about a favorable result.

The dangers of the illness were deemed to be passed, and Canada hoped to offer a speedy convalescence—not a death-bed—to the beloved daughter of our worthy Governor-General and his popular Countess. It was not to be.

An additional grief to her dear ones was the fact that, on the day that had been appointed for

her children's leaving for Canada, lady Victoria Grenfell's remains were sorrowfully embarked for England.

What a heart-rending end to the sweet prospects of family reunion, and happy days that Canada would fain have multiplied!

*

We beg to tender, through the columns of the RAINBOW, our warmest congratulations to Mlle. Paula Mamet of Loretto Convent, Port Louis, Mauritius, whose Essay won first prize in the great competition of the *Alliance Française*.

We feel sure that our readers will ratify the decision of the judges when they have read this really beautiful piece of composition, which we are pleased to reproduce in our pages, not only because of the elevated style of language and noble standards of virtue presented by the writer, but for the convincing exposition of the happiness to be derived by woman from the fulfilment of duty in her true sphere—home.

*

Most heartily do we extend congratulations to Miss Luttrell, Class of '05, Loretto Convent, Hamilton; who, after a particularly successful course at the School of Expression, has made her début as a Shakespearean reader.

While at Loretto, "Birdie" displayed special aptitude in her literary studies, and gave promise of accomplishing great things. The appreciation with which she was received by a Toronto audience may be inferred from the following paragraphs, taken from the *Toronto Daily Star*:

"A most vivacious and keenly appreciative reading of 'Twelfth Night' was given last evening before a full house by Miss Helena Victoria Luttrell, at the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, Greek Theatre. Miss Luttrell, in an introductory reading, gave a very clear synopsis of the play; and the selections given—portions of one or two scenes from each act—enabled even the uninitiated to follow the plot without difficulty.

As Viola, Miss Luttrell's interpretation showed a very subtle appreciation of the heroine's many phases of character. She was the winsome girl, the sturdy page, the puzzled youth, the loving woman, all in turn; and the touches of comedy were charmingly given, with just enough reserve and daintiness to make them delightfully feminine. The strongest bits of character interpretation were in the scene between Olivia and Viola, and in the one following when Malvolio pursues Viola with the ring. Miss Luttrell abandoned herself to her part with a grace that made it wholly convincing, and her versatility, as she interpreted one character after another, in varied emotions, was remarkable.

At the close, Miss Luttrell gave three 'Life Studies,' selections with musical accompaniment, which were entirely her own interpretation. In Kingsley's 'Lorraine, Lorraine, Loree,' the rendering was intensely dramatic, and was perhaps the strongest piece of acting of the programme; while 'The Keys of Heaven' was given with an archness and winsomeness that brought down the house. Mr. James Ross accompanied these three numbers most sympathetically, and, in the interval, gave two Woodland Sketches by MacDowell on the piano."

*

In connection with the disappearance of the cottage of John Howard Payne, it is interesting to note that the most thrilling quarter of an hour of his life was that when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," to him. The occasion was the Jenny Lind Concert in Washington, the night of December 17th., 1850. The assembly was, perhaps, the most distinguished ever seen in a concert room in this country. The immense National Hall, hastily constructed for the occasion on the ruins of the burned National Theatre, was filled to overflowing. Among the notables present and occupying front seats were President Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, General Scott, and John Howard Payne. Jenny Lind

opened with the "Casta Diva," and followed with the "Flute Song"—in which her voice contested rivalry for purity and sweetness with a flute in the duet—then the famous "Bird Song," and next on her programme the "Greeting to America." All the numbers were applauded apparently to the full capacity of an enthusiastic audience, and Mr. Webster, who was in his most genial after-dinner mood, emphasized the plaudit by rising from his seat and making Jenny a profound bow, as if responding for the country to her "Greeting." But when the "Swedish Nightingale" answered the encore by turning in the direction of John Howard Payne and giving "Home, Sweet Home," with all the wonderful tenderness, purity, and simplicity fitting both the words and the air of the immortal song, the difference was at once seen between the mechanical applause called out by a display of fine vocalization, and that elicited by the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Before the first line of the song was completed the audience was fairly "off its feet," and could scarcely wait for a pause to give expression to its enthusiasm. People, ordinarily of the undemonstrative sort, clapped, stamped, and shouted as if they were mad, and it seemed as if there would be no end to the uproar. Meantime all eyes were turned upon Payne, a small-sized, elegantly-moulded, gray-haired gentleman, who blushed violently at finding himself the centre of so many glances.

*

If there is any one thing which we miss in this age of democracy, as contrasted with the glories of the olden time, it is the element of graciousness and charm, that indescribable aroma which is felt and perceived without being seen. The age of democracy has come with its levelling processes, making the high places low, and exalting the social valleys about us. It is the day of woman's rights and girls' athletic clubs and feminine competition in the business and professional world, when a man does not care to give

up his seat in the car to a woman who is striving to take his work from him! It brings with it many possibilities, but oh, let us see to it that it does not fail to maintain that greatest of all social successes—the success of charm.

*

Nothing is so clearly apparent to the intelligent observer of modern society as the many deceptions and the false glitter which it contains. Glance at the average society of to-day, and there is but little in it that is really what one supposes it to be. How often do we not find women carrying impressions of wealth and station far beyond their real income. Dignity is found to be only pretention, refinement an artificial gloss, and intelligence but a verbal display. White satin dresses are worn where the plainest muslin is scarcely within the wearers' income; flowers are carried in profusion, jewelry loaned, and carriages hired by those to whom the acquirement of the necessities of daily life is a struggle. Society, instead of being made a great compact designed to promote the good of man and woman, is used only as a cunning contrivance to palm off unreal virtues, and give to the unsophisticated wrong and injurious impressions. Host and hostess share in the general deception with their guests, although neither is conscious of the other's deceit. The china on the table of the hostess is admired and its possession envied by her guest, while the former in return is driven to a maddening inward jealousy at the gorgeous garments of her guest. The guest knows not that the china is frequently loaned, the hostess is ignorant of the unpaid bill of the dressmaker. More diamonds (?) are worn in present society than all the diamond-fields of the world could produce in a century. The quantity of Brussels lace displayed gives one the impression that the beautiful Belgian city contains naught but lace factories whose products are sent exclusively to the American market.

Of the injurious effects of these society shams

we need hardly speak. And yet, day after day, month after month, season after season, is this social farce enacted.

*

The Angel of Death appeared in our midst at the opening of the penitential season and claimed as his own a venerable member of the Community, S. M. Anne Gagnon, who departed this life on the fourteenth of February, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, and the fiftieth of her religious life.

The end came as a happy release, for the dear Sister had been a sufferer for several years. May would have witnessed the celebration of her Golden Jubilee—let us hope that it will be in the Unseen Kingdom, whither the tired spirit has winged its flight.

After the usual novitiate, S. M. Anne spent several years in Guelph and in Toronto, but the greater part of her religious life was passed at Niagara Falls, where she breathed her last.

During her active career, the office of sacristan was invariably assigned S. M. Anne, and it may be safely said that no one has surpassed—and very few equalled—her in this privileged occupation. Her natural love of flowers was often a source of amusement. She had a language of her own that she addressed to them, encouraging them to bloom for the great feasts by gently patting their opening buds—as a rule, they responded to her caresses and artless flattery, and bloomed in all their flowery loveliness in time for the desired occasion.

An intense lover of prayer, S. M. Anne had ample opportunity for pouring out her soul before the throne of the Most High, for, as custodian of the sanctuary, she realized where her Treasure was, and there, too, was her heart.

With a sweet sigh on her lips, this cherished sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament left this "vale of tears."

A High Mass of Requiem was sung in the convent chapel by Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C.,

who had been a life-long friend of the deceased. Reverend O. Wiedmann, O. C. C., and Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., were present in the sanctuary. After the chanting of the *Libera*, the remains were borne to their last resting-place in the convent cemetery adjoining the little church of our Lady of Peace.

*

The sad announcement of the death of Mrs. Kew—née Elizabeth Crysler—caused profound grief at Loretto, for dear “Libbie” had been six years a student within its walls at Niagara, and, during that time, had endeared herself to both religious and companions, by her sweet, amiable disposition.

Although not a Catholic, Miss Crysler had always shown a strong inclination to Catholicity. A few years after leaving school, she married Mr. Kew, Chief Clerk in the Grand Trunk Department, but, in the midst of her many domestic cares and responsibilities, she did not forget the lessons taught her in her schooldays.

When seized with her last illness, Mrs. Kew asked her husband to send for a priest. He complied with her request, and our dear “Libbie” had the great happiness of being baptized a child of Holy Mother Church and receiving the last rites. Death claimed her the following morning.

Her eldest daughter, Clio Amanda, aged twelve years, being attacked by pneumonia, followed her mother to the grave two days afterwards.

Mrs. Kew’s remains were brought to St. Patrick’s Church, where Mass was celebrated by Reverend B. O’Neill, O. C. C., who likewise performed the last touching rites at the cemetery.

*

Sincere and heartfelt sympathy goes out to two of our sister students at Loretto Abbey, Toronto—to Miss Ethel Hughes in the loss of a beloved father, whom death claimed the day after she had reached his bedside in Thornhill; and to

Miss Mary Fraser, who mourns a devoted grandmother, the late Mrs. Farrell of Woodstock.

May our Divine Lord send His comforting angels to console these stricken hearts, and grant the light of His countenance and eternal repose to the souls of the dear deceased.

*

With a feeling of deepest sorrow and sympathetic thought for bereaved husband, motherless little daughters, and stricken family, the sad announcement of the death of Mrs. MacTavish—née Helen Lee—was received.

An exemplary, devoted wife, adorned with every lovable quality and every grace of home life; a tender mother, beloved by all whose privilege it was to come under her noble influence, Mrs. MacTavish has left a void in the hearts of many that will not be easy to fill; but the grief of those who mourn her loss is assuaged by the thought that death is only a filmy veil which hides for a day—the blessed door through which we pass to the sweet and eternal rest of Heaven.

A loved pupil of Loretto, Mrs. MacTavish will long be remembered in the prayers and good works of the inmates of her Alma Mater, who, while begging rest eternal for the sweet spirit that has gone, will crave from the same Omnipotent Source comfort for the sorrowing hearts that justly mourn—but not as those who have no hope.

What confusion there is, and what hopeless confusion, in thinking that by raising whole classes up to certain standards so that they may pass certain examinations, we are doing the best to make nations wise and calm, and individuals strong and gentle!

Examinations may be necessary, but they should be regarded as means only, not as an end.

We shall be truly repaid only when our pupils grow into men and women, of simple pursuits it may be, but of lofty aims, individuals whose characters will exert lasting influences in the world in which they move.

Ireland's National Poet and Master of Lyric Verse.

THE student of literature, as well as the general reader who is interested in well-written biography, will be attracted by the life of Thomas Moore, by Stephen Gwynn, which has been added to the "English Men of Letters" series. Over half a century has passed since the death of the poet, but wherever the children of Erin are gathered he will be fondly remembered, for he has interpreted her spirit more clearly and with a keener appreciation of her national genius than any other singer who ever touched her harp-strings. Ennobled solely by his own genius, owing no thanks to the blazonry of the Heralds' College for worldly titles, descended from no long line of pompous ancestry, the genial, wayward, glorious Tom Moore, the bard of bards of old Erin, thought in music as men think in prose—his beating blood was running song. When Moore lit up the literature of Ireland with the torch of his genius, a titled poet arose in England to make *his* countrymen wonder, too. The two were contemporaries and friends. But the light that played round Moore's verses—tender, glancing and brilliant—was in no danger of being extinguished even in the sullen glare of Lord Byron's genius. As planets, they were as different as Mercury and Saturn. If their rising was at the same time, they never moved in the same orb, or met or jostled in the "wide, pathless way" of fancy and invention. The gay and the happy idolize the Irishman on his pedestal of airy smiles or transient tears. The severer verse of the Englishman is enshrined in the breast of those whose gaiety has been turned to gall—from whom happiness has fled like a dream. "It seemed," as some one who knew and loved him well has told us of Moore, "as if his airy spirit, drawn from the sun, continually fluttered with fond aspiration to regain that native source of light and heat." His Parnassus was a radiant Eden.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Gwynn's biography is the way in which he brings out the fact that Moore deserves to be remembered for other things aside from the "Melodies," so inseparably associated with his name. His "Life of Sheridan," published in 1825, was a distinct success, and he was congratulated upon the work

by so competent a judge as Jeffrey, that veteran of letters. Moore's aim was to outline Sheridan's career, rather than to paint the man, consequently, the main value of the book lay in the historical view which it gave of the past fifty years. His "Life of Lord Byron"—for whom his friendship was of the most sincere and honorable kind—was well received. In his prefatory note to the second volume, Moore—whom Byron called "the only modest author he had ever known"—attributed the success of the work to the interest of the subject and the materials. This "Life of Byron" has probably been more read than any biography in the language, with the single exception of Boswell's. The writer's task was simply to weave together a chain of narrative from the copious materials presented to him by the poet's journals, letters, and, not least, by his poems. His work was, however, hampered by the necessity of sparing sensibilities. Nevertheless, upon the whole, a very difficult undertaking was carried through with supreme tact, with well-practised dexterity, and, above all, with a most commendable absence of pretension. Beyond the skilled selection and grouping of materials, Moore's part is very considerable. It amounts to an acute exposition of the Byron whom he had known—a man wholly unlike the popular conception of him. Naturally enough, the work has the character of a defence or justification, and as such, it is loyal and sincere. Moore never goes back on his friend. But there were in that friend's character certain elements which he disliked, and in his intellect ranges which he did not fully comprehend; and we feel always that the Byron whom Moore best understands is the Byron of earlier days, the writer of vehement romance—a Byron who had not yet come to the full scope of his powers. This was natural enough, for Moore's personal intercourse with Byron practically ended when Byron married. Jealousy was none of Moore's vices, or he had ample ground for it in the sudden leap of his friend past him, into a region of fame, by the brilliant success of *Childe Harold*. But even a jealous nature might have been conciliated by Byron's frank enthusiasm: "I am too proud of being your friend," he wrote, "to care with whom I am linked in your estimation"; and the fragmentary "Journal," which he kept, expresses the grounds of his admiration:

"Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice—all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honor, principle and independence, his conduct to . . . speaks 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not here."

Byron had also a great admiration for his friend's work, and his letters teem with inquiries about the progress of *Lalla*. Moore's abandonment of the story which resembled too closely the *Bride of Abydos*, he thought unnecessary, and was sincerely grieved to have stood in the light. Indeed, it is sufficiently evident that Byron's feeling for Moore was a good deal warmer than Moore's for Byron; Byron is always the more frequent correspondent, but it must be remembered that their friendship had begun when Moore was already rich in friendships and happy in a home, while Byron was moody and lonely in a world against which he cherished grievances; and this new companionship filled a large space in his life. "I have had the kindest letter from Moore," he writes, "I do think that man is the best-hearted—the only *hearted* being I ever encountered; and his talents are equal to his feelings. No affectation, but a true, refined, delicate, frank poet, with sufficient air of the world to prove his fashion, sufficient honesty of manner to show fashion has not corrupted his native taste, making allowance for prejudices instead of condemning them, by which he seems to have none himself; never talking of his own work from an intense consciousness that everybody else does."

In 1814, Byron dedicated *The Corsair* to "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own."

Our author gives an excellent account of Moore's early life, from his birth in Dublin, May 28, 1779. Never was a boy more petted. His musical gifts and his mother's pleasant voice and talent for giving gay little supper-parties brought many musical people to the house, and thus the youth had opportunities for exhibiting his accomplishments and developing his art of dramatic singing. But, if his parents were interested in

his pleasures, they were no less concerned about his work. His mother examined him daily in his studies; and her affectionate care met with that return from her son which was continued to the end of her life. There was nothing in his power that Moore would not do to please his mother.

Robert Emmet was one of Moore's early friends, and his writings show again and again that the capacity for hero-worship was evoked in him by this friend of boyhood as by no other figure of his time. In the first number of the *Irish Melodies*, published in 1808, an early place is given to the lyric:

"O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his ashes are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

Every one, in Ireland at least, who read these lines heard in them an echo of the closing passage in Emmet's speech from the dock:

"I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world. It is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph. When my country shall have taken her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

Moore was gifted with an attractive personality and with qualities that made him a social favorite. Almost from his first entry into the world, he found himself courted and sought for, and this popularity endured through his active career. He was continually adding to the circle of his friendship among men of letters and statesmen; and the charm which he exercised over those he met seems never to have been lessened. He had through life his choice of whatever was most brilliant in social intercourse, and his choice showed a steadily-growing sanity of judgment. Moreover, although his intimates were always people set on a pinnacle, he never for an instant wavered in his fidelity to the home where he had

been brought up with so much love. An irresistible charm, an infectious gaiety, joined to copious but never ill-natured wit, made his company desired by all; but the special charm which he exercised—before his powers as a talker had matured—lay in a gift for singing, which appears to have been something peculiar to himself. Moore is the only poet of modern times who, like the ancient bards, lent to his own verses the added charm of musical expression, for he sang always to his own accompaniment, and invariably considered his performance a failure if there were no tear-dimmed eyes among his hearers.

During his visit to America, Moore had an opportunity of journeying to Canada, where the Oneida Indians charmed him by their courtesy, the rivers and virgin forests wrought upon his sensibilities, and when he came within hearing of the roar of Niagara, it seemed to him dreadful that "any heart born for sublimities should be doomed to breathe away its hours amidst the miniature productions of this world without seeing what shapes Nature can assume, what wonders God *can* give birth to." The captain of the vessel which carried him across Lake Ontario refused to take money from the poet, and a poor watchmaker at Niagara insisted that a job done should be accepted "as the only mark of respect he could pay to one of whom he had heard so much, but never expected to meet." The "Canadian Boat-song"—"Faintly as tolls the evening chime"—he wrote to an air suggested by the chant of his oarsmen, as he travelled down the St. Lawrence.

It is worth noting that most of Moore's work as a poet was achieved before he had passed middle life, and that thereafter he devoted himself mainly to prose. This was not because he was weary of the muse, but because he became increasingly occupied with literary and controversial matters which could be written only in prose. He was, also, very earnest in his desire to serve the cause of his country, a desire which found expression in a variety of prose writings and in his life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—published in 1831—in which he conveys with great moderation the essential truths about the series of measures and events which led up to the terrible crisis of 1708. What is still better, it gives an extremely vivid impression of the young chief who had much that specially endeared him to

Moore in his warm and impulsive affections and his very generous nature.

In the summer of 1835, Moore crossed to Dublin, when the British Association was meeting there, and the demonstration when he was first seen in the theatre went beyond all customary bounds and was not to be checked without a brief speech from the box. But a more ceremonious ovation was to come. The poet decided to go to Wexford to visit the home of his grandparents, and he was to be the guest of Mr. Boyse, who lived at Bannow. On the approach to this town, he was encountered by a cavalcade bearing green banners, and so escorted formally to a series of triumphal arches, where a decorated car awaited him, with Nine Muses—pretty Irish girls—ready to place a crown on his head. As they proceeded slowly, a band played Irish airs. Speeches followed, with dancing in the evening, and a green balloon floated over the dancers, bearing to the skies, "Welcome, Tom Moore." That evening there came an express from the Lady Superior of the Presentation Convent at Wexford, begging for a visit to her Community. Thither, accordingly, Moore was taken next day, and, for a crowning ceremony, planted with his own hands—"Oh, Cupid, prince of gods and men!"—a myrtle in the convent garden. No sooner was the plant in the earth, than the gardener proclaimed, while filling up the hole, "This will not be called *myrtle* any longer, but the *Star of Airin*!" Well may Moore ask, "Where is the English gardener that would have been capable of such a flight?"

The cloying richness, the superabundant fancy and rhetorical finish of much of Moore's verse does not suit the colder, keener criticism of a later time, nevertheless, he stands to-day as a poet whose work must be taken into account in any adequate survey of the literature of English speech in the nineteenth century. His ideals were high, his concept of literature lofty, and he was very careful not to make his gifts the common ware of the market-place. Lord John Russell, who edited his Memoirs, in 1853, the year after his death, declared boldly that he was surely the greatest of English lyrical poets. In Ireland his poetry is familiar to young and old—for the older generation he has lost none of his magic, for they remember the days when many and many an Irish peasant, leaving his country for the New

World, carried with him two books—*Moore's Melodies* and the *Key of Heaven*. Certainly it is no small title to fame for a poet that he was in his own country for at least three generations the delight and consolation of the poor.

The chief merit of Mr. Gwynn's excellent biography is that it gives not only a clear account of Moore's life, and of the place which he held among his contemporaries, but it will help a later generation to the critical as well as cordial appreciation which his genius merits.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

The Late Jeremiah Curtin.

A SKETCH of the career of Jeremiah Curtin from the pen of the late beloved and much-lamented Father Cronin will, we know, be of interest to our readers.

Admirers of "Quo Vadis" and other works of Henry K. Sienkiewicz, have had sketched for them the life story of their remarkable author, and have learned much of his personality and literary tastes. But who is Jeremiah Curtin who has so admirably translated into English all the productions of the gifted Pole? It seems to us there ought to be a desire to know something of him, too. We shall briefly try to satisfy that desire in so far as years of acquaintance and intimate association, during a sea voyage to Ireland, will enable us to do.

One afternoon, some years ago, there came into the office of the *Union and Times*, a middle-aged gentleman, somewhat under medium size, of sturdy frame, wearing a shaggy beard of tawny tinge, and who gazed keenly at us with rather small eyes of piercing blue. It was Jeremiah Curtin. He was just returning to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington from a year's sojourn among western Indians. Having introduced himself, he inquired if we knew any one in Buffalo who could speak Irish. We replied that there were several in this city who knew thoroughly that paradisaical tongue; who not only spoke it with all the varied witchery of dialect that obtained from Cork to Galway and from Galway to Donegal, but could also sing, praise, bless and make love in it with a wealth and charm of phrase that might have been cherished by many a sleeping bard of the Irish hills. We at once

became interested in each other, and thence our acquaintance began.

Jeremiah Curtin was born on a farm in Michigan, we know not exactly how many years ago. His father, while yet young, had come to the United States with his parents from Limerick, Ireland. Jeremiah had many brothers and sisters in whose company his young rustic life was passed; and the only early educational facilities he enjoyed were such as the rude backwoods' school could impart. Nevertheless, even then his thirst for knowledge was so great that all his boyhood savings were spent in books; and many a day, while following the plow and wielding the forest ax, he had dreams of future years when that thirst might be slaked at perennial fountains to which Providence might guide his steps.

Young Curtin's memory was prodigious, and his ambition to reach to higher pursuits gave him no rest. It was at this time that he resolved on going to Harvard University; and so great was his application, during every free hour from dawn to dark, that in less than six months he had mastered all the requirements for admission to the great university. As might be expected, his career there was phenomenally brilliant. The poor farmer boy was graduated with highest applause, and he left Harvard with lofty predictions for his future.

Through the influence of the late Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania—also of Limerick stock and a distant relative of Jeremiah's family— young Mr. Curtin received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. The Hon. Cassius M. Clay was then our Minister to Russia, a man who, despite his eccentric and often intolerant disposition, took kindly to the young secretary and often availed himself of his manifold accomplishments. We may mention here that, when on a certain State occasion of brilliant attendance, the Czar eloquently proposed the toast of the United States, the only member of the American Legation who was able to reply in Russian was Jeremiah Curtin, the late Michigan farmer boy.

It was while in Russia that young Curtin obtained his deep insight into the affairs and policy of the Russian Empire, and applied his marvellous gift of tongues to the study of the Slav languages and literature. To this mastering of Polish is to be attributed his unapproachable transla-

tions of "Quo Vadis" and of the other thrilling productions of Sienkiewicz. Indeed, so keenly alive is the translator to every mental and lingual shading of the author, that the reader is apt to forget that the work before him is a translation at all.

It is easy to perceive that a man of Mr. Curtin's varied scholarship would prove an acquisition to the Smithsonian Institute; and so, for many years, he has had carte blanche from that institution to roam fancy free in quest of manifold information—rare and interesting—along the lines of Smithsonian endeavor. Thus we find him a wanderer among Indian tribes for over a year, ingratiating himself into their confidence, studying their languages, customs and habits, collecting their myths, rites and ceremonies, and eloquently unfolding them to an interested public. Thus, too, did he voyage—with us—to Ireland, more than ten years ago, in quest of stories of the "good people" and fairy folk-lore. No pilgrim ever wended way over desert sands to the "Holy Countree" with greater ardor than did our friend Curtin over the hills and raths of Ireland in search of tales of enchanted castles, sleeping giants, the Banshee's warning wail, and of the famous dancers and pipers to whom the Queen of the Knockfierna fairies took a fancy. For this purpose he wandered through the country, entered the homes of the people, sat beside the crooning old woman at her knitting, went out into the fields and followed the plow beside "the man of the house." He set down the stories he heard in the simple language of the people; and, after his return to America, published them serially in the *New York Sunday Sun*. Afterwards they were collected and reproduced in a large volume, entitled "Irish Folk-Lore."

Besides his translations of all Sienkiewicz's works and the Indian and Irish stories, already mentioned, Mr. Curtin has also published "Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs and Magyars"—a book of weird interest.

Jeremiah Curtin, we may add, has a thoroughly Celtic soul. We saw evidence of this especially during the days we spent in Ireland together. No sooner had his foot touched the land of his fathers than he became roused with indignation at the wrongs heaped upon Ireland by the persecuting stranger. His eyes often grew moist at the scenes of poverty and desolation which he wit-

nessed; and again his Celtic nature bounded with enthusiasm as we wandered along the banks of the Lee on a bright June morning and gazed with rapture upon the glory of the scene before us. "No wonder," he exclaimed, "that England tries to hold a land so rich and fair!" "No," replied we; "neither is it any marvel that those to whom it rightly belongs are determined that this beautiful island shall yet be all their own."

Such is a faint outline of Jeremiah Curtin—the rarely-gifted Irish-American—who has appreciably enriched our literature from various fields, and given to the English-speaking world incomparable translations of Sienkiewicz's immortal works.

* * * * *

We glean from a recent issue of the *Union and Times* that "Mr. Curtin and Father Cronin—rest to their souls!—were warm friends. On occasions, all too rare, Mr. Curtin would stop over in Buffalo to see Father Cronin, and the visits were always intellectual feasts for the two and the occasional outsider who was allowed to partake thereof.

Mr. Curtin, who was proficient in seventy languages and, it is believed, excelled any other man as a linguist, died at Bristol, Vermont, last December, in the sixty-sixth year of his age."

April Again!

April again! And Flora at her loom
Weaves tapestries of leaf and bud and bloom,
The vineyard spray, the orchard bough's rich
store,
And honey-bearing plants that bees adore.

April again! And Flora calls to fays
Afar in valley, dell, and woodland ways:
"Let 'broidery, festoon, and garland gleam
By every hillside, meadow-path, and stream!"

April again! And Flora and her train
Smile on the rainbowed Earth's bedecked domain,
And lo, upon the World's great heart there
glows
An Easter Lily, whispering "He rose!"

C. URMY.

"And There Was Light."

BY GENEVIEVE COONEY.

THE Indian corn had been planted and gathered three times since the smoking of the Calumet between the Chippewas and Illinois. Three times the Mississippi had stretched itself from the icy bed of winter and swelled far above its banks into the fields beyond, beckoning in its rush the streams from far-off valleys of the north to lend their meager fury to the flood of Spring. Three times the Chippewas and Illinois had prepared the planting feast together and had burned their offerings to the Great Spirit. Three years they had lived in peace and brotherhood. But the interval had been too long. Once more the savage longed for the sullen sulttry sound of the tom-tom, for the din-din of flying spears and war-cries, for the wild hissing whirl of arrows; once more the tribes look forward to the dizzying war-dance.

The Father of Waters, too, was eager to be stirring from the sluggish sleep beneath its blanket of ice. A soft southern wind had melted the snow from the hillsides further north, and the primal rush of awakened nature was in the air. The Mississippi rose higher and higher until it almost reached the little log church of Kohokia in Southern Illinois, where the light of Christianity burned dimly, but not faintly, flickered sometimes, but never vanished. There the sound of war grew fainter, for while the Indian worshipped not the Christian God as yet, nor looked upon the white medicine man with favor or even tolerance, there was that indefinable halo of peace and authority about the temple of the Great White Spirit which made even the savage grow less a one within its shadow. It was Holy Week and Father Dalvez, the missionary, had prayed and worked almost in vain, so it seemed, to teach the tribes something of the coming Easter and give to them in a way, a little of the peace and happiness of the season.

On Holy Thursday the dogs of war had snapped their chains and the Illinois and Chippewas were thirsting for each other's blood. Toward evening on Good Friday a spy was sent from the camp of Pawnee, chief of the Chippewas, to Ponwaka, of the Illinois, and Nava-ara, daughter of Ponwaka, was stolen. A price was put upon her head and in the morning word was

sent to the Illinois camp that unless Ponwaka surrendered and the lands of his people were given over to the Chippewas, Nava-ara would be killed. The chief was given until dawn to answer and then his daughter would be brought within sight of his land for a last look at her people, and put to death. All day Saturday the Illinois had consulted together, but the council of war was a failure. No hope came to the heart-broken Ponwaka. He, the wise and mighty, was helpless, for Nava-ara, his only child, was gone, and to the enemy. Toward night the braves of the Illinois were lined up a little way back on shore, ready for any action their chief might command. The sky was cloud-laden and streaks of vivid lightning licked heaven and earth, now and then like a hungry serpent, while low, rumbling thunder echoed the dismal tom-tom of the war-crazed Chippewas. A flash of light would sometimes reveal a canoe patrolling the river, or if very bright, a squad of Chippewas talking together on the opposite shore. All lights in the camps were extinguished, and after a few hours the tom-tom ceased. In the air was that dread of impending evil, that silent horror of suspense. Ponwaka stood before his men like one who lived and yet was dead. The braves, lined up, were waiting for his orders, but he could give them none for Nava-ara's life was in his hands with the lives and the lands of his people hung in the balance against it. At this instant he knew the enemy was crossing the swollen river, perhaps Nava-ara was among them. The lightning no longer sent its shaft to show the course of the Chippewas and the night was black, save for the tiny feeble glimmer that gleamed from the window of the White God's temple. Ponwaka moved nearer the edge of the river, his men following, restless, impatient for the conflict. The great chief knelt in the cold, wet sand and looked toward the river, dark and forbidding, yet holding somewhere on its shore or surface, Nava-ara, his only daughter, and the one creature on earth whom he loved.

Ponwaka was afraid, bewildered, afraid even of his own men waiting for orders that he would die rather than give. What would they do if he would sacrifice them and their loved ones for his own? He dared not think of it. Looking up to the murky sky, to the home of the Great Spirit, he sought an answer there, but none came.

Black clouds rolled around the feet of Manitou, but no light, no light. Ponwaka bowed his head and prayed for guidance. He looked again to the feet of the Great Spirit, but there was no light there! Slowly, reluctantly, the chief turned his eyes back from the water, for the voice of Nava-ara still called to him out of the gloom from the canoe of Pawnee. Down the road he saw the little church again, saw the tiny light, and in his heart a ray of hope was born. Words he had heard the White priest utter came back to him: "I am the Way and the Light." The way and the light! Ponwaka listened. Within his soul a voice seemed to speak the words—a voice that had a promise in its earnest soothing. He realized the enormity of the situation and all external influences cried against him. His power, his loved ones, were gone, and out of the chaos there was no way, no light, and again the voice within him seemed to direct his eyes to the light in the church window. "I am the Way and the Light," it said again.

Suddenly Ponwaka raised his hands toward the light and cried aloud to the Christian God to give him a light—to show him the way. Again and again he called while his men, wonder-stricken, looked in question from one to the other.

In the little log church of the Holy Family, Father Dalvez lighted the candles that the dawn of Easter morning might find the altar radiant for the coming of the resurrected Christ. When he had finished he knelt and prayed for the preservation of the church and for the restoration of peace among the Indian tribes. Then a faint cry, as of some one moaning, came through the gloom, and the priest, hesitating a moment before the door, threw it open. He went outside and stood in the shadow by the church, leaving the door open after him, waiting to hear again the cry, but the place was as still as death. As he looked toward the river he saw a solitary canoe glide into the gleam of light, quite near the shore, and vanish again. In it were Pawnee and two of his chiefs with Ponwaka's daughter. Father Dalvez knew they were going to carry out their threat and if the Illinois did not surrender they would put her to death at the first glimmer of dawn. How could he get word to the Illinois? Before he could answer the question, a line of crouched figures crept out of the darkness and almost silently climbed into canoes. Instantly they were

off in the trail of Pawnee and Nava-ara. Then in the darkness the two chiefs met. Great battles are fought in the smallest divisions of time, and while the killing of Pawnee was over in a moment—so swift had been the decision of Ponwaka—a mighty effect had been the result and Nava-ara was safely dragged from Pawnee's canoe by the chiefs of her father's people while Pawnee's men went down into the black water with their conquered leader. Ponwaka's people were safe now and Nava-ara, the beloved idol of the tribe, was restored to him.

Father Dalvez, ignorant of the struggle in the dark waters before him, turned into the church, and knelt once more in silent prayer. Dawn came and with it Ponwaka. Following the big chief, his daughter, hunters and warriors until they half filled the little log temple. Then Ponwaka waited for the last red man to enter and for silence. The priest gazed at the motley gathering with some apprehension of fear, but the look which Ponwaka gave him was not one of hostility. Some of the braves had seated themselves on the skins with which the floor was partly covered; some leaned against the log walls. A few wandered around, looking at the pictures.

At last Ponwaka spoke: "You medicine-man from Great Spirit. Me Indian. Pawnee and Chippewa men—dead. Nava-ara come back. Ponwaka ask Indian God for light—to see Pawnee—to find Nava-ara. He no send light. All too dark. Ponwaka cannot see. Ponwaka see light in window—this White God's temple," and he pointed majestically toward the little window from which the gleam of a candle had given him hope. "Me pray to Christian God. He send light—big light." The chief crossed his arms across his breast and steadied his eyes on Father Dalvez. "You white medicine-man bring light. Ponwaka see Pawnee. Pawnee alone—have two men—Nava-ara. We follow—we kill Pawnee—men too. Nava-ara she is here. Christian God he friend of red man. He save Nava-ara—He save my people." He gave a signal and all his followers formed a little circle around him and the priest. One by one and with a feeling of uncertainty and awe they laid their spears and tomahawks beside them, knelt and bowed their heads. The leader continued: "We Ponwaka and the Illinois—we get good from Christian God—we worship Christian God."



EDGEWOOD.

Donald G. Mitchell.

A SKETCH.

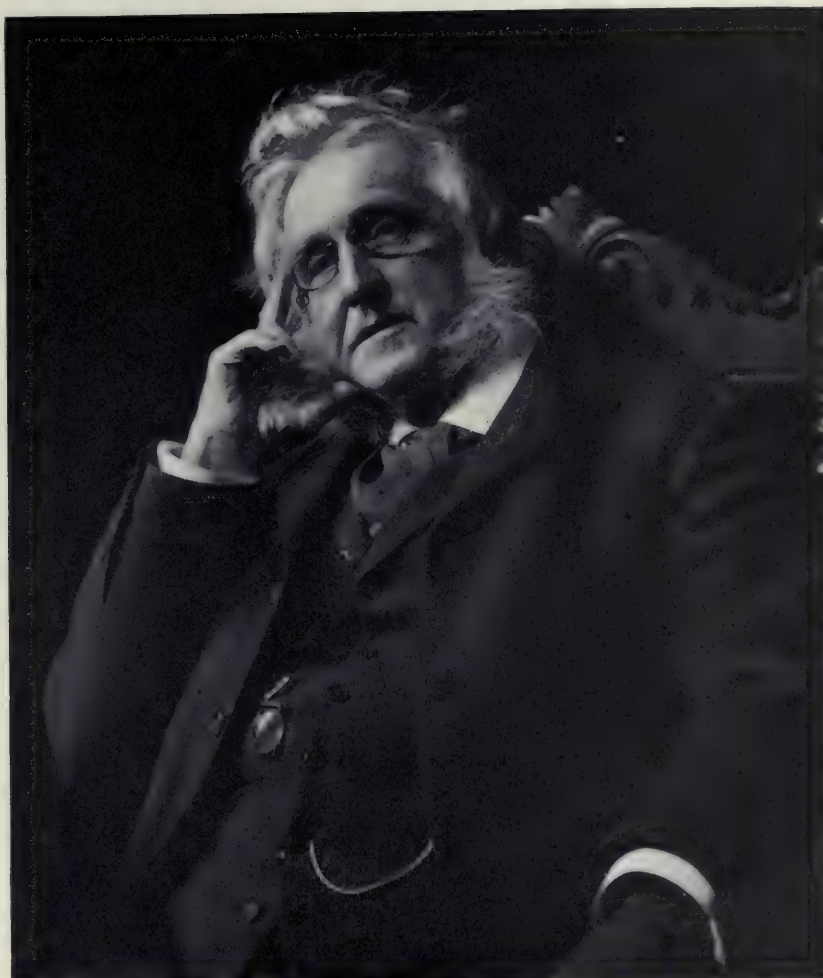
THOSE who revel in the classics, with their other courses of reading, who like to be brought into contact with old authors and who admire that simplicity of writing which appeals to the hearts of most lovers of literature, may with the same emotions find these delights in the works of "Ik Marvel." In fact, old readers require no advisement of the charm of Donald G. Mitchell's literature. To them he is a classic and they know why.

The simplicity of his character, the true refinement and culture of the man and the sentiments of deep thought and feeling which he so strongly possesses suggest at once what his works might resemble. Mitchell is one of those authors who transform the simplest themes into reality and beauty and endear them by some indefinable magic touch. For instance, the sound of the rain on the roof, the flying of a little bird to its nest, or the clatter of children's feet, with their merry laughter. All of which demonstrates the genius and beauty of this writer, and is at once a sign and evidence of natural distinction.

William Winter, the well-known author and critic, said of Mitchell some years ago: "Ik Mar-

vel is an analyst who has not only read the books of the old authors, but with keen spiritual intuition has also read their minds. Washington Irving spoke of having been drawn toward Mitchell by the qualities of head and heart in his writings. Perhaps he would have mentioned, first of all, that quality of grace which diffuses peace—that blending of dignity and sweetness."

Our attention may be directed to the quiet old city of Norwich, in the State of Connecticut, in which Donald Grant Mitchell was born in the year 1822. As a boy he used to love to run about in the woods and fields watching and playing with the dumb inhabitants of Nature's abode. Birds and butterflies were his favorites. Mitchell was educated at Judge Hall's Ellington school, where he prepared for college and gave at that time great evidence of talent by which he became subsequently so distinguished. In 1841, when he was nineteen, he was graduated at Yale, from which university he subsequently received the degree of LL.D. After graduating from college he studied law in New York for a time. A few years later, in 1853, he was married to Miss Mary Pringle of Charleston, South Carolina. In that same year, which must have been his fortunate one, Mitchell was made United States Consul to Venice. But his career in public life



Edgewood, Don G. Mitchell
Feb. 1907

lasted but for a short time, for when he was still in the prime of life and had already written many books, he was strongly attracted by a desire for a country home and a little trial at farming. And, in addition to that, a quiet spot where he could live with his writings and literature and with Nature alone to lend her charms and to which he could communicate his thoughts.

Mitchell must have recalled his days of childhood among the trees and flowers, for he longed to be with them again. And still more he longed to convey his thoughts to paper and to continue his works. It seemed that his love for the country never left him. Consequently, soon after his return from Venice he purchased the beautiful estate in a suburb of New Haven, which has ever since been his home, to which he gave the very appropriate name of "Edgewood." Everything was to be suited to his ideal of what such a place should be like.

It is fifty years ago now since "Ik Marvel" settled in his country-seat and time has brought great changes—of course in years—but the same qualities of gentleness and kindness remain the notable characteristics of its owner, and still more, that beautiful trait of character—simplicity. His house, too, still stands as it was, when he first went to live there, with its simple beauty. As you enter the rustic gateway at Edgewood you are immediately impressed with the place as being the home of some one of distinction and a true lover of Nature.

The residence is situated on a high elevation surrounded by extensive grounds and buried in trees and shrubs which give it a welcoming and homelike appearance. Surrounding Edgewood are many grand hills and mountains, while just at the back, overlooking all, is a very high rock or promontory covered with dark green verdure, which gives a most effective picture against the glowing sun when it sets in its glorious robes of gold and purple. Then its golden beams break forth and wander through the thick woods and at last find their way to the house which is embedded in mighty pines and hemlocks. The house is of the old English style and suggests nothing of elaborate modern residences, but possesses such an air of sweet simpleness, yet artistic beauty, that you can not avoid the thought that the occupant must have qualities comparable with his idealistic home. If you enter the

house you will find that all within is expressive of the charming and distinguishing qualities of the serene and lovable old gentleman who has so long made it his home. For it is here that "Ik Marvel" retired when about thirty years of age, and has resided for more than fifty years.

It was at his beautiful home at Edgewood to which he came in his early manhood, that most of his literary work was accomplished. There inspired by quiet intercourse with Nature in its most attractive garb, he transformed into living words the beautiful thoughts and dreams which crowded upon his mind.

From that quiet country seat at Edgewood many books have been produced which will live in American literature for many years to come, and which have been an inspiration and a joy to all lovers of good literature in the half century that has passed.

One of Mitchell's first manuscripts, written while in his early enthusiasm for country and farm life in 1863, was "My Farm of Edgewood," which shows his intelligent ideas of husbandry and a true love and appreciation of rural life. And so on in many other works, written during the earlier years at Edgewood, he disclosed the same fondness for the things of Nature and true estimate of all that belongs to the refining influences of simple country life. Some of his books of this period are "Seven Stories with Basement and "Attic," in 1864, "Wet Days at Edgewood," in 1865 and "Rural Studies," in 1867.

Apart from those is the exquisite volume, entitled "Reveries of a Bachelor," which may well be called his masterpiece, although produced when he was only twenty-eight years of age and before he married. Then came "The Lorgnette," written in that same year, 1850, and "Dream Life" and "Fudge Doings," following a few years afterwards. Early in the year 1847, when "Ik Marvel" was but twenty-five years old, he completed his first real work, called "Fresh Gleanings," and subsequent to that was "The Battle Summer or Paris" in 1848. From then on he composed constantly, with but a few years intervening, in which he spent some time in improving his estate at Edgewood, when he again resumed writing with even still more industry. After the "Rural Studies" he brought forth "Dr. John's" in 1868, "About Old Story-Tellers" in 1878, "Daniel Tyler" and "The Woodbridge

Record" in the same year, 1883. Then followed, in 1884, the excellent little works, "Bound Together" and "Out-of-Town Places."

During his later years he has directed most of his literary labors to American and English literature, upon which his judgment and criticism are of the highest authority.

In 1889 he published "English Lands, Letters and Kings," and in 1897 "American Lands and Letters," which is his latest work. Since then he has rested from his labors and lived in quiet retirement at his Edgewood home, occasionally giving lectures on literature at the university in New Haven, where he is justly esteemed by the former as one of its illustrious sons, and by the latter as one of its most eminent citizens.

It is a pleasure to read "Ik Marvel" if only for his style and form of expression, quite apart from all wealth and beauty of his thought.

William Winter again gives him the following tribute: "Mitchell's books put much in little. They do not attempt to astonish, to dismay or to be 'knowing' in brilliance. They are simple, sound and true, like the heart from which they sprang. They have helped many an earnest soul to bear its burdens with cheerful patience, and that is why they are loved. Yet the literary art of them might almost equally well account for their fascination. The fidelity and the quaintness of Isaak Walton and White of Selborne live again in the Edgewood books. In no other treasury can be found such sweet, artless, fragrant memorials of the early and the late poets who lived close to Nature and were nestled in her bosom—the Greek and Roman bards of rural life, and such moderns as Burns, Crabbe, Hogg, Shenstone and Bloomfield. He has the art of bringing one into personal communication with all the old favorites."

It was my good fortune a few months ago in the early autumn to visit Edgewood, where I was most kindly and courteously received by Miss Mitchell, who presented me with a photograph of her father and told me something of the life at Edgewood. From the residence can be seen an impressive view of "West Rock," one of the grand sentinels which keep silent watch over the beautiful city of New Haven, a picture of which appears with this article.

"Ik Marvel's" long life has been filled with good work, and many of his books will doubtless

live to please and help generations to come, because he has wrought so beautifully and has turned many of his dreams into realities. The last sentence of the "Reveries" seems almost prophetic now:

"I dreamed pleasant dreams that night, for I dreamed that my revery was real."

FLORILLA WEBB.

Christmas Carolings, Comemorative of the Golden Jubilee of Mother M. Dosithea.

"Bless ye the Lord, all his elect, keep days of joy,
and give glory to Him."

THE happy intermingling of Christmas and Jubilee Bells lent a special charm of festivity to Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Never was the old year rung out to such delightful peals as resounded throughout its precincts, and no more estimable occasion could have evoked such blithe strains than the celebration of Mother M. Dosithea's Golden Jubilee.

To spend fifty years in the exclusive service of the Lord is undoubtedly an exceptional privilege, and to spend these years in posts of trust and honor, working untiringly to the inspiring watchword of the great warrior Saint: "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," is certainly a cause of prolonged thanksgiving.

As a fitting testimony of the esteem in which Mother Dosithea is held, the pupils, as well as the Community, wished to pay their tribute of rejoicing, so, before the Christmas holidays separated them, they used their combined efforts to make the occasion memorable.

On December twenty-first, their beautiful concert hall presented a most festive appearance. The stage was artistically decorated with a profusion of foliage and tasteful drapings of yellow and white, but the loveliest ornaments were the rows and rows of young girls, fair and fresh and sweetly attractive in their dainty white gowns and yellow silk sashes. The audience was limited to the members of the clergy, among whom were prominent Very Reverend J. J. McCann, V. G., Reverend J. Teefy, D. D., Reverend F. Rohleder, Reverend J. Walsh, Reverend P. J. Coyle, Reverend G. Williams, Reverend J.



WEST ROCK.

Doyle, C. SS. R., Reverend E. Murray, C. S. B.,
Reverend R. Burke, C. S. B., Reverend W. A.
McCann, Reverend T. O'Donnell, Reverend J.
Whelan.

Some of the former pupils were noticeable,
also representatives from other houses of the
Institute. All evidenced the highest apprecia-
tion for the successful carrying out of the fol-
lowing programme:

A. M. D. G.

Anthem, St. Luke, Chap. II., 8-16.
Piano Transcription, "Walter's Prize Song"
..... *Wagner-Bendel*

An Angel from Paradise, bearing a Golden
Crown, passing through a garden of Our Lady's
Institute, is questioned by the flowers:

"For whom is borne this precious diadem?"

The Rose surmises a conqueror, the Pansy a
musician, the Poppy an artist, the Lily a poet,
and the Violet one whose life is full of

"Worthy acts unseen."

To whom the Angel makes answer, for one bet-
ter than these, for her who,

"For fifty fruitful years, has nobly trod
The narrow way that leadeth sure to God."

The flowers admit the greatest conquest is that
of self, the sweetest music is kind words, the
grandest picture is a life that points the way to
Heaven, the noblest poet one

"Whose every thought is lofty."

Chorus:

"When the Christmas bells are ringing,
Can'st thou naught from them be gleaning?
Hear thou, then, the Angels singing,
Learn of them to read their meaning."

Piano Duet, Fanfare Militaire.....*Bohm*
Mandolin Solo, Serenade.....*Gabriel-Marie*

Chorus:

"Hark! the bells of Christmas sound
Far across the lea,
Making o'er the frosty ground,
Making dulcet melody,
Soft and low, still they go,
Swinging, ringing to and fro."

—*Abt.*

Piano Solo, Hunting Song.....*Rheinberger*

Chorus:

"Hark! I hear the night-bells ringing,
Can it be the storm sprites singing,
Gaily dancing, through the gloaming,
Softly to the wind's low moaning.
Can it be the bells are ringing cheerily?"

"Hark! I hear the night-bells ringing,
Can it be the monks are singing,
Singing within their cloister'd fold,
Can it be their bells are ringing,
Ringing mournfully?"

"Hark! I hear the night-bells ringing,
Can it be the Angels singing,
Singing in the brightening East
The advent of their great High Priest,
Can it be the bells that are heralding in
The Prince of Peace."

—*Vincent.*

Anthem, St. Luke, Chap. 2:8.
Piano Transcription, "Walter's Prize Song."

The Jubilee Drama was interpreted in the most
charming manner by the Graduates, who ex-
hibited to perfection easy grace, clear enuncia-
tion, and delightful assimilation of individuality
to the pretty rôles assumed.

As the beautiful spiritual allegory reached its
climax, floating into the silence of the great hall
a chant arose as of far-off celestial choirs, and the
mystical song,

"Veni Sponsa Christi, accipe
Coronam, quam tibi Dominus praeparavit in
aeternum,"

fell calm upon the listening ear.

When the last sweet strain had died away, the
Angel laid at the feet of the venerable Jubilarian
the Golden Garland.

Delightful choral songs followed, ringing with
Christmas exultation, and closing with the old
yet ever-new and ever-beautiful welcome to the
King of Kings—"Adeste Fideles."

At the close of the entertainment, Very Rev-
erend Vicar-General McCann addressed those
present in a charming speech befitting the occa-
sion, paying special tribute to the estimable Ju-
bilarian.

The days immediately preceding the festival
of Christmas were spent in solemn preparation
for the Renovation of Vows. The Triduum was

preached by Reverend M. Bohn, C. SS. R., of Saratoga, N. Y., who brought his devout listeners over to Bethlehem with the shepherds to see the new-born Babe and learn from Him the deep lessons which the divine mystery of the Incarnation reveals to the meek and humble of heart.

On the feast of St. John the Evangelist, the religious celebration of the Golden Jubilee took place. The holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by Reverend T. O'Donnell, Reverend J. McGrand assisting as deacon, and Reverend T. Finnegan as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Reverend W. A. McCann, Reverend D. Donovan, S. J., Reverend F. Rohleder, Reverend J. Walsh, and Reverend P. J. Coyle.

The liturgic and musically beautiful mass of St. Charles by the eminent Vatican composer, Dom Perosi, alternating with the stricter Gregorian, was sung by the nuns' choir, the glorious beauty of both being revealed in a most devotional manner.

The musically less severe style of the "Jubilantes in Aeternum," sung after the "Ite Missa est," was a magnificent inspiration of joyful sentiments of thanksgiving and praise.

The day was delightfully spent, affording the opportunity of happy reunions among the different communities of the Institute, and, at five o'clock, the spacious chapel was again a blaze of light. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Reverend F. Rohleder, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, assisted by Very Reverend J. McCann, Vicar-General, and Reverend T. O'Donnell. Again the choir "made melody in all hearts," as the exquisite strains of Christmas and Jubilee anthems resounded. Very Reverend Vicar-General McCann preached a most eloquent sermon, portraying emphatically the beauties of a religious vocation and the happiness of having served God from early youth into the autumn of life.

Our earnest congratulations are offered to Mother M. Dosithea, to whom the Lord has graciously granted "length of days" in His sweet service.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.

Venite Seorsum.

Who calls? Who calls? Return thou captain,
Full far lies shore from thee.

Come back! Heed not the moaning,
The mystery of yon sea.

Come back and say what demon
Or angel calleth thee.

The call? The call is in my soul.

Yet tell what calls, or gold or jewel,
Or knighthood's cross for thee?

Yea, fear thine ocean guerdon,
Oblivion in yon sea.

Come back and say what fairy
Or spirit calleth thee.

The call? The call is in my soul.

Yet say whose voice or whose the music
The tempest brings to thee?

Who sings thy love songs sweeter
Beyond yon stormy sea?

Come back and say what singing
Or echo calleth thee.

The call? The call is in my soul.

Then tell what dream, what haloed vision
The storm-clouds show to thee.

No light, no flashing colors

Are shrouded 'neath yon sea.

Come back! Come back! What madness
Or mirage calleth thee?

The call? The call is in my soul.

Then tell what words, what wondrous story
Thy call can have for thee?

What sends thee flying lonely
Across yon fearful sea?

Come back! and say what devil
Or madman calleth thee.

The call? The call is in my soul.

The sobbing call of cold and famine,
Of mothers, comes to me;

The wail of sweet, sad children
That drown on yon dark sea.


Come thou! or stay and sicken,
For God is calling me.

The call, His call, is in my soul.

GEORGE CHARLES BUCHANAN.

N. B. "Venite Seorsum" (come ye apart) is the motto of one of the Church mission presses, Société des Missions Etrangères, in Hong Kong.

Our Happiest Days.

“ UR school days are our happiest!” Indeed, it is very easy for our elders to say that and to sigh and wonder why we cannot appreciate the joys and bliss of youth when, like Goethe, they long to live again the time “when life’s realities were all romance.”

Suppose we reflect on the bliss of rising early, “while the cock with lively din scatters the rear of darkness thin,” and the little silver bell softly tinkles, and the boats and engines whistle their morning salutation—what a delight to see “the great sun begin his state,” “right against the eastern gate!” We are so charmed that we almost forget—until another bell reminds us—that Mass is at half-past six—then what joy to grasp belts, collars, ribbons, all in one minute!

Daily Mass, of course, is truly a pleasure, an inestimable privilege, during which we forget all our troubles and think only of the mystery present.

There, another bell reminds us that we have fifteen sweet minutes in which to arrange our spacious apartments—but hark!—“Bless us, O Lord,”—it has really come and we may at last break our fast and speak. But once we have satisfied the inner self, we are ushered into the recreation room to exercise and prepare ourselves for that charming hour of study before we really begin the day’s work.

“Come, Holy Spirit,”—it must be nine o’clock—a hustle and a bustle—then “Tell me what you know of the Eutychian heresy or Arianism?” Will there ever be such a heavenly study as Church History? Those lovely dates and endless heresies, persecutions and schisms? No wonder the ancients sigh for their schooldays—and that “narrative of past events”—“the story of the past”—that confusion of Alcibiades, Marathon, Pisistratus, Hannibal and hundreds of other battles, retreats and men—is it not bliss to be compelled to rack the brain trying to remember their sweet names and to confuse them with HCL and H_2SO_4 , and, in our efforts to recite the lesson, even to burn carbon dioxide? How we adore these grand studies that so elevate and expand the intellect!

But the greatest of all—the most solid of all pleasures—so magnificent that only the mind of a graduate can fully comprehend its beauties—

that golden geometry! Well might others sigh for the recital of one of its propositions, with authorities, while we revel in its delight for a short half-hour and are then compelled to join our companions in the recreation hall. But our minds are inflamed with the burning questions. “In what points will the axis of the cone pierce all the sections that are parallel to the base?” And we wonder what limit the pyramids of Ramses indefinitely approached.

“I sing because I love to sing,”—yes, is it not strange, every duty of convent life is such pleasure, even to sit, without moving an eyelid, and listen to religious instruction—it is just like play.

The Angelus! and then dinner—“Yes, Emma, chemistry is the study of the gods and goddesses”—“pass the butter, please,”—“well, black tones down any color, but I like green in.” “Will you, please, pass the finger-bowl?” “Amen,” and this duty is finished.

“Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures”—a snow-ball fight—poor grown-ups! Is it possible that they ever relished such thrilling battles? “The Canadians won!” “I beg your pardon, they did not. Hurrah! The Amer”—another sweet little sound warns us the afternoon delights are commencing.

“Hurry, Bessie, you are so slow,” “I sing of arms and that distinguished,”—O Virgil! how we love you! Alas, for those who are deprived of the great pleasure of spending two hours daily, preparing twenty lines of such classic Latin poetry, or of learning *Télémaque*’s wonderful wanderings, from a large black French book! Truly the joys of school life are innumerable!

And the hour of literature, so charmingly spent in hunting hidden meanings or looking for introspection or allusions. We live with the gods, on the summit of divine Olympus, “while we study those youthful prodigies” who “lisped in numbers for the numbers came,” or who raved about the beautiful “blue hills” at the age of four, or were, even at the age of nine, competent Latin and Greek scholars—and we wonder if there is any hope for us! “It is the time,”—yes, now we say the Office of the Blessed Virgin and the Rosary.

“Have you had your lunch? Then we will take Easterday and back by Johnson Street.” How grateful we should be for this privilege of

viewing nature from the outside, of verifying the laws of gravity and, like Brutus, feigning to stumble and kiss Mother Earth.

But of all pleasures that the eye hath seen or the ear heard, could any excel this last hour of study, when even the spinning of a spider's web can be distinctly heard? Supper is a mere obligation we fulfill for the sake of order.

The evening recreation—anyone might wish for that—"with stories told of many a feat," "songs we love to sing," and "sport that wrinkled care derides." But, "suadent cadentia sidera somnos," so we adjourn to the dormitory. Here sublime silence reigns supreme and we are "by whispering winds soon lulled to sleep."

How can we ever realize or appreciate these beautiful pleasures that pass so swiftly! Is there no fountain of perpetual youth? Yes, big people are right—schooldays hold no troubles whatever—they are one delightful dream of happiness, and we fully agree with the French poet that

"Ce qui passe le plus vite,
Ce sont les jours heureux."

MARY A. McKENNA.

The Influence of Mythology on Literature.

THERE are some people so conscientious that they think it a great wrong to let children believe in fairies, mermaids, "a nymph, a naiad, or a grace," and, with this opinion, they fail to understand the important part which the myths have had in the progress of the world's literature. The most celebrated and illustrious poets and prose writers frequently refer to them, while the greatest of all ancient writers, Homer and Virgil, have made mythical legends the foundation of their literary monuments, the *Odyssey* and the *Aeneid*. In the *Odyssey* are related the wanderings of Ulysses in his journey home from Troy. The events, as depicted in this epic, are almost entirely poetic and mythical, not in the strict sense historical. The *Aeneid*, with which all Latin scholars are familiar, is based, like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, upon events supposed to have happened in that legendary and

romantic episode known as the Trojan war, and which describes the establishment of Aeneas in Italy. The story is, that in a contest among three goddesses, Venus, Juno and Minerva, for the apple of Discord, Venus was awarded the prize by Paris, the son of Priam, who, at the time, was brought up as a shepherd on Mount Ida, and had been chosen judge of the contest, and was bribed by Venus with the promise that she would give him the most beautiful woman in the world as a wife. This woman proved to be Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. Paris, on a visit to the court of Menelaus, during the latter's absence, enticed Helen back with him to Troy. To recover his wife, Menelaus assembled a large army of Greeks and laid siege to Troy. After a war of ten years, by the stratagem of a wooden horse filled with soldiery, the city was captured and burned and all but a remnant of the inhabitants put to the sword. According to the Roman legends, Aeneas, led by the fates, conducted a party of Trojans to the west coast of Italy and there founded the colony, which afterwards became the "Eternal City," Rome.

Fénélon, in his beautiful French style, gives us the story of adventures of *Télémaque* in search of his father, Ulysses, after the siege of Troy. He is shipwrecked on the isle of the goddess Calypso, and is restrained from accepting the immortality which she offers him by Minerva, who, under the figure of Mentor, accompanies him on his journey. *Télémaque*, with his youthful impetuosity, would have lost courage and abandoned himself to a life of pleasure and idleness, had it not been for the guiding hand of this goddess of wisdom.

Schiller mentions these Greek divinities in many of his poems, but especially in *The Gods of Greece*, where he speaks of them exclusively, and in *The Triumph of Love*, where he beautifully describes these gods, their duties and influences; and, in the *Ideal and Life*, he describes Olympus as a place "where the blest recline, moons revolve and ages pass away." Goethe, also, has paid his tribute to Mount Olympus in a beautiful poem of that name, and has done full justice to the ever-inspiring theme—*Prometheus*.

Among our great English poets who have recourse to these fables are Milton and Tennyson. Even *Paradise Lost* would be incomplete with-

out these allusions, and they add a special charm to Milton's minor poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, where he refers to different gods and goddesses, to the Three Graces, and to mythical Greek poets. Besides mentioning the nymphs in many of his poems, Tennyson's beautiful mythological poem, "The Lotos Eaters," describes "a land where all things always seemed the same." Surely this is a myth!

Many of the minor poets have also written myths, and we ourselves sometimes find them indispensable in expressing our thoughts, while by interweaving them in our writings, the language is made more beautiful.

We do not believe these myths to have any influence over our lives, as did the superstitious ancients, but we can draw morals from their old legends, or look upon them as personifying different vices or virtues. The study of mythology is very necessary to students, or, in fact, to any book-lover, for we cannot read very extensively without encountering allusions to the myths; and if we are not familiar with them we lose half the beauty of the poem on which the poet lavished such tender care.

Greek legends proved the foundation for the mythology of all other nations. The Sagas, which designate the heroic myths and tales of the Scandinavians, tell "the Great Story of the North, which should be to all our race what the Tale of Troy was to the Greeks." The Saga of King Olaf is very interestingly rendered by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

The "Nibelungenlied" is a German poem which describes Siegfried, one of the heroes of the Netherlands, who possessed a Tarnkappe or cloak of darkness, which rendered the wearer invisible and gave him the power of twelve men. Wrapped in this cloak, he slew the great dragon which no other man could kill and, wishing to render himself invulnerable, he bathed in the blood of this monster. A leaf clung to his back and this spot, untouched by blood, became vulnerable.

What an impulse was given our English literature by that great mythical hero, King Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table! Though his name is connected with impossible deeds, and he existed in an atmosphere more romantic than real, the beautiful, spiritual tenor that characterized his life will ever constitute him as strong an

incentive to good as many who lay claim to more reliable lineage.

DELPHINE MAYER.

**A Chopin Programme, Rendered by the
Pupils of Loretto Convent, Hamil-
ton, on the Evening of Friday,
March the Fifteenth.**

Foreword,

MARGARET BROWNLEE.

II. Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2, in E flat major.
IRENE MULLEN.

III. Valse in D flat major, Op. 64, No. 1.
ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

IV. Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 2.....
ELIZABETH MACSLOY.

V. Waltz, Op. 34, No. 1.....
HELEN COUGHLAN.

VI. Essay—Chopin the Genius.
HILDA MURRAY.

VII. Nocturne in B major.....
KATE LEAST.

VIII. Polonaise, Op. 71, No. 3.....
FRANCES DANIELLS.

IX. Nocturne in G minor.....
MARY BATTLE.

X. Marche Funèbre, Op. 72, No. 2.....
LEILA NOBLE.

XI. Vocal Solo, "The Maiden's Wish".....
RITA SHEEDY.

XII. Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 4.....
IDA CORNWALL.

"Vir Fidelis"
FULL CHORUS.

Goodness that is not greatness is a sad misfortune. While it saves its own soul it will not let others save theirs. Especially does it contrive, in proportion to its influence, to put a spoke in the wheel of all progress; and it has almost a talent for interfering with efforts for the salvation of souls.

An Evening with Some German Composers and Authors.

The aim of all the arts is the same, though every one of them arrives at its own ends by different roads.—*Ritter.*

Schubert wrote for silence, half his work lay like a frozen Rhine till summer came. That warmed the grass above him. Even so! His music lives now with a mighty youth.—*George Eliot.*

A VERY creditable programme was given by the pupils of the different music classes, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, on the evening of February the ninth. The able assistance of some of the German students added a charming variety and gave an increased interest.

This little symposium should have been given on the exact date of Schubert's birthday, January the thirty-first, but, owing to various reasons, it was postponed until the above-mentioned date.

Miss Eleanor Lilley's introductory remarks gave an historical and literary insight into the different numbers. Miss Rita Simpson displayed her usual brilliancy in the difficult Schubert-Tausig March. Uhland's delightful little poem, "Das Schloss am Meer," was very beautifully recited by Miss Agnes Mudd, Mildred Decker and Dorothy Rochford.

On a Schubert programme one would naturally expect to see some songs, and all eyes looked a blissful expectancy at the thought of hearing that exquisite *Lied* of the great songwriter—"Who is Sylvia?" but, as the song-bird had betaken herself to Buffalo, we are still asking ourselves—"Who is Sylvia?"

Miss Alice Ramsay played with splendid abandon the well-known Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 4.

A scene from the touching drama of Joseph and Benjamin was very skilfully enacted by Miss Coffey and Miss Helen Langmuir. The first named is to be congratulated on the gigantic strides that she has made in her study of German, but for Miss Helen Langmuir we have not words adequate enough to express the perfection of the rich accent which emanated from one so young. Sounds from "Unter den Linden," one would be inclined to exclaim—although the Scriptural scene would hardly suit gay Berlin.

Miss Vivian Spence gave a very correct rendition of Impromptu, Op. 42, No. 3, while Miss

Florence Martin's Reading—"In Anecdotal Vein," was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by all.

Liszt's transcription of the Schubert songs is a "joy forever." Miss Veronica Altenburg's clever interpretation of "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" was a veritable musical treat.

The pièce de résistance, of course, was the scene from Schiller's Mary Stuart, in which both young ladies gave evidence of a purity of accent not often attained by English-speaking students. Miss Helen Harvey, as Mary Queen of Scots, displayed much dramatic talent. Miss Georgia Cannon made an ideal Anna Kenedy.

This pleasing little entertainment was brought to a close by all standing up in their places and joining in the national German anthem, "Die Wacht am Rhein."

MILDRED MACK.

PROGRAMME.

- I. Preliminary Remarks,
ELEANOR LILLEY.
- II. Marche Militaire*Schubert-Tausig*
RITA SIMPSON.
- III. Recitation, "Das Schloss am Meer"
..... *Uhland*
AGNES MUDD, DOROTHY ROCHFORD AND
MILDRED DECKER.
- IV. Vocal Solo—
(a) Sehnsucht *Kjerulf*
(b) Who is Sylvia?.....*Schubert*
MARY LEARY.
- V. Impromptu—Op. 90, No. 4....*Schubert*
ALICE RAMSAY.
- VI. Scene from Scriptural Drama, Joseph and Benjamin.
FRANCES COFFEY AND HELEN LANGMUIR.
- VII. Impromptu—Op. 42, No. 2....*Schubert*
VIVIAN SPENCE.
- VIII. Reading, "In Anecdotal Vein."
FLORENCE MARTIN.
- IX. "Hark, Hark, the Lark!".....*Schubert*
VERONICA ALTENBURG.
- X. Scene from Mary Stuart.....*Schiller*
GEORGIA CANNON AND HELEN HARVEY.
- XI. German National Anthem, "Die Wacht am Rhein."

**A Sketch of Indian History, Given at
Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, by
Rev. M. J. Rosa, C. M., on the
Afternoon of February Sixth.**

FOUR HUNDRED years have elapsed since Columbus landed on the shores of San Salvador, and proved the existence of a new world. He found a strange race of people ranging over its hills and valleys, its mountains and its broad savannahs. A new civilization was introduced, and, as the white invasion came, wave on wave, and increased and multiplied, faster and faster it swept the red man back towards the setting sun. A few more turns of the wheel of time and it would seem as if the Indian, his customs, his manners, and his traditions were destined to become nothing more than a memory and a name. Where could it be more pronounced than in the district round us here? Three centuries ago it was thickly settled by a rude and barbarous people, but withal a happy and contented nation; to-day, not a vestige remains. Not a stream, not a river, not a mountain bears their name, the wigwam has given place to the white man's dwelling, above the chasm of the great cataract the steel arch of progress mocks the flashing rainbow, the smoke of commerce mingles with the drifting spray that, in the Indian's fancy, swept the mist maiden to her doom.

For a few brief moments, let us step back in fancy across the gap of centuries, let us draw aside the veil a little, and, as far as our limited knowledge goes, give some idea of the Indian as he was, his language and his methods of communicating his ideas. At the white man's coming, the mound-builder, or, at least, his descendants, still lingered in the Ohio valley. The Empire of the Montezumas was in the zenith of its glory, while the Peruvians were still erecting those wonderful piles that remain to-day an imperishable monument of their splendor and their greatness.

Fringing the northern coast line and the Arctic Ocean, seldom seen fifty miles from the coast, dwelt the Eskimos, as Von Baer calls them, the Phenicians of the North. Practically amphibious, skilled fishermen, in their light skin kyaks they dared the fury of old ocean. Light-hearted and contented, as their Algonquin name ex-

presses, they were eaters of raw flesh, and of agriculture were in absolute ignorance. To the south of them, the great Athabaskan stock ranged from the Great Lakes to Hudson Bay, from the Mackenzie River even to the land of the Montezumas. This wide-spread family, under a multitude of subdivisions, extended over nearly 45 degrees of latitude, occupied thousands of square miles of territory, and reached from the Gulf of Mexico even to the Arctic Ocean. The north and west of this vast territory was held by kindred Algonquin stock, while the east and south was held by the fierce and warlike Iroquois. Their history abounds in great names—Terraconta, the great Christian chief, of whom much more would be heard if he had not been a Catholic of stern, unbending type; King Philip, who fought the Pilgrim fathers; Pocahontas, the Indian girl; Tekawitha, the Christian champion; Red Jacket, Pontiac, Black Hawk and Tecumseh—names that will live as long as our annals endure. To them, too, belonged the gentle Lenni-Lenape, who met William Penn at Shackamaxon. To them belonged the Chippewas of the Great Lakes, the legends of whom are preserved in Hiawatha. To them also belonged the gypsy of the wilderness, the restless Shawnee.

Mexico and the Isthmus were roughly apportioned between two distinct types, the Aztec group in the North and the Mayan group in the South. Both seem to have attained a rather high degree of civilization, as attested by many literary fragments, as well as by the ruins of magnificent cities, that are now almost hidden by the wild, dense growth of tropical forest.

In South America we find a marked similarity to the Northern continent. Two races advanced in civilization, and two of a much lower rank in the scale of knowledge and achievement. Starting from the region of Bogota, the Muyscas spread out over the northwestern section; while Lake Titicaca seems to have been the cradle of the Peruvian civilization. The northeastern section was dominated by the fierce and warlike Carib tribes, the memory of whom finds an echo in our language from the word cannibal, which was another name for this savage race, and preserves one of their most brutal, savage, and distinctive characteristics. In the immense Amazon basin and from there extending southward,

possession was held by the Tupi stock of whom few remnants and records have been preserved.

Though divided thus into great primary groups, and again divided and subdivided into an almost innumerable number of smaller groups or tribes, still their language shows a radical and basic similarity, that could only come from a unity of common origin. This basic idea is first and foremost the idea of incorporation. What this is can best be made clear by example. A Chinaman expresses his ideas by unconnected syllables, but their position determines their meaning; a German will add word to word, or use terminations meaningless in themselves. A Finn adds syllable to syllable, while in the English, the same end is gained by particles and, in part, by position and emphasis. Very different from this is an incorporative language. The Egyptian had a symbol for a girl, another for a young woman, another for a married woman, another for a married woman with a child, and so on, but, for the abstract idea of woman, there was no sign.

In like manner an Indian might speak of his father, her father, its father, but for father itself there was no symbol. It enables the senses to define with precision and accuracy, but is extremely unfriendly to exact reasoning. It gives rise to bewildering flexibility, two sexes use different names for the same object, old and young, married and single, each may express the same idea in a different way. Words were dropped and others manufactured either through superstition or pure, simple caprice. Sometimes the working of the mind seems plain, as for example, in the naming of the young Indian baby. The soothsayer looked out the door and the first object that met his eye, that name the child received. This gives rise to such names as Sitting Bull, Rain in the Face, Red Feather, and others of the same kind; this name was instantly changed if any deed that he performed would warrant the change, or, again, we are left completely in the dark, as, for example, why a circle should represent Spirit, as in the Chippewa's scroll, or a serpent typify life.

The means invented to transmit his thought were worthy of his surroundings. The tattoo marks on breast or arms, the strings of bear's claw, the strings of elk's teeth, these were not

only trophies of his skill, but also a record of his bravery. When he advanced a step and drew a crude representation of the enemies he had slain transfixed by arrows, he had mastered the elements of picture-writing. These crude records are common throughout the continent; they appear on the Dighton rock in Massachusetts, as well as in La Plata; in Oregon, as well as in the valley of the Orinoco. They may well be called the mute epitaph of a vanished race.

The Indian possessed a wonderful memory that seldom forgot a place once visited. He could, at banquets and feasts, repeat with unflinching accuracy the speeches of all that preceded him. In almost every case, he was able to repeat literally the text of a treaty once read to him, which he often did after many years, to the confusion and chagrin of his white brother. Added to this, was an abnormal sense of perception that enabled him to see and recognize at a glance things invisible to eyes less keen than his own. Not a thing escaped. He could tell whether a fire was made for cooking, heating, or for signal purposes; and, as the light smoke wreaths floated above the tree tops, he could tell whether it was caused by green wood, damp wood, or wood of resinous qualities; and each conveyed a message to his mind, as clear as the written scroll or the printed page. Heredity, training, the pursuit of wary game, the fear of wild beasts, the ferocity of still more savage men, all tended to develop these faculties to the utmost.

Five seems to be the limit of their ability to count, no doubt suggested by the digits of the hand, and also, strangely enough, the number assigned to a fire in his scheme of things was the same number. The hunting arrow was of nearly diamond shape so as to enable the hunter to draw it easily from the wound when an animal was slain, while the shape of the war arrow tip was practically of a V-shape for an exactly diametrical reason. While passing through the forest in single file each stepped as accurately as possible in the steps of his predecessor, while the one who brought up the rear was expected to cover every vestige of their passing, every tell-tale clew that might reveal their presence to their enemies. An Indian in his wanderings observed another party, or ran across their campfires,

what more natural than to scratch a record on some convenient tree for the warning of his brethren, trusting to their sharp vision to see it. Three marks, not unlike the letter Y inverted, signified a cooking fire and meant five men; the addition of another set meant five more, if written beside it, or apparently, of five times five, if written beneath. A heating fire or marks in the form of a letter X signified the presence of women and children, as the brave seldom indulged in such useless luxuries, while an inverted V seemed to mean a signal fire, which would mean they had been signaling some other band in the vicinity. A rude war arrow scratched beneath would tell that the party was on the war-path, a hunting arrow that they were in the pursuit of game; the direction of the arrow would tell the general direction that they had taken; sometimes a crude drawing of a hatchet would take the place of the arrow-head, and might also bear the added meaning that they were scalping all whom they met and were taking no prisoners.

The wampum was also used as a means of communication. This was composed of bits of wood or shells of different colors, but equal in size; they were hung on strings and woven into belts and bands, the color, shape, and size hinting their general meaning. Thus, peaceful tidings were conveyed by the lighter varieties, while the darker signified war. Just what meaning was attached, we do not know, as an interpreter was generally sent along as a commentator.

Of marked difference in form and still bearing some marks of similarity, were the Quipu cords of the Peruvian. It was a base cord of the size of the finger, and to this were attached numerous small strings, knotted and twisted together of various forms, colors, lengths and textures. Each of these represented an idea, though just what, the most skillful Quipi reader was unable to tell, unless he knew the general topic of which it treated. As in the case of the wampum belts, an interpreter was sent along, to whom they seemed to give some clue, or served as a guide. Great quantities of them were preserved, but they were evidently kept separate and intact. In one storehouse were preserved those that related to taxes, and in another those that related to traditions, and in still another those that re-

lated to war; but, on what principle the knots and colors were connected with ideas, we have not the faintest idea.

Among the Aztec and the Mayan groups, however, a much higher plane was reached. In their records we find far more than mere notation; and their signs seem not to represent ideas but words. As an example, when one of the Mexican rulers attached his signature to a treaty with one of the invading Spaniards, he did so by drawing an outline of a serpent pierced with a knife. This gives us very little idea until we apply the principle of the rebus. "Ixtli" was a knife, "Coatl" a snake or serpent, and immediately the name appears as that of the Emperor Ixcoatl. They manufactured paper from the agave plant, they used slates from which the writing might be erased, even as at the present day, they had a system of public schools at which attendance was compulsory for the young. They were familiar with the stars and possessed a calendar not unlike our own. They possessed large libraries of real books. The writing was pictorial, and some of the characters, at least, were printed from fixed blocks on which the characters were carved in relief. Their books, in appearance, were not unlike our own, and Peter Martyr tells us that they were of as neat an appearance as if they came from the hands of a skillful bookbinder. They were made in single sheets, in width varying from ten to eighteen inches, in length from sixty to eighty feet. They were folded in squares so that in opening, two pages were exposed to view, and to the outer leaves covers of thin wood were attached. Immense quantities of these books were stored in the archives of each city, so much so that Torquemada asserts that at one requisition a Spanish governor received over sixteen thousand volumes, every leaf of which was destroyed. But one or two precious copies remain to-day, and, of even these, we are in such dense ignorance that we do not know whether they were read from right to left or from left to right; whether they began in the back or in the front; whether they should be read from top to bottom, or from bottom to top; or even from the edge to the middle, or from the middle to the edge. It is and will always probably remain a locked mystery.

So the Indian worked out his destiny and what

was his, he won for himself, and it belonged to him by more than ordinary right. Cut off from the rest of the world he derived no knowledge from others. In the whole history of the race there is not the record of a pastoral tribe, no animal was raised for transportation, few for food. Corn, it is true, was known and cultivated from Chili to the Canadas in limited quantities, but for his food he really depended on the chase. Even in the large cities of Mexico this was true, and in their immediate vicinity were found immense tracts of the primitive forest that was really a game preserve on a tremendous scale. If we consider the life of the huntsman pitting against the instincts of the brute his own skill and strength, training his senses to preternatural acuteness, his single aim to shed blood; depending on luck for his food, exposed to want and hunger and cold on the pathless prairie or in the still more sombre forest, his chief diet flesh; we can begin to comprehend his vindictive spirit, his restlessness, his cruelty, his brutality, so often preserved in the history of his race.

Adelaide Procter.

A CLEVER American poet and critic has remarked, "It is like telling our beads or reading a prayer-book to turn over the pages of Adelaide Procter, so beautiful, so pure, and unselfish a spirit of faith, hope, and charity pervades and hallows them." To this exquisite soul, full of love for God's suffering poor and for God's innocent little children, our Lord addressed, not in vain, that warning: "They who love me love those whom I love." Whom does He love? He loves all the souls for whom He died, but the special objects of His predilection, the favorites of His Heart, are little children and the poor.

It is delightfully significant that the children who are always to be little children in all that is best in childhood—the children who will never grow old—the little ones whom God takes to Himself in childhood's purity and freshness, these pet lambs of the Good Shepherd, are the theme of the last but one of Miss Procter's last volume of poems, while the very last of all is an appeal for the poor. Nay, the entire "Chaplet of Verses" is itself one eloquent appeal for the poor

who are so utterly destitute as to be homeless and "houseless by night."

Adelaide Procter was born in London, October 30th., 1825. She was the eldest daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, the author of "English Songs," and many refined dramatic poems, who succeeded in passing into literary history almost exclusively under his *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall. Mr. Procter belonged to the legal profession, and, after his marriage, he very wisely and properly devoted himself to his money-making, prosaic duties, consequently, he wrote little poetry; yet there are in his daintily-finished songs many pretty allusions to his "golden-tressed Adelaide," whose birth inspired the following sonnet:

"Child of my heart, my sweet beloved first-born!
Thou dove that tidings bring'st of calmer hours!
Thou rainbow that dost shine when all the
showers
Are past—or passing! Rose which hast no
thorn,
No spot, no blemish, pure and unforlorn,
Untouched, untainted! O my flower of flowers!
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn.
Welcome, a thousand welcomes! Care, which
clings
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold:
New hope springs upward, and the bright world
seems
Cast back into a youth of endless springs.
Sweet mother, is it so? or grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?"

The "sweet mother" to whom the poet turns at the end, Adelaide's mother, was Miss Skepper, the daughter of the accomplished lady who, by a second marriage, became the wife of Captain Basil Montagu. We can conjecture from the description given of the grandmother, something of the domestic influences that helped to form the disposition and character of the daughter and granddaughter. The editor of B. W. Procter's "Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes" has written of Miss Skepper's mother as follows: "The manners, at once stately and genial, of Mr. Basil Montagu and his wife have few or no counterparts in modern society. The stateliness was not that of reserve, but

of truth in action, and a geniality arose, not from easy good humor, but from earnest good will. Of Mrs. Basil Montagu it may, indeed, be said, that for a young man 'to know her was an education.' Even at a time when her great personal beauty was slightly—it was never more than slightly—obscured by age, there was that about her which no well-disposed and imaginative young man could long behold without feeling that he was committed thereby to leading a worthy life. If the reader is inclined to smile at this praise as somewhat obsolete in its mode, let him be assured by one who knew Mrs. Montagu that it seems so only because the style of the woman is obsolete."

Child-natures, especially those of more refined temperament, are exquisitely sensitive to the hue of their surroundings. We are, therefore, prepared to find the poet's "sweet beloved first-born" showing the same precious fondness for books which Barry Cornwall himself betrayed as a four-year-old lad; nor was the daughter of the woman just described likely to check her unduly. Instead of being brought too much forward, perhaps Adelaide was not encouraged sufficiently; for we are told that her father had no idea that she had ever attempted to turn a rhyme until her first little poem saw the light in print. No wonder that Dickens, though an intimate friend of the family, never suspected that the heart of this modest, cheerful maiden who poured out the tea for him was full, like his own, of 'household words,' or that it was she who was to afford him what his biographer considers the keenest of his gratifications as editor. "My mention of these pleasures of editorship shall close with what I think to him was the greatest. He gave to the world, while yet the name of the writer was unknown to him, the pure and pathetic verse of Adelaide Procter." It was, therefore, natural that to the editor of the periodical in which nearly all her separately-printed poems had appeared they should turn for an introduction to the splendidly-illustrated edition of her "Legends and Lyrics," which was published the second Christmas after her death. The following is Mr. Dickens' account of the way in which she began her literary career:

"In the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal, *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered con-

tributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen. How we came gradually to establish, at the office of the *Household Words*, that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But, we settled somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable; so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me than Miss Berwick the governess became. This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas Number, entitled, 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' was sent to the press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter. The anecdote I have here noted down, besides serving to explain why the parents of the late Miss Procter have looked to me for the poor words of remembrance of their lamented child, strikingly illustrates the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity of the lady's character. I had known her when she was very young; I had been honored with her father's friendship when I was myself

a young aspirant; and she had said at home: 'If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers.' Perhaps it requires an editor's experience of the profoundly unreasonable grounds on which he is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been to school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own—fully to appreciate the delicacy of the self-respect of this resolution."

Born the daughter of a poet, and heir to his poet lyre, it was, nevertheless, not until after the true faith had been bestowed upon her, that the sweet, undazzling genius of Adelaide Procter shone out into a fevered world, which it was, in its quiet way, to help and beautify and soothe. At her death she left behind her a volume of poems, musical, worth reading, worth remembering, and endowed in a marked degree with two gifts of peculiar value—simplicity and clean-heartedness. Whether studied singly or regarded as part of a whole, all Miss Procter's poems exemplify the mission of woman, namely, to make the world better, to realize the true and beautify the good. "Always impelled," says Charles Dickens, "by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favorite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now, it was the sheltering of the homeless; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize, and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed eager-

ness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink.

To have saved her life, then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible, without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed.

All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered.

At length, at midnight on the 2nd. of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up. And she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one, 'Do you think I am dying, mamma?'

'I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear.'

'Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!'

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said, 'It has come at last.' And with a bright and happy smile looked upward and departed."

Thirteen years before, she had entered the Church of God; now, on that February night she watched the Feast of our Blessed Lady's Purification to its end, and then, serenely, brightly, she opened the eyes of her soul upon the face of Christ. She had done her work; she had lived her poem as well as written it. Both have gone with her to increase her share of heavenly joy; and in another sense both remain behind, her sweet memory and her holy songs—these last, above all, helping many to refine and spiritualize their thoughts, and to turn their human affections into "Links with Heaven."

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

Pleasures of Hope.

I HAVE chosen to speak on the pleasures of hope, and why? Because it seems to me hope is, as someone says, "the paramount duty which heaven lays for its own honor on man's heart."

We stand between the past and the future. The past has been built like the coral reef, and then sunk, age after age, into the sea of time; the future shall grow from the past and mount high along the shore of the present. Whither shall we look? Shall we peer down through the waves of time and sigh that they might "backward flow, or, breasting the waves, look on and up as we build to the future that, like a variable star, sheds light and shadow on us"?

Let me answer that question with another: have you ever lived a day in which the future had no influence, since you were conscious of days in their flight? When the morning sun shines on the world it wakens millions of souls, but not one soul whose only interest is in the moment of waking. Every heart throbs and every brain works for a later hour or another day. What would it profit to be successful or happy this moment or this day if there were no others to follow? Pleasure is great in the degree in which it is lasting. Stop some time in a moment of exuberant spirits and examine your feeling. Why are you glad? If you were sure that to-morrow all power of recollection of this happiness would be gone, there would be little pleasure in that very moment. But through our power of memory a pleasure now shall be a pleasure recollected in the tranquility of coming days. Examine also the influence of the future upon present pain. It soothes and exalts disappointment or sorrow:

"For we know not every morrow can be sad,
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
Put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

Whence comes all this dependence on the days that are yet unborn? As well ask why "the waves forever move, though the hills forever rest." There can be no answer. It seems the unavoidable condition of a being whose emotions are gradual and whose life is progressive, to look for-

ward into futurity. Even the modest little flower growing in the shelter of the wood, prepares for later life, such is its nature. The great tree reserves from this year's life power and sustenance for the next; the smallest animals, and the largest, provide food and shelter not alone for to-day, but likewise for to-morrow. So man in his physical life prepares, and in his higher life, prepares for the future, however uncertain. We plough and sow to-day that we may reap to-morrow.

"Man's heart the Almighty to the future set
By secret, but inviolable springs."

This secret fascination that binds us to the future is the spur of youth. "The days of our youth are the days of our glory." The pathway of life stretches away ahead and our courage mounts high as we realize the work to be done. In thought we go on and on past trials and successes, but ever dauntless. There is pleasure in the present for us and much interest in the past, but the all-absorbing interest is in the alluring future. What shall we? What can all the accumulated wealth and knowledge of the ages enable us to do? "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." What matters that men have hoped and failed before? We shall force onward and reach the goal of our ambition. We cannot realize failure more than death. We admit death must come, we admit also failure may come, but in our heart of hearts we do not believe that our aspirations and attempts can fail. If we did believe and accept that, with our greatest endeavors, our aims could never be accomplished, it could be only hope of the success in eternity of apparent failure here that could have power to urge us on. When hope deserts us reason goes also. Perhaps you remember the French physician whom Dickens describes in the "Tale of Two Cities." He was confined to the Bastille without stated charge or investigation, but even within those dungeon walls his hope flew to the freedom that must be awaiting him. But, as day after day, week after week, and month after month passed in that terrible monotony, his hope faded and, as his hope faded, reason failed also till, at length, he presented a pitiable figure, his hair grown white, his stalwart form bent, pacing up and down his small dungeon, or mechanically trying to solve his mental torture as he sat at his shoe-bench.

Hope is the fountain of enthusiasm and energy. When the heart beats young, hope kindles the fire of enthusiasm and we use our power to feed the flame. To our ardent desires the goal does not seem far, and our enthusiasm bounds over obstacles. And, if later life shall dampen the fire with the dews of sorrow, shall we lose our hope? It may be transferred, but never lost.

Could Milton, "whose eyes the glory of heaven had blinded to earth," have lived, shut in that present that was so dark and so strange? With hope to comfort his rebellious soul, there was peace in his waiting. In the early Christian ages what mysterious power strengthened those men and women who died by hundreds rather than abandon their faith? Was it not hope that taught them to look beyond the stormy skies? A few days ago I read a touching account of the sentiments Count Tolstoi expressed as he realized approaching death. Whatever his views or his mistakes, one cannot but admire the thoughts fragrant with hope that leave him with no fear of "crossing the bar." It is strange that we cannot thoroughly quench hope, but it is true. It is a "breath from unseen worlds" as needful for our souls as rain and sunshine are for the growing corn.

Shall we, then, dream away our days in hoping for future good? That would not be true hope, but false presumption. Rather the hope that binds us to the future should light the pathway of the present. The more we live within the mind, the more our thoughts and love take root in eternity. And it has been well said,

"A toiler dies in a day,
A dreamer lives for aye."

He who lives for the future shall live forever, but to exist only for the fleeting present would be death. We do not realize how short a space of time the present is, because we do not live within it, but are borne out on floods of hope and expectation to a limitless extent of time.

One of our poets says, "Our largest hope is unfulfilled, the promise still outlives the deed." So it is that hope is a divine gift, ever leading us past our own accomplishments to the possibilities we feel within us. In a measure we are what we aim to be. If we could see into men's hearts we should read them, not by what they have done, but what they have thought and hoped to do. A

failure is but a trumpet-call to renewed effort, and hope is the watchword never to be forgotten and never surrendered.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll,

Leave thy low-vaulted past.

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea!

MARY O'CONNOR.

Sammy.

(CONTINUED.)

BEHIND the stove in the chimney-place had been constructed a provincial "cubby" curtained with clean, gay chintz; and from this recess, on its last and highest shelf, there was descended by Sammy a most wonderful pie. That this was an event in their lives, Miss Davis could not mistake, as she saw Sammy's shining eyes travel questioningly from the extended plate to her own struggling face. It was such a very pale and pasty-looking pie, with no stipulation as to kind, but she rose bravely to the pathetic occasion that it was; she was "sure it would be nice," and, smiling warmly on both in the doorway, took a gracious leave.

This visit affected Sammy, for, as a rule, "the teacher" did not go around visiting at the homes of her little flock, and the effect was electric among the children gathered on the school-house porch the next morning. If Sammy had been a devoté before, he now rested in a sublime way, assured of her love. His bearing towards the other less favored children was magnanimous and condescending. His preeminence was recognized, though not without the usual necessary amount of teasing from smaller boys. Sammy was one of those "born to oppression," and suffered like the good-humored target that he was.

So another school morning opened with Sammy, ever zealous and watchful, on the front seat of the first row. "While We're Marching Thru' Georgie," being unanimously chosen, all the boys, as was their custom, made a dive to one side of the room to share the tattered little song-books among themselves and leave the three little girls to one book and the warmer side of the stove. It seemed, no boy with principles and pub-

lic esteem at stake, would sit barefacedly and alone on the girls' side, or much less share a singing-book. Accompanied by the same chords that served for "Way Down Upon the Suane River," they had little patience with the verses. Those were left to the weak treble of the three little girls. But it was the chorus wherein their souls delighted,—and "Hurrah, Hurrah!" from their side was so fairly deafening in its enthusiasm that Miss Davis felt called upon to tap the bell.

The lessons in country schools had always seemed mechanical to her, but, of late, they had been very ordinary, she thought, as she recalled her own delightful kindergarten days. So, summoning all her skill, she drew a long-tailed horse upon the little blackboard. They were to think about it during the day, she told them, and then, that afternoon before closing, they would all write for her on the subject of "The Horse." It is true she did not expect a scientific treatise on its evolutions from the fossil, but she did expect some truthful, childish and, maybe, pretty ideas concerning that noble animal. But some, oh, where were their souls, could not pen a line, could not "learn it," and Miss Davis looked hopefully to where Sammy sat conspiring deeply. Dismissal followed in due time, the walk to her boarding-place, supper, and then that precious retreat to her little room. And it was after she had corrected the sums and labeled thereon those huge red C's which so ravished the beholder's eye, that Sammy's composition came to hand. Holding her aching head with her hand, Miss Davis was startled to read—

THE HORSE.

I have a horse.

She is a dandy.

Her name is *Miss Davis*.

The simple boy had always seemed to her a mirror of truthfulness, but his ardor for once had led him to the use of rather extravagant ideas; and the fond teacher pondered.

But here ended this little school episode. Miss Davis went home to the city, sick, and never returned to the little hearts she had so completely won. On an occasion of a merry bob-sleigh party, however, while waiting at a crossing for a hand-car to pass, a tall and long-limbed figure rose from its place beside a dinner-pail to greet as gallantly as ever his beloved teacher.

KATE SHIRLEY.

A Performance of the Pittsburg Orchestra in Conjunction with the Hamilton Festival Choir, February 7th.

NOT every convent girl is privileged to assist, during her convent days, at a performance of the Pittsburg Orchestra, one of the three permanent musical organizations which the wealth and culture of the New World have established, and whose visit was considered an event of such importance as not to be surpassed by any other occasion that has occurred in the musical annals of this city.

At the appointed hour on Thursday evening, twelve happy schoolgirls—I was fortunate enough to be of the number—found themselves demurely seated in the Grand Opera House, in joyous expectation of the treat in store—and oh, what a glorious treat it was!—and awaiting the appearance of Mr. Paur, whose personality and superb leadership have everywhere aroused unbounded enthusiasm, for there is a sweep of ozone through a hall the instant he poises his bâton and points it towards the players. Always magnetic, warm and musicianly, he knows exactly the effect which he wishes to produce and the precise way in which it should be obtained, consequently, in his hands, the Orchestra is an instrument combining the eloquence of complexity with organic oneness of aim.

The first number on the programme—"Leonore," was written as an overture to Beethoven's only opera, "Fidelio." This opera was reconstructed once, and the overture rewritten twice, hence it is called No. 3. Leonore, the wife of a State prisoner, Florestan, disguises herself as a boy and engages herself as servant, under the name of Fidelio, to the jailor Rocco. The Governor, Pizarro, decides to put an end to Florestan's life with his own hands and orders Rocco to dig a grave in a corner of the dungeon. Fidelio is compelled to help in the dismal task and is almost distracted. Pizarro enters the dungeon with a dagger in his hand, the prisoner rises and tries to defend himself, when Fidelio, drawing a pistol, throws herself between them and points it at Pizarro. At that instant a trumpet is heard in the distance. It is the signal for lowering the drawbridge. The arrival of a Minister of State is announced. The Governor

rushes from the dungeon and the prisoner is saved.

In the overture the trumpet signal and its repetition were marvellously realistic. It is first heard faintly, and then more loudly as the doors and passages of the fortress are supposed to be opened.

The Chorus, "Judge Me, O God," unaccompanied, was sung with such splendid effect that an encore was demanded and given. The *Entre' Acte* from "Gwendoline," an operatic version of an English story with the scene laid in Kent during a Danish invasion, brought every known instrument into use; and the following number, Chabrier's "Rhapsodie Espana," with its reminiscences of the sunny land and its dances, were strongly rendered.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed sang the "Jewel Song," from *Faust*, with exquisite finish and beauty of tone. So delighted was the audience that an encore was made necessary, to which Mrs. Le Grand Reed responded with a delicious French selection.

All who have heard Mrs. Le Grand Reed since her return from a sojourn abroad, where she studied with Jean de Reszke, under whose coaching she had the advantage of two years, are delighted with her voice, which is a dramatic soprano of great freshness, pure quality and large range.

Our readers may be interested in knowing that Mrs. Le Grand Reed is a former pupil of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls. Needless to add, her teachers and companions alike rejoice at her success and the laurels that have crowned it.

Dr. Strauss' Tone Poem, "Don Juan,"—animated, eager, beautiful, great, yet confusingly polyphonic,—defies form and sequence and suggests the alliance of great wits to madness. Strauss has mastered orchestral technic and he does wonderful things with strings and reeds and brass, but what does he strive to say with this great and flexile voice? Is he not more concerned with questionings and negations than with declarations? The story he is supposed to illustrate is not the Don Juan of Mozart and Byron, but the gloomy and mystic hero of Lenau's poem, which shows him seeking, not the joy of the moment, but the ideal. A German commentator discovers all sorts of fantastical things in the Strauss work, such as the Don's personal appearance, his

conquests, his disgusts and the like, but there is little which can be fixed upon as descriptive, save a few of the love passages, the duel and the death. The composer presents the spirit rather than the motion of the story, and in that sense his work is not merely allegorical, but is large and affecting; for in it we find the age-old fret against environment and fate; the questionings—never so keen as now—and the baffling of hope. The music is rarely morbid, but its meaning is gloomy, although its expression is often despairingly beautiful—so beautiful that, although it has neither beginning nor end, in the ancient sense, one would have it flow on forever. The tone jewels are not arranged in fixed forms; they are carelessly and richly heaped where we may sun ourselves in their splendor. Form, indeed, merely suggests itself out of this chaos of sound, as the ghost-faces, shining in their own green light in the wake of the ship, suggest the naiads, or the drowned, on starless nights in mid-sea. So little of drama, of story, of academic rule, have Dr. Strauss' compositions, that with a few harmonic modulations, they might be joined one to the other, and none but the expert would say where the one ended and the other began. The heart in them throbs with fever, sometimes, but the brain in them thinks deeply, and while the soul in them gropes, it none the less aspires. In their moments of sheer loveliness, few, but confessed, these symphonic fragments declare their place among the master-works.

A chorus, "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose," unaccompanied, and "Hunting Chorus," with accompaniment of horns and wood-wind—were given with a verve and dash that were quite inspiring. Then followed the overture to Thomas' beautiful opera of "Mignon," constructed of the themes of this richly melodious work. Thomas was a great figure in France in the period just before that of Saint-Saens and Massenet, and, in 1832, he won the grand prize offered yearly by the Paris Conservatory, which entitled him to three years' sojourn in Italy. Thirty-six years after, he was made director of the Conservatory.

"The Revenge"—a Cantata for Chorus and Orchestra—on Tennyson's "Ballad of the Fleet"—was a grand finale to a concert which was as perfect a musical pleasure as ever falls to the lot of mortals to enjoy.

RITA SHEEDY.

PROGRAMME.

Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....*Beethoven*

Chorus: Motet, "Judge Me, O God," *Mendelssohn*

(a) Entr' Acte from "Gwendoline".....*Chabrier*

(b) Rhapsody, "Espana".....*Chabrier*

Aria, "The Jewel Song" from Faust....*Gounod*

MRS. LE GRAND REED.

Tone Poem, "Don Juan," Op. 20. *Richard Strauss*

Chorus:

(a) "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose".....*Hatton*

(b) Hunting Chorus.....*Randegger*
(With accompaniment of horns and wood-wind.)

Overture, "Mignon".....*A. Thomas*

Cantata for Chorus and Orchestra, "The Revenge".....*C. Villers Stanford*

The piano accompanist was Mr. Carl Bernthaler.

The Heintzman & Co. Grand Piano is used by the Pittsburgh Orchestra in its Canadian Tour.

"Recollections of the Arabian Nights."

IT is consoling, to say the least, to meet with greatness in any form, admitting experiences in common with the rank and file. Too often does the artist, orator, or poet come before us as one to whom our early joys might seem unworthy of notice.

Even while within the charmed circle of our "teens," we begin our idealizations of the past. We would willingly portray them in colors furnished entirely by the Muse, did she warrant the liberty. Since her smile has not fallen on us, we turn delightedly to a similar record by one of her favorite sons, the highly-cultured Tennyson.

In his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," we see our own faint ideas of Eastern splendors developed by a master hand, and, though we have made the self-same journey and seen the self-same sights, we are not wearied by another imaginary visit to the domain of "Good Haroun Alraschid."

With our clear-sighted guide we embark on the Tigris and give ourselves up to his wonderful power of imagery. We are borne by "Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold" and walls of old gar-

dens. Our boat drifts under foliage, cuts shadows of citron trees and from star-strewn darkness enters into deeper night. Vaults of pillared palms imprison perfumes from rarest flowers. On we sail till the river widens into a lake. From its banks fall many a rivulet, making music like a chime of silver bells. Here and there are paths of many-colored shells bordered by urns of fairest Eastern flowers, some drooping, others with wide-open disks, but all sending forth a sweet perfume.

The sounds of night are stilled as the nightingale pours forth his song. Something indescribable seems to possess the night, "a something more than meets the senses."

Suddenly a splendor flushes the leaves with rich gold-green and covers the lake with diamond-plots of light and shadow. The dark-blue overhead becomes darker from the underglow. We leap from our boat and we sink in the turf as if entering on a restful sleep.

The view of a garden beyond draws us onward. Now the myrrh-bush and thorn-hedge cast shadows on the lawn and the stately cedars stand out against the night like giants. Soon we come upon the pavilion of the Caliphat and are dazzled beyond all belief by its oriental magnificence. Doors of cedar richly carved are flung inward over floors inlaid with precious stones. We see wide marble stairs with golden balustrades, and windows lit by a million tapers. The brilliant night is put to shame by the splendors before us. Our gaze now rests on the Persian girl in her serene beauty. Her brow like pearl and her tresses black as ebony, her eyes that seem a source of light win our consent to her being "the sweetest lady of the time."

On a massive throne, supported by six silver columns and covered with cloth of gold, sits in kingly pride and joy the "Good Haroun Alraschid."

While listening to the sweet music of Tennyson, we reflect that his soul was enraptured with the beauty and charm of the scene long before he burst into song. No poet in the first flush of joy ever gave expression to his ecstasy. It is only when the tide subsides that any idea of its force can be given to others. Tennyson was "not used to make a present joy the matter of his song." Like Matthew Arnold, he believed in separating

the hours of insight from the hours of labor, and we must admit the wisdom of this plan.

A lesson, strongly presented in this poem, is, that there are two ways of looking at life, the pleasant and the unpleasant. We see only the beauties of Bagdat. A less poetic soul might have shown us its other side and found defects even in "the golden prime of Good Haroun Al-raschid."

ETHEL DEAN.

What the youth of the present generation most need is not the discovery of some new fact of minor importance, but a thorough assimilation of some of the plain every-day truths upon which the wise of a hundred generations have builded. In these days of high talk about research and original work, one is tempted to ask, how many important discoveries have been made in the universities? The self-importance with which a newly-fledged Ph. D. talks of his original contribution to science is but another evidence that paying tithe of mint and cummin still produces more complacency than attending to the weightier matters of the law. His original contribution! What is it? He has discovered an unnamed muscle in a frog's left hind leg!

The mightiest forces in the realm in which we are called to do our work are the quietest and serenest forces. And just as we turn from the fierce gust of the hot sirocco that tears and roars and beclouds its way across the desert, to the silent and sovereign sun that kisses the wide harvests into life, just so we turn from that fevered and overhurrying step, which is too widely the gait of modern life, to a pace that is more deliberate, to speech that is less vehement—in a word, to a service that is quiet and unhurried and thorough.

"But the age," I hear some one say, "Do you not know that its whole spirit and habit are hostile to this ideal?" Alas! I know it too well! And you and I know the wrecks—the victims so often, we are told, of "nervous prostration"—who are its victims. All the more, fair friend, sister, mother, daughter—whoever you may be—does it belong to you to resist the drift and to chasten the pace!

In Memory of Reverend W. Doberty, S. J.

The tolling of death's solemn bell
Proclaimed the passing of a soul
From out this world. Then what a dole
On many hearts so quickly fell.

For winged grief e'er flieth fast,
And soon 'twas sorrowfully said:
The Father we have loved is dead;
His grand and noble life is past.

Upon his worthy length of days
Now sweetly rests God's benison;
His priestly course the crown has won,
His saintly deeds now speak his praise.

No life was e'er more duly spent
In deeds of sacrifice and zeal;
God's greater glory did he feel
Incentive strong where'er he went.

For this his eloquence, his rare
Persuasive pleadings ever urged;
In this, all other aims submerged,
He walked the path of virtue fair.

His gentleness and manly grace
Attracting all with wondrous art,
A magic sweetness did impart
Which e'er illumed his tranquil face.

To God an undivided heart,
The worship of a cultured mind,
A soul's devotion grand in kind
He gave—and chose the better part.

"Behold a priest, who in his days
Pleased God." Who kept His holy law,
As if in truth he ever saw
What lay behind life's winding maze,—

The sudden call this earth to leave,
The morning's task to rest undone,
The meeting ere the setting sun
With God, his sentence to receive.

The beauties of that world to see
Which ends this mortal weary strife—
For this he gladly gave his life.
O death! Where is thy victory?

LORETTO.

Letter - Box.

Le Foyer Domestique, vrai domaine de la Femme.

J'ai lu quelque part une jolie pensée de Louis Veuillot: Dans une rue de Paris, derrière les murs élevés d'un jardin où l'on entendait s'égrener les perles d'un chant et des éclats de rire, des tilleuls cachaient leurs branches couvertes de fleurs; mais dans la rue bruyante et folle, leur parfum grisant s'évaporait, émettant un peu de pure fraîcheur dans la Babylone. Et Louis Veuillot ajoute: "La femme chrétienne doit être au foyer comme ces tilleuls qui, ne fleurissant que pour les habitants du jardin, ne se laissent deviner que par delà les murs, à leur insu."

Puisqu'on a bien voulu comparer la femme à une fleur, où serait-elle mieux pour s'épanouir que dans la serre chaude du foyer domestique, sous les rayons de tendresse de celui-là seul à qui elle s'est donnée pour toujours? Fleur délicate et fragile, pourquoi rechercherait-elle l'atmosphère brûlante des milieux mondains, exposés aux brusques changements de température, ou aux trop lourds soleils qui lui feraient pencher la tête? Son abri le plus sûr est celui que lui ont créé des siècles de sagesse: l'ombre rafraîchissante et pure du foyer—c'est là que l'attendent toutes les dignités.

O la mission de la femme, qu'elle est belle pour quiconque veut s'en pénétrer. Elle ne s'occupe ni de politique ni de commerce, ni de philosophie, et cependant c'est elle, cause première, qui tient en main non seulement la destinée d'un ou de plusieurs hommes mais, en un sens, celle de la société tout entière.

La reine Clotilde convertissant Clovis au Christianisme, n'a-t-elle pas changé la face des Gaules et même de toute la chrétienté? Toute femme n'est pas une Clotilde, mais elle a toujours dans les mains l'avenir d'un peuple: la famille.

Épouse et mère, n'est-elle pas à la fois, reine, prêtresse et collaboratrice du Créateur?

Épouse, elle est reine, choisie entre toutes par un homme qui l'a préférée à toutes les autres. Elle se sait le centre et le foyer d'une autre âme; quels héroïsmes cette pensée ne peut-elle pas

inspirer? Un homme s'est confié à elle; il a déposé dans sa main qui semble si petite et si frêle son avenir, son nom, sa fortune, et tout ce qu'il a de plus noble en lui, son amour, c'est-à-dire son âme.

Elle est maîtresse de tout cela, gardienne des trésors sans prix, toute puissante pour le bien ou pour le mal. Cet homme dont elle est devenue la compagne, elle le prend par la main; et elle peut, si elle le veut, le conduire aux sommets les plus élevés. Partageant toutes ses angoisses, ses luttres et ses déboires, c'est à elle qu'il appartient de l'encourager, de l'aider, de le guider même quelquefois.

Elle a la garde de ce qu'il a de plus précieux au monde, une âme, une âme d'homme qui, en s'abandonnant à son influence, la charge d'une responsabilité admirable et divine qui fait d'elle non plus une faible créature, non plus même un ange comme on se plaît à l'appeler: presque un prêtre—O le sublime sacerdoce!!!

Et puis, sa dignité se rehausse encore. . . . Mère, elle va se faire la collaboratrice du Créateur, travailler, ciseler des âmes qui lui sont confiées. C'est un sculpteur qui, en présence d'un bloc du plus beau marbre, va prendre le ciseau et tailler une image,—une image digne de la matière qu'elle emploie. Les êtres nouveaux venus sur la terre, gardant encore quelque chose du ciel, vont apprendre d'elle la vie. Et de ces leçons enfantines, écoutées avec ravissement sur les genoux de sa mère, l'enfant gardera l'éternel souvenir, malgré tout ce qui viendra plus tard embourber le sillon salubre.

Que doit-on admirer le plus ici de ces trois rôles de la femme? Est-ce la reine vénérée, chérie de tous, menant son royaume à la prospérité, faisant régner l'ordre et le progrès; ou la prêtresse qui cultive les âmes, garde le sanctuaire des coeurs inviolé, et y entretient la flamme pure de la charité; ou l'artiste qui, s'inspirant d'un idéal très beau forge des vertus, coupe, cisèle, donne un caractère de grandeur aux intelligences, polit l'esprit, et crée un chef-d'oeuvre?

Et ces trois rôles sublimes, ces dignités qui ceignent le front de la femme d'une triple couronne, à qui sont-elles réservées?

A une jeune fille, n'importe laquelle, fût-elle la plus laide, la plus disgraciée, la plus humble, la moins brillante, à la jeune fille qui, sachant

mettre dans son amour toute la pureté et la fermeté du devoir, voudra fleurir à l'ombre du foyer, comme ces tilleuls de Paris abrités derrière les murs du jardin.

PALA MAMET.

LORETTO CONVENT, PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

LONDON, March, 1907.

DEAR RAINBOW :

I presume you have heard of the passing away of Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg, mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who died at Vienna on the sixteenth of February, in her ninetyeth year.

Princess Clementine was the only surviving daughter—and, indeed, the last surviving child—of King Louis Philippe of France. Educated with her two sisters, under the personal supervision of Queen Marie Amélie, the princess grew up a charming and accomplished young lady—how charming and accomplished we know from the reminiscental literature of the time, and especially from a few delightful glimpses afforded by the diaries of Queen Victoria.

The marriage of Princess Clementine to Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Kohary took place in 1843, at St. Cloud. It was a very quiet wedding, as the fatal accident to the bride's eldest brother, the Duke of Orleans, had only taken place a short time previously, and the whole family was still in mourning. Nevertheless, Paris celebrated the event with considerable gaiety, and it was on this occasion that young Benjamin Disraeli visited the French capital, and attended a *bal masqué* as the guest of Odilon Barrot. Shortly afterwards, Queen Victoria paid a visit to King Louis Philippe at Tréport, and we may read in Her Majesty's Diary several affectionate references to the newly-married couple, "Augustus" and "dearest Clementine."

For forty-four years, the history of Europe knew nothing of the Princess. She lived quietly on her husband's estates at Ebenthal, in Austria, or in her magnificent Palace in Vienna, bringing up her children with the scrupulous care which had characterized her mother, and pushing their fortunes in life with a phenomenal match-making zeal. When her daughter, Princess Clotilde, married the Archduke Joseph of Austria, at Coburg, in 1864, Queen Victoria attended the wedding.

In the upbringing of her youngest son, Ferdinand, Princess Clementine became completely absorbed. It was her extraordinary devotion to this child which, in her old age, called her forth to play a prominent part on the stage of European politics. Prince Ferdinand was elected Prince of Bulgaria, in 1887, under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. The election was declared illegal by Russia, and was not openly recognized by any of the Powers. The young Prince, however, was supported by his ambitious and energetic mother, who, in this crisis, displayed a courage, an activity and a statecraft which recalled the best characteristics of her kingly race. The fight so long maintained between Bulgaria and Russia was really a fight between the Princess Clementine and the Czar Alexander III. The Princess spared neither herself nor her great fortune to safeguard her son. For years she flitted from Court to Court, and her immense family influence in England, Austria, Germany, and even France, was exerted to obtain, if not a recognition of, at any rate, a friendly attitude towards the elect of Bulgaria. At Sofia she was a frequent visitor, and, it is said, that nothing of importance was ever decided upon in the Palace without her sanction or advice. Although she failed to carry the *quasi* war with Russia in the high-handed way she had originally contemplated, there can be no question that she was the chief means by which Prince Ferdinand was enabled to keep his throne until, by a change of policy and of international circumstances, his position was legalized.

After the loss of her husband, in 1881, Princess Clementine never wore anything but black, and never put aside her widow's weeds. She was very deaf, and always carried a silver ear-trumpet. To her brother, the Duc d'Aumale, she was deeply attached, and it was noticed that her formerly strong constitution seemed to give way after his death. She was a remarkable woman, though the world has only been vouchsafed a brief and fugitive glimpse of her high qualities.

* * * * *

One of the central figures in the tragedy of a lost kingdom—born one year later than Princess Clementine—passed away recently in the person of Queen Marie of Hanover, who was in her eighty-ninth year.

A princess of Saxe-Altenburg, she was noted for her delicate, almost saint-like beauty. She married, in 1843, Prince George, heir-apparent to the throne of Hanover. Prince George, who was born with one sightless eye, and lost the sight of the other by an accident in his twenty-first year, was the only son of that Duke of Cumberland, fifth son of George III., and uncle of Queen Victoria, who, on the latter's succeeding to the throne, became King of Hanover.

The one crucial event in King George's career, in the fortunes of his house, and of Queen Marie, was the part he took in the crisis of 1866, when Prussia and Austria stood on the brink of war. Prussia's military and political plans were all laid. Within a fortnight Prussia had Hanover, Hesse-Cassel and Saxony within her grasp. The Hanoverians fought one battle at Langensalza, and actually inflicted a defeat on Prussia—the one signal Prussian reverse during the war. But, it was fruitless. Numbers told; the Hanoverian army was compelled to surrender, and the King and Queen fled. From that date they were exiles from Hanover.

But Europe did admire the steadfast monarch and his faithful consort. Not quite two years after their banishment, their Majesties celebrated their Silver Wedding at Hietzing, near Vienna, and there, once again, King George asserted his rights and expressed the hope of recovering ere long his kingdom. He and the Queen spent the greater part of their exile in the Salzburg province of Austria, one of the most picturesque spots in Europe. King George died in 1878.

Gmüden is situated amid the grandest scenery of the Salzkammergut. There the Queen resided with her only son, who, since his father's death, though bating no jot of his regal claims, has been known by his British title, Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, and Earl of Armagh in the peerage of Ireland.

His house, Castle Cumberland, where the Queen died, is thoroughly English. It stands on the edge of a beautiful lake, the Traunsee, and there Her Majesty and the duke and duchess and their children lived a simple life, comparable to that of an English noble family, among their own people.

Queen Marie's ambitions—which she cherished to the end—were never realized. Her son, the Duke of Cumberland, is interdicted from both

the Kingdom of Hanover and the Duchy of Brunswick. Her youngest daughter, Princess Marie, never married, while her eldest, Princess Frederica, married in 1880, Baron von Pawel-Rammigen, a Hanoverian noble, who had been her father's secretary. At the time of her death, many thought that Queen Marie bore a striking resemblance to the late Queen Victoria.

* * * * *

Every one has heard with deep regret of the death of Countess Cadogan, which occurred on the 9th. of February, at Culford Hall, Earl Cadogan's seat, near Bury St. Edmunds.

Those who delight in the falsification of ancient superstitions, will be pleased to learn that it was in May, 1865, Lady Beatrix Craven was married to Lord Cadogan, then Viscount Chelsea, and that so far from being an unlucky May marriage, it was a wedded life unusually happy and prosperous.

It fell to the lot of the late Countess to fill for seven years one of the highest positions which any lady subject of the Crown can occupy—as wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. That was a period on which the family of Cadogan will be able to look back with pride and satisfaction. As it was politically tranquil, so, socially, it was universally brilliant and harmonious. And to its brilliancy, as every one knows, the dignity, the tact, the amiability, the almost Irish warm-heartedness of Lady Cadogan most materially contributed.

It was during the Viceroyalty of Lord and Lady Cadogan that Queen Victoria visited Ireland. Thirty-nine years had elapsed since her late Majesty had set foot on Irish soil, and some dark pages of history had been written the while. But the splendid valor of the Irish troops in South Africa put a new face upon the relations of Ireland and the Empire, and her late Majesty, with her unfailing intuition, grasped that nothing would emphasize so deeply Imperial gratitude as her own presence on a prolonged stay in Dublin would do. Her Majesty occupied the Viceregal Lodge, the Lord-Lieutenant's household moving to the Castle, where, one afternoon, Her Majesty went to take tea, and to inspect the interesting Stuart relics, among them the sword of Charles II., that are kept there. Those whose duty it was to record the details of those weeks, will never

forget the courtesy of Lady Cadogan in her regret that the privacy desired by the Queen made it impossible for her to ask any from outside to be actually present; or the help and information that she gave afterwards as to all that had occurred—help which contributed in no small degree to the fact that the Queen, on leaving Ireland, officially conveyed her thanks to the Press for the manner in which the visit had been recorded.

While at the Viceregal Lodge, Lady Cadogan gave whole-hearted support to the useful and artistic crafts of the people. The Royal Irish Industries Association loses in her one of its firmest friends. In 1897 she arranged a textile exhibition, which was the first effort to bring together on a comprehensive scale the home industries in weaving and needlecraft, the reflections of which may now be seen in such articles of fashionable demand as friezes and hand-embroidered dresses and blouses. Chelsea House was more than once lent for the St. Patrick's Day sale of Irish Industries, and year after year, Lady Cadogan took her part—and a very active one—in selling, on these occasions, as well as by using her influence in every way to promote their success.

Lady Cadogan was also president of the Irish branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, and during the South African War she formed a little committee to promote the employment of disabled men on their return from the front. When the news of the relief of Ladysmith was declared, Lady Cadogan was among the crowd of anxious women at the War Office, and had a kind word and reassuring smile for those in humbler circumstances, but no less anxious than herself. As soon as the joyful news was proclaimed, she left the War Office, smiling through tears of joy. Two of her own sons and several other relatives were taking part in the campaign.

All her life, Lady Cadogan was noted for her refined beauty, the dignity of her bearing, and the charm of her manner. She leaves six sons and two daughters, her elder daughter being Lady Lurgan.

D. G.

Putting thoughts into words brings out the beautiful in one's mind.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Would you like to have a glimpse of Hyde Park in early spring? If the length of happy hours could be trebled, I would fain prolong this evening. I have just seen the first tiny signal-fire of spring among the dead leaves in the crocus-glade, and heard a thousand bird voices. The island is black with starlings, all singing to the setting sun, pouring out a psalm of thanksgiving for the beauty of the hour that is, and for warm days that must soon throb up from the pearly east, wherein the full moon already hangs like a great, rounded primrose caught in the leafless branches of a sycamore.

A thin, cool mist, that seems to have been stolen from one of Corot's pictures, hides mysterious, marvellous London; the Strand, with its garish flares and lamps; Bloomsbury with its modest lights; Westminster with all the hot, young politicians and rugged iconoclasts, and the dark, hungry boroughs nearer the sea.

Dear London, you are not half a bad place after all! The swift and careless streams of your life-blood course through a heart that is strong and true, a heart in which, often unsuspected, there exists a sense of humanity's real importance, and some high appreciation of all the great truths of Time. Under much tinsel and make-believe is hidden the essential shrewdness and talent of splendid cities! You have always many facets of your great abilities hidden from the limelights; much, indeed, you hold in reserve, even as undoubted genius is secreted beneath the extraordinary buffoonery of Chirgwin, "the white eyed Kaffir," who helps to amuse your crowds.

The coppery hue of the western sky is fading slowly to gray; the tint of the water is changing, too. Across the Serpentine, trees mirror themselves in the calm brightness. What a lovely scene! Chill the air, but the blood courses swiftly in warm and pleasurable surprise. Wood-pigeons coo contentedly, heedless of the sharp breath of evening; and what is that flash of blue? Surely it cannot be a jay, strayed hither from the sanctuary of Clapham Common? In this delightful *rus in urbe* all wild things are safe; hence the full music of that thrush singing above the snow-drops, and the cries of rare waterfowl which punctuate his lyrical periods.

When, at the dissolution of the monasteries,

the vandal Henry VIII. laid out this portion of the old Manor of the Hyde, giving pure air to the weary and safe refuge to the birds, he probably tried to atone for his spoliation of the Westminster Abbey estates. Had that blunt king some prevision of a time to be, when this tract of undulating land and the great Abbey itself would prove the two fairest possessions of modern London? It is interesting to think what this capital owes to the Church!

Lights of yellow-gold, red-gold and golden-green tremble in the attenuated vapors and in the responsive water. Homeward over the bridge hurry the toilers, and homeward hurries the muscovy duck, drawing a dark pencil-line behind her. Something rises, silvery and religiously solemn; slowly, slowly, it obscures the red tones of the west; the white lights and the gold lights intensify; the birds begin to tire of vespers; the scene becomes more visionary; until at last I behold the perfect Nocturne—Nature's incomparable Whistler!

A sweet Queen once said: "Il n'y a qu'une consolation: le travail." But she was wrong; there are many other solaces besides the great consolation of labor.

Regretfully I turn and make for Hyde Park Corner. The pearl-grey of the east has deepened ever so little, the voice of the great city has become more insistent. The lights of many lamps burn in the gently-pulsing water. What do they resemble? Just inverted golden notes of exclamation; each one head-downwards, like those with which the cultured Spaniard begins his apostrophes. Fair symbols that they are, they inspire this little tribute-missive to a happy hour!

R. THIRLMERE.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
WELLESLEY CRESCENT,
TORONTO.

MY DEAR ADELE:

As you wished me to describe the little children's doll exhibit, mentioned in my last letter, I take pleasure in complying with your request. The dolls were of all sizes, from an inch to about three feet. One was made of peanuts, which gave it a very comical appearance. A little Jap was quite proficient in gymnastics. An unusual phase in doll life was presented by a fully-costumed

trained nurse, bending, with almost human solicitude, over a patient.

The larger dolls were very becomingly gowned in white and looked most dignified. Some were seated in their carriages, others were greeting rivals with a smile that never varied. Now and again an apparently strong claimant for a prize was discovered, but, on closer inspection, found labelled "not competing." Would you credit the reason? Some of our venerable seniors had brought to the exhibit souvenirs of younger days, thus showing themselves rather loth to "put away the things of a child."

Each little girl was very proud of her own dollie and anxious for it to win one of the prizes. These consisted of very dainty shopping bags, handkerchiefs, and other articles necessary or useful to dolls.

The senior girls acted as judges and gave their decisions with all the dignity due to the great occasion. The prizes were not awarded for highest standing in class, or for general good conduct, but for being largest, smallest, prettiest, plainest, oddest, best-dressed, youngest, or oldest. The best-dressed doll was very sweet, having a handmade frock with red-riding-hood and cape. A sailor-lad won the prize for being smallest.

One of the most pleasant incidents in our school life was a very much appreciated invitation from the Abbey to attend an Alumnae entertainment. On entering the concert hall we noticed old pupils greeting one another. When all had assembled, our attention was drawn to the stage, where the pupils of other days soon delighted us with music and song. It added much to our gratification to see on the program former pupils of Wellesley—Patricia Brazill, Mona Coxwell and May Ryan. I am sorry you were not here to join in the applause that greeted their numbers. The vocal solos, Green's "Beautiful Land of Nod" and Tosti's "Spring" were sung in a charming style and warmly encored. "Love's Sacrifice," by Jean Blewett, was recited in a manner that made us realize the happiness of giving freely like Mary Magdalen, our best treasure to God. Much sympathy was aroused for Mary Stuart, as we listened to her pleadings for liberty, and Queen Elizabeth's heartless rejoicing over her victim. The instrumental numbers called forth special applause. The piano solo, "La Cantanella," Paganini-Liszt, showed us what

musical brilliancy may be attained by persevering work. I think the musicians among us looked forward to the day when they, too, would be on the honored roll of Alumnae, and, perhaps, like the present gifted entertainers, give pleasure to a younger generation.

With no lack of loyalty towards our own school we must admit that Abbey pupils have reason to be proud of their Alma Mater. No wonder they are delighted to return and revive old associations, thus keeping in touch with what was once a source of inspiration and is still an incentive to be valiant women.

Fear of tiring you prevents me from describing our February "Class Specimen," so I shall only say that several papers on Roman History were read by senior pupils, while the juniors related some historical events, as portrayed by the poets.

Lovingly,

JOSEPHINE HARRISON.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE.

DEAREST KATHLEEN:

Have you entirely lost faith in the old saying, "All things come to those who wait"? Well, the Easter preparations have had their effect upon me and now I have resolved to keep you waiting no longer, so please ascribe any deficiencies in letter-writing to that admirable virtue you attribute to those of *our* country. Naturally, you will be anxious to hear about the events which have helped to make this new year pass so pleasantly and quickly. The first pleasure that we enjoyed was the Rabbit Supper, given in Baraga Hall by the Children of Mary. As you, in bygone years, were present at some of these gatherings, you will have an idea of how we appreciated this one, especially, when you hear that all had free access to a certain booth.

Since our return to school the one event to which all our interest and attention were devoted was the Feast Day of St. Bridget, and I am glad to say that our preparations had not such an abrupt ending as those of last year. Though the day without was rather dark and dreary, the heart of each girl who attended the Mass offered for Mother Bride, at the request of the Children of Mary, was filled with happiness as she knelt at the altar and received Holy Communion. The

sweet singing at this Holy Sacrifice gave ample evidence of the fervent devotion which each one experienced. Immediately after breakfast, all assembled in the study hall and there anxiously waited to ascertain if the desired holiday could by any *known* means be obtained, and, anticipating a favorable reply, we indulged in recreation. Soon Father Gagnieur appeared and granted the appeal for a holiday, on one condition—that we would devote two quiet hours both in the morning and afternoon to study. You may imagine the enthusiasm with which we received this intelligence, our delighted faces and exclamations of rapture prompted Father to take it back. So we got our holiday. In the afternoon the graduates' dormitory became the centre of attraction. There, psychologic problems were discussed and chemistry was also a source of much interest. I suppose you know that this science treats of the gods and goddesses—Cupid especially. At three o'clock a bevy of white-robed maidens took part in the entertainment, prepared in honor of the day. The tasteful programmes were little works of art in themselves, ornamented with pretty painted violets, a dainty bow of ribbon and the sweet invitation—

A festal hour,
Among us dwell
'Mid poet's thoughts
And music's spell.

The opening number was a charming festal song in which the good wishes of all were prettily expressed. As Mother Bride's aversion to personal things was well known, an address was unthought of, so a very beautiful recitation, "The Hidden Ones," by Cardinal Newman, was substituted and well fulfilled its office, as it had for subject the merits of those who lived hidden lives. A piano solo, a nocturne by Meyer-Helmund, then occupied all attention and was rendered in a manner quite worthy of our class musician. The little children were brought into prominence and completely captivated the audience with their pleasing songs and recitations. One of Beethoven's Sonatas was now played with remarkable skill by one of our young musicians, and then followed scenes from "Evangeline." Here the children seemed to enter into the spirit of the pathetic poem, and certainly did it justice. The parts of priest, notary, and Evangeline were well performed and reflected as much credit as

the singing of the "Ave Maria," which terminated the effective drama. Our talented musician then favored the audience with Bargiel's beautiful "Marcia Fantastica," and played perfectly, as usual. And now we come to the climax of the entire programme, the successful presentation of various scenes from Cardinal Newman's magnificent poem—"The Dream of Gerontius"—which were most impressive; our two *little* girls taking the parts of *Gerontius* and the *Angel*. The sweet singing of the angels contributed much to the beauty of this number, for the music was taken from Sir Edgar Elgar's grand Oratorio. The programme was brought to a close by a full chorus, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," after which Father Gagnieur congratulated the children and urged them to imitate Saint Bridget and be queens as she was. While he referred to Ruskin's well-known sentiments on this subject, very meaning glances were exchanged among the ninth- and tenth-grade pupils who had just completed their class work on "Sesame and Lilies." All now went to the chapel for Benediction and, indeed, it seemed the only fitting ending to such an afternoon. At the dainty supper, to which the day-scholars and several guests were invited, we had the extreme pleasure of entertaining a number of the clergy—an honor which we highly valued. After supper some excellent music was enjoyed. And thus the delightful day passed, but its memory will remain forever.

February sixth—of local fame—was a Feast Day for which we had long been planning in secret. Recreation was given from three o'clock, and the time passed quickly in preparing for "A Fowl Entertainment," to which all the members of the Community were invited. This programme, gotten up with a view to satisfying the tastes of *some* who have a marked preference for the ridiculous, opened with a bright Festal Song, written expressly for the occasion by a new poetess, just appearing on our horizon. Recitations followed and then the so-called Classic Drama, "The Fox and Geese," in which three had sufficient humility to make geese of themselves, and the fourth took the rôle and costume of the fox and put greatest expression into the line which occurred so frequently, "Young Geese are silly and the Fox is sly." The "Quack Literature Lesson" on a certain poem was a model one in every respect, the intelligent answers and at-

tentive attitudes, the general bearing of the teacher, who imitated another literature teacher with whom you are well acquainted, excited the admiration and—smiles of all. The programme was brought to a close by another original poem, "A Ravin' Prophecy," pantomimed, and recited behind the scenes, as it was the author's maiden effort, she was rather reticent about emphasizing her presence. In this the future of the graduates was portrayed. Would you not like to know who is going to be "a nun forevermore," according to this prophecy?

But the entertainment on the evening of Shrove Tuesday eclipsed even this one, from a ridiculous point of view. Can you imagine a more ludicrous sight than a number of very dignified young ladies getting up before an audience and sedately going through a real doll drill, or a pantomime, in which dolly's new head and cute little teeth figured prominently? But this was not all. At a "meeting of the Mothers' Club," each told the anticipations that she had for the future of her particular doll, and her views on its education and "psychological" development. A prize, a very pretty sachet envelope, rendered more valuable by being the recognized work of an artist who is now gracing one of "our other houses," was given to the prettiest doll. Some difficulty was found in determining which was the beauty, but finally we left the decision to the youngest child, who quickly solved the problem. The selections of the little children were most entertaining. They had a play in which each one was represented as a young lady and carried out this part with the greatest ease. The observance of every formality was really amusing, especially when they rose to recite without removing their very elaborate hats and cloaks. Kitty was the young lady whose education had been completed in Germany. She seized this opportunity to bring forth to advantage all the long words in her extensive vocabulary, so that after an extremely interesting recitation on a *Crab*, she exclaimed, "How involuntary!" Of course all exercised a little *self-control*, but I will not say with what result.

Valentine's Day passed without any very exciting happening. At each place at breakfast was found the daintiest little souvenir, either the picture of a saint or a pretty card, and, to be candid, I think these were much more appreciated than

the very artistic hearts pierced by Cupid's dart, which were in such profusion later on. It may be that this feeling was all due to the donor's influence, but I wonder if you could tell me the hidden meaning in the card on which was inscribed in golden letters, "Lest we Forget."

Probably, that which will be most interesting to you—with the exception of an account of our large German class—will be a description of the séance on Tennyson's "In Memoriam." One Saturday morning, after we had completed the study of this poem, the literature class assembled in the study hall and was honored by the presence of Father Gagnieur and the nuns. The "class specimen," if it may be so called, commenced by questions on the poem, then the synopsis of a certain number of sections by each girl, and lastly by dwelling on different deep sections, and describing all their many merits. Two questions came up frequently—whether it is "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," and the question of the "expressed" and "unexpressed." What are your views on these, may I ask? The recitation of the beautiful section, "Ring out, Wild Bells," completed the séance, and then Father said a few words of commendation both for teachers and pupils. He told of the advantages we are enjoying, surrounded by those who would inculcate a love for the very best, not only in literature but in all things, and said also that with our education great destinies could not fail to be in store for us, and with his last words, urged us to go on with our study of the classics.

Now I have but one more important event to relate, and I fancy you have divined it already. As Washington's Birthday occurred in Lent this year, our Literary Association could not assist at any elaborate function, such as "The Pink Tea." All day the utmost excitement pervaded everywhere, national anthems were heard at an undreamed-of hour, and the morning passed all too quickly in decorating the study hall and in rehearsing for the evening's celebration. At five o'clock, this very intellectual entertainment commenced. Little programmes, in the shape of a hatchet, bearing a sketch of Washington's head, were passed around. National songs, solos, and piano duets gave much pleasure, and aroused patriotic sentiments, if this had not been accom-

plished already. "The Literary Nightmare" afforded much amusement, but that which was most enjoyed was the meeting of "The Young American Literary Reading Circle, Exclusively Feminine in members and pursuits, organized for the profound study of the world's celebrated women writers." In this the President called for each one's appreciation of some woman writer. Little Helen's speech was very droll; in concluding, she tried to impress upon all the necessity of *wearing* simplicity and of writing books that would change shadows into sunshine. The meeting ended by the President's entertaining views of Jane Austen, an author whom even distinguished men admire very much.

And now, farewell. Easter is here and with the Resurrection let us renew all noble resolutions and again ring into our lives "the Christ that is to be."

Affectionately yours,

LAURA S. DICKISON.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Now for the beginning of the Chronicle for the New Year. Agnes Repplier, in one of her delightful essays, tells us that "reading a diary is like looking through a small clear pane of glass. We may not see far and wide, but we see very distinctly that which comes within our range of vision." The diary tells its little story simply and concisely, it does not enlarge upon the subject or adorn it with numerous high-sounding phrases and figures of rhetoric; it briefly states the facts as they occur and the sensations which accompany them, and it is in this very briefness and simplicity that the charm of the diary lies.

Many persons have made this little diary their bosom friend and poured into its friendly pages all their joys and sorrows, all the most secret longings, disappointments and aspirations which make up our daily life, realizing that they have at last found a willing listener, one who will never reveal their secrets.

As the chronicle is very closely allied to the diary, what is said of one may be applied to the other. The chronicle is, also, a brief record of daily happenings, written down while they are

still fresh in our memory for those who may be interested in the exciting (?) events of boarding-school life.

January tenth—A shadow was cast over the opening of the new term by the sad announcement of the death of our loved companion, Alice Ridout, at the early age of fifteen. She had become ill a short time before the close of the school for the Christmas holidays, and was removed to the hospital in St. Catharines, where her uncle, Dr. Sheahan, is one of the attendant physicians. Her youth and strong constitution gave hope of recovery, and all that loving care and tender affection could suggest was done, but the all-wise and merciful Saviour, who does all things for the best, thought otherwise and desired to take this pure young soul unto Himself before the trials and sorrows of life had in any way diminished its loveliness. Surrounded by her mother, her little brother Tom and her sister Kathleen, who is also a Loretto pupil, she passed away calmly and peacefully.

Her remains were brought to Toronto for interment, and a High Mass was sung for the repose of her dear soul.

All who knew Alice can testify to her sweet, amiable disposition; and the unselfishness and gentle kindness which always characterized her manner, endeared her to both teachers and companions.

To her bereaved mother, to her sister Kathleen and the members of the family, we extend our sincere sympathy. Since it had been our pleasure to enjoy the sunshine of dear Alice's presence, we fully realize their loss.

January twelfth—A well-known clergyman once defined the Loretto bow—"A limpid sweetness, long drawn out"—the definition may well be applied to a taffy-pull in which we indulged this afternoon. The culinary department has always been to us a sort of mysterious fairyland, beyond whose portals nobody was ever allowed to pass—to-day it was open to all, and the young maidens who had boasted of their skill in domestic arts, were allowed to display it to the utmost advantage. Sister Marcella, the mistress of this enchanted realm, superintended the arrangements, assigning to everybody her share of the work, and amid peals of merry laughter the taffy-pulling continued.

Gradually, the brown masses in the hands of the more industrious workers began to assume a rich golden hue, then did the excitement reach its height, and those who were disposed to be somewhat indifferent at the beginning, began to work with renewed vigor.

The taffy-pull was declared a grand success, and the amount of delicious "sweetness" which each one so willingly displayed showed that all had become proficient in a very necessary art.

We flatter ourselves that the taffy would have suited the taste of even the most fastidious.

January twenty-first—The Misses Davies, members of the Moseley Commission of Education, visited the different classrooms and expressed great satisfaction at the thoroughness of the methods employed in the various departments. Miss C. Davies is a graduate of Newnham College, Cambridge, and is at present Principal of the Girls' Intermediate College, Llanelly, Wales.

January twenty-second—In response to a courteous invitation to attend the opening of the new hospital at Niagara Falls, Ont., we set out in the afternoon and were met at the entrance by the President, Mrs. F. H. Wilson, and the Vice-President, Mrs. N. H. Hobson—a former pupil of Loretto, who very graciously conducted us through the hospital, indicating and explaining the various uses of the rooms.

Although, in size, the building cannot be classed with the more imposing structures of which our country can boast, yet it is pleasant and homelike, and provided with everything that may add to the comfort of the patients.

As it was not considered advisable that the donations should be presented separately, the good will of the Community and their interest in the work was displayed in what Colonel Cruikshank called "a shower of fruit," and that of the pupils in something in the financial line.

January twenty-third—Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., Niagara University, gave us a delightful surprise by a most interesting lecture, taking for his subject one of the all-absorbing topics of the day—Earthquakes. The Reverend speaker gave evidence of a deep knowledge of his subject, and, previous to the explanation of the dread phenomena took us back to pre-historic days when "Darkness was on the face of the earth."

The various theories of the formation of the earth, prominent among them that of the great Laplace, were splendidly elucidated, until finally the heart of the burning subject—no pun was meant—was reached—tidal waves, how they originate, the recent great disasters in Jamaica and San Francisco, together with those of earlier times, were all ably commented upon. These facts were placed before us in a very simple, comprehensive manner. It is needless to say that we thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated this unlooked-for treat.

January twenty-seventh—The election of officers in the Art Club took place with the following result—President, Georgia Cannon; Secretary, Vivian Spence; Treasurer, Rosina Merle; Librarian, Cecil McLaughlin; Art Critic, Mary Egan.

Entertainment Committee—Edna Maloney, Ethel Lundy, Loretto O'Connell, Mary Percha.

Many other matters of moment were decided upon—selection of mottoes, subjects for discussion and debate, etc.

The number of the aquarelles and the beauty of the china on display in the studio now are delightful.

The Drawing Classes are particularly interested in "the miracle and mystery of the repeated line."

Course of lectures:

- I. Necessity of Art to human nature.
- II. Art for Art's sake vs. Art for humanity's sake.
- III. Colonial Art vs. Keramic Art.
- IV. Art in illustrations, posters, &c.
- V. Landscape Painting.
- VI. Marine and Figure Painting.

Evenings with American Artists—Sargent, Inness, Abbey, Whistler.

"In framing artists Art hath thus decreed
To make some good but others to exceed."

February second—The celebration of the Feast of the Purification was observed with the usual solemnity. The Children of Mary and the entire academic corps joined in procession after Benediction, singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. In the afternoon there were special devotions appropriate to the occasion.

February seventh—A murmur of expectation and a ripple of excitement passes through the study hall whenever the sound of the door-bell is heard, even the expression of profound studiousness, which habitually (?) adorns the thoughtful brows of the seniors, fades for a moment and is replaced by one of eager expectation. Truly, something unusual is in the wind—and some distinguished visitor is soon to grace our halls. There is a whisper that the expected one is no other than our kind friend, Father Gillis, who, on his last visit to the convent, made himself such a universal favorite, and ere long the rumor is confirmed by a certain little maiden whose curiosity seems to have brought her nearer the front door than the rules of the school exactly permit.

Our Reverend guest spent the day at the convent, and it is needless to say how much pleasure his visit afforded us. Knowing his appreciation of choral music, we favored him with several selections, and the encomiums received more than repaid our feeble efforts.

We have by no means forgotten the delightful spiritual treat afforded us by Father Gillis last spring, and we hope some time in the near future, to enjoy a similar one, when we may renew with increased fervor our good resolutions of last year.

February twelfth—"There was a sound of revelry by night"—well might the words of the poet be applied to the merry strains which issued from the hall on the evening of our annual masquerade. Verily, our fairy godmother has been making good use of her magic wand, for we have been transported into some realm of enchantment, where the celebrated characters of all times are assembled en fête. Everywhere numerous little fairies, arrayed in tinsel and gauze, flit hither and thither among the guests, and maidens of all nations and climes, gorgeous in the costumes of their respective countries, mingle with perfect amity and freedom.

In the farther corner of the room the Gypsy Queen holds Court, surrounded by her merry, laughing subjects, who seem unable to restrain their joy, and break forth at intervals into some gay love song,—greatly to the surprise and amazement of the stately Portia and the grave, mild-eyed Puritan maiden, who stands nearby.

To the left, a band of Watteau shepherdesses go through the graceful measures of the Shepherd Dance, while Minnehaha and several maids of far Japan look on, lost in admiration. Kathleen Mavourneen and Eileen Alanna cast sly glances at yonder haughty Indian Chief who, gorgeous in war paint and feathers, creates quite a sensation whenever he approaches the more timid of the guests. Shakespearean heroines are also in evidence—the hapless Ophelia, lovely Juliet, and that beautiful creation of the poet's fancy—Cordelia. Mary Jane and Buster Brown seem to be enjoying themselves immensely with the ghost of Cæsar, which they insist on treating in a manner most offensive to the dignity of that worthy personage. But where is Tige? Can it be possible that Buster has forgotten him on this all-important occasion? Alas! he is not here. I wonder why? Little Red Riding-Hood, looking bright and happy, is deep in conversation with an eighteenth-century belle, but instead of the celebrated basket, she carries a "Teddy" bear—really, our little Red Riding-Hood is becoming very modern.

Something in the appearance and manner of some of the prominent personages recalls certain maidens of our acquaintance; for instance, that peculiar air of dignity which distinguishes the Gypsy reminds us of a certain Mary Percha, while the roguish look in the eyes of Mary Jane can belong only to our mischievous little Catharine. Portia's grave bearing and the merry laugh of yonder Snowshoe Girl are strangely familiar; but we are interrupted in our soliloquy by the tinkle of a silver bell, and we know the fatal hour has come—the spell is broken—and suddenly the merry revellers disappear from view.

February twentieth—Miss Graham of Buffalo gave a very interesting informal talk on the Shakespeare of Music—Ludwig von Beethoven.

After a brief sketch of his life, Miss Graham pointed out the most prominent characteristics of the compositions of the sublime composer. The discussion afforded an additional interest, owing to the fact of Miss Graham's having spent some years abroad and seen the many personal objects of interest in the Beethoven Museum, the most touching among them being a pair of ear-trumpets, for, as is well known, this wonderful

genius was afflicted with deafness for many years previous to his death.

Frequent allusions were also made during the course of the talk to those wonderful Sketch Books, which contain the themes of the marvellous compositions which were afterwards to astound the musical world, and which are all—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever." One of these great masterpieces, "The Chord Symphony," was given in Toronto and in Buffalo, quite recently, by the Mendelssohn Choir. The rendition that the incomparable Choir gave of this inspired composition is said to have been a revelation. It took the maestro thirty years to complete it, and now it stands a living monument to his genius.

At the close of the talk, Miss Graham gave a selection from one of his most celebrated concertos, after which we all retired, feeling that we had, indeed, enjoyed a treat.

February twenty-second—The birthday of the Father of our Country was celebrated with the usual éclat. All national differences were forgotten, and both Americans and Canadians did all in their power to make the festivities a success. In the evening, a concert, arranged entirely by the pupils, was given. All the performers acquitted themselves with such brilliant success that the task of describing their individual efforts must be left to a more graphic pen than mine.

The hall was tastefully decorated with the national colors, and the girls presented a very patriotic appearance in their Liberty caps and red, white and blue sashes. The programme consisted of songs and recitations appropriate to the occasion, and instrumental music, for the most part by American composers, prominent among whom was the ill-fated McDowell. But the pièce de résistance was, undoubtedly, the minuet, danced by twelve of the young ladies in Colonial costume, with a grace and dignity that would have done credit to the proudest belle of Washington's day. Our efforts were very graciously applauded—which of course, showed the good taste and appreciation of the audience.

February twenty-seventh—The centenary of Longfellow's birth was celebrated by a pleasing entertainment, provided by members of the first and second academic classes. Many beautiful tributes were paid to America's best-loved poet,

who left this world's changing scenes a quarter of a century ago.

That he is still dear to the hearts of children, as in the days of his earthly pilgrimage, was evidenced by the loving spirit in which his praises were sung on this occasion by his youthful admirers at Loretto.

March third—During the absence of our chaplain, Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C., Mass was celebrated by the Reverend E. H. Eckhardt, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y.

EDITH GARNEAU.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton, Ont.

February second—All the Feasts of our Lady—enshrined in the heart of every child of her Institute—have for us the added privilege of a visit from our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, who, in the goodness of his paternal heart, and conscious of the pleasure that his presence always affords us, comes to instruct, to encourage, and to bless.

On the Feast of St. Blase, after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His Lordship blessed the throats of the Religious and the students. Then followed one of those delightful hours of pleasant converse, inspiring alike to teachers and pupils, and inscribed in golden characters in the diary of our hearts.

February fourth—The first of a series of pre-Lenten concerts, inaugurated by Mr. and Mrs. Egan and the Misses Egan.

Recollections of other occasions when Mr. and Mrs. Egan charmed Loretto audiences awakened pleasant anticipations, which were fully realized before half of the programme, that ranged from operatic selections to the airs one loves to hear, had been rendered. Each new song added not merely its own charm to the evening's pleasure, but gave a little touch of surprise and contrast, coming just where it did.

The opening number, "Ecce panis"—D'Hollander—given by Mr. Egan with fine musical feeling and beauty of tone, showed his mastery of the art of singing, and afforded ample scope for a display of the perfection of his work. "The

King and the Miller"—Keller—proved a very acceptable response to repeated encores and justified the enthusiastic applause which again recalled the singer—this time in a duet, "Life's Dream is o'er"—Ascher—with Mrs. Egan, whose beautiful sympathetic voice brought out all the poetic sentiment of the selection. Miss Virginia Egan made her début in a soprano solo—"Time's Roses"—Barry—admirably suited to her charmingly fresh young voice. Encored, she sang with delightful spirit and dainty grace some very effective operatic snatches, not chosen to display power, but rather to amuse and please former companions, and, when the audience refused to be satisfied, she won them completely with sparkling selections from "The Geisha" and "Sam Toy," rendered with a buoyancy of expression and picturesque action which called forth renewed and well-merited applause.

By special request, Mrs. Egan sang "À l'Étoile Confidente"—Roubaudi—and scored a distinct triumph. Not once did she force a note, and the smoothness and evenness of her voice were particularly noticeable. With the poet I might exclaim, "Still sounds its sweetness within me."

To our desire for an old-time favorite—a comic duet—Mr. and Mrs. Egan very graciously acceded. It was in this they reached the *hearts* of the audience, for they rose nobly to the demands of the scene and made the most of the humorous possibilities of the parts; thereby eliciting peal after peal of laughter.

A bass solo—"Who treads the path of Duty"—Mozart—by Mr. Egan, and the singing of "God Save the King," in which all the pupils joined, were an appropriate ending to a performance which no lover of good singing will be likely to forget.

Too much cannot be said of Miss Josephine Egan's artistic accompaniments, one of the enjoyable qualities of which was her touch—that indescribable quality which reveals temperament. We would certainly have appreciated a solo from this gifted pianist, but had not the heart to ask for the favor after the exacting strain of her evening's work.

The Misses Egan are former pupils of this Loretto, and, on the occasion of her graduation, Miss Josephine Egan was the fortunate winner

of the Governor-General's medal for English Literature.

February sixth—Alma and her "Teddy" bear make their first appearance in the study hall. What a sensation! Straight from the Rockies, you know. After an involuntary gasp, the seniors smile their welcome. "Teddy's" glance rests approvingly on the sea of upturned faces, so unlike any he had seen before, and lingers on the peerless maid with the raven tresses, reddening painfully—not the tresses. But, being somewhat of a Bohemian and averse to restraint, the grim walls proved uncongenial, and he betook himself to more pleasant quarters, incidentally dropping into the *sanctum*, of which, in the absence of the editor-in-chief, he took undisputed possession; scrutinizing the occupants as a sort of curiosity to be investigated from a distance, and exchanging furtive glances with Gene, who disarmed suspicion by frankly admitting—"No, I do *not* wear blue stockings nor spectacles, nor is my countenance 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'." Well, the common fate of the best-laid plans overtook "Teddy's," and, I really think, his dancing days are now over. *Ainsi va le monde!*

February twelfth—Mardi Gras—the Masquerade—and the Banquet!—so long anticipated with suppressed excitement. Have you ever reflected to what lengths we will go for a little merriment, especially when occasions for its enjoyment are rare? In this case, every one felt a personal interest in the project—each one striving to produce something new and original and lending her best efforts toward its success—consequently, the costumes, the decorations of the hall, which electric bulbs had converted into a garden of sunlight, the dances, songs, &c., prepared expressly for the occasion, were all in harmony with the idea.

The strains of a Grand March, an eager swaying of the lines, a soft ripple of laughter, and the gay procession, rainbow-hued, glittering with jewels (?), and led by Britannia—Elizabeth Robinson—entered the hall. Canada—Lillian Udell—followed with her flowery train—Rita Sheedy, Ruth Kapelle, Clara Doyle, Mary Fischer, Frances Filgiano, Aubrey Casey, Isabeau McCarthy, Laura Person, Mabel Green, Germaine La France, Charlotte Holleran, Veronica Doyle,

Maud Person, Isabel Sherett, Marie Coughlan—carrying in the folds of their names the magic sheen of innumerable dawns, of innumerable springtimes contemplated by forgotten man, even as they also carry the memory of thousands of fleeting emotions that have disappeared, leaving no trace. The lovely violet—Evelyn Harris—the very embodiment of the flower she so daintily represented—was there, too, whispering of spring.

Two very attractive sixteenth century ladies—Elizabeth McSloy and Mary Battle—the former in a beautiful shade of old rose satin, the latter in pale blue, next met our admiring gaze. Regal in bearing, and majestically waving fans of peacock feathers, they passed along with supercilious air and somewhat scornful glance at a group of dancing gypsies—Frances Pigott, Vera Malone, Minetta Dopp, Emily Watson, Leila Noble and Georgia Watson—attired in a bewilderment of bright colors and spangles.

The Goddess of Liberty—Alva Orth—and Martha Washington—Inez Tracy—were engrossed in some all-absorbing topic—probably, Japan—and glanced occasionally at Osana San—Rita Tracy—as she tripped daintily along in her lacquered sandals, her blue and gold kimono catching the light with a gleam, her wide red sash, tied in a butterfly bow, adding a glaring note of color, and her gayly-flowered paper parasol making just the background for the oval of her face. One would have said she had just stepped out of the "Mikado," or off a Satsuma vase, as she chatted with a trim little companion in pink domino—Kate Perry—with that exquisitely modulated voice which is part of her training, and so captivating to every visitor to her native land.

But see, Erin—Camilla Kavanagh—approaches, attended by Shamrock and Good Luck—May O'Sullivan and Helen Coughlan. What a refreshing trio they are in their green drapery and sunburst, flashing laughter and merriment from their roguish blue eyes at the Irish colleen—Kathleen O'Brien—who has so demurely transformed herself into the Puritan maiden Priscilla, "Priscilla, the May-flower of Plymouth," as to be awarded first prize, by unanimous vote, for perfection of costume and impersonation of the character represented.

Gladys Wilkins was the stepmother in the Cinderella group; Hilda Murray was Prince Charming; the two proud stepsisters, Muriel ffolkes and Frances Dopp; Cinderella, Frances Daniells; fairy godmother, Edna Dorr.

It seemed unnecessarily cruel of Fate, or Chance, or Fortune, or whatever the great Busybody should rightly be called, who has every living creature for a victim, that "Sweet Sixteen" and her costume should have parted unconsciously on the trolley—the latter accompanying a gentleman to Toronto—let us hope he did not masquerade when he got there—the former bemoaning her lot in the convent, as maidens are wont to do, and wearing her emotions in a sling for an indefinite period. Poor Gene!

No one acquainted with the dainty Marjorie who, in her everyday attire, is so primly gowned, could recognize her in the matronly dame of a half a century ago; however, the costume was worn with a dignity becoming the departed shade of bygone days—the ample skirt, flounced and frilled, with its looped up polonaise, and underneath, capacious pockets, which, doubtless, held when this half century was young, many a candied stick and ginger-bread man for the little people.

Lady Teazle—Evelyn ffolkes—looked quite happy in the absence of Sir Peter, at which we cannot altogether wonder, for that worthy's mind was attuned to ideals of domestic felicity foreign to hers.

The stately Duchess of Devonshire—Irene Carroll—who had set aside her coronet and was wearing instead a garland of pink roses, looked radiant and beautiful as ever, beaming sympathetically on the gentle Evangeline—Olive Conrad—who walked beside her, serenely reminiscent. We could almost hear the tremulous voice—"Gone? is Gabriel gone?"

What shall we say of picturesque Mother Goose—Edna Tracy—and her quaint little train of nursery-rhymes? To her was really awarded the second prize—and she richly deserved it.

A very charming group followed, including a Colonial Lady—Margaret Brownlee—Two Little Girls in Blue—Patricia Doyle and Hilda Borron—Post Card Girl—Olive Taylor—Red Cross Nurse—Winefred O'Neil—Night—Agnes Woodcroft—Mistress Mary—Jean Michael—

Tennis Girl—Gertrude Taylor—Highland Lassie—Zita Goodrow—Fairy Queen—Blanche Goodrow—Union Jack—Edna Patrick—Dolly Varden—Myrtle Stark and Eileen Weaver—Bo-Peep—Cora Patrick and Margaret Gordon—Red-Riding-Hood—Amy Hinman—Goody-Two-Shoes—Phyllis McIntyre—French Doll—Olive Donohue—Moonbeam—Vera McDonald.

When the dancing commenced, the humorous side of the picture appealed to every one. In bewildering confusion dollies and fairies danced together, fleeing from Mother Goose, whose tall hat seemed to be everywhere in evidence. Goody-Two-Shoes won most admiration, the Bo-Peeps were all too intent on their search, and Red-Riding-Hood was in too great a hurry to reach her grandmother. The Pop-Corn girls seemed to enjoy their share of popularity—even the fairies were human enough to pursue them and steal their tempting chains.

It took some time, of course, for the revellers to recover from the exhaustion caused by such success, nevertheless, they were all apparently ready to feast on the good things, under which the supper tables literally groaned.

Miss Coleman was guest of honor on the occasion, and we flatter ourselves that dear Genevieve enjoyed, as in days of yore, this schoolgirl frolic and joyous pre-Lenten farewell to mirth.

February twenty-second—Our annual sleigh-ride. The courtesy of the Canadian girls in selecting this date—the anniversary of Washington's birthday—was thoroughly appreciated by their American sister students, who, no matter where they may roam, never forget the honor due to the Father of their country.

Canada is the home par excellence of winter sports, and we are all lovers of the keen, brisk air that abides with us from November until March, and of the delights of a winter outing in the noiseless sleigh, with its merry accompaniment of tuneful bells.

Great, then, was our joy on the afternoon of the twenty-second when Jack Frost, in accommodating mood, made smooth our paths through his snow-fields, and we realized that winter in all its glory had arrived.

With sharpened appetites for the delicious oyster supper awaiting the sleighing party, we returned. All too soon the delightful evening

had passed on its happy way, leaving behind memories of an outing to be set among the high tides of the calendar.

February twenty-seventh—"An Evening with Longfellow," the sweet singer and great poet, whose centenary occurs to-day. What marvelous combination of splendid faculties has made this man the most widely read of two hemispheres of English-speaking people? The answer is found in the household character, the tender, Christian spirit of his poetry, in which there are no obscure passages which might be construed backward as intelligently as forward. His verse is limpid as a running brook, and as full of music; it glorifies, but does not drown, the thought. And this is the sort of poetry by which the universal heart is won. The scholar loves the veiled meaning underlying classic form; the intellectual reader ponders on the subtle beauty, the shadowy and suggestive grace of lines that fascinate by their very indefiniteness of outline; but the heart of the people will always turn to the troubadour, the story-teller, the man whose clear and simple thought chooses for its raiment the clearest and simplest language.

Following is the programme: "The Poet whom a whole nation loves and reveres," sketched by Rita Sheedy; "The Bridge," the choral class; "The Golden Legend," R. Kappele, A. Casey, M. McGuire, M. Battle, R. Sheedy, L. Udell, I. Mullen, E. ffolkes, I. Tracy, A. Orth, L. Noble, O. Conrad, E. Morris, F. Pigott, K. Perry, M. Gordon, B. Goodrow, O. Taylor.

"The Children's Hour," Jean Michael, "The Arrow and the Song," E. MacSloy, "The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi," Margaret Brownlee; "The Builders," M. Dopp; "Footsteps of Angels"—vocal quartet—F. Daniells, M. Battle, R. Tracy, B. MacSloy.

On Friday evening, St. Hilda's Literary Club appropriately celebrated the great centenary at a very interesting séance. Emily Watson read a biographical sketch of the poet, in which she discussed his mission as interpreter of the Old World culture to the New. A recitation of some favorite poems followed, notably, "My Lost Youth," by Gladys Wilkins; "The Beleaguered City," by Camilla Kavanagh; and "Santa Filomena," by Hilda Murray.

A literary analysis of "Nuremberg" was read by Kathleen O'Brien, giving a synopsis of the history of that ancient city, which, with its cathedral and churches of St. Sebald and St. Lawrence, still gives testimony of the greatness of the Middle Ages, "when Art was still religion."

Frances Daniells then recited "Nuremberg."

Helen Coughlan next read a comprehensive paper, treating of the poet's attitude towards the Catholic Church—"With special enthusiasm do we celebrate this centenary and proclaim that Longfellow did much to dissipate the anti-Catholic prejudice so strong in America at the outset of his career." Reference was made to several of his poems which reveal the poet's preference for Catholic subjects, and quotations were given from "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," showing the reverent esteem with which he regarded the Catholic missionary.

Edna Tracy recited Prince Henry's soliloquy from "The Golden Legend."

During the informal hour that followed, a bright little anecdote was related by Rita Tracy, and Elizabeth MacSloy afforded much amusement by reciting Longfellow's first poem.

March fourth—Needlework—by some considered a senseless waste of time—has been assuming a more honored position amongst us of late, and among the minor arts may soon attain the place its long standing merits. For some weeks, the workroom has presented a scene of activity rivalling any modish establishment in the land—such designing and cutting and stitching!—one would say a royal trousseau was in course of preparation. But the most amazing bit of information that has reached me in many moons is, that maidens are becoming acquainted with that slender, pointed little instrument, known as a needle, who had completely ignored its existence before. Why this earnest desire? Because "only the young ladies who have made their own white blouses shall be permitted to wear them during the summer months." "Mother would make this much better than I," is the gentle plea of one discouraged young seamstress; "This will go to pieces the first time it is washed, if I make it," adds a wobegone voice from the corner—but all in vain—the decree has gone forth and may not be annulled.

FRANCES DANIELLS.

Personals.

"Did you get what you expected at Christmas?"

"I expected nothing, but I didn't expect to get it."

"Ach, vot ignoranceness! I could read ven I vos fife years oldt."

"Your Literary Circle is making a study of Shakespeare now, I believe."

"Yes, indeed."

"And what have you learned about the great bard so far?"

"Well, we've discovered that he's just too cute for anything."

"Insomnia is an awful thing."

"Yes, but there's precious little of it in our church."

"What is the meaning of creation?"

"Something to wear on your head."

"She plays entirely by ear."

"It's a pity she's so deaf."

"Who's a-goin' to pay me for actin' last night?"

"I told my mother the name—'a lazy creature'—you called me to-day, and she said I was no more a *creature* than anybody else."

"What's that?"

"Only the crash of a few more broken resolutions."

"Look at the trolley! Be careful! Don't drive so fast or you'll kill us all."

"Shure that's all right. If they kill us we'll have the law on them."

"Who was the first man?"

"George Washington."

"What is Lotus?"

"A kind of grasshopper."

"Who can tell me what Lot's wife turned to?"

"She turned to look."

"Oh, dear, I feel so nervous."

"What's nervous?"

"It's being in a hurry all over."

"The general is certainly a bellicose man."

"You don't say so! I thought from his picture that he was very thin."

"Do you know what I like best in school?"

"No, what is it?"

"Anaesthetics."

"Why, Lottie, what do you mean?"

"Don't you know we throw our arms up and then down."

"Would you call that love platonic?"

"I'd call it mutual."

"Everybody goes to the rink in the morning when there's nobody else there."

"I heard that a celebrated English poet gets fifty dollars a line for his verse."

"If that was me I'd write a thousand lines and stop."

"What brought you here?"

"To take the measure for your coffins."

"We'll let you know when we're dead."

"I asked papa if Columbus really discovered America, and he said he thought I was taking those historical novels too seriously."

"Yes, I saw Vesuvius and it looked—like hell!"

"How those Americans do travel!"

"My birthday is on the fifteenth of February."

"Oh, why didn't you *postpone* it to the fourteenth and then you'd be born on St. Valentine's day like my brother."

Gladys tells us confidentially that "there is to be another revolution in England. That awful Richard II. is going to take the throne from King Edward!"

"I like the way you kept on reading that long thing at dinner to-day."

"Well, I had to read until I was told to stop."

"Why didn't you get hoarse?"

"I don't get hoarse unless I have to."

"Then you could have said hem—hem—h—um—h—um—and perhaps she would have let you stop."

"Sunday isn't Lent, is it?"

"I wonder what the lecture will be on?"

"I think it will be on the platform."

"My sister Maud is a great Latin scholar. She wrote the following beautiful wish on the back of my valentine—'Festibus jollibus et hilaribus nunc et in aeternitatibus. Maudibus.'"



RIGHT REVEREND T. J. DOWLING, D. D.,
BISHOP OF HAMILTON, ONT.

NIAGARA RAINBOW



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XIV.

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No. 3.

A Musical and Literary Entertainment.

In Celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of the
Consecration of Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D. D.

"O precious evening! All too swiftly sped."

WELL may last evening at Loretto, Mount St. Mary, be apostrophized in the words of the American poet's sweet sonnet! It was precious in its interest, for were we not privileged to mingle our glad refrains of happy greeting and congratulation with those which the celebration of the anniversary so spontaneously evoked, and which echoed and re-echoed through the diocese that so proudly honors the beloved Bishop whom we, Loretto's children, rejoice to call our own—precious in the spirit which it breathed—the spirit of gratitude for anxious solicitude for our welfare, for wise counsel and kindly words of commendation and encouragement; and of hope that the lengthening years may be as fruitful and as crowned with the jewels of good works as are those that have gone.

The spacious hall, no small portion of which was occupied by a very complete and elaborately-decorated stage, must have recalled to His Lordship memories of voices which, like ours, had oftentimes sung his festal lays and welcomed the recurrence of a day fraught with so much happiness to them; but we doubt if the music of heart-chords ever dwelt more fully in the sound—"Many happy returns of the day"—than on this auspicious occasion, ushered in with music and song and gala festivities.

At 7.30 p. m., the curtain rose on a picture all too beautiful for my halting pen to describe, and which, for loveliness of artistic effect surpassed

anything I had ever seen. Tier upon tier of white-robed maidens, wreathed in smiles and embowered in roses, festoons of flowers enwreathing the platform and forming a gay border to the embankment of palms and ferns, tiny representatives of "Flowerland," who, later took part in the Fête, in all the glory of their favorite blooms, and redolent of hillside and woodland, furnished a bewilderment of charms to the appreciative audience that tested the capacity of the house. Indeed, His Lordship, in responding to the address presented to him in the early part of the programme, remarked jocularly that the Mayor had just confessed to him that he could sit all night admiring such beauty. "It is the first time he has made a confession to the Bishop," added His Lordship amid laughter, "and it is a good confession, because it is true."

The brilliant rendition of the very attractive programme elicited hearty applause, but the climax of enthusiasm was reached in the closing number—"A Fête in Flowerland"—when the "little ones" merrily tripped to the stage to perform their allotted parts with the dainty, winsome grace that only childhood knows, and literally danced and sang themselves into the hearts of their delighted admirers. Evidently, His Lordship was pleased for he told them—"Of all the flowers of May there are none so sweet to me as you, the flowers of Loretto."

At this juncture, His Lordship complimented the pupils on the excellence of the performance he had witnessed, which he considered an indication of the training they had been receiving. They deserved credit, he said, for they had played their parts perfectly, and he hoped they would succeed equally well on the stage of life, as model women—an honor to the Church and State. He

then expressed his pleasure at the presence of Mayor Stewart, Alderman Clark and Alderman Sweeney. He also thanked the audience for the interest their presence manifested in the school, and, in closing, moved that the young ladies have an extra hour's sleep in the morning and a holiday.

Mayor Stewart seconded His Lordship's motion, and, addressing the performers, paid a high tribute to the exceptionally pleasing concert which it had been his good fortune to enjoy. "I can assure you," he added, "that it gives me much pleasure to be here to-night. The man who would not feel a warm corner in his heart, looking at these dear, innocent faces, would have no heart at all. I have enjoyed this splendid entertainment, and I would be neglecting my duty if I failed to say a word of praise for those who assisted in preparing the pupils. The result must, indeed, be gratifying to those in charge." Then, turning to the Bishop, "I hope Your Lordship will be here twenty years hence, and I will make it a point to be present."

The resolution was then presented by His Lordship and, it is needless to say, was carried unanimously by the young ladies.

The entertainment which had proved so thoroughly enjoyable was brought to a close by the singing of "Ave Maria Loreto," and the National Anthem in which the audience joined.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

PROGRAMME.

"Ecce Sacerdos Magnus."

Address and Floral Presentation.

ELIZABETH MACSLOY.

Little 'Ones' Greeting—Prologue.

MARGUERITE GORDON.

Piano Solo *Hollaender*
FRANCES DANIELLS.

Vocal Quartet—"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."

FRANCES DANIELLS, HILDA MURRAY, RITA SHEEDY, ELIZABETH MACSLOY, WINEFRID O'NEAIL, RITA TRACY, GLADYS WILKINS, HELEN COUGHLAN.

"Cross and Crescent."

Scene I.

Edna Tracy, Minetta Dopp, Edna McGuire, Margaret Brownlee.

"Spring Song"—(String Accompaniment) *Lynes*
"Cross and Crescent."

Scene II.

Elizabeth MacSloy, Frances Daniells.

Violin Solo—"Cavatina" *Raff*
ANNA COLLINS.

Full Chorus *Veazie*
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Vocal Solo—"Daffodils" *Ronald*
ELIZABETH MACSLOY.

"Cross and Crescent."

Scene III.

Margaret Brownlee, Frances Daniells, Edna McGuire.

"Waltz Song"—(Double String Quartet Accompaniment) *Wakerlin*

Vocal Solo—"Still wie die Nacht" *Bohm*
FRANCES DANIELLS.

"A Fête in Flowerland" ALLEN
THE MINIMS AND JUNIORS.

"Ave Maria Loreto."

Stepping-Stones.

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."



OVERWHELMED by the death of his beloved friend, Tennyson turned his thoughts resolutely to the work Hallam had loved, and, years later, when success greeted him on every side, he sang the immortal truth verified through many ages, yet, never before so aptly expressed—

"That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Hallam's death, though an external event, had a very real and mighty effect on Tennyson's life—it was the stepping-stone that urged him on until at last he was crowned Poet Laureate of Great Britain.

About this same time, a scene was being enacted in Sweden, a scene between Madame Lundberg and Jenny Lind, who was destined to call forth such applause that the echoes of it still ring, not only in her native land, but through all Europe and America.

A charming story relates that, as a little girl, Jenny Lind had a playmate and often when they rambled over the hills together, he encouraged her to sing. He predicted that some time she would be a great singer.

A little later, Madame Lundberg became interested in Jenny and introduced her to Craelius and Berg, famous musicians, also to Lindbald, a composer. Then it was that the prophecy, uttered a year before, came true, for Jenny Lind became the Nightingale of Sweden.

It was her playmate who foretold Jenny Lind's success as a singer, but it was the chiming city bells which seemed to tell the lonely little figure of Dick Whittington, as he sat on a stone by the roadside, to turn again, that he would some day be Lord Mayor of London.

The cook in the house where he found employment, took a violent dislike to him. After a time, Whittington, since he could no longer bear her cruelty, determined to run away. Outside the city he sat down on a stone to rest. The bells began to ring, and to his weary soul they chanted the prophetic song, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London"! He returned to his former home, this time with a determination to stay.

Sometime afterward his master sent a ship to India, in which everyone ventured something for good luck. Dick had nothing but a cat he had purchased to keep the mice from the garret in which he slept. An Eastern princess admired the gentle little creature, and was given one of its kittens. When told the story of the English lad, she sent him a sum of money and some jewels, as a present.

Many years later Whittington's dream was realized and he became Lord Mayor.

Many clever men have had to strive against the depressing influence of ill health. One whose brilliancy seemed but the better for its frail setting was J. Richard Green, the English historian; but his wife cheered and helped him with his writings.

In copying manuscripts for her husband, Mrs. Green contracted "writers' cramp" and could no longer use her right hand. But not to be daunted by such an obstacle as this she at once began to learn to write with the left.

One of her practise papers, which she was about to destroy, Mr. Green quietly put in his

pocket; and, in after-years when in discouragement, he thought he could not write, one look at the paper over which his wife had so patiently toiled, filled his heart with new hope. Finally he was enabled to overcome all obstacles, and he produced the History of England which bears his name.

Often, too, good results come from very unfavorable circumstances, as they did in the life of Richard Wagner.

There were times when he had no money to buy food, and it was on one of these occasions that an old friend secured for him the position of conductor of a small theatre in Riga, a town in Russia. When his engagement there expired, he could not get it renewed, and, unable to obtain a pass from the country he and his wife left in the night.

There was a storm at sea while going around the rocky coast of Denmark, on the voyage from Riga to Paris, and this inspired him to finish the "Flying Dutchman," the opera which made him famous.

Sometimes, stepping-stones which turn the whole course of our lives are unconsciously laid by our own hand.

When Whistler was a boy, he entered the Military Academy at West Point, but left soon after on account of a rebuke received from one of his teachers, for etching heads on the margin of a coast survey map. It was then he decided to be an artist.

He went to Paris, studied under Geyre, and afterwards produced many fine paintings, a number of which adorn the art galleries of to-day, but, undoubtedly, the one for which he is most noted is his "Portrait of My Mother."

Abraham Lincoln, like many other great men, was poor and unrecognized in his youth. By following his mother's teachings he paved his way from a log cabin to the White House.

It was his hand that signed the petition for the Abolition of Slavery, and, by this noble act, he laid the stepping-stone by which the black people in America might walk into the light of freedom.

The value of stepping-stones lies not in the thought that they span streams too difficult to cross, nor that they connect and strengthen the narrow pass in the mountains. But in their highest and noblest sense they spring from the kindly

interest and loving sympathy which encourage us to press onward until the crooked and difficult stream of life is passed, and we reach the beautiful Uplands.

I. HELENA BOYINGTON.

Literary Tributes to Poetry.

O Poetry, thou heaven-born maid, all hail! All hail!

THIS is the hymn of praise to Poetry that ascends from every nation in the civilized world. Who can estimate its value towards ennobling and supernaturalizing mankind? To the poet the whole creation has a charmed aspect. The lowliest flower, the soaring bird, the vast ocean, the blue lofty mountains and the vaulted heavens,—all are beautiful, and speak in their own peculiar language to his “heart of hearts.”

The great men of every age have sung their paeans of praise to the art of Poesy. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in “The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,” has given expression to the sweetest sentiments on this inspiring subject, which aid us in discriminating between the body and the soul of a poem. “Every poem has a soul and a body, and it is the body of it, or the copy, that men read and publishers pay for. The soul of it is born in an instant in the poet’s soul. It comes to him a thought, tangled in the meshes of a few sweet words,—words that have loved each other from the cradle of the language, but have never been wedded until now. Whether it will ever fully embody itself in a bridal train of a dozen stanzas or not is uncertain; but it exists potentially from the instant that the poet turns pale with it.”

Theodore Körner endeavors to show the close relation there exists between poetry and its composer, in the following lines; as translated from the German—“Poetry is deep pain, the one deep grief, the true inspired song which proceeds solely out of the hearts of men; yet, the loftiest poetry, silent as the deepest pain, passes mute as spirits through the human heart.”

The lyric bard, Campbell, has given us an essay on English achievements in this art, while Sir Philip Sidney furnishes a *Defense of Poesy*. The honored author of the *Elegy* has written the grand poem “The Progress of Poetry,” which sings praises to every one upon whom this Muse

was pleased to bestow her heavenly gifts, from the Aeolian Lyrists to the modern bard. His tribute to Shakespeare is worthy of his theme. He represents “the mighty mother” unveiling her awful face, and to the dauntless child,

“This pencil take,” she said, “whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.”

Gray has paid another beautiful tribute to poetry in the words: “To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terror of the night.”

The unfortunate, yet highly gifted, poet, Edgar Allen Poe, says, “All that the world has ever been able to understand and to feel as poetic is the result of a wild effort to reach the beauty above,” therefore he defines poetry as “the rhythmical creation of beauty.” Shelley, the idealist and worshipper of nature, says in his *Defense of Poetry* that “poetry is indeed something divine; that it is a record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.”

Among the many songs that Tennyson has poured forth, we find the exquisite little tributes, “The Poet,” “The Poet’s Mind” and “The Poet’s Song.” In the first he asserts that a poet’s art, combined with wisdom, has power to move the soul of the world. In the second he describes the poet’s mind as a green court kept ever fresh by a fountain whose source is in heaven: while in the last he shows how nature is influenced by the song of the poet, even the nightingale yields her place to him who sings of what the world will be, when the years have died away.

A striking illustration of poetry’s realm is given by Schiller in the “Division of the Earth.” Zeus, after creating the earth gave it to men to be divided among them. “Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain.” The husbandman seized the fruits, the youths pursued the chase, the merchants filled their warehouses, and some selected the best wine, kings held the bridges and controlled the highways. But when the division had been long settled, the poet drew near from a far distant land; but no remnant even had been

left for him, and he confidently threw himself at the feet of the immortal father, he, however, surmised that the poet had been delayed in the region of dreams; and asked him where he had been, receiving as a reply, "I was at thy side,

Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
 Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's
 power;

Oh, pardon the spirit that, awed by thy light,
 All things of earth could forget in that hour!"

Hearing this, Zeus immediately said, "The world has been given,

The harvest, the market, the chase, are not free,
 But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
 Whenever thou com'st, 'twill be open to thee."

Another valuable tribute is paid poetry in the *Triumph of Failure*, by Father Sheehan, when he says: "Religion and Poetry alone distinguish man from the brutes. Religion and Poetry make us children of God and heirs of immortality." This same writer has tastefully depicted the poet's sphere in his beautiful poem, "In The Mart."

Father Ryan also delights us with a sweet effusion, called "The Poets," in which he describes a phase of poetic genius.

"The Poet is nature's own high priest,
 Ordained from very birth
 To keep for hearts an everlasting feast,
 To bless or curse the earth.
 They cannot help but sing,
 They know not why,
 Their thoughts rush into song
 And float above the world
 Beneath the sky,
 For right or wrong.

Even the ancient pagan orator, so much absorbed in political interests, in his speech for the poet Archaius, does not fail to render homage to the noble art of which his client was a representative. After declaring that great artists are of themselves worthy of admiration; that the poet is especially sacred and herald of fame, and that Archaius being such should be protected in his rights, he says: "Therefore, judges, let the name of poet be held sacred among you as most cultured men, because no barbarous person ever profaned it. Rocks and solitudes respond to his voice, wild beasts are often checked by it, ought

not then we, living in most favorable circumstances, be moved by the voice of the poets?"

A complete estimate of poetry's exalted worth, and the attitude of all the greatest intellects towards it is next to impossible to demonstrate, we are mere gleaners in a rich harvest, but as a final tribute to our "heaven-born maid," may be added that of Bishop Spalding in his incomparably exquisite poem, "God and the Soul." He, speaking of divine gifts, says:

"God only can a Godlike gift bestow:"

Bow then in reverence wherever shine
 The glories which illumine high-born souls:
 The poet, like the saint, is half divine:
 The music of his spheral song unrolls
 Through jarring worlds, bearing God's counter-
 sign
 To tell that love the universe controls."
 ELIZABETH McLARNEY, '07.

The Portrait.

(TO MRS. AUGUSTA STEWART BANTA.)

In this portrait dear, there's compelling grace,
 And all who look with me call you fair!
 Does the charm repose in the featured face?
 Or shimmering ease of your wavy hair?—

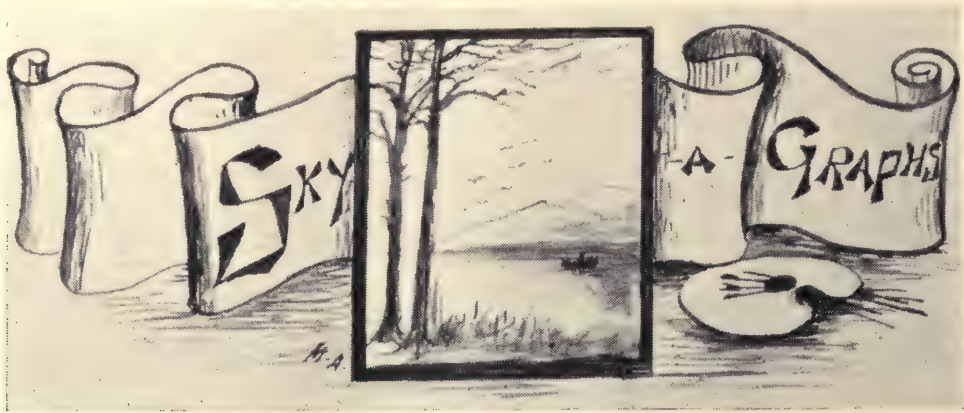
On your cheek?—None ever might judge be-
 tween
 Its tender warmth and the wildwood rose,
 Where the tide of feeling revealed,—is seen
 More beauteous still, if it ebbs or flows!

Or the hope that beams from your matchless eye?
 —As it laughs at sighs and tears, will but see
 That there's heaven of beauty beneath the sky
 In the world that is,—as the world to be!

In the slender throat, or the poise of head?
 Or rare perfection of shoulder's curve,
 Where the gentle lines seem by fancy led,
 And never from wish of the artist swerve?

O kinswoman dear! but this truth I know,—
 In substance or shadow where'er thou art,
 I see all unfading, tho' years may go,
 —The beautiful bloom of a noble heart!

IDRIS.



SAID the Brush to the Palette: "Well, you're only a flat, wooden, superficial thing, anyway."

Replied the Palette: "Well, who'd want such an existence as yours—a wooden stick with a woolly end—only one remove from that leaden thing—the pencil!"



WONT YOU PLEASE PUT THIS IN THE KILN.

I paused awhile, with anxious smile,
Upon my way to bed;
I checked my flight at the strange sight
And !st'd to what was said.

There was a strange commotion overheard in
the studio at an advanced hour one evening

when the house was hushed, and, hurrying to see the cause, I was confronted with an unusual spectacle. The various Plaster Casts had dismounted from their pedestals and were engaged in conversation with the lords and ladies on the easels. "Look at me," said a young girl in a picture hat and a soft curl trailing over her shoulder, to a hero of the Trojan War. "I've been sitting on this easel for weeks, waiting patiently for what they call the 'finishing touches'—it's humiliating, particularly when one has to meet so many strangers. I do wish I was finished and framed. See, that Daughter of Italy, who is a mere upstart in point of age, has already made her début and is capturing all the admiration." "Ha! ha! that reminds me," said

Achilles, in a wise and warlike way. "I heard the owner of that lady in the green gown and the large buckle in her hat, say, 'you can always judge the age of a book by the name of the publisher!' If so, and we are similarly framed, will we be called 'Contemporary Art'? Well, there's



no accounting for the whims of artists—there's one who professed undying devotion to 'water colors,' now in rhapsodies over those hateful 'mineral paints,' and we, the creatures of her fickle fancy, are laid away to fade into oblivion, deprived of even a place on an easel, which, after all, allows you a 'point of view' on what's going on around!" "Art with a grievance," sang out a large Vase on the table to a beautiful Landscape with velvety moss and a great canopy of leaves—a Georgia Pine grove. "How I long to roam my

way. "We long for 'the touch of a vanished hand', C!" Just then there was a low growl from the dog on the easel behind the door, the Plaster Casts leaped to their pedestals, and all was hushed.

KLUB KRITIC.

Cimabue, sometimes called the "father of modern painting," was, indeed, the favored child of the Muses. Born in Florence, in 1240, of a noble family, surrounded by all that was stimulating to



CIMABUE'S MADONNA CARRIED IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF FLORENCE.

From painting by Sir Frederic Leighton.

native woods once more!" sighed Minnehaha to a bust of Diana. "Yes," sang Hiawatha,

"When through the leafy woods I wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees."

"It's the imperative duty of the artist to be unique," said a conceited "Loving Cup" to Ajax, who was struggling over various "bits" of "meadow lands" on the "Hillsides," "through the Alpine Snows." "An Archer must aim high if he would reach me," said a stately Stork, wading through the lily pond. "We cannot diSpense with those Poppies though they seem to droop a little." "It's not for air or sunshine we crave," said some white orchids in a wilted

the intellect and refining to the senses, it is not to be wondered at that a strong and deeply religious feeling pervaded all his work. Probably, every true artist has within him a world of his own, which he peoples with the creatures of his imagination; he is happy if circumstances permit him to work in it, and still more if his world of fancy has some correspondence to the actual world about him—with such did the Fates provide Cimabue.

What wonder that the blue of his Madonna's robe is a marvel to this day—that there is the fragrance of the apple blossoms in the foliage of his trees—that his skies have a luminous transparency—that his draperies are a tissue of lights and shadows with a voluminous amplitude of space and depth. In his Madonnas he has made purity adorable—neither too ascetic nor ecstatic—not at all at variance with the maternal—though his angels allow us to realize that they are creatures of the imagination. There is a

story told of his "Madonna Enthroned," which he would not allow to be seen until complete. Charles of Anjou, on his way to Naples, stopped at Florence and visited the studio of Cimabue, who uncovered the picture for the first time. The whole city flocked to see it, and so loud were the exclamations of admiration on beholding it that the part of the city in which the studio was located has since been called "Borgo Allegro," or the "joyous quarter." The picture was borne in triumph to the church, accompanied by the citizens, the magistrates of Florence, and bands of music. Cimabue died in 1302.



Well, "Art," after all, is only "a point of view."

Alas! When Fortune is apportioning qualities to the artistic temperament, she does not always include character! I mean that unswerving adherence to purpose which, at once answers, "adsum" to the call of duty—and is not of the kind that says, "I go, sir," and went not. Wherefore sacrifice of "outdoor sports" to

the call of "art" is still a rarer and more fading quality when the heart is young and the call of "baseball" is heard in the air!

A golden silence may be commendable at times, but silver speech is more "X.L."ent at 7 o'clock Wednesday and Sunday evenings!

Which is more "X.L."ent, a "club" or a baseball?

Whoever said, "Art is nature seen through an emotion," left out an important item, viz., the skill of the artist. Perhaps if they said, "Art is an emotion, artistically expressed," it would be nearer the truth.

Seen (scene) through the mist, by Miss Spence.



Still missing from the X. L. meetings—a Blonde and a Brunette.

Art and Artists.

Considering the multiplicity of books that treat of art, how few there are which unfold the mysteries of its earlier development, although, like language and religion, its history is the history of the race. As soon as men collected to live as a society, they had a religion and an art whose first manifestation was always painting. The primitive process employed was everywhere the same—it still exists in all its simplicity among the savage tribes who paint their idols, their utensils, firearms, and even the bodies of their warriors. This process, limited to the use of clay naturally colored by the presence of metallic oxides or dyes obtained from the sap of certain plants, consists in mixing earth with water to form a colored paste. A process so very elementary contains the germs of all others, since it is true that all coloring matters, used by the artists of to-day, are only the combinations of three elementary substances—clay, metallic salts and vegetable dyes, to which is added a gum to obtain more substance and more brilliancy. The Egyptians have bequeathed to us on their mummies specimens of their painting, which they covered with melted wax to protect it from the air, and which retains extraordinary freshness.

In the most ancient times, the use of colored clays mixed with lime and cement formed a sort of coarse enamel, which, broken into little cubes and encrusted into fresh mortar with crumbs of marble or stone, constitute the earliest specimens of mosaic work. The earliest Grecian painter in-

roduced powdered coloring matter into melted wax and resin, which he applied with a heated bronze spatula—using the other end for drawing the various designs and ornament. Thus were decorated the prows of the royal ships which carried the Grecian kings during the Trojan War. Centuries later, the brush was adopted in their attempts at shading, but, their ingenuity in blending colors before the adoption of the brush was, indeed, unique. They introduced a wax into their resinous gums, rendered miscible with water by the help of lime; when the painting was finished it was moved backwards and forwards before a grating of hot coals, called a cauterism, the wax and resin melting formed a homogeneous whole, with the colors alike impervious to time and temperature. Paintings done by this process, after nine centuries, remain in a perfect state, though exposed on the outside of walls to all weathers. At last, when by distillation they began to extract essential oils from plants, painters made varnishes by dissolving resins in them; it was then that the art of painting among the ancients reached its apogee. These different processes of antiquity were continued down to the Middle Ages, when the use of wax was superseded by a new method which substituted the oil extracted from the yolk of the egg, which acts as a solvent without the aid of heat.

It is yet a disputed fact whether *Van Eyck* is entitled to the full merit of being discoverer of the modern methods in the use of *mediums*. For a long time he kept the process a secret, jealously guarded. The fame of this Artist of Bruges attracted many artists from various parts of Italy, who believed that he owed the exceeding brilliancy of his colors to the use of *oil*, but the word oil was used indiscriminately for all the slimy liquids that could be extracted from plants without the use of heat—they did not know the secret of the “egg oil,” and the surpassing richness and transparency it afforded to the colors. The Flemish and Dutch schools were the first to adopt the new process, about the year 1450. Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, a century later, originated a preparation of size for hardening the surfaces of his canvas, which, after this incomparable master, fell into disuse. Later on, the use of turpentine was added, causing the painting to lose its transparency and take a dull, floury appearance. A reaction began about the

close of the eighteenth century, when each school of art had its own formulas for the mixing of oil, held inviolably secret, to guard which such names as “Balm of Apollo,” “Aerial fluid oil of Perlimpipen,” were facetiously adopted, until to-day, when artists disdain to occupy themselves with the material side of their art, they leave the care of preparing canvases, oils and their colors to grinders, who come down in hordes “from the mountains”—*we shall not say what mountains, so as to wound no susceptibilities.*

(To be continued.)

A Day at the Abbey.

IF there is one enjoyment that appeals to our hearts more than another, it is the prospect of a day at the Abbey, where our welcome is always so cordial and our reunions so charming; and when we are bidden to a Shakespearean Recital, as on the eleventh, and have the unalloyed pleasure of listening to Miss Williams’ artistic reading of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” then is our joy complete. Consequently, there were no more light-hearted girls in the world than those who stepped from Mount St. Mary’s portals last Saturday and almost danced with delight through the rose gardens on their way to the outer gate and thence to the railway station to board the T., H. & B. for the Queen City—the city of our desire.

To our unbounded happiness, the first person we met on our arrival was beloved Reverend Mother, in response to whose invitation we had come. She welcomed us so warmly that at once we felt at home in the midst of our picturesque surroundings in the historic Abbey, beside “Ontario’s blue-crowned waves.” Here we were in the very hall, with its priceless stained-glass window, in which the military band had discoursed sweet music on festive occasions at the good pleasure of the erstwhile châteline of “Lyndhurst,” as the place was once known. Then in the ballroom—now an ideal reception room, eloquently descriptive of the faultless, unerring taste of its present religious inmates, but which once echoed the “sounds of revelry” that made it famous in the annals of sumptuous entertainment, till the Angel of Time scattered the roses of the banquet hall, transforming an abode of pleasure into one of peace. As we stood at the

window overlooking the grounds, musing on their past glories, the venerable hawthorn-tree beneath whose spreading shade the daughter of the house was wont to sit and read, was pointed out to us—a tender recollection tearfully recalled by her, years after, on the occasion of a visit to the home of her youth, when as a lonely, homesick widow, she pined for a glimpse of the spot where, she said, her happiest days had been spent, and that all the years had not blotted from her memory. Madame Gross had known and enjoyed the splendors of the German Court, the fascination of the scenic banks of the Rhine—but these were not *home*—for it she longed, ignoring all obtruding doubts as to the appropriateness of soliciting permission to cross the threshold of a “nunnery.”

Soon the sound of the ever-grateful dinner bell—one that is always promptly answered, at home and abroad—brought us into the presence of many new and old friends—and what a happy meeting! We did ample justice to the good things—they were very good—and there was dear, kind Sr. Francesca, as of yore, solicitous for all our wants and lavishing attention upon everybody. One dignified young lady quite took her by surprise, for in her she recognized the wee tot who, only a few years ago, it seemed, had considered it advisable to offer some suggestions bearing on Domestic Science, in the dining-room at the Falls. But the years have wings and travel rapidly, fading quickly from our sight.

And now to the Recital. Any one who has read “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”—that delightfully rhyming set of fancies which, in comparison to more modern flights into the realm of imagination, is so genuinely refreshing—can form an idea of the treat we enjoyed in hearing Miss Williams interpret it. A production with full cast and scenery could not have been more entertaining than her presentation of the drama. There was not a dull moment for her audience from the beginning of the first act until she left the platform, so vivid was her portrayal of the different characters. The action and elocution were in evidence of exacting and conscientious cultivation; and, in the lighter touches of burlesque and caricature, in which the comedy abounds, it was difficult to see how the work of this versatile reader could be improved. And

although the drama had been considerably cut in order to give prominence to the humorous element in it, yet, all the parts were adequately presented; in fact, it was a performance which we cannot hope ever to see surpassed.

All too soon the lengthening shadows told that the farewell hour had come. To say that we enjoyed every moment of our visit with such kind entertainers is to do little justice to the fact—to say that it will long be remembered with pleasure is to express feebly all the joy that entered into this day at the Abbey.

RITA SHEEDY.

Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin.

THE ABBEY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

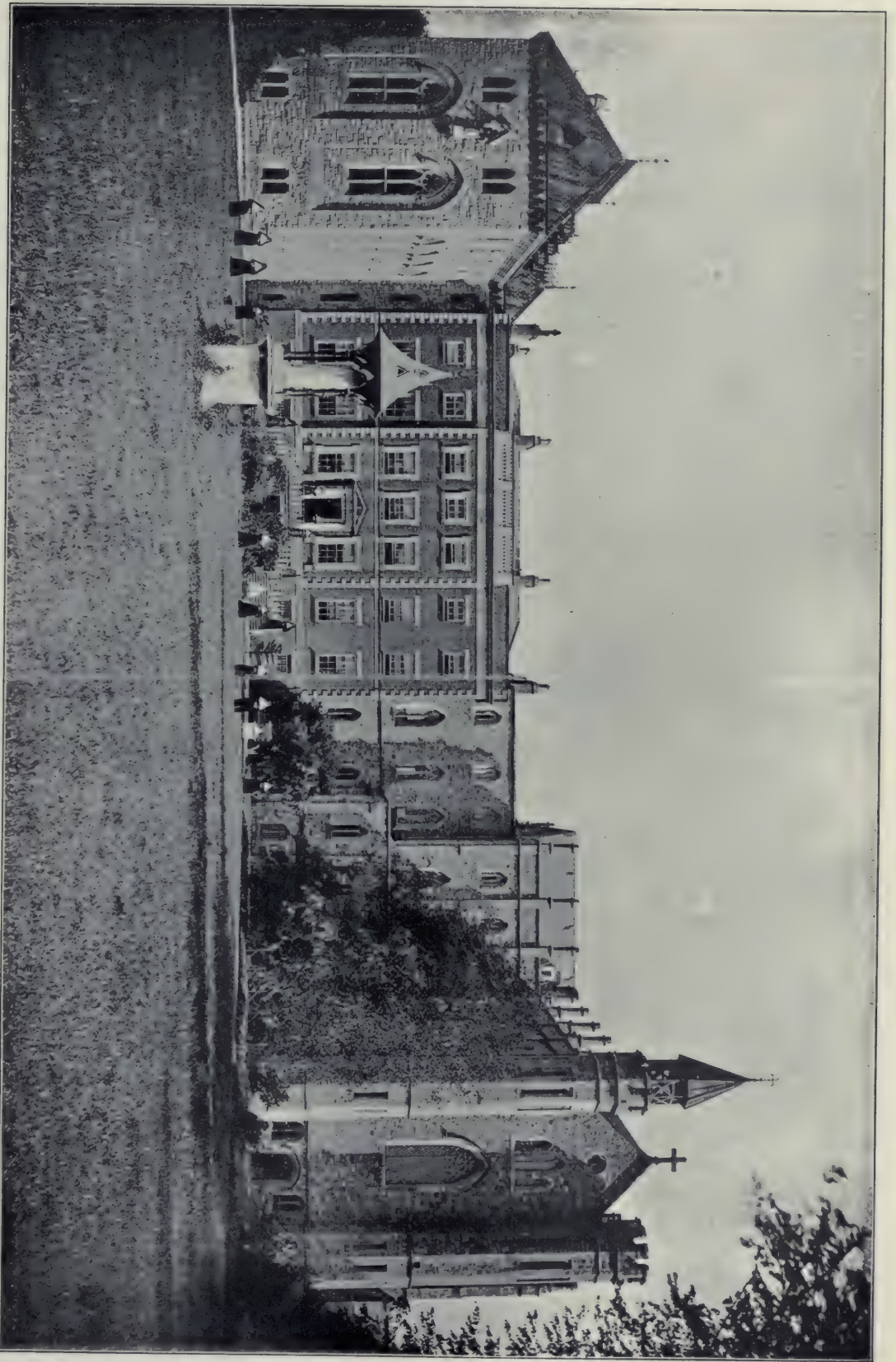
THE Abbey grounds are characteristic of our nation and of our tastes. Viewed from a height, the plan of the grounds is distinctly the shape of a “harp”—the emblem of Ireland and of Ireland’s music—and in the centre stands out, in bold relief, the beautiful old Gothic Abbey. The church is a gem of Gothic architecture; but what impresses visitors most of all is the atmosphere of peace that pervades not only the church and cloisters, but extends also through the house and grounds.

The interior of the church was decorated last year, the colors being mainly cream and gold; the roof is groined, and the intersecting beams, as well as the capitals of the pillars, are all beautifully picked out in gold, while the dome over the sanctuary is rich with many colors.

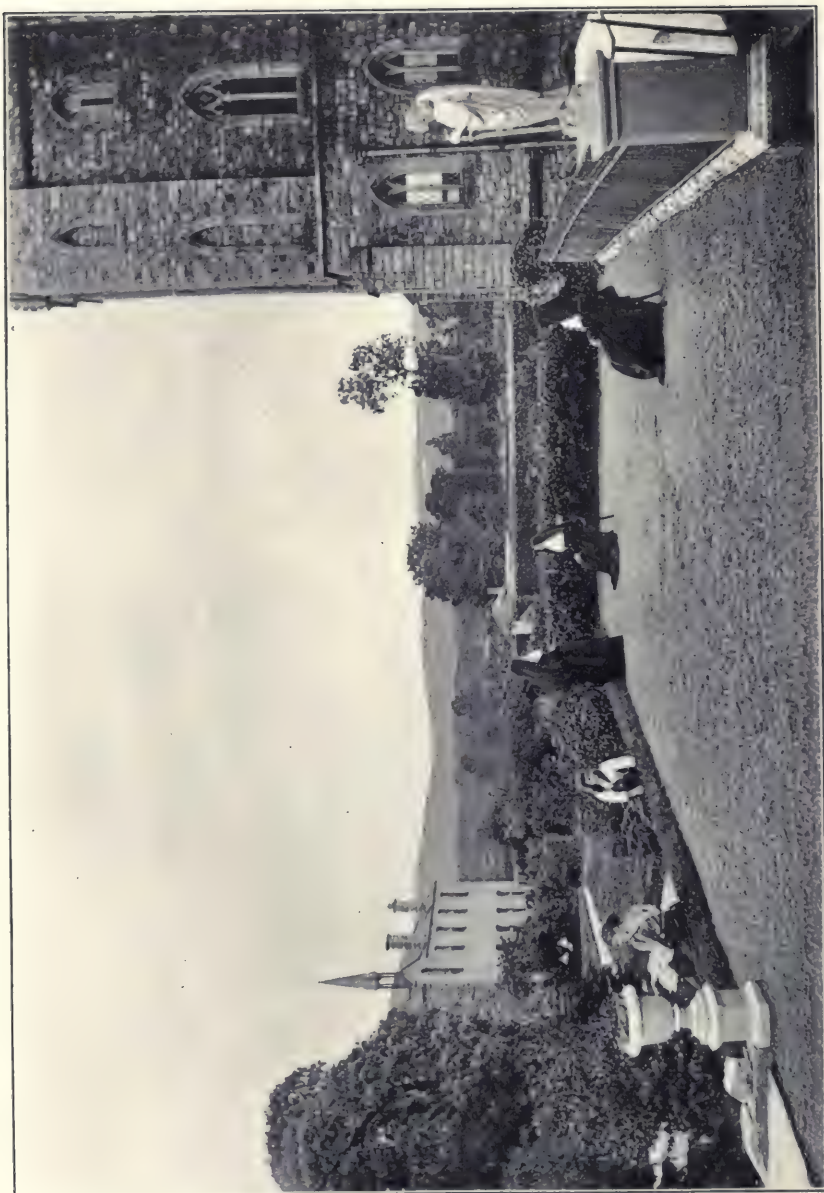
In the centre there is the beautiful white marble altar—so pure and chaste—reminding us of the “Sinless One” who is with us always. As Father de Ravignan used to say, “*Il est là.*”

But the cloisters, what shall I say of them? So wide and spacious, so perfectly polished at all times that a Protestant lady was amazed to hear that the Sisters, who do all this polishing and cleaning with such perfection, demand no recompense for their work but that which they will receive beyond the grave.

From the cloisters you pass through a parlor on to a terrace, from which you get a glimpse of the historic, old Dublin Mountains, and the Abbey grounds stretch out before you. To the right is the Novices’ garden, quite artistically ar-



LORETTO ABBEY, RATHFARNHAM, DUBLIN.



THE TERRACE.

ranged; its very name would tell you to expect perfection, and you are not disappointed—flower beds of all sorts of shapes and devices and flowers of the choicest kind, for a great part of the year. Leaving this pleasure-ground, you come by a shady walk to a pretty grotto of Lourdes, and behind Lourdes there is an orchard in embryo, giving promise of apples, pears and other fruit, in abundance. Adjoining the orchard is the poultry-yard—to many of our friends, the most interesting spot in the Abbey grounds. We have hundreds of hens of every description, together with ducks and geese to no end.

How pleasant it is to visit the poultry-yard in the month of April or May! There you see the little chickens following the old hens around, and the young ducks and goslings waddling about with the old gander, which, all the time, is making most extraordinary noises and moving his long neck in a most ludicrous fashion, in token of his watchful care; while from the top of the wall "Feather," our Persian cat, looks down complacently on the young birds below, and "Bran," our Irish terrier, the guardian of the poultry-yard, wags his short tail to signify his happiness!

From the poultry-yard, you walk on for a long time under the shade of overhanging trees until a magnificent view of the Dublin Mountains suddenly bursts upon your gaze, and you find yourself in "Rosary Walk." A low wall extends along its whole length; in the summer-time it is covered with exquisite moss-roses shedding fragrance around; and, at the end, a large statue of Our Lady of the Rosary is smiling down, as if in blessing, on the scene of loveliness.

You come in from "Rosary Walk" through a gateway, and now you are in the "Rambling Forest"—a miniature forest of pine trees, containing pines from almost every country of Northern Europe. To the left of the "Rambling," there is a gentle hill, and, on its summit, a tennis-court where, in the spring and early summer, the Abbey girls play many an exciting game of tennis, but, in the winter, hockey and basket-ball are the favorite amusements.

Up from the tennis-court into the "Beech Walk," and on over the rustic bridge which crosses a narrow piece of water connecting our lake with a bubbling stream that runs by the tennis-court, and right before you is the conservatory, with the pink and white blossoms of the

apple and peach-trees from the garden standing high above the wall. In the end of May, this is, indeed, a lovely picture. You are now in the "Broad Walk," with an immense chestnut tree spreading shade around; its branches reach out almost to the lake, which lies glistening in the sunshine, with the graceful swans swimming over its surface, and the noisy wild ducks enlivening the scene.

Come in now to the steam laundry, which is of great interest to scientists; there you see the "dynamo" and every sort of electrical apparatus—all worked by the Sisters. Out from the laundry and on up to the terrace from which we started. We are now at the end of our walk through "the Abbey grounds," and yet, I know that we have passed over many points of interest. You have not seen "The Farm," far away beyond the orchard, nor the "Lucerne field," with the pretty white lambs frisking about, nor the fields beyond "Rosary Walk," with "Calvary" in the distance, nor "Nut Grove," nor the garden. We shall leave these for another day, when again you must "come and see."

THE MUSIC OF THE ABBEY.

The fame of "The Abbey Band" is world-wide! So, we, "The Children of the Abbey," proudly think; and yet, an account of our band may please some distant friends from its very novelty!

To form part of "The Band" is looked upon as a great honor by the Abbey girls—greater even than the dignity a boy enjoys who is numbered among the proud "eleven" of a college cricket match. There are fifty of us girls in the Senior Band. We have violins—first and second—violas, celli, double basses, organ and harps. Three times every week, we meet for a "Band Practice," once a week under the guidance of a professor, and twice the mistress of music conducts the orchestra, while each girl must practise diligently her own part in private, so that when called upon to play separately she may not falter. S. M. Alphonsus is our devoted and gifted mistress of music. In September, when the girls return to "The Abbey" after the long holidays, "The Band," as you may well suppose, is not up to its usually high standard; this may be accounted for in the following manner: Some of our best musicians may have left school for

good; the old girls are sadly out of practice, and the newcomers have not yet learned the difficult art of "keeping together," or "watching the bâton," as we say. After a month, however, you would be surprised at our progress, and some experts who heard us play, last November, declared that the "Abbey Band" had never been better.

From September to Christmas of 1906, we studied a fine symphony of Mozart and an overture by the same composer, both in D major. We studied, also, many smaller pieces. After Christmas, we started with an overture by Gade.

For the past two years, we entered for competitive examinations, held generally in the end of June, and, on both occasions, thanks to our excellent training, we came out first on the list of prize-winners. This year we hope to break the record.

Besides the Senior, there is also a "Junior Band," consisting of artists from eight to fourteen years of age. We have one tiny violinist of five. These young people work very hard; their great ambition is that they may one day be allowed the honor of entering the "Senior Band" which, to them, is a sort of "Champs Elysées."

The Abbey has also its choir, and, on the principal feast-days of the year, the girls who compose this choir, sing the mass. At present, we are preparing for the "Quarant'Ore," which will begin on the 20th. On the first day we shall sing a "Plain Chant Mass," No. 2, In Festis Solemnibus. That beautiful Gregorian Chant, which Sister Attracta introduced into the Abbey, about ten years ago, and which is, indeed, soul-stirring.

On the second day, we shall sing a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, for three equal voices, by Piel, and, on the third, the Mass will be sung by the Dominican priests and novices from Tal-laght.

At the end of every year, we have what is called "The House Exams." For these examinations, professors come from London to judge of the proficiency of the pupils in the piano, harp, etc. For the piano examinations there are eight grades, and to the girl who obtains the highest number of marks, a scholarship is awarded. Gold and silver medals are also given as rewards for good piano playing, as well as for success in performance on the other instruments. The enthusiasm that prevails while these examinations are taking place, as well as during the short pe-

riod of suspense which follows—awaiting results—is beyond description.

You may ask, "What are the distinguishing features that have made 'The Abbey Music' unrivalled in Ireland?" Some critics have said that our success is due to the "lights and shades" that are so well brought out—to the refinement of tone and expression that characterizes our music. It was these points—refinement, especially—that won for us—schoolgirls—the victory a few years ago, when we competed with a band of professionals.

Our guiding spirit is always "Sister Attracta." More than once have the authorities of Trinity College, in view of her efforts towards the improvement of music in the country, offered her their Doctor's Degree in music—an honor which she, however, has steadfastly refused.

We are glad and proud of her success; glad, too, of our own success, as "Children of the Abbey"—gladdest of all when success has crowned our efforts as "Children of Mary."

Notes from the Abbey.

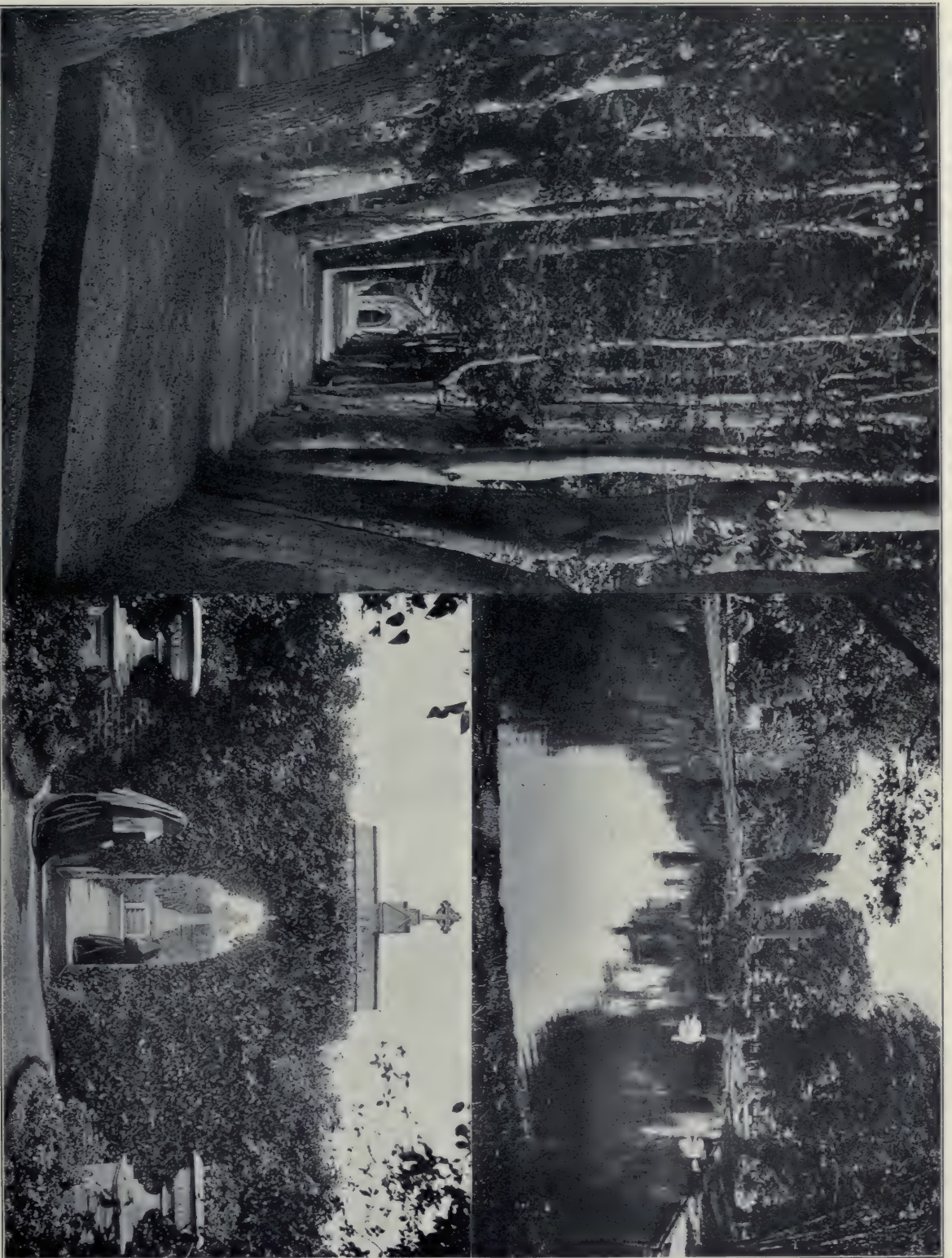
THE FOUNDATION OF ST. CATHERINE'S.

The foundation of St. Catherine's finishing school for the advanced pupils, in the autumn of 1905, was an event of unusual importance to the elder girls of the Abbey.

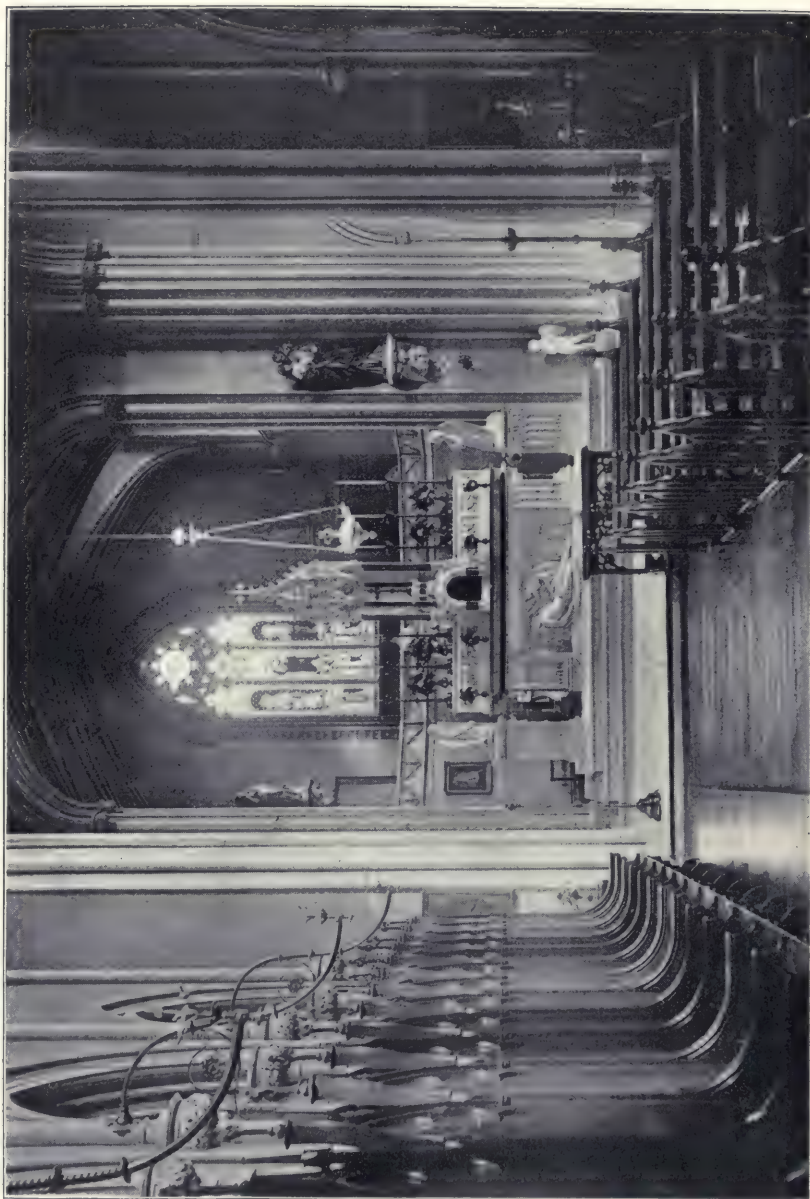
It is a great privilege to be a member of St. Catherine's, for these fortunate ones look upon themselves as the élite of the school, and no girl can enter it under seventeen. Nor will any be admitted who have not passed the examinations of an ordinary school career.

At present we are fifteen in number. Our course of studies is most interesting. We learn Domestic Science from Miss Crooks—a young lady who has a Diploma for this subject, which includes cookery, laundry work, dressmaking, hygiene, physiology and many other things which will be useful to us in after life. Very often we cook the whole dinner for St. Catherine's, and, every day, we prepare our own second course. This, as you may well suppose, is delightful work, and the making up of our own cuffs and collars is very pleasant, also.

Three times every week we have lectures on Literature and History, and every evening, we have French conversation with Soeur Marie Louise, who is a native of France.



ENTRANCE TO CEMETERY, BEECH WALK, AND LAKE.



THE NUNS' CHOIR, CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

Besides all this, many of the girls devote a great part of their time to music in its various branches, and are members of the Band and Choir.

Painting and Elocution are also important items, as well as the "Swedish Drill," conducted by a Swedish lady.

Each girl in St. Catherine's has her own room, which she herself must keep in order and which she takes delight in having prettily arranged. Visitors often spend quite a long time going through our rooms, admiring the knickknacks displayed on our tables.

On Sundays, we have free access to the library, which contains many interesting books, such as the works of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, as well as the finest works of modern authors.

The feast of St. Aloysius is a "red-letter day" with the younger girls of the Abbey, but the 25th November is *our* "day of days." It is the feast of St. Catherine, and, on that occasion, her clients in the Abbey can do just as they please. Their motto, however, is "Noblesse oblige," and they are always very careful to show that they can be trusted. It would take too long to tell of our amusements on that day, especially, as they vary every year, but the feast always ends with a party in the reception room, followed by music and recitations.

Such is our simple daily life in St. Catherine's. "Many a time and oft" has St. Catherine been held up to us as the type of a "noble woman." Let us hope that, in our future lives, we may carry into practice the lofty principles and truths that have been impressed upon us so often, both by word and example, in the days of our happy girlhood.

A PUPIL OF THE ABBEY.

"Pride and Prejudice."

WHAT a relief it is to get a quiet book, one that contains spirit, plot, and life sufficient to more than interest, yet, not enough to strain all the nervous faculties to a point where, if we are in any way imaginative, we cannot stop but must read on, only to be far from satisfied when we have finished. The mind thinks over such books, and we wonder whether the handsome hero wedded the tall, beautiful heroine, or, whether they never met again, or, if

they continued on their way like every-day beings. Very few authors have the talent to make the lives of ordinary mortals interesting. I say interesting, when I mean written so that you may lay the book aside when you do not feel you should, but when some one else thinks so. You heave a sigh of regret, feeling you are making a sacrifice, but courageously look pleasant and determine to enjoy again that which constituted the sacrifice, when you have an opportunity.

"Pride and Prejudice" is just such a book, at least, it seems so to me. But this book is a real treat, and one may open it again and again and always find a new delight in every chapter, if not in every page. Miss Austen has a talent that very few other prose authors have. Scott can make a beautiful story and create a wonderful plot about a prince and princess, but he has not Miss Austen's gift of taking and weaving an ordinary middle-class family and weaving a story out of their lives, charming enough to interest a person not fond of books, but reading merely to pass the time agreeably. Princes and princesses, even the wicked and unbeautiful ones, are always surrounded by a certain degree of romance.

Elizabeth and Jane are ordinary personalities, in one sense, yet, most extraordinary in another. They do not perform wonderful feats nor yet are they the most beautiful and best-mannered women in the world of books. But there is an undefinable charm in Jane's most implicit trust in a world not all bad, but more bad than good. Also in Elizabeth's charming possibilities of laughing off everything she could without hurting anybody's feelings.

We wonder at Jane and Elizabeth being such charming characters when they possessed a mother with not even ordinary common sense. We would expect a woman who has a daughter of twenty years of age to have a certain experience, if not an inherited gift of good manners.

However, she would not be half so interesting if she lacked her peculiar characteristics. She seems to bring out the cynical, yet, sometimes witty, expressions of her husband, by her foolish affectation of nerves. Miss Austen wonderfully softened and made good Mr. Darcy's character, but do we not almost hate him for his insufferable rudeness to sweet, dear Elizabeth when he

first met her. We must admit his later conduct was perfectly justified.

What a satire Mary Bennett was with her reading and her extracts; how strange her wonderfully quick adaptation to society when her sisters had been married and were living where their beauty could not be discussed, to her disadvantage.

Mr. Dobson, in his preface to "Pride and Prejudice," says: "Mary and Kitty Bennett might have been left out of the story without causing us any grief or loss." As we would not have known them, they could not have mattered, but some might not agree with him with regard to Mary Bennett, for her remarks on her sister's foolishness in going out looking for pleasure when she was at home reading and compiling extracts, which she never had ready to quote, are all such exquisite nonsense, we cannot but enjoy them. But who could be more laughable than Mr. Collins! He is an entertaining character, even in his pomposity and self-approved knowledge of his own greatness. He excels every one else in the book in the art of making compliments, and presenting them to ladies who could and would appreciate them. He must have included gentlemen also in his list, as appears from the number he presented to Mr. Darcy.

Miss Austen has a facility of expression, often remarked. We may read her books without any trouble whatever in regard to construction of ordinary expressions. It seems strange, indeed, when we remember the years that have passed since they were written, yet that strange something is in her language which allows us to read her works, perhaps, more easily than many books of the day.

Many who have read Miss Austen's works consider "Pride and Prejudice" her masterpiece. It was written in 1796, and, her father being struck by the merit of the story, offered it to a publisher, Caldwell by name, who declined to even look at it. Therefore, it remained unpublished until 1813.

MARY O'NEILL.

Nothing is so commonplace as to wish to be remarkable. Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else—very rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to now, let us be a celebrated individual."

The Sick Child.

(TO RUTH.)

Hand in hand we have journeyed together,
Dear little comrade true;
Sunshine or shadow was welcome weather,
All brought a joy, with you!

O'er the rough ways of our faithful ramble
Guiding your little feet,—
I saw the thorns and deceitful bramble,
You found the roses sweet.

Must I now follow the pathway lonely,
Sorrowing till I die?—
Seeking a presence belov'd, while only
Dreariest days go by!

Certain "of such is the kingdom of heaven,"
Yours but to enter in!—
Should I not, happy, resign you ere even
Life tells you aught of sin?

Little dear heart, 'twere a bliss forever
Minist'ring unto thee:
Whispers the thought—"Would you weary never
Minist'ring thus to me?"

When 'neath the burden of years growing weary,
Failing, I'd lag behind;
Could you then add to the night falling dreary,
Word, or neglect unkind?

Time gives the pathos of age, unweeping;
Soothing its records tell—
Hearts spent in sowing require no reaping,
Whatever—all is well!

Were there for us but one place in Heaven
Offered alone to me;
Lost, I'd implore that the boon be given
Wholly, my child, to thee!

* * * * *
Loving, and loved by, the heart of childhood,
Eden restores again;
Eden, alas! brings the sunless wildwood,
Pleasure gives hand to pain!


* * * * *
Sad heart of mine, tho' in time abideth
Solace, or chastening rod,
Let us not ask what the future hideth,
Leave it unfear'd with God!

IDRIS.



GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

 IN the distant horizon there lingers a parting ray to tell the vesper hour of the month of Mary, and the dying strains—"Oh, must we leave Our Lady's altar"—echoed by the evening's stillness, awaken sacred thoughts of the shrines that the departing month has adorned. There were altars shrouded with the incense of prayer, where the image of Our Blessed Lady seemed to smile in answer to all verbal tributes, and the fragrance of blossoms gave utterance to the hidden virtues of their Queen. There the scintillating lights whispered her clients' love, while from the early dawn of May till its twilight hour, the vibrations of ceaseless praise responded to the youthful voice.

One, among the many shrines so venerated, stands forth alone, in the hearts of the Abbey children. It is the little grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, which sentinels the threshold of the chapel. Within the shadow of the sanctuary, it shares the silence and peace of its holy surroundings, and, a sweet "good night" to the Virgin Queen follows that which, but a moment before, was whispered to the Eucharistic God.

There are days when the scene is enhanced by special exterior charms, but the youthful petitioners know no hour in which assistance may not be obtained. A light constantly burning before the shrine implores that powerful protection which St. Bernard had found never to fail, and the favors granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes confirm his assertion—that no one ever asked her aid in vain. Throughout the entire year, flowers are placed upon the surrounding rocks, where, with the affection of grateful donors, they breathe their life away beneath the loving smile of Mary. Here, as at the mother shrine in a foreign country, many petitions are presented and obtained.

Crowned by an electric diadem, a scroll above the statue proclaims its title in the very words in which the Blessed Virgin made herself known to Bernadette, "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception," and the reverent mien of the child-saint, so well represented in the kneeling figure, portrays an example of sweet simplicity and confidence.

After a ceremony of reception into the Sodality of the Children of Mary, it is especially pleas-

ing to find the force of her influence in the newly-enrolled members; and the picture presented by first communicants, in robes of purest white, kneeling around this grotto, lisping the prayer of the Holy One tabernacled in their hearts, is a vivid suggestion of the angelic choirs.

Immaculate in subject and detail, it is scarcely surprising that of all Our Lady's titles, this should be chosen for the shrine erected, as it was, in the glad golden days of jubilee, to commemorate the fiftieth year since the unerring voice of Rome had decreed, in Mary's regard, that henceforth all nations should call her Immaculate.

S. W.

Childhood's Love Stories.

"I wish the kettle would sing again,—

Just as it used to do,—

Of a little girl in a bonnet red,

Saved by a prince from a hydra-head

That lurked in the corn that towered high;

And the Prince was He and the girl was I,—

Just as it used to do."

WES, 'tis a homely music, the song of the kettle, and yet, which of us, great or insignificant, learned or simple, does not feel soothed and gladdened by that bubbling, hissing melody, the song of the kettle? And it tells you such wonderful tales,—it takes you back to childhood when its incessant music (?) kept even pace with the tenor of your thoughts,—and 'twas a swift pace, too, for we all know that a child's thoughts can run on and on, faster, ever faster, than the hastening brook in its swift, wild career towards the ocean. Yes, it brings you back to childhood, to the little griefs of childhood, to the incidents that were events in that period, to your sorrows and your loves. Indeed, childhood has its little love stories, too, and some of them are the sweetest that were ever told.

Of course, your first love was mother,—dear, gentle mother, with her soft brown hair and hazel eyes, which, you thought, were the most beautiful in the world, and you tell her so, over and over again, and you wonder at that little blush and the soft reproving tap—which savors more of a caress than a punishment—on your cheek. It cannot be that mother is vain? Perish the thought! No, she is glad she is beautiful in

your eyes, and her inward fervent prayer is that you will always love her best.

But, the rest of the family seem to need her so. Oftentimes I am afraid you grow jealous. You sit there in your high chair—oh! but you were a tiny mortal then!—while mother sees that Dad's coffee is just right, that Tom has his handkerchief and Mary her gloves. Then big sister is going down shopping and needs mother for a hundred different things. Why, she cannot even buy a bit of lace without half an hour's discussion *re* the quality and pattern. Poor mother! Presently she breaks away and comes back to her baby girl, whose eyes are brimming and whose bib is too tight, for you still wear bibs at breakfast, and you are nearly four! As mother lets you down from your high chair, you smile one of your pretty baby smiles and tell her she is the "beautifullest mother in the wide, wide world!"

Ah! she was lovely!

But soon another love comes into your life. Your first recollection of Uncle Charley is a confused *mêlée* of a heavy head, tangled curls, mother with a candle, and a big, bronzed man saying in a deep voice, "Why, Kate, this is the sweetest child you have." And mother's voice sounded miles and miles away as she answered, "They are all dear children, Charley, every one." And next morning you would have thought it a dream except for the same big sun-burned man sitting at the foot of the table, who took you on his knee and dropped two big lumps of sugar into your weak tea when mother was not looking. Yes, you would grow up fast, fast, and marry Uncle Charley, and get his coffee just as mother did Dad's, and his newspaper, too; and you ask him, in your quaint little baby way, what paper he is reading, as you come across him on the back verandah steps. And he tells you, "The Star," as he tosses you into the air, and then takes you on his knee.

"One of God's stars?" you inquire when you recover your breath, inwardly vowing you will remember that, and when you grow up and marry Uncle Charley you will have the grocery man at the corner deliver the paper at 4 p. m. so as to keep him in reading-matter while you get his coffee, for you know it will take you a long, long time. You guess cook will help you, but you hope she does not say, "Run away, child," as she does now. But, nonsense! You will be

grown up then and have your hair on the top of your head, and long, sweeping skirts, rivalling big sister's. And you do hope you will be strong enough to carry the great silver tea-urn,—and oh! the sugar you will put into the tea!—two big lumps into Uncle Charley's, and three,—no, I think four—into your own! But there! Uncle Charley does not take sugar,—well then, the whole six will go into your own. "Why do you not like sugar?" you ask suddenly. "I,—why—do I not—take—what?" he answers rather incoherently, the rebound from Dons versus Queens' Rugby game to domestic science being too great for even Uncle Charley's prodigious mind, and he gazes at you helplessly as you repeat testily, "Sugar,—Uncle Charley,—sugar in your tea."

"Oh-h"—with a deep breath—and then he laughs boyishly. "I want to leave all the more for you, sweetheart."

"But when you marry me, you will have to take sugar," you insist.

He laughs again, this time uproariously. "When I marry you, midget, we will live on sugar."

"Oh, glorious! Uncle Charley. What kind will it be? Nice loaf sugar? and we will not be pestered with old tongs, either. They are such a nuisance."

"So they are," agreed Uncle Charley, "but how about the brown sugar, midget,—in great big lumps?" and Uncle Charley described a sweeping circle as big as an oasis, with his arm.

You shake your head dubiously.

"Brown sugar is all right, but," coaxingly, "I would much rather have the loaf."

"Let it be loaf, then," replied Uncle Charley, discontentedly.

"But look, Uncle Charley," you say in your most ingratiating manner, "the grocery man at the corner doesn't keep brown sugar any more."

"Well, well," said Uncle Charley, in a better humor, "I would not have believed it. But run away, fairy, and ask mother if we can go driving."

Humph! Who says, after that, that Uncle Charley and I are not lovers?

It was only a week ago I heard big sister say that she believed Uncle Charley was in love with Miss Marjory. I tell you, I was up in arms at once. I watched all week and the most I could see was Uncle Charley waiting for her after ves-

pers. I wanted to walk home with them, but big sister was inexorable. And Uncle Charley did look so hot and uncomfortable that I am just sure he would much sooner have walked home with me. Big sisters are so inconsiderate, now, are they not?

I am sure Uncle Charley will not marry Miss Marjory. He never takes her for a ride on his hand-bars, or a race on his shoulder, and I am just positive he never once bought her five cents' worth of pop-corn; and besides, Uncle Charley puts coppers in the gum-box at every corner for me. And one night,—I think this is just awful,—I watched them out walking and they marched clear past every gum-box,—the one at Smither's, at Gracey's, and at Costigan's, and Uncle Charley never even looked at them, nor thought of dropping in a copper.

Well, the very next time I got peanuts, I saved one for Miss Marjory. I kept it all week in my pencil-box and gave it to her on Sunday. She ate it, too, and told me I was a-dear, and that she liked peanuts. And the way Uncle Charley laughed,—I should think he would have been ashamed of himself.

But alas! as big sister put it, "My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled."

Uncle Charley *did* marry Miss Marjory, after all, and,—well, in a way, I was recompensed for I was flower-girl, and I am sure I got just as much attention as the bride, and a great many more kisses, for I did not see anybody kiss Miss Marjory except mother,—not even Uncle Charley, and he kissed me. Anyway, he is the funniest man!

I had just made up my baby mind not to lose my heart again when it was suddenly announced I was to go to school. And to school I went,—but that is another story, though 'twas there I met my third love, little Roy Harding, a tiny chap of six, who wore the cutest little velvet suits and, of course, susceptible, I fell in love again and oh! horror! little Roy soon knew all about it.

Picture a tiny girl with wind-tossed curls and a snowy muslin dress and a shy, but not awkward, boy, a year her senior, and then,—

"He saw her lift her eyes, he felt

The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As if a fault confessing.

* * * *

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,—

I hate to go above you,

Because,—the brown eyes lower fell,—

'Because, you see, I love you'."

And I was not sorry I told him, either, because that night, alone, in the sepulchral darkness and with the horror of death around him, the angels stole him away; and, as he lay in his little velvet casket, 'twas my lilies that nestled next his heart and my own pearl rosary that twined his waxen fingers. Yes, he was dead, and now the roses, or, perchance, neglected grasses, nod above his head while the wind plays doleful dirges through the hedges round his grave. Poor little angel laddie!

But, well,—

"Never mind, 'tis only Death,—

It often comes and gives no warning.

Let the child sleep, for God will mend

The broken hearts in the morning."

And God did mend the broken heart in the morning, and, though I had another love story, I often, even yet, through the dimness of years, seem to see that sweet-faced laddie gazing at me with "those deep and tender eyes, like stars so still and saint-like, looking downward from the skies."

But Jack was a different sort of a chap. He had none of Roy's ethereal expression, or great shadowy eyes. He was an every-day lad, with heaps of fun. At first, I worshipped him from afar off. He was the veritable prince of my dreams, the prince my fairy godmother should have brought me, but failed to do so. Perhaps 'twas my sound ratings that made her, at last, "bring him to my feet," as they say in the story-books big sister reads and, I am sure, believes, too. I do think real people never act like story-book folks, although, I must confess, I have a great warm spot in my heart of hearts for a cavalier,—a knight with courtly manners who fights duels and wears ladies' favors, though, they do say, it is going out of date.

How I wish I had lived away back, long centuries ago! It would have done my heart good to have seen a stalwart knight,—Jack, for instance,—mounted on a fiery steed, armed with a flexible sword, going out to battle, with my favors on his bridle. Now, I wonder if one of

my best Dresden hair-bows would make a striking favor for a knight-errant? But I am digressing. To return to Jack: he took me to a birthday party at my best girl friend's home. She was just ten, and her mother gave her the loveliest party,—which was not over until ten o'clock. Jack brought me home, or, at least,—but wait, I am coming to that. Our house stands away back from the street, and it makes you feel awfully "creepy" coming up the dark walk.

Jack coughed affectedly.

"Any need for me to go right to the door with you?" he asked, rather sheepishly.

Oh! the coward! Alas! for my dreams of a stalwart, protecting knight.

"You need not if you do not wish," I replied, stiffly.

"Not mad, Jess, are you?"

Then I relented.

"No, Jack, it is too dark for you to come up to the door with me. Just wait here at the gate until I get into the house," and I started off on a dead run, my heels clattering loudly on the wooden walk.

No, the folks must not know Jack was afraid to come up the garden walk with me,—afraid of bogies and tramps,—so I said, "Good night, Jack," just as if he were beside me, and then went indoors quickly.

Next morning at breakfast there was an undercurrent of amusement rippling round the table.

"Have a nice time, little one?" beamed Dad.

"Very," blushing.

"Get home all right? Weren't afraid?" giggled big sister.

"Good night, Jack," shrieked the irrepressible little brother—girls, if any of you have a little brother, take my advice and—

But the secret was out! The whole household, even to the maid, knew Jack was afraid of the dark! Well, you can rest assured, the winner of my heart shall not be branded as a coward,—so, exit Jack.

But there! You start up.

A bubbling, hissing noise tells you that the kettle is dry. And that new tea-kettle, too, and it cost,—well, never mind how much it cost, for it is spoiled and you must get another, for this one is positively useless. And all the mischief happened while your riotous thoughts have been

engaged among the débris of that long-since past when,—

"We stood where the sun's tender glory
Shed shadows of leaves at our feet,
And whispered life's unwritten story,
That story so old and so sweet.
Ah! well I remember the throbbing
That thrilled thro' my senses, like wine,
The sound of a single string sobbing,—
The touch of his hand in mine."

KATE C. ADAMS.

Island Reveries.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and
cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden
bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

WE all understand the language of the flowers, and we, individually, may interpret it as it speaks to us.

Every beautiful thought, every pleasing fancy, every charm of beloved faces, every endearment of the landscape, every glory of the heavens, is embodied in the form, tint, and perfume of our favorite flower!

Were all other blooms to disappear, leaving only the wild rose of June, earth would still be a paradise. Ah, our lost Eden—the only home ever entered by the human heart—calls to us still! When we behold its semblance in the world around us, a revulsion against indoor life and duties takes possession of us; we seek the highways, the woods and the fields,—but not "to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow"!

Work is a punishment; labor a servitude, a reminder of sin and its hold upon us; a captive chain, the iron of which enters our very soul.

It is hard to imagine that Mother Eve can feel justified in the enjoyment of Heaven; even if all her children were saved, the sorrows endured by some of them must give her "pause"!

But it is too late to quarrel with poor Mother Eve; and it is pleasanter to wander, and linger among the blossoms.

We should annually celebrate a blossom festival. Away with care, treadmill labor, and all

work that cannot be performed in the odor of the blossoms!

We have succeeded to a lost Eden; but we are allowed to hope for a paradise regained,—although through the grave. Meanwhile, for Eve's transgression we toil and moil in the servitude which, humanly speaking, is oftener degrading than ennobling.

Suddenly our surroundings are changed; Eden again encompasses us in bloom and hope. Let us enter again into our own, while we may!

First the wild fruit-trees burst into blossom; and send their perfume with the song of birds to summon us.

The wild rose which is the loveliest and the most confidential of the bloom souls, because speaking directly to the homesick heart robbed of its Eden, waits for us in quiet nooks, by the path through the trees, or by the dusty roadside—but never in the crowd of an artificial garden, or the crush of a fashionable bouquet. Where the rose and its fragrance are, there is the garden of paradise!

The trumpeter apple-trees, in riot of fragrant pink and snowy blossom, call loudly and convincingly. Here is paradise over our heads and around us. The sun has tinged the green carpet under our feet with a golden glow, while the birds, intoxicated with delight, are pouring forth their sweetest and most varied melodies.

In these joyous days, all nature, for our benefit, has emancipated herself from thralldom, and invites us to this feast of heart and soul. Shall we not respond?

For a decade of years there has been in my possession an enticingly-bound little book, entitled "Blessed be Drudgery"; we can say "amen" thereto, in the sense that our dear Lord, at the last, will turn everything into good. But we need not hug our chain. I have tried—but in vain—to read this book, for the sake of the accredited gold mine suggested by the name!

I still go on my way believing that there is nothing "blessed" in drudgery, and also that the individual who drudges because he likes it, is a miserable earth-worm fit for "treason, stratagem, and spoils." It seems to me that an honest title for a truthful book, would be "Condemned be Drudgery, Sin-entailed."

My sympathies are with the mortal who performs his duties faithfully, because they are du-

ties; but who would gladly turn from them to the hopeful quest of our long-lamented Eden.

It is well that the Tigris and Euphrates keep the secret safe between them, and that the exact spot of the Garden of Paradise cannot be pointed out; were it known, many sorrow-filled hearts would wander there, never to return. To the ordinary mortal it would be the sweetest, saddest spot of earth.

There is something enchanting in everything that speaks of the Orient; even the perfume of its far-transplanted flowers, excites us to a strange, joyous restlessness, or lulls us in drowsy delight. The blossoms are calling: I must go!

* * * * *

When we turn from the blossoms of Eden, let it be to their counterpart in the human heart,—the flowers of poesy!

As all the world knows, this is the centenary of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the great American poet, who died in 1882, at the beginning of the last quarter of his century.

Longfellow is admired, appreciated and loved by the whole English-speaking world.

In Canadian school-books, for fifty years, Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant have shared honors with Tennyson and Mrs. Hemans. Shakespeare is there because we *should* have him; Longfellow, because we *would* have him!

Apart from their appealing thought and inspiration, what memories and associations cluster around "A Psalm of Life," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and "The Skeleton in Armor"!

Among his shorter poems, favorites always, are "The Day is Done," "God's Acre," "The Rainy Day," "The Norman Baron," "The Fire of Driftwood," "Walter Von Der Vogelweid," "Santa Filomena," and "The Sermon of St. Francis."

When in the Record Office, London, England, gazing in awed thought upon William the Conqueror's Doomsday Book, to my lips came the lines of the "Norman Baron"—

"In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.
In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book."



Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of Longfellow's translations, "Coplas de Manrique" is a fascinating summary of human life.

Of his longer poems, "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" are unique in their beauty and originality; in these, his genius stands pre-eminently alone!

In the measure and the music of "Hiawatha," we recognize the true interpretation of the life and thought of our Indian brother, once the sole successor to the "mystery and the magic" of mighty forest, lake and river. How thrilling are the introductory lines:

"Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,

With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
'From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors and fenlands.'

* * * * *

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!"

But the most beautiful flower in the Longfellow garden, will always be—"Evangeline"!

The sweetness, tranquillity and simple dignity of its measure, is suited to the recital of a sorrow too deep and lasting for stormy grief.

Throughout America, "Hiawatha" is recognized as a masterpiece; throughout the world, "Evangeline" is thus honored.

How fascinating is the story of Acadia and its French inhabitants! Its happy people are typified by "Evangeline," the heroine; her father, Benedict Bellefontaine, the farmer; her betrothed husband, Gabriel, and his father, Basil Lajeunesse, the blacksmith. But the serpent of suspicion entered their Eden. The British having taken Acadia from the French, and suspecting its people of assisting their French brethren in Canada against them, confiscated their property, without warning, hurried them on board British ships—in many cases separated members of the same family—and conveyed them, heart-broken, to various British colonies.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, publishers, the RAIN-

BOW presents to its readers three Longfellow illustrations.

One scene is from "Evangeline." The captive procession is on its way to be embarked, and we recognize Evangeline, her father, and Gabriel. In the words of the poet—

"Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—

Calmly and sadly waited until the procession approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—

'Gabriel, be of good cheer! for if we love one another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!'

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas, how changed was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom,

But, with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspe-reau's mouth moved on that mournful procession."

Had Longfellow written just ninety-two years earlier, his pen might have conquered the sword; for "Evangeline" received instant welcome and appreciation in England, and became a favorite with the royal family. One of the household writes that the Prince Consort read this poem aloud to the Queen and the children, while their attendants grouped themselves on the corridor stairway to listen!

Ah, that Heaven would raise a Longfellow for every like cause!

A second illustration shows us Longfellow's study, in his home at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

What a delight to the eye!—books, books, books; pens, paper and ink!

We recognize a marble bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson; on an easel, a portrait of William Cullen Bryant; on the wall, beside a bookcase, a portrait of Tennyson; over a second bookcase, a portrait of Washington Irving; a photo of the poet himself, among the books on the table; and beside the table, the armchair made from the Village Blacksmith's chestnut tree. We can fancy the poet sitting there, composing and writing the following:

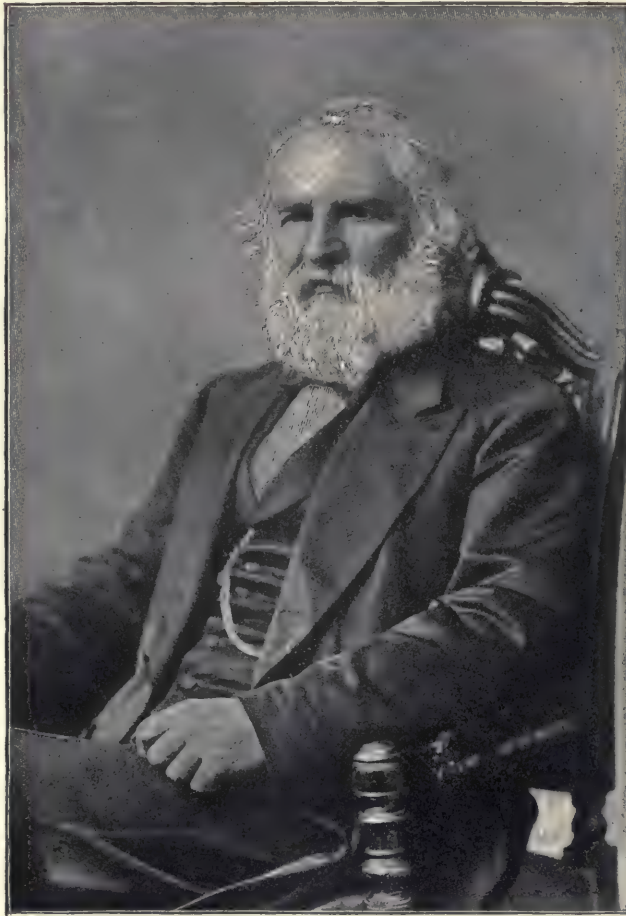


Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE STUDY, CRAIGIE HOUSE.

"From My Arm-Chair to the Children of Cambridge, who presented to me, on my Seventy-second birthday, Feb. 27, 1879, this Chair made from

Can I proclaim it mine?
Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;



Henry W. Longfellow

Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the Wood of the Village Blacksmith's Chestnut Tree:

"Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,

Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

* * * * *

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,

And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song."

We trust that the beloved of the children left the seat offered him by the white souls of earth, to be conducted to another, by the angels of Paradise.

The third illustration is an autograph portrait of Longfellow. The poet is here presented as an old man; which is a great mistake. What has song in common with gray hairs? The heart of the poet never grows old!

IDRIS.

My Kaleidoscope.

"Life went a-maying with Nature, Hope and Poesy.

When I was young; when I was young—ah, woeful when!

Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then.

AND so, musing, I sat and watched the flames before the open grate fire, as they rose and fell, and finally disappeared up the chimney in a cloud of smoke. Only to be young once more when life was so fresh and fair, when the Future beckoned with her dazzling fairy wand to go and conquer new worlds, and return crowned with imperishable garlands!

A mist rose before my eyes, and, looking over the years which had gone, I saw again the vine-covered cottage, the pretty path which led up to the doorway where the huge poplars' branches interlaced lovingly. In the distance, the subdued tinkling of the bell guided the farmer in his search for the wandering herd, and, in the west, the sun lingered as if loth to depart from so enchanting a picture, and its soft rays shone caressingly on the little stream which rippled now and then on the pebbly shore.

This, indeed, was Paradise, and love in all its innocent simplicity dwelt here.

Maybe it was the deceptive light of the grate fire, but no, surely not, there was no other face quite like that one in all the world. Yes, the same sweet blue-gray eyes shone out from the snow-white hair.

"Mother! Mother!" I cried, stretching out my arms. Her face, lit with an angelic smile, and her half murmur, "My boy," reached my ears.

But, only for an instant, and then the vision faded into dust and ashes, even as the "Little Match Girl's."

The scene was changed, and the lights shifted. It was a schoolroom, and the commencement exercises were in progress.

The room was decorated with wreaths of flowers, in honor of the festive occasion.

We were all sitting there, trembling, waiting, and yet dreading to know our fate.

Behind the desk sat the old schoolmaster, and, on both sides, the elders of the village and our parents. But what attracted our attention was the pile of books—the prizes—which were strewn temptingly on the table.

One, in particular, a gilt-edged one, fascinated me. It was the coveted Latin prize. Oh! how I had longed and worked for it.

The distribution of prizes, and, finally, it came down to the gilt-edged volume.

I waited, every nerve tense, eagerly expectant, then:

"First Latin prize, awarded to Bruce Everett."

I staggered to my feet, hardly able to believe my good fortune, and grasped the book from the teacher's hands, in my eagerness to get what was really mine. Oh! the pride of that moment of boyish joy!

And again the veil is lifted.

A regiment and—yes—I was among the soldiers. Only a moment for a few hurried words of farewell. Oh, how bitter-sweet those last words of parting!

"To arms! to arms!"

On this battle hung the future of Canada.

It was Queenston Heights.

The Americans were endeavoring to beat down our position, and it seemed that they must eventually succeed. Brock was everywhere, cheering and encouraging his men.

At sight of his tall form, dying eyes glowed with new life, and men fought heroically at his word. But, a deliberate shot struck down the brave general, and all seemed to fail; step by step, we were driven back, and our cause seemed hopeless. The enemy was almost double our number, and was slowly gaining. It was growing dark.

"Fight for your God and your country, boys!" rang out a clear, strong voice.

And how we fought!

It was appalling. Men were hurled over the cliff into the raging waters below. A confused mass of helmets, swords and guns could be distinguished amid the cannon and smoke of the artillery, and then I heard some one cry out:

"Victory for Canada!"

A sharp pain seized me and I fell back unconscious and knew no more.

Once more the curtain is raised from Life's Picture-Gallery.

I was face to face with Death, and, as I gazed down at the lovely face of marble whiteness, all my past life rose before me.

It was the same mother who had cared for me in my infancy, my youth, and my manhood.

She had gone to receive her reward.

Stooping, I picked up the pure white rose which had rested at her feet, and bore it, the symbol of motherly love and devotion, tenderly and reverently away.

The scene is changed, and, yet, not changed. I still can see the vine-covered cottage, the pretty path, even the tinkling of the little bell is wafted by the breeze towards me. But, the change, no light shines from the dark window, and no cheerful fire glows on the hearth. The place is cold, dark and desolate.

And the actors! Ah! where are they?

Old and stooped, I stood there, hair gray with the snows of sixty winters, and cheeks lined with care and hardship.

Truly, the stage-settings were fitting in their grim austerity.

One last look of pain and intense longing at the home of my childhood, and then I turned away from the past and its associations.

The grate-fire died, and with it the last of my pictures, leaving only the cold gray embers of memory.

JULIA K. O'SULLIVAN.

It was a favorite saying of Bancroft, the historian, who was a vigorous old man at ninety, that the secret of a long life is in never losing one's temper. The remark was simply a concrete way of expressing the hygienic value of amiability. The fact that discontented and gloomy people are never in good health is an argument in favor of the theory that continual indulgence in unhappy thoughts acts as a poison and creates some form of disease.

Our Walks.

CAN anything compare with the pleasure derived from our daily constitutional or, in other words, "our walk,"—for in convent life everything is ours? How very strange is the manner in which commands are given and taken! but when we receive the order, "Prepare for the walk," there is a rush of joy and at the same time a rush for hats and coats.

There are many reasons why we appreciate this extraordinary privilege. We revel in the scenery of the "Soo," which is beyond comparison and has the power to bring out what lies dormant in many youthful intellects, and its influence is such that the most soul-stirring lyrics are often the results, as—

"There is one that I love,
And she's pure as a dove."

Having an accomplished poetess or two among our numbers, affords those who are deep in versification an opportunity to testify their skill in the scansion of wonderful hexameters and thrilling dactyls.

But to return from a pardonable digression, we were speaking of advantages, another is because the sidewalks of our great and flourishing metropolis are always of the best material and also "the air so nice and fair." Besides, how would the little boys of our magnificent city exercise their lungs and their flattering epithets if there were no "Coxy's army" to salute? Taken altogether, our walk is most beneficial to ourselves, as well as to others.

"Which way are we going?" "Easterday! Of course, now I don't see why we can't go to the Locks." It is peculiar how children develop a dislike for certain places. Easterday is a most charming avenue, if we take everything into consideration.—It has two bridges where, on windy days, the gentle zephyrs waft one from side to side; some beautiful residences, the street-car barn and two or three empty stores, which look very inviting, but no one can account for the dislikes of children.

"Did you say Spruce and back Portage?"

O joy! this is the division of the earth that we love better than all. When the Fates order this delightful promenade, we actually pass the main street twice, as well as the depot and two large schools. The scenery is most charming—two

empty fields and some large hotels, that would draw admiration from a heart of stone. Here we usually meet some of the subjects of the Animal Kingdom, such as runaway and balking examples of the "most noble animal of the earth," as well as plentiful exhibits of the bovine family.

But we have so many and such various kinds of walks, that, for the sake of order, it would be better to divide them and speak of each season.

In the good old summer time when the mercury shows ninety in the shade, we climb the hill "from end to end mightily," and, ignoring the vengeance of Sol, meditate on the Sublime and Beautiful while we admire the "russet lawns and fallows gray, where the nibbling flocks do stray," or take a panoramic view of our native land and its Canadian sister, its magnificent edifices, and world-famed canal. Then we homeward plod our weary way and endeavor to fix our gaze steadfastly on our delightful books.

"Beauteous golden Autumn days!" how we welcome you! How truly delightful our task now becomes! We march to the river's edge that we may see the magnificent Canadian hills—"Mountains on whose barren breast, the laboring clouds do often rest." No language can express our joy in this happy time. We love to take the "long path" that leads beyond the lighthouse to the end of the "Soo," where the expanse of water seems teeming with suggestions. Could we venture further, what might be our fate? We gaze meditatively from the sparkling water to the clear blue sky above and are convinced that this is the ideal spot to enjoy "the time, and the place and the loved one all together." But our raptures cannot continue forever, yet it is pleasant, on retracing our steps, to tread on the slippery leaves that have fallen, and to revel in the gorgeous sunsets which suggest the words of the old man with the "skinny hand" and "glittering eye," and involuntarily we say,

"The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun."

But soon we notice that the "last red leaf is whirl'd away," and, when next we venture on our march, we find "the naked trees had got snow. foliage soft and feathery and bright and the earth looked dressed for heaven in its spirit-

ual white." The joys of winter cannot be estimated—it is so invigorating to take a slow, calm walk of an hour or two, to be greeted by snow-balls at every turn and come back, counting ourselves lucky if only an ear or a thumb is frozen. Or if a little rain should chance to fall and thus convert all the streets into one long rink, it is bliss beyond comprehension to slide and stumble and give examples to the outside world of our wonderful grace. Another charm of the snowy weather is to have some one constantly pulling off one's rubbers. It is a handsome opportunity to practise patience, and how could we become so angelic if we had not a few trials? Besides, it affords some an occasion of exhibiting their ingenuity by concocting a wonderful apparatus of shoe-strings to fasten them securely.

Winter presents also another wonderful benefit when it grants us the opportunity of viewing the starlit heavens and enjoying the glare of arc lamps—"When November chill blows loud w' angry sigh," and "the short'ning winter day is near a close," we see the moon "that with delight doth look around her," and gaze into the shop-windows with their wonderful "Christmas novelties." Yes, we love the winter best of all the year!

"Now fades the last long streak of snow," "the winter frost to his dark cavern flees," and "Spring that swells the narrow brooks" at length is here. Surely we cannot overvalue this epoch of little puddles and flowing streams—the source of pleasure to all who wear long skirts. "The fields, the air, the grove" are haunted, and, with the budding trees and flowers, hope is rekindled and we live not in the present but the golden future.

But we have also another walk, a little short one, once a week, that belongs to all the year. What could exceed the felicity of walking "together to the kirk with goodly company?" And this we are permitted to enjoy every Sunday morning.

But whether in spring or summer, autumn or winter, rain or shine, snow or hail, heat or frost, in sickness or joy, wherever it may be, we dearly love our walks.

MARY A. MCKENNA, '07.

The wise are polite all the world over: fools are polite only at home.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin
Mary in America.

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JULY, 1907.

We cannot better evince our appreciation of the words of a scholarly and experienced religious teacher—and friend of the Institute—than by reproducing them for the benefit of our readers.

"I saw a copy of the RAINBOW yesterday. What an elaborate little review it is and what an amount of interesting reading within its covers! Were our students less heavily burdened with the study of the ancient classics, they could find time for the monthly issue of a review like that, and I need not say how useful such literary work would be to them, not only at school but as a splendid preparation for real life after.

I cannot help admiring the excellence of the girls' literary work—and even in the *few* letters I receive, at rare intervals, I see how much more they know about English and English composition than our students of the same age and even older. Your more limited schedule of studies leaves you also more time for Religious Instruc-

tion, which, apart from its necessity, may be made an excellent branch of intellectual training. Thus, for instance, at a convent where I gave a retreat a few years ago, they began a sort of Religious Debating Society, and the girls thus learned not only to *know* their religion but to expound and defend it.

You have so much to say in tracing your plans of studies, do, for goodness' sake, try not to multiply the subjects. I look on that new-fangled idea of studying Latin as a silly *fad*, nothing more. Well and good for girls who have fifteen or twenty years to spend at school. Let them take up Latin and Greek, too, and Hebrew and Scandinavian and Iroquois also, if their parents so wish it—and *they*—but let them *begin* by the *essentials*, by the groundwork, and build up, and not be like some college graduates who can hardly write a letter in anything like praiseworthy fashion. You see, my misfortune—in reality, my good fortune—is that for many years—and still—I am living right in the midst of these things I am talking about, and I see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears and get none of my information from others, or, as they say, at second-hand. So my opinion is worth something.

Girls, at least, ought surely not to be more ambitious of culture than the old Greeks were, those men the most cultured the world ever saw, and yet the Greeks studied *only* Greek; but they did so thoroughly, systematically, they read and *thought* and reasoned and spoke and wrote. They brought into play every faculty of the soul, and every action of each faculty was controlled. Hence they became *the Greeks*—men and women such as the world never saw before nor since. Your girls have an English literature second to none; and if some people refuse to admit this, they would do well to ask themselves if they know what they are talking about.

And to leave this splendid treasure to be explored till after the convent or even the college days are over, is to leave it forever unexplored,

since not one man or woman in fifty ever opens a classic author for any but a holiday reason. This thought came home to me so very forcibly the other day while reading over some 'course of studies' at colleges and convents throughout America.

Shakespeare and Milton were the only classic authors on the programme—and I fancy some of the girls who graduate from such schools might answer me, as one of my own boys here did recently, when I asked him when Dryden lived. '*Dryden? who's he?*' And yet, Dryden was not only a great poet and thinker, but one of our greatest Catholic controversialists. Even Newman himself, Newman the master, the incomparable, is but little studied, even if read at all, in our colleges. How many college graduates know the main argument of his great work, 'The Idea of a University,' or have pondered over the beauties and simple grandeur of the 'Apologia'? I stop here for I might say more than would be good for my health—and yet, you see how very important the subject is for the welfare of our girls and boys."

*

From a schoolgirl o'erladen with "ologies" has come the plaintive query: "Why must we learn the internal functions of a grasshopper? Let us learn what is useful and necessary."

Assuming that every kind of teaching is useful as mental training, it must still be admitted that all the knowledge which is, cannot be imparted. There is not sufficient time to acquire all. Why not direct our efforts to obtaining what will be of use in after life? To quote Longfellow, which is the fashion just now: "Some are coming, some are going—Do not try to grasp them all."

It would be vain to try—and it may serve as a reminder to educators that some mental energy might be better applied.

A desirable reaction from an excessive devotion to scientific studies—the minute details of logic, mineralogy, chemistry, biology, physiology,

zoology—which have their place, but are by no means the "one thing necessary," in a wholesome training of young minds; and a giving thought to matters of household economy, would seem greatly to be desired.

*

The visit of the Colonial Ladies to Buckingham Palace and their cordial reception by the King, in response to whose invitation they had gone there, was a charming function. The invitation had also been extended to the gentlemen of the party, but some, including Mr. Deakin, Dr. Jameson, General Botha, and Sir Joseph Ward, were absent in Scotland.

The Colonial visitors drove to the palace about 5.30, mostly in motors, and were cheered by a crowd of sightseers who had assembled at the entrance gates, and who apparently recognized Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, the Misses Botha, Lady and Miss Ward, Sir W. Lyne, Miss Lyne, and others of the party.

The guests were driven through the forecourt and quadrangle to the grand entrance, where they were received by some of the household officials and conducted to a reception-room. Presently, the King joined them. With His Majesty were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Mary of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Patricia of Connaught, all of whom had previously reached the palace by the garden entrances.

Lord Farquhar, the acting Lord Steward and Master of the Household, presented the individual guests to the King, and His Majesty shook hands with and extended a most cordial and gracious greeting to all in turn.

Tea was served in the lower dining-room at a number of small tables, so that the members of the Royal Family might mingle with the guests with greater ease. By this time the King was able to join a party at one table, the Prince of Wales at another, the Duke of Connaught at a

third, and so on. Meanwhile, the band of the King's Colonials—Imperial Yeomanry—conducted by Mr. Anderson, played in the Palace grounds.

The members of the Royal Family chatted freely with the visitors, and when tea was over the party adjourned to the terrace and grounds. A *shimiana* or Indian tent, erected on silver poles, was placed on the lawn, and here an informal reception was held. The guests wandered about the grounds listening to the music, and, from time to time, His Majesty joined the various groups and chatted freely with them. Just before seven o'clock, His Majesty and the Princes and Princesses withdrew, and the guests left almost immediately.

The Colonial Ladies were charmed by the graciousness and cordiality of the King and the entire Royal party. Some of the guests saw His Majesty for the first time. One of the Colonial Ladies subsequently stated how much they had appreciated the King's kindness and hearty welcome, and their only regret was that they were unable to see Queen Alexandra.

*

"Come, ye blessed of my Father!"

After forty-six years of faithful service in His vineyard, the final summons came to our dear Mother M. Gonzaga Donovan, on Tuesday morning, April the thirtieth. For some years she had been more or less of an invalid, and, as the end neared and her sufferings increased, it was a deep and lasting lesson to witness the patience and sweet resignation evinced by her under the many trials of illness. "I am growing weaker every day, thank God," she was wont to answer when questioned concerning her health; and the same resignation to the will of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, characterized her life.

This true Religious and valiant woman, during her long religious life, filled competently many offices of trust and responsibility in the

Community, and, up to the peaceful close of that life, her clear intellect and excellent judgment rendered her much-sought-for counsel valuable and precious.

Her calm and edifying death was like the going out of the taper that has spent itself showing light on the altar of its Creator. "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints."

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

On the bright, beautiful morning of April the twenty-second, when the members of the Community went, as usual, to their various occupations, no one suspected that God's fearless messenger—Death—was so soon to lay his icy hand upon our dear Sr. Lucy Roussain. Yet, ere our morning tasks were half completed, her pure soul had gone forth to hear the "Well done" of the Master. The call, though long expected, came suddenly in the end, but it found this fervent Spouse of Christ ready, waiting, with lamp well filled and trimmed. The King of Terrors, awful to the unfaithful, was an Angel of Peace to her, bearing the consoling message, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet Him."

Sr. Lucy was a pupil of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and, during her schooldays, endeared herself to those around by her gentle, sweet disposition, and gave promise of those virtues which, later, rendered her short Religious life—seven years—so fruitful in good as to seem a constant preparation for eternity. Indeed, such were her patience, humility, charity, and other virtues pleasing to the Heart of Jesus, that of her it might truly be said: in a short space she fulfilled a long time, and "laid up treasures in heaven, by word and deed."

*

The death of Mrs. J. Dunn, née Mary Shipman, has cast a gloom over a family to whose members the Institute was indebted for many

kind services during its early days of trial and suffering in Canada.

The deceased was among the first pupils of the Community in Toronto, and dearly loved for her sweet, sunny disposition and extreme gentleness and amiability. Devotion to our Blessed Lady was one of her distinguishing characteristics—a devotion continued to the last moment of her exemplary life, as was evinced by the request that the candle which she had received on the occasion of her reception into the Sodality of the Children of Mary—and which had been treasured through the years—should be placed in her hands in death, and buried with her.

What consoling memories the flickering light must have re-called to soothe the pain of the departing spirit!

To her bereaved husband, to whom she had been so true a helpmate, to the sorrowing children deprived of a mother's love and care, and to her devoted sisters, we beg to extend, through the columns of the RAINBOW, our heartfelt sympathy.

*

The announcement of the death of Mrs. W. C. Gouinlock, née Margaret Strachan, was received with deep regret at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, where she had been a brilliant student for some years.

Endowed with superior mental qualities and great intellectuality, Margaret was ever in the foremost rank of prize-winners—and always most helpful to the less favored who sought her aid in the little difficulties that beset their scholastic path.

"Sad, ineffably sad," writes a Warsaw *Correspondent*, "is this death; and a feeling of sorrow and sense of loss falls with an especially heavy hand on our community. A brief illness of pneumonia has suddenly robbed a home of an ideal wife and dearest of mothers, and the poignant grief extends to a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Margaret Gilchrist Strachan was born in Stonehaven, Scotland. In her early years she came with her father to Canada, where she grew up. She was educated at Loretto Abbey, Toronto. While teaching in Seaforth she met Dr. Gouinlock, to whom she was married.

A busy woman in her home life, Mrs. Gouinlock found time for and took pleasure in all the social organizations tending to the betterment of the community; and in the Monday Club, Political Equality Club, Mothers' and Teachers' Club, and similar organizations, her bright, sunny disposition and keen intellect were a source of pleasure and instruction, and whether in official capacity or in the ranks, her interest and devotion were helpful.

Mrs. Gouinlock was a woman of sincerity. She could no more bear a sham than be a sham herself. The petty meannesses that eat integrity out of the characters of so many were never attributed to her. A feeling of safety belonged to every one who confided in her, for she was without guile or deceit. To the worth of sincerity she added the spirit of self-sacrifice. Forgetful of herself, she was above envy, rejoicing in the success of others, and hopeful for the unpromising.

Again, she had intense sympathy with human life, in its every stage and experience. The sorrows and struggles of others became her own. She instantly appreciated their troubles and was swift to offer all her resources.

Every class in the community has been stricken by her death. All will miss her good cheer, her genial help, her steadfast friendship, her common-sense counsel, and her liberal hospitality."

*

M. Clemenceau, M. Briand and their associates would do well to remember that history has a way of repeating itself, and take warning from the swift retribution which overtook Napoleon Bonaparte for his treatment of Pope Pius VII., the venerable Pontiff whom he held captive at Fontainebleau for five years. It was there that

the celebrated interview took place in which the successor of St. Peter said to the then master of Europe: "Empéror, take care. The God of old still lives. When your measure is full, He will break it in pieces." Twelve years later, Napoleon, a prisoner at St. Helena, said to an attendant, who, as a page, had been present on the occasion when the Pope had spoken, "Do you remember those words of Pius VII.,—his terrible prediction?" "Yes, sire," the young man answered, "he said, 'the God of old still lives; He will crush you to pieces.'"

"He was no false prophet," added the fallen Emperor. "My sceptre has been broken, not by man, but by God."

Dom Guéranger completes the wonderful story:

"A messenger from the island of St. Helena was one day ushered into the presence of Pius VII. The exiled Napoleon, whom he had consecrated Emperor in the Church of Notre Dame, and whose after conduct had brought him under the ban of excommunication, now besought the Pontiff to allow him to be readmitted to those spiritual blessings of which he had been justly deprived.

Pius VII., who had so courageously braved opinion by giving hospitality, at Rome, to the members of the unfortunate Napoleon family, readily complied with the request thus made of him; and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was, shortly afterward, offered up in the presence of the illustrious exile of St. Helena.

But, before granting pardon, the justice of God had required a full and public expiation. He, who had been the instrument of salvation to millions of souls, by restoring religion to France, was not to be lost; but he had impiously imprisoned the Sovereign Pontiff in the Castle of Fontainebleau, and it was in that very Castle that he had afterward to sign the deed of his own abdication. For five years he had held captive the Vicar of Christ, for five years he himself

had to endure the sufferings and humiliation of captivity. Heaven accepted the retribution, and left Mary to complete her victory. Reconciled with the Church, and fortified by the Holy Sacraments which prepare the Christian for eternity, Napoleon yielded up his soul into the hands of his Maker, on the 5th. day of May,—the month that is sacred to Mary."

In charity we pray that the present political foes of Pope Pius X. may meet with as fortunate an end.

*

We are quite in accord with the sentiments of the Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador to Washington, expressed in his address to the Ontario Educational Association, during his brief sojourn in the City of Toronto. On that occasion, he made a spirited plea for the higher pleasure which comes from the study of literature, history, art and poetry. Great changes, he said, had come over educational systems in the last half century. "Fifty years ago, classical studies were of supreme importance and of inestimable value, but even then there were some mathematics and science taught. Science is now holding a far larger place. In fact, she is mistress of the situation, and studies of this nature have come in with such a flood that literary things are in danger of being relegated to an inferior place.

Science has avenged herself for the wrongs and subjection of other days, and is now posing as if the only education worth having is a scientific education."

Coming more closely to his theme, the speaker then referred to the pleasures of the mind, of knowledge, thought and imagination. "Education loses what ought to be one of its essential features if it omits helping you to enjoy the pleasures of literature, history, art and poetry," he said. "To learn to enjoy these intellectual pleasures is one of the functions a University education ought to give you. Do not lose the

opportunity of cultivating such tastes, a delightful adjunct to success, and a consolation to misfortune. After all, one cannot make friends out of the compounds of oxygen and hydrogen, nor can inspiration be obtained from the facts about the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle."

*

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the passing away of that utterly senseless fad of shaking hands high in the air.

Time was when not to thrust your arms up as if in the act of ringing a bell, was to stamp you as hopelessly ignorant of the ways of polite society. How maddening it was to have that crooked wrist of the ultra-faddish one thrust at you on a level with your nose, and to feel your own hand dragged up with haughty condescension!

You never see any one doing it now. Well-bred people take each other's hands easily and gracefully on a natural level, and clasp them gently for a moment. It looks as if it were a kindly impulse, whether it is or not. At all events, it is an immense relief from the old kangaroo method, which had not one recommendation of either sincerity or grace.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers and Booksellers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, the following volumes:

"The Holy Hour of Adoration," by Right Reverend Wm. Stang, D. D., late Bishop of Fall River. Embossed cloth, round corners, red edges, \$0.50.

June is redolent of the precious graces of the Sacred Heart, but, pre-eminently does the feast of the Blessed Sacrament draw to itself the love and tenderness and gratitude and reparation and thanksgiving of all who have the happy privilege of gathering around the tabernacle home of our Eucharistic King.

With peculiar timeliness then comes to us "The

Holy Hour of Adoration," in the preface to which the learned Bishop so beautifully describes devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—the "Queen of all Catholic devotions around which all others group themselves in stately order"—"the royal devotion of faith, suiting persons of every condition in life, whether in the cloister or the world. . . . The young woman of the world who has to battle with the surging waves of frivolous vanities and temptations, looks to the tabernacle without fear of disappointment, for every strength and comfort."

The compiler was often asked for a book to be followed at the Holy Hour. He knew of no such book, and determined to arrange one, mindful that—"Nothing would be done at all if a man waited until he could do it so well that no one could find fault with it."

*

"The Queen's Festivals," by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus; 16mo., cloth, 60 cents.

This charming little book, breathing loving devotion in every line to the Mother of God, and written in language of whose style it may be said that the simplicity and beauty are worthy of the subject, will meet an existing want in acquainting children—and their elders—with the reasons why Mary occupies so large and so exalted a place in Catholic devotion and worship.

The beautiful illustrations add much to the general attractiveness of this dainty volume, which should be in every school library in the country.

*

"When Love is Strong," by Grace Keon; 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

This volume is not a disappointment to those who have read the author's two preceding books—"Not A Judgment," and "The Ruler of the Kingdom." The incidents are those of everyday life, simply and naturally related, so that interest

in the story is maintained to the end. The moral is excellent—

“When love is strong,
It never taries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift.”

*

“The Mystery of Cleverly,” by George Barton; 12mo., cloth, \$0.85.

No hero possessing the manliness and pluck ascribed to Herbert Harkins could fail to inspire the impressionable minds of schoolboys with a sincere desire to imitate those qualities most worthy of imitation. There is nothing forced in the drawing of this character, nothing strained in the simple portrayal of all that is noble and elevating in boyhood and early manhood; yet those who follow the adventures of the country boy in a great city will derive benefit thereby.

In marked contrast is the character of Arthur Black, the good-for-nothing son of an indulgent father, and a schoolmate of Herbert's. In spite of Arthur's enmity, Herbert makes a supreme sacrifice in his behalf, more for the sake of Arthur's sister, however, than for his schoolfellow, to whom he is indebted for a series of misfortunes. A sense of latent gratitude is awakened in Arthur Black; he redeems his good name, and with Herbert's help, makes a man of himself.

When he finally learns of Herbert's sacrifice, he generously comes to the rescue. Explanations follow and Herbert is fully reinstated in the good opinion of his friends and acquaintances.

*

“Harmony Flats,” the Gifts of a Tenement-House Fairy, by C. S. Whitmore; 12mo., cloth, \$0.85.

In olden times fairies were treated with due respect; they were regarded as gifted beings possessed of unlimited powers for exercising good and evil, to be spoken of with bated breath and invoked in fear and trembling by the favored mortals whom they looked upon with good-will.

In these days, however, of unromantic youth, and the cold realization of the realities and practicalities of life, with its exacting round of duties for young and old, a fairy is decidedly a novelty, and a tenement-house fairy a being little less than a marvel.

In this story, Mrs. Whitmore has portrayed a fairy that we feel sure will be accepted by even the most incredulous of youthful readers. The author's sympathetic insight into the lives and characters of these little neglected children, forced by relentless circumstances into the poverty and squalor of a New York tenement-house, is wonderfully true. The adventures of Paul and Milly will be followed with breathless interest from the discovery of the scarlet-and-gold box in the coal-bin to the very end when the good fairy, “Hopework,” resolves himself into the irascible old gentleman whom the children fancied their greatest enemy.

The moral of this pleasing little tale is obvious, though unobtrusive, as morals should be. The young people who read it will, perhaps, not realize that there is a moral, but the fact that two small children accomplish so much cannot fail to inspire them with a desire to imitate their noble efforts.

*

“Round the World,” a Series of Interesting Illustrated Articles on a Great Variety of Subjects.

Not every one has an opportunity to travel around the globe. Still the delights of travel may be enjoyed, while avoiding its discomforts and dangers, in a prosy way, sitting serenely at home in the perusal of the above readable volumes.

Reverend F. X. Lasance has words of highest praise for this very interesting series: “I like ‘Round the World’ very much, and I congratulate you on your good taste and sound judgment in the selection of the exceedingly interesting articles of which it is made up. It is as fascinating

as fiction, and as instructive as history. We want more of such books."

"A Mirror of Shalott," by Reverend Robert Hugh Benson; 12mo., cloth, net \$1.25.

This new book is somewhat on the lines of Father Benson's first, and in some respects most popular, work, "The Light Invisible." The author's books are now eagerly looked for, because they have never failed to captivate their many readers. His pages fascinate us so much that it is not easy to begin one of his volumes without persistently reading it through to its end, at one sitting. His latest work is a collection of stories which are supposed to have been the actual experiences of a little gathering of venerable priests. These tales all deal with preternatural events, and they have all the witchery of mystic enchantment about them to make their readers almost helpless under the force of their weird influence.

*

"The Soirée," writes our Madrid *Correspondent*, "in honor of the anniversary of Mother Philomena's Profession, was repeated three nights in succession, the convent hall not being sufficiently large to accommodate all. Among those present were the Archbishop of Seville, the Bishop of Madrid, Prime Minister Maura and all the members of his family—his two daughters attend our school. The Duquesa T'Serclaes, the Marquesa San Juan—her mother—and her two daughters—the Señoritas de Guzmán. The latter came to assist Mother Philomena in receiving the Bishops, as she does not yet speak Spanish very fluently, and all the Spanish nuns were engaged with the pupils. The youngest daughter, Blanca, is here at school. You have no idea how simple these children of the nobility are, and how easily pleased.

The Conde and Condesa de Buen Esperanza, the Marquis and Marquesa de Valonde, the Baron and Baronesa de Hortegá, General Borbón, the Condes de Mellandes, and many other

titled personages were our guests on the occasion.

We had our gymnasium display on the tenth—it was in the garden where there was room for all, so it was not necessary to repeat it. Many of the noble families were on their way to our grounds when they heard of the birth of the heir, and they drove first to the palace to inscribe their names.

The baptism will take place on Saturday. The King will be present—the first King of Spain to witness the baptism of his son.

To-day the Cortés opened. It was a very beautiful sight. All the Royal carriages drove to the Senate. The uniforms were magnificent. The Chinese and Japanese Ambassadors excited much admiration.

Have you heard of the new convent to be opened in Seville next October? A day school, with a little boys' school attached to it. The extern Children of Mary will meet there, and the dominical school will also be held in the building—a great convenience, in many ways."

The Sailor's Song.

O waters of the ocean deep,
Upon thy breast I fall asleep;
I dream of mermaids under sea,
My thoughts are always turned to thee.

My spirit cleaves thy depths serene
To dwell in mystic world unseen;
My heart springs forth to thy arms strong,
And rapture finds in thy deep song.

At night thy moon-kissed foam is seen
Tossing high its jewelled sheen;
From shore resounds the sea-bird's screech
To guide the sailor to the beach.

O dear bewitching waves of green,
White-capped like Alpine mountain's scene,
From land-born joys thou callest me.
I haste to live again with thee.

JOSEPHINE HARRISON.

Wheeling by the Rhine.

AT last we were off, on our first trip of the season, up the glorious historic Rhine to Mayence. Our starting point, which happened to be a very interesting one, was Cologne, the famous old town, fast becoming too modern to suit our tastes, but interesting and fascinating, and where every mouldering stone is still a chronicle. We had decided to attempt the trip on the "iron-steed" though as the distance was so far over our general day's riding capabilities, doubts existed as to the possibility of arriving there in the limited time—but a start was decided on, and a "go as you please" system inaugurated:—bicycle, locomotive and steamboat promiscuously, as necessity would demand.

It was the thirty-first of May and the early morn at seven turned up dull and foggy, yet pleasant to note, but strange to say, for winds in our experience are mostly of the contrary order, Aeolus favored us this time; so mounting our patient steeds we turned our backs on the majestic Cathedral, and started to reach some point as near as possible, if not quite up to our destination.

Not being satisfied with our English wheels, we had purchased, last spring, American Clevelands, and they had so far come up to our highest expectations—a good wheel is a joy forever—and so we found, after having them well oiled, they sped along beautifully, requiring hardly any work on our part. Any one who has had the pleasure of visiting the Rhine knows how beautiful the highways are for this sport in the Rhineland; from Cologne to Frankfurt there is an especially good road, but the main roads in France, Germany and Italy are incomparable.

Soon we were warm enough to enjoy the cool, exhilarating morning air, and were rather glad to think the sun had decided not to favor us for the day. It is strange to know, that where now the bicycle flies along and the peasant his weary way homeward plods, once upon a time, columns of Roman soldiers wound their way to and from the old Roman fort of Colonia. Every little while, we passed an old shrine or cross, decorated with bright paper flowers and evergreens, but it seemed still too early to find anyone there offering up his devotions. So on we flew, now and then startling a hare which ran across the road,

disappearing into the fields on either side. This reminded me of the fact that round about Godorf, the first little village from Cologne, is a famous well-known shooting ground. Here in a drive of a thousand acres, they shoot four to five hundred hares in one day, and about five hundred partridge, in the licensed three months' time of each year.

Godorf is a sleepy little village, or so it appeared to us as we rode through. No one was to be seen, not even a dog deigned to bark its notice of our advent. All seemed to be still enjoying the sleep of the just! This did not give us a very good idea of the German; to make hay while the sun shines, though, by the way, it was not shining, one must not lie a-bed till eight in the morning.

Coasting down the hill at the end of the village, to the fright and doubtful admiration of a few hens and an indignant rooster, we were delightfully surprised at the lovely scene that greeted us. Since we had lost sight, in glancing backwards, of the old spires, we had also missed the Rhine, but now, what we saw made up for its disappearance, for the grand old river awaited us there in all its glory at the foot of the hill and fortunately our path led us along the bank for a little time to come. In the distance were some tugs with their long tail of freight boats, the brown sails of the latter, full, taking advantage of the wind in the same way as we were, and very thankful to help the steam-power a little. To the right and not far away, loomed up the old forest which surrounds the King's Castle at Brühl, contrasting vividly with the high, dull, grey hills in the background. It is a beautiful spot and one to be visited on a lovely summer's day when the roses are blooming and Nature is smiling on one and everything.

This is half-way between Cologne and Bonn, just a matter of eight miles or so, but it created a spurt on my part, having decided to take our breakfast there, and I was already beginning to realize what an effect the morning air could produce in such a short time—but it is certainly the privilege of bicyclists to be always hungry.

Casting a last look at Wesseling, we found we were not the only early risers on the road—a scorching on an old-fashioned high wheel was behind, trying to show what he could do, but our

Clevelands did not forsake us, and we were beginning to make our unknown friend, as well as ourselves, warm, when to our surprise he suddenly dismounted to refresh himself at one of the many country Wirthshäuser. In giving us such a fresh start as this, I thought we had completely tired him out, and that I had done remarkably well "for a girl," but alas! We followed the main road and were quite elated over our conquest, when on turning a big rounding corner, whom should we see but the man of the high wheel, sitting there enjoying a second refreshment. This was too much and I decided that as this was not a case of love or war, the means which he had taken to accomplish his ends, by following a forbidden path, were not fair and we had in reality gained the small victory.

Bonn is one of the most prettily built towns on the Rhine, and its towers and spires now came into view. After fifteen miles of quick wheeling we looked forward to the parks and shady avenues with delight. Here quite an English colony exists, who appreciate the mixture of European and English life and customs which have made it a homelike place for foreigners. As a university town also, it is enlivened during the terms by the presence of the students who are to be met everywhere in varied colored caps and bands, designating the various corps or student fraternity to which they belong.

Riding through the narrow, queerly built streets of the old town, I kept an anxious lookout for the hotel where we should dismount, but seeing my anxiety, my companion, a gentleman, tells me kindly we shall not breakfast till farther on, where it is much more picturesque and romantic than here.

Leaving the city far behind us, I had soon forgotten my hungry troubles in the beautiful panorama that was before us. On one side of the picture was the inevitable but charming ruin of the castle of Godesberg, built by the Archbishop Theodrich in the seventeenth century; but now one high arch and the crumbling walls alone remain to tell the tale of its past and forgotten grandeur. The other side of the picture was filled up with the first range of the seven mountains, the vanguard peak being the Drachenfels, crowned with its stately ruin of the Drachenburg, rising directly from the river bank to the height

of eight hundred and fifty feet. The highest peak but one of lesser importance is the Oelberg; then Petersberg, Löwenberg, Nonnenstromberg, etc., follow, on most of which are still the remnants of castles, former strongholds of the Archbishops of Cologne, dating from the twelfth century. Now-a-days instead of the magnificence of former times a Wirthshaus greets the weary traveller, and the thirsty German can generally refresh himself with a glass of his good old beer on the spot where once-upon-a-time the owners of these once stately structures were "monarchs of all they surveyed."

By this time we were passing through Godesberg. Here everything is delightful, especially the luxurious villas, the extensive lawns, flowers in every shade and variety adorning them, giving a very pleasant impression of the little town. Of course, this is more or less to be expected, as the aristocrats from most of the business centres of the province such as Cologne, Crefeld, Elberfeld, etc., view with one another in the beauty of their summer residences. A mineral spring and a widely celebrated cold water cure establishment add to its interest, attracting many visitors to the pretty spot.

Mehlem is quickly passed and we noticed nothing of importance except extensive villas with beautiful grounds, lining our route on either side; all chosen spots opposite the romantic landscape of the mountain range.

Disappearing round the next winding of the river, we lost sight of the Drachenfels with the surrounding hills, but what was our surprise to see before us a squadron of Cuirassiers—German heavy cavalry, their lances held upright, the little black and white pennants on their points fluttering in the breeze; riding in Indian file on either side of the road, seemingly on a manoeuvring trip. This was a new experience; but deciding not to be afraid, I braced up, ringing my bell merrily and calling "attention"—for the horses and lances did not seem to be very well under control—we entered the narrow way between, bounded on either side by prancing horses and white-tuniced riders, receiving as we rode through, quite a volley of small talk of every variety in regular soldier style.

After this ordeal, I desired the promised breakfast, we made our first halt at Rolandseck

at nine o'clock precisely, having put twenty-five miles between the high spires of the Cathedral and ourselves in two hours exactly.

While resting after our quick ride we had time and opportunity to admire more fully and appreciate better the beautiful picture Nature had rolled out before us. This view is undoubtedly one of the most romantic and pleasing on the Rhine. High up on one of the neighboring hills is Roland's bower, an old ruin overgrown with ivy and creepers; but long ago there sat here day by day, the famous warrior-knight, Count Roland of Angers, silently gazing at the gray walls of the convent on the green Rhein-girded island of Nonnenwerth beneath. Here dwelt the lady of his heart in the quiet seclusion of the cloister, having put aside all worldly thoughts on hearing that her lover had perished in the wars of the Crusades. Rumor often causes a great deal of unhappiness and so in this case. Hildegund faded slowly away, and Roland from his bower on the hill, one day missed her fair form from amongst her silent friends; the tolling of the little chapel bell telling him that she was happy at last. After this, Roland did not care to live, but resuming his regular vigils dreamed only of her who had gone before him, till he was found one morning, cold and stiff, in his usual place, his glazed orbs still turned towards the Rhine and the spot where once dwelt his lost love. At present, Nonnenwerth harbors also young ladies, perhaps as romantic but of another description. It is now a modern boarding-school, conducted by Franciscan nuns; but the old walls and narrow windows still there could surely tell many a tale of sorrow and trouble in long-forgotten times.

Meanwhile the cavalcade of soldiers had tramped past, so we quickly wrote our first pictorial post-card to those at home, relating the state of the adventurous bicyclists at the first stopping place. Regretting to leave this historic spot, all being so very attractive, we hurried on, knowing there is still so much more to come to claim our admiration. The narrow path which the soldiers made again confronted us; we rode forward more bravely than before, but Pride ever has a fall. Through an unknown somebody's fault, I and my wheel got mixed up with some of the horses, but in a miraculous way I managed to

extricate myself from under their legs without anything more serious than a fright. After this occurrence, I decided to see the last of the German cuirassiers for that day—I had had enough of them—so we rode through Remagen without stopping, sending a glance up the heights above the river to the artistic Gothic church of red sandstone, and the Franciscan monastery which crown the Apollinarisberg. Back of Remagen in the valley of the Ahr river are the noted Apollinaris springs, and in passing the wharves we found all busily occupied in loading the vessels with stone bottles of this refreshing beverage, destined for export, particularly to England, where it is a valued favorite.

Crossing the high elevated stone bridge which spans the Ahr river, resembling more at this time of the year, a brook or creek; and passing through Zingzig, of no particular importance, our way led again along the river-bank. In the secluded little fishing village of Brohl we got an idea of how bad a road can be, and after bumping over the most dreadful cobblestones for ten minutes or so, found the highway a perfect heaven in comparison.

What a glorious thing it is to be favored by the wind. The kilometres were quickly disappearing behind us, and we were brimming over with good spirits as Coblenz was now not so distant. Still we did not progress so quickly that we had no time to admire the beautiful scenery. Ruins are to be found everywhere on the Rhine, and to our left was Hammerstein with the little village of the same name lying sheltered in the valley at its base.

An opportunity again presented itself for refreshment in the shape of the quaintest little inn yet discovered. Its suitable name of "Waldschlösschen" or little castle of the woods predicates a good deal. Artistically built, perfectly surrounded by high green hills in which numbers of deer are hidden, this little house stands all alone, seemingly only there for the convenience of weary, thirsty bicyclists for whom Andernach is still on the horizon. From here we sent the second report in the same pictorial way, as to our doings and feelings: then having enjoyed a stein of good Münchener beer, set out anew for Andernach, which was still two or three miles away.

The river makes several long windings here and after a considerable amount of pedaling we had at last the pleasure of entering the old Roman gate at Andernach; the two stone sentinels on either side seeming to frown severely at the frivolity of the twentieth century, but being well pleased so far with our exertions of the morning, not even the grim warriors could lessen the exuberance of our good spirits.

Only here and there a part of the wall, which formerly surrounded the Roman stronghold, is standing; the famous historically peculiar watch-tower of the castle of the former Archbishops has been completely restored and its massiveness and strength give us an idea of their power in the far-away mysterious past. On the surrounding hills have been found all kinds of Roman antiquities; monuments, vases, mugs, dishes, etc., all interesting souvenirs of that historic period. We did not spend much time in this old, queerly-built city, as our wheels must go round a good many times before the long-looked-for goal is reached. The road now becomes very tedious, making an extensive curve inland, through a low, flat part of the country. Under the surface of the soil here, are beds of a lava deposit, which, when mixed with lime, form a substance from which bricks are made, and round about the village of Weissenthurm is the centre of this very extensive industry. As we ride along, on either side of the road, huge piles of these white bricks do not lend to the beauty of the landscape, so spurting a mile or so, we found ourselves in view of the fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein—grand and impressive, on the opposite shore. This was a welcome view, for it meant our rapid approach to Coblenz—and glad, indeed, was I, for there awaited us—dinner, rest and a good talk. As the city clocks were striking eleven, we entered this old-famed, well-known city, having crossed the high arched Moselle Bridge, and walked, according to police orders, through the narrow, crooked, but for us of the new world, intensely interesting old streets, and wended our way to the new Franciscan beer-house. Any bicyclist who has had the pleasure of touring in Germany must know how good a krug of delicious cold brown beer tastes. When tired and thirsty one enjoys the well-earned rest. We employed most of our time in calculating and found that we had al-

ready put eighty-six kilometres, or fifty-three and two-third miles between here and Cologne, and this we had managed to do in four hours. Here we had expected to meet some friends, who, like ourselves, were bound for Mayence to stay over Sunday and enjoy the great Rowing Regatta to be held there. After our hour's rest, we decided to let them enjoy their trip on the boat, we should remain true to our Clevelands, and through this decision were able to enjoy the new promenades along the Rhine, which the Kaiserin Augusta presented to the city, and the castle gardens at this time of the year, very beautiful, indeed, dotted here and there with beds of many-colored flowers and blossoming shrubs in profusion.

A. CARLYLE.

(To be continued.)

A Silver Wedding.

A TWENTY-FIVE years' test surely entitles to an opinion on the much-mooted question—"Is marriage a failure?" The nineteenth of April in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and seven, answered the query to the entire satisfaction of a man, woman, their children, and some two hundred guests.

The MacSloy home—which means something more than house—Suncroft,—*i. e.*, "Holder of Light," by name and nature, illumined the subject past further doubt. The light, music and flowers of themselves created an atmosphere of expectation; clearly, something glad was about to happen! Did your host ever meet you with a hand-shake that sent electric thrills to the cockles of your heart? Did you ever turn away from your hostess with the firm conviction that her evening *could not* have been a success had you remained away? These impressions are probably produced as the result of twenty-five years' practice in the so-called "lost art" of hospitality. I am sure I speak for two hundred people when I say I was very glad I came. And that, quite apart from the marvellous things we ate and drank and saw—gifts that pointedly suggested the inexhaustible silver deposits of the great North West. And, appropriate emblem of hospitality dispensed some hundred years ago, old Chester cabinet, sideboard, chairs, and King Arthur's own ban-

quiet table with its capacity for sixty knights—I know, because I helped to extend it for the aftermath. And oh, the carving! What was it William Morris said about the expression of joy in one's work? The man who carved that black oak could tell—and did—about a hundred years ago, more or less, and is still telling us to-day. Could he also tell us how to refrain from coveting our neighbor's goods, it would be well.

A word was breathed into the ears of some of Mr. MacSloy's boon companions, by one of the "boys," that they should linger when the others had gone, and, to a man, they stayed. It was then that *the* table's capacity was tested, both as to how much and how many it could hold.

Our host and hostess were surprised and inclined to question this part of the programme, which they had not themselves arranged, but, the toast-master intimated that not all affairs went wrong unless personally conducted by the Canada Hair Cloth Co., which challenge Mr. MacSloy, hampered by position of host, regretfully allowed to pass, and permitted himself and his wife to be escorted to the head of the table. I am quite sure, from the picture point of view, that the gathering of happy people at that table has never been surpassed. And I am free to remark, that, should *your* daughter send *you* a pale amethyst frock from Japan, embroidered in chrysanthemums, the only proper setting for it would be a black oak chair with a high carved back. But the man who carved them is dead—as I think I mentioned before—and the MacSloys have pre-empted the chairs—from covetousness and envy, good Lord, deliver me!

The guests seated, and the table cleared for action—which took some time and kept Webb's men passing busy—in the classic verse of the toast-master, Mr. A. W. Moore, "'Twas thin that th' fuss began." Mr. Moore introduced the speakers, as only Mr. Moore could. In the oft-repeated phrase of the *Stoddard Lectures*,—"it baffles description."

Mr. Hugh MacSloy toasted "The Bride and Groom," to which Mr. James MacSloy responded in splendid form.

Mr. John Henderson, famed in educational, as well as social, circles, toasted "The House of Mirth"—conceded to be *the* toast of the evening. Mr. Harris of Hamilton spoke on "boyhood days," to the prolonged applause of his audience;

but, Mr. MacSloy would not allow it to get by without some supplementary reminiscences, of which Mr. Harris was hero.

Mrs. Wright toasted "The Youngest Born"—Miss Bessie MacSloy being the only one of the children at home. To this, Miss Bessie responded with winning earnestness, asking the guests to drink a threefold toast for the three children, to the long life and happiness of their father and mother.

Mr. Burson spoke on "The Travellers," in a most original and deliciously humorous vein.

Mr. Seixas toasted Nimrod, the mighty hunter, in his own humorous manner.

Then the guests laid violent hands on the toast-master and forced him to sing and recite, which he did in a way to make Mr. Shea close shop.

The nineteenth of April had been over some hours before any one made a move to end the fun. But, lest anything in this world should be too perfect, and we should cease to properly yearn for heaven, even here was the rift in the ointment, the fly in the lute—if only Nora and Ivan could have been there!

MARY MARGARET WRIGHT.

Zeniths.

ALL the hopes and ambitions of youth are directed towards some zenith, either the earthly culmination of their lofty aims, which must surely end, or that eternal zenith in His sight. In her beautiful poem, entitled "Zeniths," Frances Havergal describes an interesting variety. First is the fair Isabel at a festive gathering when her beauty was at its height; people said, she never before looked so charming, but "how soon the diamond sparkle of the dew must pass," hers was an unconscious zenith, and her lovely light was forever left behind on that gay, triumphant night. Next is the traveller Arthur, who gloried in young manhood's strength, and scaled the highest snow-crowned Alpine peak, "It was gladness none can realize who have not felt the wild excelsior thrill." At last he reached the highest point, looked around, and sighed. That for which he had longed was realized, but the joy was gone. None could surpass the sweet singer Cecile, who held her audience spellbound as she sang better and ever bet-

ter than before; then crossed the boundary line "in one veiled hour from gain to sure though lingering loss," and then they spoke of how she *used to sing!*

In a silent little room, containing scarcely more than a writing-desk, and a deeply-shaded lamp, sat the poet Theodore. With quick, eager hand, his pencil glided over the paper, too slowly for the rapid flow of inspiring thoughts. "Oft had he known the pulse of poet might, but never quite the free exultant power in which he reveled now in that enchanted hour." At last 'twas finished, and, looking out into the dark and silent night, his heart grew heavy; his work was ended, and the remaining years could only come and glean. Many works which were admired and praised followed this one,—“but why does he never write as once he did and surely could?”

Now is “a battle-field of mental might” where Eugene, with conscious power, knowing each subtle art of eloquence, surpassed his competitors. “Eugene is at his best to-night”; little knew his hearers of that fell paralysis which soon would lay him low.

'Tis Christmas!—“a coronation day of love and joy and peace when Bernard and Constance, looking at the merry faces about them and joining in the sweet Christmas Carols and lively conversations, had no wish beyond each other's gladness. Sickness, scattering, and varied woe, spared not this happy group, until the zenith joy was but an oft-remembered dream.”

Godfrey's zenith of youth had passed, leaving behind dull pain. He had no special powers, his only joy was “dreams of her who might have been, yet was not to be, queen of his life.” In his sorrow he recognized his Saviour, and fell before the feet of the only one he had ever known without alloy. He saw many earthly zeniths pass away, but they had no power to lure him from his purpose, for “what reck's the short recessions of a wave in the strong flowing of a tide?” At last, he heard the command, “Friend go up higher,” the call for which his soul had yearned, which summoned him to the one grand step beyond earth, where, beneath the King's own smile, he found perpetual zenith.

How many examples we have in real life of those who have fallen in their zenith, of those who cross the unseen boundary-line to surer loss, while others, grand and noble characters, who

work not for themselves but for their Master, find perpetual zenith. None are more worthy of being classed among the latter, than our late Pope Leo XIII., whose intellectual brilliancy was not the least dimmed in declining years.

There are many names in history of men whose sole ambition was to acquire honor for themselves, to make and dethrone kings, and to be accounted favorites, who shared Eugene's fate. Alexander the Great died when at the height of his success; the proud Napoleon, whose extraordinary military prowess terrified the hearts of foreign monarchs, to whom the most abject homage was rendered, fell from the high pedestal where he had placed himself, and died remorseful, poor, and alone. Wolsey having obtained what he had sought on earth, mourned in his last hours for having served his king better than his God.

By far the greater part of people outlive their success, but, like fair Isabel, the singer Cecile, and the poet, they never know when they are in their zenith, and are the last to realize it when it is gone. Old ladies, who once were beautiful and talented, never realize that their great gifts are things of the past till they hear the sad words “she used to be beautiful,” “she used to sing.” In affairs of minor importance, even we who cannot boast of many years of experience, have reached our zeniths, and yet we realize this only in looking backwards. Those alone, who, like Godfrey, work unselfishly, obtain that true zenith which knows no boundary.

For only work that is for God alone
Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight;
A guerdon unaffected by the sight
Of great success nor by its loss o'erthrown.
All else is vanity beneath the sun.
There may be joy in doing,
But it palls when done.

DELPHINE MAYER, '07.

When there is so much imperfect vision, we can hardly be sure that our own eyes are absolutely reliable. So we must learn to express our opinions humbly, and with due respect for those of others; above all, having charity. A voice that habitually “sharps” or “flats” will spoil a choir; so an intolerant spirit will ruin the harmony of a household.

The Last Poem of Doctor William Henry Drummond.

Dr. Drummond's last public appearance in Montreal was at the annual dinner of the St. Patrick's Society of the city, on which occasion he read the following poem, which he had composed for St. Patrick's Day.

We're Irish Yet.

What means this gathering to-night,
What spirit moves along
The crowded hall, and touching light
Each heart among the throng,
Awakes as tho' a trumpet blast
Had sounded in their ears
The recollections of the past,
The memories of the years?

O! 'tis the spirit of the west,
The spirit of the Celt,
The breed that spurned the alien breast,
And every wrong has felt—
And still, tho' far from fatherland,
We never can forget
To tell ourselves with heart and hand,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

And they, outside the Clan of Conn,
Would understand, but fail,
The mystic music played upon
The heart-strings of the Gael—
His ear, and his alone, can tell
The soul that lies within,
The music which he knows so well,
The voice of Kith and Kin.

He hears the tales of old, old days,
Of battle fierce by ford and hill,
Of ancient Senachie's martial lays,
And race unconquered still—
It challenges with mother's pride
And dares him to forget
That tho' he cross the ocean wide,
He's Irish yet! He's Irish yet!

His eye may never see the blue
Of Ireland's April sky,
His ear may never listen to
The song of lark on high,
But deep within his Irish heart
Are cloisters, dark and dim,
No human hand can wrench apart,
And the lark still sings for him.

We've bowed beneath the chastening rod,
We've had our griefs and pains,
But with them all, we still thank God,
The Blood is in our veins!
The ancient blood that knows no fear,
The stamp is on us set,
And so, however foes may jeer,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

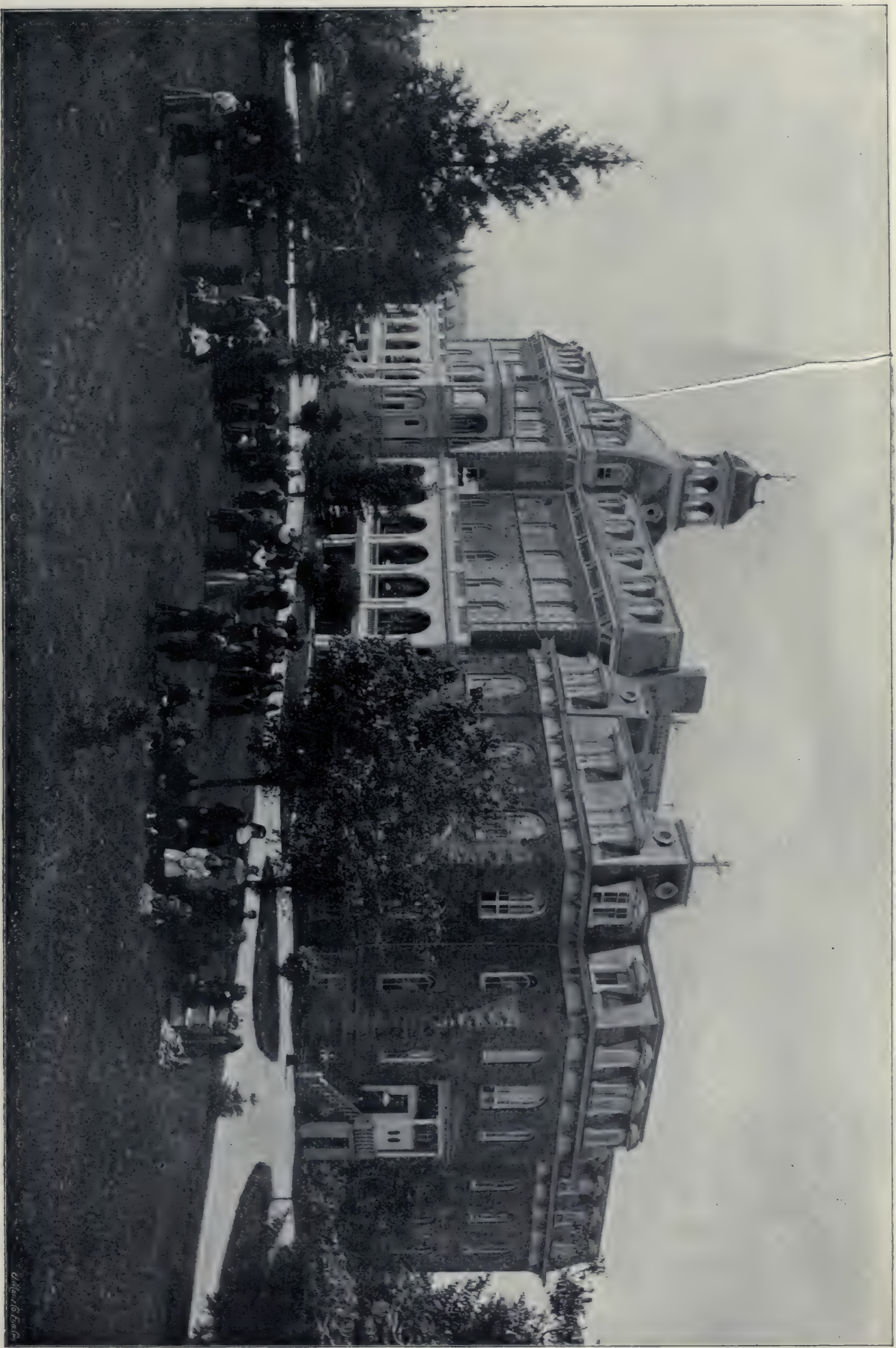
A Friend of Doctor W. H. Drummond Speaks.

Bon jour, Louis, you hear de news 'bout Doctor Drummon', he jess die? To-day I don' feel funny me, dere's water come up on my eye. Las' night we had a leetle dance on Bruneau house, an' heveryone Sing song, an' jump aroun' an' play, an' girl and boy have plenty fun. Père Bruneau mak' for speech an' sing, we clap our han' an' mak' encore. When Baptiste from de village come an knock one, two, tree time on door. I tol' you I don't lak dat rap, an' noise she stop, I don' know why, I feel me dere is sometings wrong, an' some one sick or nearly die. Baptiste hees face was white lak chalk, not lak Baptiste who always laff. An' on hees han' he held someting—dose yellow slip from telegraph. With tremble han' Père Bruneau read an' handkerchief go to hees eye, Baptiste, he whisper, an' we know dat our ol' fren' de Doctor die. De Doctor he's not French mans, but a Hirish mans, I hear him say. He grip your han', say, "Hello, Joe," an' mak' you feel good all de day. He come here many, many time, hees write good book about us, too, I tol' you he was beeg smart man, dere's nothing else dat he can't do. One time when Nap, my brudder, fall an' break hees leg, an' mak' it sore. De Doctor fix it hup, bien, an' Nap, all right, he walk some more.

* * * * *

I go to see my boss jess now, I don' feel much
for work to-day,
I stay at home an' tink about my ol' ol' fren' who
go away.

Example is a potent external attraction to prayer. Where the wisest may fail to argue us into the practice of it, the sight of a wise, strong man upon his knees awakens in us some impulse to learn his secret, and may, in the end, draw us down by his side.



LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.



LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

" Beside Niagara's sounding deeps,
Dark wooded isles and vine-clad steep,
Like incense rise the clouds of spray,
Where rainbows shine at close of day:
Thy children all, with hearts aflame,
Sing to thy gracious, holy name,
Ave Maria Loretto!"

Among My Loves.

“**T**HAT is a man!” I heard my father say, “Watch ye him!” I looked around for I was a child then, and I understood as a child. “Father, where?” I ventured. He simply pointed to a picture on the paper he had been reading. We both bent heads over the picture, his, silvered with age, mine, topsy-turvy, I am sure—years ago.

Next time I had put away the things of a child. The important days of girlhood had dawned when Dr. John Seath’s Grammar entered into a schoolgirl’s tribulations; and Cæsar’s long sentences were worries, equalled only by their own linear dimensions.

My father was dead. His words came back to me—“That is a man!” Sadly, but, oh, so vividly. And it was to be more than a picture that evening,—the very man was coming—had come—was sitting on the stage before me. “Watch ye him”—words singularly responded to. Never was Delphi’s Oracle in all her palmy days so scrupulously hearkened to, never high heaven’s augural quarters with one tenth the precision scanned from ancient Rome’s auspicious hills. And then I knew I had learned to love the splendid greatness of this man upwards from my father’s knee.

A mass of dark hair rolled back from a prominent brow. The contour of his face recalled to my mind Pope Leo, for there was the same pear-shaped outline about it. His eyes were dark, luminous and magnetic. And when at last he rose to speak, his voice fell on the ear like music, rich, deep, mellow. “That is a man!” Oh my prophetic father’s soul!—and the paper, and the picture and the two heads came up again,—my father’s silvery gray, my own bobbing obtrusively and black.

Here now before my very eyes stood our hero! Have you ever felt as if you were surrounded by an outer consciousness harmonizing in one supreme moment all the pretty joys and sacred sorrows of your life; flooding your soul with the memory of friends that have gone out of your life, leaving a yearning for something—you know not—for sweet music and kind words from loving lips that are stilled forever? Have you felt it until your head bows and your eyes blur the dull reality out of existence, and the past,

fraught with hallowed memories holds you by the gentle chords of sweetness!—you have!—well, what revellers we all are.

It seemed a short time and all was over. The crowd was dispersing. I do not now remember well how it happened, but it was in some way connected with “the order of our going,” and a friend who stood by him called me. He introduced me, and I shook hands with Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

I know little about politics. I do not think I want to know. It is not for this that I find myself wishing that there were no “three score years and ten” meted out for him, but a thousand golden years, that earth might hold and have him and, oh, yes, let Heaven wait. Or, if I could even take his years and give him mine, that his great patriot’s heart might continue at the helm “to longer guide aright,”—oh, for this would I gladly lay down my life in his precious gray hairs!

It seemed years afterwards, yet it was only three. The scene, too, was somewhat similar, save that it was no town this time, but a large and mighty city, thronged to overflowing from every State in the grand Union. Upon their badges stood out legibly the name of their native State, and I looked on Californian, Texan, and Georgian, Washingtonian, Illinoisan and Virginian. You would be proud, too, and so was I as I filed into my little corner of an immense hall, each day. It was a coveted privilege to listen to the wisdom of our sages, and, during the entire week, I grew weary only once. It was on the last night, and for three or four hours different professors had been expounding theories, and advocating principles to such an extent that perforce I looked into the face of my escort for a remedy. Boredom seemed to be written there, too. “We are wedged and will have to sit it out.” “Not so,” I answered, and very impolitely turned my head. I shall never quite forget what I saw. I might have been Rip Van’s descendant awakened from an extended hibernation in the South. But I must not tell you yet. Then I noticed ladies in front using opera-glasses, and I overheard, “He is not there,” and I, too, began to scan the stage, looking among its numbers for—I knew not. Could it be the President? No!—the bulletins—the very newsboys would

have noised it abroad ere this. Yet he was coming whom my spirit holds now greater than many presidents. From the left side of the stage he entered. Ladies drew their skirts, and gentlemen, their shoes, and a passage was made through which he walked deliberately, yet gently, towards the front of the stage.

Slight, a trifle over medium height, dressed to the verge of simplicity, unassuming! I wondered why they had been using opera-glasses, but I wondered most of all who he was.

He spoke. His voice was rich with a very sweet Southern accent. In a little while everybody was laughing—fatigue!—there was none—and again in a little while,—well, some one was not laughing. You remember dear, old Daddy Dan, in that inimitable book, "My New Curate," called himself something because his great soul was wont to overflow at the eyes? If any one else had said it! I can scarcely forgive himself. "Soft Old Fool!" Well, I felt I was one, too,—with one of the adjectives changed—and determined to let the softness dry outright ere I ventured to look up at my companion. But, there could be no home consciousness under the powerful spell of that charming orator, and laughter and tears thrived, and ended only with his final words. His grace, his culture, his enthusiasm, were alone sufficient to stamp him great; but the eloquent and touching pleading for a long-neglected, and lowly-honored race, touched your heart; and the noble purpose transfiguring his countenance, and the grandeur of his language, and the sparkling of his delicate wit, and the pathos of his anecdote, literally brought your spirit down in worship.

"I behold a genius!" I said.

"Captivated!" some one else said. I could not answer.

Two hours seemed like a moment, and Booker T. Washington walked directly off the stage—unattended—alone. One man, God bless him, clapped him on the shoulder, another shook his hand—then he was gone. But my resolution was taken. It should be to-morrow, and to-morrow saw it done—written, sealed, posted! And that panegyric must have reached him: it has never returned. I am very sure he took the author for one of these dear "Daddy-Dan" epithets again; but something tells me not to fear—nor do I—but there is that future biographer, and here a

slight tremble creeps along, lest in its resurrection, I, too, may not have put on immortality.

"By loving whatever is lovable in others, life will become a pleasure; and earth will become like heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love."

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

The First Canadian Appearance of Rafael Navas

TO the courtesy of Miss Jeannette Lewis, a bevy of delighted schoolgirls from the Hamilton Loretto, was indebted for the opportunity of hearing Rafael Navas, the distinguished Spanish pianist, play in the Grand Opera House, on the evening of April the twenty-third.

Never before had a pianist come to the city with more signal claims to favor than those possessed by Senor Navas, whose musicianly qualities and artistic temperament attracted the attention of the most exclusive and critical audiences in Europe during his recent tour. Referring to his début in New York, the *Musical Courier* remarked: Rafael Navas, a young Spanish pianist, who has played abroad with unusual success, made his New York public début on Wednesday afternoon, March the twentieth, at Mendelssohn Hall, with a programme of pronounced unconventionality. The "Variations Sérieuses" of Mendelssohn, Beethoven's "Appassionata Sonata," a Bach-Tausig "Toccata and Fugue," Liszt's "F Minor Étude," and the Chopin "Fantasia," three "Préludes" and a "Nocturne" of the same composer, were all familiar enough, but the novel element of the scheme was furnished by the presence of such practically unknown compositions as Liapounow's "Carillon Étude," Ravel's "Sonatina," Balakirew's "Idylle Étude" and "Scherzo," Rubenstein's "Nouvelle Mélodie," Pierne's "Étude Symphonique," and Albeniz's "Évocation" and "El Puerto."

Navas is a pianist of refined musical abilities, with a polished technic, sympathetic, singing tone, and thorough understanding of all the interpretative *nuances* which constitute an effective piano performance. He has what the French call "charme," and it was exhibited especially in the modern portion of his programme. The Liapounow pièce was done with lovely tone color

and musical taste. The Ravel "Sonatina" is an exquisite harmony study, and, under Navas's fingers, revealed all of its gossamer beauty. The Balakirew muse has grown barren of late, but the Spanish *morceaux*, by Albeniz more than atoned for the dullness of the Russian selections. Albeniz seems to possess a fount of real melody and he knows how to set it off with skilful musical feature and resourceful harmonization.

The work of Senor Navas revealed the master at his instrument. His playing throughout showed sympathy and taste, and his technic was marvelous, not only in light, graceful compositions, but in the brilliant, showy works, in which he mastered the difficulties with such skill and perfection as to make the uninitiated wonder. To the many encores received, he responded generously.

A large share of the evening's honors went to Miss Lewis, who contributed a dramatic recitation, made famous by David Bispham, entitled "The Witch-Song," written by Ernst von Wildenbruch, and set to music by Max Schillings. In the interpretation of this thrilling and pathetic story the reciter displayed much artistic sincerity, and gave remarkable evidence of temperament and power. She was accorded well-merited applause, to which she responded with a patriotic poem by Mr. Kirwan Martin, expressive of Canada's greatness, which roused her hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. One scarcely knew whether or not admiration for the wonderful beauty of her delivery should supplant the spell which she cast over the audience by her masterly interpretation, magnetism, and wealth of expression. Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Mus. Bac., whom we were pleased to recognize at the piano, added considerably to the effect by his expressive accompaniment.

Very charming was Mrs. Percy Onderdonk's singing of the two groups of songs which she wisely chose to display her abilities, and never was her sweet soprano voice heard to better advantage than in the ballads which she gave with exquisite coloring and expression.

Mr. George Lewis practically made his debut as a violinist, last evening. He chose two tuneful compositions and played them with a rich, warm tone that was delightful. He has the proper conception of the art of violin playing, excellent style, and pays special attention to phrasing and expression.

Much credit is due to Miss Lewis for the exceedingly tasteful stage-setting that was used, and for her arrangement of the well-balanced programme which held the audience till the last number.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

PROGRAMME.

1. Variations Sérieuses Mendelssohn
RAFAEL NAVAS.
2. Songs, (a) "Still wie die nacht" Bohm
(b) "Snowflakes" Cowen
(c) "In dem Garten" Schumann
MRS. PERCY ONDERDONK.

3. Violin Solo, "Romance" Op. 34 Franz Ries
MR. GEORGE LEWIS.

4. "Das Hexenlied"—The Witch's Song
. Ernst Von Wildenbruch

Set to accompanying music by Max Schillings (Opus 15)
(Born April 19th, 1868, at Deuren)

Ballad for Recitation with Piano Accompaniment
(Originally given by David Bispham)

MISS JEANNETTE LEWIS, Reciter,
W. H. Hewlett at the Piano

This unique selection—described on the title page of the score as a "Musical Recitation with Orchestra or Piano"—was published in 1902. The text is by one of the distinguished poets of Germany—Ernst von Wildenbruch; who says in a note on the fly-leaf of the score that the present treatment of "The Witch-Song"—the original text of which is to be found in his collection of "Songs and Ballads"—was undertaken by himself expressly for Max Schillings and may be used for public performance only in connection with the music composed by the latter.

5. Étude (Carillon) (1st performance)
. Liapounow
RAFAEL NAVAS.

In the distance is heard the ringing of a bell, across the measured strokes of which come the sounds of a hymn. The ringing grows louder and louder and the church chimes blend with the sounds of the principal bell. The solemn tones of the hymn alternate with the sounds of the bells, ending in a general majestic choral effect interspersed with the deep sounds of a great bell. (Note of the composer.)

6. Toccata and Fugue Bach-Tausig
RAFAEL NAVAS.

7. Songs, (a) "Milk Maid's Song" Parker
(b) "The Lark now leaves his
watery nest" Parker
(c) "Land of the Leal" Arthur Foote
.

MRS. PERCY ONDERDONK.

8. Violin Solo, Gavotte, Opus 314, No. 3
 *Carl Bohm*

MR. GEORGE LEWIS.

9. Reading, "Hagar"
 (By Request)


MISS JEANNETTE LEWIS.

10. Carnival, Op. 9 *Schumann*

1. Prambule. 2. Pierrot. 3. Arlequin. 4. Valse Noble. 5. Eusebius. 6. Florestan. 7. Coquette. 8. Rplique. 9. Papillons. 10. Lettres dansantes. 11. Chiarina. 12. Chopin. 13. Estrella. 14. Reconnaissance. 15. Pantalon et Colombine. 16. Valse Allemande. 17. Paganini. 18. Aven. 19. Promenade. 20. Pause. 21. Marche des Davidsbndler contre les Philistins.

RAFAEL NAVAS.

A Hair's Escape.

 UR Father in Heaven permitted it to fall—a single hair from his precious head. But what a revenge for one who had sought in vain to learn even his name. "Tutor"—never anything else indorsed his notes and criticisms; and this, too, after every polite insinuation had been advanced to learn the secret of that name. But now, here on the white paper of a returned exercise was that which had once held its privileged place of proud protector in the crowning glory of his head. Here it lay, over the writing in black—mine, and the writing in red—his. Wouldn't you do it, too,—so I took it up and placed it—no, not among my pressed flowers, nor among my cornered curiosities—but, where else, of course, but between me and the sun. Good Hea—! Carlisle's Teufelsdrckh was never half so lost in all Weissnichtwo, nor one quarter so disillusioned in beholding his shattered hopes fall around the cruel Blumine. But I must not tell you. After all, what is in color, but a name—and so transitory at that, as to be quite lost in every period of darkness.

Yet I could not help wondering how often this unicellular ornament witnessed a smile over my very blunders, or listened to a significant stamp on an unoffending floor. Alas!—the sadness of it—risen, perhaps in righteous perpendicularity over outraged orthographical propriety. Woe is me!—that I may not know even the expression of satisfaction that flitted across a complacent countenance when that deft pencil wrote, "Good."

You harmless hair! tell me, hath the alluring Eurus brought you down, even to this envelope exile; or has it been an imperious right hand that hath done the deed? This I may not know. But I do know that very hand hath done me good; and that very head, so true, and grand, and lofty, hath led my spirit through delightful paths.

The name!—have I ever learned it? No!—and yes! No; to every inquiry, however indirect; yes, after a little timid apology and humble acknowledgment of very weakness to solve a difficulty in geometry. The note ran: "I cannot do it. After constructing a wire pyramid and trying until the 'Gray Matter' began to buzz, and the presiding Ego threatened to fly off at a tangent to—the author's nod—surely there needs must be a nod in such a jump—I am obliged to ask—not your name, this time, Professor,—you are more generous with your aid."

I suppose it is a man's way to respond to pleading rather than to ordering. Dear me!—who would admire a man she could dominate. Simply, nobody. A man to be admired, is strong, and firm, and serious, and wise, and even so like unto St. Paul, tender-hearted under the disguise of brusqueness.

There were various points and pointers in red ink, next time, also, direction and advice, after which followed, by way of passing propriety, the signature, of course,—his name. I was sorry. It seems quite as difficult for me to idealize the real, as to realize the ideal; and to find a being whose apparently unlimited wisdom my soul could not measure, whose spirit seemed to outreach, as well as outlive, the stars—hemmed in and around by a mere name! Somehow, there was a terra-firma thud about it, and it repented me that I had asked for it.

But the hair,—had he missed it?

Scarcely!

Out of thousands, one is seldom missed, especially, from planes horizontal. And I forbid it,—the thought, I mean—that that "Crowning Glory" of this dear head should have retreated to planes, dorsal and lateral.

No!—many assurances effect an indisputable claim that my own happy concept is correct. For one thing, the color—this I mean never to divulge to mortal—stands proof positive against all theories affecting suppression of appropriate

ornament on the top of the head. And then, again, the plane supra-cerebrum finds oftenest in its mental pressures and disturbances the sympathetic right hand; and, undoubtedly, it was while being engaged in this administering charity said right hand gave of its neighbor's fulness.

Was *he* ever told? No!

Will he be ever told? Again, no!

Of the existence, as of the color of an escaped hair, I am admirably prepared to keep a secret.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Estimations.

ALL men have their likes and dislikes, and it is their privilege, as natives of a free country, to voice them.

Whether it is that only great men show their feelings, or that they alone are able to clothe them in fitting language, or that once having given an opinion, their words are hoarded and repeated, the fact remains that the feelings, likes, dislikes, and even the very minds of great men, are common property, and are quoted and discussed by lesser celebrities.

Besides, who will listen to a common citizen, although in his own way and according to his opportunities, he is doing as much for his country and the world at large as the man whose name is on every tongue?

Certainly, not many. And so it is that the greatest criticism, both in a literary and historical sense, is of great men and by great men.

Genius, it is said, is eccentric and inconsistent.

It is told of that great writer of the Church, Cardinal Newman, that he did not like Dante's works.

They did not seem to appeal either to his religious or poetic feelings, and, it was only when he took himself "severely in hand," as he tells us, that he succeeded in reading them.

And yet, in his "Dream of Gerontius," Newman expresses the same sentiments as were expressed by Dante, six hundred years before.

It may be that it was the great humility and self-abasement of the man who thought himself and his actions so imperfect.

But inconsistent, nevertheless? Yes, but he was a genius, a many-sided genius; as a man, a poet, a critic, or a clergyman, he was famous.

Almost all literary men have been, and are, critics. Knowing literature so well—creating it that others may benefit by their view of things—it is only natural that they should best be fitted for the task of finding the strong and weak parts in the works of others.

It is said that Wordsworth often expressed a desire to possess "that singular watchfulness for the minute fact and the expression of natural scenery" which so pervaded all Coleridge wrote.

Here is a man, the very opposite to Newman, praising in others that which so characterized his own writings—"the expression of natural scenery;" perhaps though he laid more stress on the "watchfulness for the minute fact."

Certainly, the gift of depicting nature in a realistic manner was Wordsworth's; and while he is thus speaking of Coleridge, Matthew Arnold writes of him, "Nature herself seems to take the pen out of his hand and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. Wordsworth can, and will, treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness."

In speaking of Coleridge, Campbell says: "Although I blame him much for being so indolent that he would not exert himself to use that great gift which God had given him, still I cannot but acknowledge that I owe more to Coleridge than to any other poet, for I consider that during the year that Coleridge gave lectures on the poets in London that his audiences probably heard the finest literary criticisms which have ever been given in England."

Coleridge gives his own estimate of himself in simple, but pathetic, words: "My guilt is so great that I tremble, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer—'I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?'"

That great statesman, writer and warrior, Julius Cæsar, had a most exalted opinion of himself. During the troublesome time of Marius and Sulla, the latter caused the name of Julius Cæsar to be put on the proscription list; on account of his extreme youth it was taken off again, but not before Cæsar had fled to Asia. The vessel on which he embarked was overtaken by pirates, who, having captured every one on board, agreed to ask twenty talents for Cæsar's personal ransom. Cæsar, then scarcely more than a boy,

was brought before them and told of their decision. "Twenty talents!" he laughed haughtily, "twenty talents for the ransom of Caius Julius Cæsar. I promise you fifty." Thus implying that his captors were ignorant of the quality of the person whom they had made prisoner.

Although the poets and literary men, on account of their writings, naturally give to the world more criticisms than others, it must not be supposed that nothing is known concerning the estimations of people in other walks of life.

Schubert exalted Beethoven, whose pupil he was, to a place as high as the ancients fixed for their gods.

Schubert was passionately fond of music, and, in his master's compositions, he seemed to find the very ideal of music.

While very young, Schubert asked a friend if he thought he could do anything or become anything in music; and when the friend replied that he thought he was something already, Schubert said, "I say so to myself, sometimes, but who can do anything after Beethoven?"

In more mature years, he said of his old master, "Mozart stands in the same relation to him as Schiller does to Shakespeare. Schiller is already understood, Shakespeare still far from being fully comprehended. Everyone understands Mozart; no one thoroughly comprehends Beethoven."

As is natural, it is found that poets criticize poets, musicians musicians, commercial men their associates in business, warriors their companions, statesmen their contemporaries—even the school-boy will criticize his playfellows. They can see the strong and weak points in those things with which they are most conversant.

Marmont, one of the best generals of Napoleon's army, was quick to see the genius of Wellington, and, even before his French troops, he often spoke of it. One day, in a conversation with his officers, one of them commented upon Napoleon's brilliant "star." And Marmont looking up suddenly, replied, "And this Wellington, his star is brilliant, too."

That was all, but it was a soldier's praise of an enemy.

* * * * *

And so it goes on. Men have formed, are forming, and ever will form their estimations of others—friends and foes.

Some are partial, some are just, but, in the end, it matters little.

When music, poetry and art are all forgotten, when the rich and poor, famous and obscure, all stand before the judgment-seat of God and answer their final "Adsum" in the Eternal roll-call, then it will matter nothing what men thought. If we have trodden the narrow path of duty, and lent a helping hand to our more enfeebled fellow travellers, we shall be secure in the estimate of God, whose great and final verdict passeth not away forever and forever.

GERTRUDE KELLY.

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Distribution of Prizes at Loretto Convent, Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa.

His Lordship, Right Reverend J. Miller, O. M. I., D. D., Bishop of Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa, distributed the undermentioned certificates and prizes to the young ladies of the Loretto Convent, Pretoria, on Wednesday, the twenty-fourth of April, 1907:

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC, (LONDON)—LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

Pianoforte, Preparatory Division—The Misses Hilda and Lily Balzam, Miss Mona Bird, Miss Florence Doyle, Miss Lily du Toit, Miss Tina Esterhuyse, Miss Kathleen Meyers.

Junior Division—Miss Ethel Bird, Miss Teresa Turner, Miss Mayla Landsberg (honors), Miss Bertha Rubenstein (honors).

Intermediate Division—Miss Gertrude Higley, Miss Elsie Wegerle, Miss Hilda Nathan (honors).

Musical Knowledge, Preparatory Division—Miss Hilda Balzam, Miss Mona Bird, Miss Winefrid Doyle, Miss Lily du Toit, Miss Tina Esterhuyse, Miss Mayla Landsberg, Miss Teresa Turner, Miss Mabel Westoby.

Junior Division—Miss Ethel Bird, Miss Daisy Sutherland, Miss Kathleen Meyers (honors), Miss Violet Norris (honors), Miss Bertha Rubenstein (honors).

Intermediate Division—Miss Gertrude Higley, Miss Hilda Nathan (honors).



COLEGIO DE LORETO, MADRID, SPAIN.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.
Lower Division, Piano—Miss Violet Norris
(honors).

LONDON COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

Third Class Certificate—Miss Iris Somers.

Lower Forms Certificates—Miss Mayla Lands-
berg, Miss Kathleen Harington, Miss Kathleen
Meyers, Miss Bertha Rubenstein, Miss Ethel
Bird, Miss Edith Lurie, Miss Alice Clarke, Miss
Winefrid Doyle, Miss Charlotte Wolfson, Miss
Barbara Pittendrigh.

Programme of Soirée at Loretto Con- vent, Madrid, on the Feast-Day of Mother Philomena.

Address.

MISS IRENE DE LA PUERTA.

Chorus, "Gay Little Girls from Japan"

MISS V. POMBO, MISS TIRADO, MISS M. FONTA-
GUD, MISSES M. AND M. MAURA, MISSES
V. AND V. MANSO DE ZUNIGA, MISS M.
CAVESTANY, MISS M. BARREDA, MISSES
P. AND M. ADARO, MISS A. CASTRO.

Piano and Violins, Vita Palermitana . . .
. *C. Graziani, op. 190*

MISS V. MANSO DE ZUNIGA, MISS M. CAVES-
TANY, MISS C. SCULLY.

Operetta: "Wanted a Parlour Maid" . *C. Levey*
Miss Maldon . . . MISS MATILDE FONTAGUD
Charlotte (friend) . . MISS MARGARITA MAURA
Lucy (school friend)

. MISS MARGARITA CAVESTANY
Housekeeper . . . MISS MARGARITA BARREDA
Cook MISS MARIA SUARDIAZ

Servants
 { MISS E. ORTEGA
 { MISS C. COIG
 { MISS A. CAVESTANY
 { MISS S. MAURA
 { MISS V. MANSO DE ZUNIGA

Duet, Harp and Piano, "Cachucha"
. *N. Ch. Bochs*

MISS MARIA AND SUSANA MAURA.

March and Song, "The Good Night" . *E. Manu*

MISS M. DE LA TORRE, MISS B. DE BORBÓN, MISS
C. MAURA, MISSES M. AND J. BERNALDO-DE

QUIROS, MISS F. DIAZ, MISS A. SUARDIAZ,
MISS M. CAVESTANY, MISS I. DE LA
PUERTA.

Trio, Saynète, "La Sonnette Magique" . .
. *Ch. Pourny*

MISS M. FONTAGUD, MISS M. CAVESTANY, MISS
V. MANSO DE ZUNIGA.

Dialogue: "Mrs Bonnet and Dr. Longcoat."
MISSES BLANCA DE BORBÓN AND IRENE DE LA
PUERTA.

Comedia, "El Sueño de Laura.

Señora MISS ROSARIO POMBO

Laura } Sus hijas { MISS MARIA CAVESTANY

Elisa } { MISS MARIA BARREDA

Miss } { MISS IRENE DE LA PUERTA

Vieja MISS AMPARO ALONSO

Gigante . . . MISS MARIA LUISA FLEISCHNER

Hadas } { MISS ADELA CASTRO

 { MISS MATILDE ALONSO

 { MISS CRISTINA SUARDIAZ

 { MISS ANGELITA DE LA TORRE

Duet, Violins and Piano, "Dors Bébé (Ber-
ceuse) *Ch. Acton, op. 396*

MISS V. MANSO DE ZUNIGA, MISS M. CAVES-
TANY, MISS CLARA SCULLY.

Chorus, "Soft as the Music" . . . *C. Vincent*

MISS R. BERNALDO DE QUIROS, MISS M. FONTA-
GUD, MISS M. MAURA, MISSES R. AND V.
POMBO, MISS B. PEREZ DE GUZMÁN, MISS
A. ALONSO, MISS V. MONTANA, MISS
MARGARITA MAURA, MISS M. J. EULATE,
MISS P. ADARO, MISS M. L. FLEISCHUN,
MISS M. CAVESTANY, MISS P. DE LA ROZA,
MISS A. TIRADO.

Lustspiel, "Das Loch in der Tischdecke" *J. Nemo*

Frau Müller MISS CLARA SCULLY

Ida MISS AMPARO ALONSO

Luise MISS ANITA TIRADO

Gretchen MISS CONCHA COIG

Töchter der Frau Müller.

Lena, Köchin MISS MATILDE FONTAGUD

Anna, Kindermädchen,

. MISS MARIA LUISA FLEISCHUN

"Flores á la Madre de Dios" *I. Busca*

The Baby—A Letter from Madrid.

(The following account of the birth of the Heir to the Spanish Throne is from a lady who was in the Palace on the eventful day.)

MY DEAR—After what seemed like months of nervous tension and a tendency to jump out of one's chair at the rumble of every passing cart, it is all over.

Really, the affair was such a hustle and bustle at the last, that I have to pinch myself to believe that it is all true. I and some of the ladies had dined together, as usual. It was too warm to go to the theatre, so we ordered coffee in my rooms and sat by the open windows overlooking the gardens. The Queen, with the King and her mother, had quite a long stroll there in the early evening. We finished our coffee, and then leaned out and looked once more at those bare flagstuffs poking up into the blue night sky. I had those bare poles on my brain for the thousandth time. We wondered if it would be flags or colored lights—then toddled off to bed.

That night there was no one waiting in the big square. For weeks there had been small groups loitering about, hoping to be the first to get news, but that particular night the sentries had it all to themselves.

I was awakened by a voice shouting, "Get up! Be quick!" I simply fell out of bed, and, rushing to the door, without my dressing-gown, screamed, "Is the palace on fire? Wait for me!" I opened the door. Marie de B. stood there. She was absolutely crying with excitement. "Fire! You goose, no. The Queen—" I rushed for my dressing-gown—Marie had her hair in curlers, and looked a sight—and dashed into the corridor—and the arms of one of the halberdiers with a long spear, who was running faster than I have ever seen a Spaniard move before. We begged each other's pardons and went on. By this time—all in a moment, it seemed—the palace swarmed and buzzed like a hive. Behind closed doors I heard the electric switches turned on, while half-dressed maids hurried from room to room. The captain of the halberdiers swung by, a body of men in all the glory of their old-world costume, at his heels. "We are bidden to summon everybody," he vouchsafed. I observed that we had better go and dress, and lucky it was that

we did so, for, a little later, the bishops were assembling in the private chapel, and we all rushed away.

The chapel looked lovely, white flowers everywhere, and such decorations! But we all gave our dignity away sadly. The old Duquesa of C—— had forgotten half her hair and all her rouge. The bishops, also, were not as particular as they usually are, and I never saw such a collection of unshorn chins in all my life—and the Spaniards do get so dreadfully blue. Some of the dear ladies prayed very hard, but just the same, there was a constant rustle of unrest and excitement, and also more than a suspicion that a certain amount of hooking-and-eyeing was going on all the while.

It was a brilliant morning when we left the chapel, and then I ran against Lady ——, who told me that the Queen's mother, the Dowager Queen, and the doctors and maids had been called up about four, and had not left the Queen's apartments since. She said that Princess Henry was terribly excited, but very brave, and that the Queen herself was behaving splendidly. But, then, she is so plucky—it is only when one sees her among all these courtiers, with their fussing and fuming about trifles, that one realizes how splendidly English Her Majesty is. I was dying for some chocolate by this time, but little Rita de L. said it was much funnier to go round to the other side of the palace and watch the people. Of course, I had never been anywhere when a future King was coming into the world, so I gave up the chocolate and went with her.

My dear, you can have no conception of the sight. All Madrid was like a disturbed ant-hill, and I shall never make you understand in what a hurly-burly the square was. The place was literally black with people, all seething and looking up and laughing and praying together. The women were telling their beads and invoking the aid of all the saints in the calendar. Through the mob the harried coachmen and chauffeurs were trying to force their way with carriages and motor-cars. Troops kept marching to and fro, the hum grew louder as the sun rose, and the air grew as hot as a bakehouse. A number of grandees who had come to a council, or something of the sort, joined us ladies. They were greatly excited, for, having come to the palace on business, as usual, they had only received a

message to say that the King could not leave the Queen's apartments.

Presently, all the crowd in the square bent and waved to and fro. The great Churchmen were arriving. They had come more carefully dressed than had most of the bishops, who wore a very "up-all-night" and worn appearance. But, even these great worthies betrayed some anxiety, and the Archbishop of Toledo threw an anxious glance at the Diamond Tower, as he left his coach. Up in the Tower were the men with the two flags. One was the Royal Standard, you know—that was for a boy; the other was white.

We tried to talk and even to laugh, but we had a queer, tight sort of feeling all over, while Marie did nothing but sniff and roll her wet handkerchief into a damp ball. She was getting on my nerves, when a whisper went round—"The King"—and we all fell back from the windows and made way for him to come and look at the sight in the square. Oh! my dear, I was sorry for that boy. He was livid under his dark skin, and I could see his throat working hard against the collar of his uniform. He gripped the handle of his sword so tightly that his fingers looked like iron. I never knew before how fearfully frightened a man can be at such a time.

He looked out at the people, who were too busy with their peerings, pushings, and prayers, to see him, and then he went away again, and we were all marshalled into the saloons near the royal apartments, according to our rank. We looked like the characters at the end of a pantomime, and oh! how tired, how hot, how anxious we became. The palace was fearfully quiet. We were holding our breath. In whispers, we began to suppose things. Suppose we had to wait for hours, suppose it should be a girl, suppose the baby should not live, suppose the Queen—

Suddenly, the door of the saloon in which I was, opened. I nearly screamed, the tension was so great. I did not hear the words, but, as the door closed, a great shout went up. I waved my handkerchief, I know, and Marie leaned against the wall and cried more than ever. I told her it was all right—that it was a boy—that everything was over. I do not believe she heard a word, and, indeed, a second later, I could not hear myself speak, for the whole of Madrid turned itself into one huge roar. They told me afterwards—those who had been out in the streets—that, in a

flash, Madrid literally blazed with the red and yellow, and that the white flags were tossed away with scorn. Then the guns started in, and the uproar was deafening.

Through it one got only stray notes of the *Marcha Reale*, and, at what seemed the height of the din, the doors were flung wide and "It" appeared. Then all our drilling in etiquette gave way, human nature asserted itself, and I, for one, literally howled! I do not know which of the two made me do it—father or son. The baby—such a dear, and very fair—was quiet and good. It looked delicious in its lace nest, but, when the King tried to speak to us and introduce his son, he broke down, and, with the tears running down his face, just stood and sobbed and smiled, while all the men shouted and waved at him, and the women gasped unintelligible stupidities in any language that came first.

At last, it was over, and we returned to our rooms, which were just as we had left them, for the servants had been waiting and wondering like the rest of us, without a thought of bedmaking or dusting. When I dropped into my chair, I felt as if I had been beaten all over, but some hot water and a little luncheon—or breakfast, if you like—restored me, and I was quite ready to go, an hour later, to hear the *Te Deum* in the cathedral. Such a crowd, such gratitude, such delight, I never saw. I wonder if ever a baby was born amid such excitement, such noise, and such joy!

M. J. P.

Christening Ceremony—A Brilliant Court Pageant.

The ceremony of administering the sacrament of baptism to the children of the Royal House of Spain has always been carried out with the greatest solemnity, but the christening of the first-born of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenia has surpassed in splendor all previous events of a similar character. By the express desire of His Majesty the ceremony, from beginning to end, was invested with extraordinary pomp, and was, therefore, extremely imposing and unusually impressive.

From the early hours of the morning, the streets in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Palace were thronged by an eager multitude who had gathered to watch the arrival of the exalted

personages who had been invited to attend the ceremony, and the guards outside the Palace had need of all their patience in keeping the crowd within bounds. Long lines of gala carriages containing the guests rolled up to the Palace, and the Puerta del Principe and the Puerta Principal, which give access to the Plaza de la Armeria, offered a very brilliant aspect with the continual arrival of ladies in the most beautiful Court costumes, with dazzling jewels, and of gentlemen in gorgeous gala uniforms.

An hour before the time announced for the ceremony, if it was impossible to walk in the streets just opposite the Palacio Real, it was almost equally impossible to move on the staircases and in the corridors of the Royal residence itself, so crowded were they with personages of distinction on their way to the Royal Chapel to take up their places in the reserved tribunes.

Picturesque in the extreme was the appearance of the galleries of the Palace leading to and from the Camara Real and to the Real Capilla. Regal carpets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries cover the floors, while the walls are hidden by the celebrated Crown tapestries, copied from pictures by Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Goya, and other celebrated painters, with smaller ones after Teniers and Flemish masters. The corridors are lighted on one side by ample windows, which look out on the spacious courtyard of the Palace. On both sides are stationed a double file of halberdiers and "celadores," who maintain order and keep a free passage for the Royal procession. The corridors are filled almost to repletion by a dense throng, which can scarcely support the pressure and the heat. Various ladies and gentlemen, indeed, fainted and required medical attendance. They were carried to the Royal pharmacy, where they were soon restored. Among the throng were many English people, who had returned from Andalusia, and would not for anything have missed this magnificent function. All the ladies were in Court costume with white mantillas, the gentlemen being either in full uniform or evening dress with the insignia of their office.

Meanwhile, the corridor leading to the Antecamara is reserved for the use of the arriving guests. The Ministers, the diplomatic body, the military and civil commissions, Court dignitaries, the higher clergy, all forming a dazzling group, await there the moment for the passing of the

Royal procession. Señor Maura, Señor Allende Salazar, and Sir Maurice de Bunsen converse together in a recess, and are soon joined by other Ministers and diplomatists. The news is passed round that the Queen is very well, progressing rapidly, and very happy, surrounded by her mother, by Queen Cristina, the Infantas, and Don Alfonso, all watching with interest the process of enveloping the Royal baby in the baptismal robes which were presented by Pope Pius X. The brilliant throng anxiously awaits the signal announcing that the Royal personages are leaving their apartments, a fact which is notified by the hand-clapping of the Court ushers and the blows on the ground given by the halberdiers with the ferrules of their halberds.

Punctually at twelve o'clock the saluting guns are heard, and the Royal procession begins its march from the King's private apartments. While the salutes continue, the band of the guard outside the Palace plays a march in honor of the Prince of Asturias, and the troops present arms.

I have been so fortunate as to obtain from an unimpeachable source a faithful description of all that took place in the Royal habitations before the procession left. Queen Victoria Eugenia, with all the tender instincts of a mother, did not wish to be separated from her child for a single moment, and although, according to the Protocol and custom, the latter has been assigned a special suite of apartments, he has remained all the time since his birth by his mother's side. Half an hour before the time fixed for the baptismal ceremony, the prince was dressed with the greatest care, Royal hands assisted in decking him in his robes, the operation being performed by Queen Cristina, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Infanta Isabel, and the Prince's Aya, while Queen Victoria Eugenia displayed the greatest interest, and directed with maternal solicitude the minutest details. The little garments had been made with particular care, and all except those coming into immediate contact with the infant's tender cuticle, are beautifully embroidered, some with the Royal Crown alone, others with the Crown and Arms of Spain, or with festoons of fleurs-de-lys.

After taking leave of Queen Victoria Eugenia, their Majesties and Royal Highnesses proceeded from the Royal habitation to the apartment, known as the Camara Real, where the procession

was formed. Thither the Royal baby was taken by Queen Cristina, and was afterwards placed in charge of his Aya.

The procession to the chapel was drawn up in the following order:

An usher of the Court, announcing the arrival of their Majesties by clapping his hands. On hearing this signal the halberdiers present arms.

Thirty gentlemen in waiting, in uniform—gold-embroidered coat, white waistcoat, black knee-breeches, white silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes, dress sword, plumed hat in hand.

Four mace-bearers in ancient red velvet dalmatics, embroidered with the arms of Spain and of the Bourbons. Silver maces surmounted by the orb, cross, crown, and plus ultra.

Chamberlains of the week, in uniform similar to that of the gentlemen in waiting, but more gorgeous.

Gentlemen of the chamber having right of access to the Royal presence without announcement. Similar uniform to the former, but with their distinctive symbol—a golden key.

The kings-at-arms in dalmatics like those of the mace-bearers, but with red silk stockings.

Grandeos of Spain—about seventy—in Court uniform, or that of the military Orders.

A group of seven gentlemen of the chamber, grandeos of Spain, carrying the articles used in the ceremony on large golden salvers. The latter, splendid specimens of goldsmith's work, dating from the times of Charles V. and Philip II. The objects consist of the salt dish, a vase of Jordan water, the veil, towel, cotton wool for wiping off the holy oil, the celebrant's fee, and the marzipan.

Four Cardinals.

The Infantes Carlos and Alfonso of Bourbon, and Alfonso of Orleans.

The Prince of Asturias, carried by his Aya, the Marquesa de los Llanos; on the right Queen Cristina, on the left Cardinal Rinaldini.

The Duke of Oporto and the Archduke Eugene, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, and Prince Arthur of Connaught.

King Alfonso.

The Infanta Isabel and Princess Henry of Battenberg; Prince Rainer of Bourbon and the Infanta Eulalia; Prince Philip of Bourbon.

The infant Prince of Asturias, the central figure in all this display of pomp, slept peacefully

in the arms of his Aya, as the procession passed along. The public assembled in the galleries were so anxious to get a nearer view of the Royal baby that they nearly succeeded in breaking through the files of halberdiers. Seeing this, King Alfonso gave a hurried order that the people should be allowed to have their own way, as they were only anxious to demonstrate their affection. Accordingly, the Royal procession was soon passing through a narrow human avenue, and all expressed their thanks to His Majesty who, by this democratic act, did more than any amount of frigid etiquette to win the regard of his people.

King Alfonso was wearing the uniform of a general of cavalry, and the Golden Fleece, the Collar of the Order of Carlos III., the Garter, and the Grand Crosses of Austrian, German, Portuguese, and the Papal Orders. His Majesty was deeply moved by the very hearty reception he received, but never lost his perpetual smile.

Queen Cristina wore a heliotrope costume with mantle and train of a somewhat deeper shade, her jewels consisting of most beautiful diamonds. The Infanta Eulalia was in white with a strawberry-colored train, and wore a diamond tiara and necklace of large pearls. The Infanta Isabel, whose toilette was of heliotrope color, wore her famous emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Princess Henry of Battenberg wore a pearl-grey costume, with diamonds and pearls. Their Royal Highnesses all wore white Spanish mantillas. The little Prince Alfonso, who has hitherto been the heir-presumptive, was dressed in sailor costume. He walked between his father and Prince Alfonso of Orleans.

The grandeos carrying the insignia of baptism, were the Duke of Tovar, Bejar, Montemar, and San Pedro, the Counts of Valle and Valdellagrana, and Señor Don Salvador Sama.

As the procession reached the Real Capilla, the organist was playing a melody by Haydn. Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses were met at the entrance by the forty-one bishops and archbishops, and, with the Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Sancha, at their head, His Eminence being vested in full pontificals, and the other prelates wearing purple cassocks and white cottas. At this point, Queen Cristina took the Prince of Asturias, who was still sleeping, from the arms of his Aya.

Very imposing was the aspect of the Royal Chapel with its brilliant assemblage of privileged guests and its lavish floral decorations. On both sides were the tribunes for the various State officials and high dignitaries, while almost in the centre, on a low platform, was the famous font of San Domingo de Guzmán, which, from time immemorial, has been used for the christening of members of the reigning family. Between the font and the altar, on the gospel side, was the red seat and reclinary for King Alfonso, and nearer the altar, on the same side, was a small table for the vestments of the Archbishop Primate. At the four corners of the platform on which the font stood were the four kings-at-arms. From the King's canopied chair down the side of the chapel were thirty-nine seats, in two rows, for Queen Cristina, the Aya to the Prince of Asturias, the members of the Royal Family and the foreign Princes, chief officials of the Palace, and the suites of the Royal personages. Behind these seats were three tribunes for the Queen's ladies in waiting, the Commission of the Principality of Asturias, grandees wearing the Golden Fleece, and ex-Ambassadors of Spain. On the epistle side were the seats for the four Cardinals, and the tribunes for the members of the Government and the legislative bodies, the honorary chaplains of the Palace, and the diplomatic corps. Facing the altar were seated the grandees of Spain, behind them being tribunes for the representatives of the army, the judicial body, the military Orders of Santiago, Colatrava, Alcantara, and Montesa, the authorities of the capital, and the gentlemen in waiting, who are not grandees, and the ladies of the Royal Households. The Infante Fernando and the Infanta Maria Teresa, who are now convalescent, witnessed the ceremony from the Royal gallery, which was carefully isolated from the rest of the chapel by glass screens.

The baptismal ceremony immediately began, and as soon as the introductory prayers had been said, the four kings-at-arms left their stations, in order to make room for the sponsors, the witnesses, and the celebrant and his assistants, who grouped themselves around the font. As the rite proceeded, each of the necessary articles, as it was required, was handed to the Cardinal Primate by a grandee, assisted by one or other of the bishops. The little Prince awoke when the

water was being poured over his head, and cried loudly for some time, but had hardly ceased when he was restored to the arms of Queen Cristina, who again took her seat for the ceremony of the decoration with the insignia of the Orders which had been conferred upon His Royal Highness by King Alfonso. The Collar of the Golden Fleece, and that of the Order of Carlos III. were the ones which had been used by the Prince's grandfather, King Alfonso XII. The act was duly noted by the Keeper of the Rolls of the Golden Fleece and the Chancellors of the Orders of Carlos III. and Isabella the Catholic. The usual oath was, of course, omitted, but it will be taken by His Royal Highness when he reaches a suitable age.

Finally, a *Te Deum* was sung, and the Royal procession was reformed, and returned in the same order as on its arrival. On reaching the Camara Real, Queen Cristina held the infant Prince while all the members did obeisance to His Royal Highness by kissing his right hand. The Royal family and the foreign Princes then lunched together in private, and afterwards paid a visit to Queen Victoria Eugenia.

Besides the Spanish bishops who attended the christening, there were also the Bishop of Constanza, the Abbot Superior of the Cistercians, and the Mitred Abbot of the Trappists of Venta de Banos. The flowers which decorated the altar were, after the ceremony, distributed among those who had been present, as souvenirs.

D. M.

We become better missionaries in daily society if we have a taste for solid reading; we rise above the little-minded, short-sighted people who have no relish for study, and who are only fractions of true men or of true women; and, through it, our sphere of vision is increased and our horizon widened. How many a narrow mind has not a taste for good reading made broad. How many close, stifling, unwindowed hearts has it filled with mountain air, and sunshine, and widened them to noble, spacious halls, thus making room for God where He had no room before. How many have been heightened in spiritual stature, and so elevated above this material world, that they could listen uninterruptedly to the voice of the Spirit of God!



Edith Garneau

Veronica Allenberg

Jane Heffernan

Kita Simpson

Georgia Cannon

GRADUATES OF 1907, LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Loretto Convent, with its beautiful surroundings, was the scene of a brilliant gathering yesterday afternoon, the event being the Commencement Exercises of 1907. The assembly hall was filled with the students of the institution and relatives. The program opened with graduating honors being conferred on five young ladies: Miss Veronica Altenburg, Beaver Falls, Pa.; Miss Edith Garneau, New York City; Miss Georgia Cannon, Buffalo; Miss Rita Simpson, Toronto; Miss Jane Heffernan, Erie, Pa., who were presented with the usual gold graduating medals.

The prizes were awarded as follows:

Papal Medal for Church History—Obtained by Miss Jane Heffernan.

Gold Crosses for Christian Doctrine—Miss Anna Staley and Frances Coffey.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada—Miss Edith Garneau.

Gold Medal for English Prose Composition—Miss Veronica Altenburg.

Gold Medal for Mathematics—Miss Rita Simpson.

Gold Medal for Literary Interpretation and Elocution—Miss Eleanor Lilley.

Gold Medal for Elocution—Miss Florilla Webb.

Gold Medal for German—Miss Georgia Cannon.

Gold Medal in Senior University Course of Music, presented by Rev. P. J. Bench—Miss Bernice Park.

Silver Medal in University Course of Music—Miss Stella Talbot.

Silver Lyre in Primary University Course—Miss Helen Harvey.

Fidelity to School Rules—Miss Louise Clarke. Amiability—Miss Agnes Mudd.

Prize for Order—Obtained by Miss Dorothy Rochford.

Prompt Return—Miss Irene Dolan.

Plain Sewing—Miss Rita Coffey.

Prize for Drawing—Miss Josephine Callahan.

Prize for Penmanship—Miss Irene Mamby; prize in third year Latin—Miss Rita Simpson; prize in first year German—Miss Fanny Coffey.

Prize for Literature and Composition—Miss Ione McLaughlin; prize in third year French—Miss Dorothy Clarkson.

Excellence in French in Undergraduating class—Miss Fanny Coffey.

First prize for Algebra in Undergraduating class—Miss Fanny Coffey.

Diploma for Stenography and Typewriting—Miss Irene McCarney.

Certificate for passing the Regents' Examinations in Stenography and Bookkeeping—Miss Anna Staley.

Certificates for passing the Regents' Examination in Bookkeeping and for obtaining the required percentage in Theory and Stenography—Obtained by Miss Florence Martin.

Prize for highest marks in Shorthand and Typewriting—Miss Philomena Stevens.

Prize for highest average in Composition and History—Miss Lillian Machesney.

Penmanship—Miss Helen Guinee.

Irish History—Miss Frances O'Farrell.

General Proficiency in Fourth Class English—Miss Elizabeth Cunningham.

French in Junior Department—Miss Angela Burns.

French in Preparatory Class—Miss Florence Cannon.

In the absence of the Archbishop, the prizes were distributed by Rev. P. Cauley, Erie, Pa.

An interesting program followed, consisting of vocal and instrumental numbers, and clever recitations.

The priests present were: Rev. J. Murphy, O. C. C., Prior of Carmelite Monastery; Rev. M. Rosa, C. M.; Rev. E. Walsh, C. M.; Rev. F. O'Brien, C. M.; Rev. J. Lynch, C. M.; Rev. P. Bench, Niagara; Rev. P. Cauley, Erie, Pa.; Rev. J. Gleason, Erie, Pa.

After the address to the graduates was given by Father Cauley, the program closed with the singing of "Ave Maria Loreto."

The results of the University examinations in music will not be known until July.

The Closing Exercises of the Junior Classes of the Loretto Convent took place in the afternoon, and proved an interesting affair. A clever Can-

tata was given by the numerous little tots, entitled "Cinderella in Flowerland," and was put on in a manner which reflected much credit on the teachers. The following was the cast of the play: Prince Sunshine, Elizabeth Cunningham, Rochester, N. Y.; Princess Marguerite, Edna May Decker, Rochester, N. Y.; Mistress Violet, Jean Acheson, Lundy's Lane; Lady Tiger Lily, Margaret Acheson; Godmother of Nature, Robin Red, Margaret Duignan, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Mistress Hollyhock, Girlie Willox, Niagara Falls South; Mistress Buttercup, Ella May Doyle, Niagara Falls Centre; Duchess Daffodil, Isabel Merriam, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Bonnie Bee, Elizabeth Craft, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Lady Narcissus, Mary Dawson, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Sleepy Poppy, Margaret Bracken, Niagara Falls South; Countess Miquotte, Alice Duignan, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Sweet Lily Bell, Hazel Hern, Niagara Falls Centre; Sweet Pea, Hattie Newman, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Carnation, Queen Ena of Spain, Miss Mary Bampfield, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Sweet Brier, Margaret Bampfield, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Fairy Godmother, Louise Cunningham; Fairy, Mildred Duignan.

The dresses worn by the little ones were most artistic, being of crêpe paper, representing the floral design of the character they portrayed.

The day's proceedings were brought to a close by the pupils repairing to the chapel, where Rev. Joseph Tonello's beautiful setting of the "Tota Pulchra Es" was exquisitely rendered by the entire school; after which, Miss Jane Heffernan read the Act of Consecration to our Blessed Mother, asking in a special manner for her protection on those who were to enter Life's arena. This touching little ceremony was terminated by the five graduates bringing their newly-won and well-merited crowns to Our Lady's altar and leaving them as a testimony of their love and devotion to her, while the pupils sang the devotional hymn to the Sacred Heart, "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, we implore that we may ever love Thee more and more."

Grace is a mantle which not only robes the soul in beauty but by its character reflects its beauty upon the body, making a heavenly countenance.

Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises, Loretto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, graciously presented by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., obtained by Miss Elizabeth MacSloy.

Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, obtained by Miss Patricia Doyle.

Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, obtained by Miss Mary Battle. Honorable Mention, Miss Clara Doyle.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, graciously presented by His Excellency the Governor-General, obtained by Miss Camilla Kavanagh.

Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, obtained by Miss Camilla Kavanagh.

Gold Medal for Music, Toronto University Senior Grade Certificate, presented by Reverend R. M. Brady, obtained by Miss Helen Coughlan.

Gold Lyre for Music, Toronto University Senior Grade Certificate, obtained by Miss Frances Daniells.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Reverend J. P. Holden, obtained by Miss Frances Daniells.

Gold Medal for Proficiency in Undergraduating Class, presented by Hon. J. M. Gibson, K. C., obtained by Miss Camilla Kavanagh.

Junior Leaving Certificate, in Departmental Examination, obtained by Miss Ethel McCordle.

Silver Medal for Music, Toronto University, Junior Grade, obtained by Miss Mary Battle.

Silver Medal for Painting—water colors—obtained by Miss Minetta Dopp.

Silver Medal in St. Hilda's Literary Circle, obtained by Miss Elizabeth Robinson.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Sixth Class, obtained by Miss Emily Watson.

Diplomas in Commercial Department, obtained by Miss Wilhelmina Least and Miss Mary O'Sullivan.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Fifth Class, obtained by Miss Mary Gordon.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Fourth Class, obtained by Miss Patricia Doyle.

Prize for French, merited by Miss Kathleen O'Brien, Rita Sheedy and E. Robinson, obtained by Miss Rita Sheedy.

Prize for Vocal Music, merited by Miss Daniells, E. MacSloy, R. Sheedy, M. Battle and L. Udell, obtained by Miss Udell.

Prize for Elocution, merited by Miss Daniells, E. MacSloy, M. Brownlee, obtained by Miss Brownlee.

Honorable Mention in Art Department, Miss Landers, E. Tracy, G. Wilkins, G. Taylor, M. Dwyer, and L. Udell.

First Prize in Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, obtained by Miss Camilla Kavanagh, E. Tracy, and H. Murray.

First Prize in Christian Doctrine in Fourth Class, obtained by Miss Marjorie Harris.

Prize in Catechism in Third Class, obtained by Miss Margaret Obermeyer.

Prize for Needlework in Senior Department, obtained by Miss Brownlee.

Gold Pen for Penmanship in Fifth Class, obtained by Miss Marion McGuire.

Gold Pen in Fourth Class, obtained by Miss Clementine Hunt.

Gold Pen for Penmanship in Third Class, obtained by Miss Venita O'Connor.

Prize in Junior Fourth Class, obtained by Miss Vera Malone.

Closing Exercises at Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE Closing Exercises, which took place on the eleventh of June, were honored by the presence of His Lordship Right Reverend Frederick Eis, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie and Marquette, Reverend A. Gagnieur, S. J., Reverend J. Delude, S. J., Reverend J. Brault, S. J., Reverend L. Champagne, S. J., Reverend J. T. O'Loane, S. J., Reverend D. Dumesnil, S. J., Reverend P. Brown, and a large and interested audience.

As the curtain rose it displayed the pupils attired in spotless white, who soon filled the hall with melodious strains, as they sang Ch. Coote's sprightly chorus, entitled "The Bees."

The greeting to His Lordship was recited by six of the young ladies, after which Graduating Honors were conferred, by the Bishop, on Miss E. McLarney, Miss D. Mayer, Miss M. McKenna and Miss L. Dickison. Each graduate had two tiny maidens to wait upon her, one carrying the medal and laurel crown, the other the diploma.

After they received their honors, the graduates went back to the stage and recited Van Dyke's "A Legend of Service." Miss Delphine Mayer took the part of the angel, and truly merited her reputation as a beautiful and gentle speaker, while Miss Mary McKenna, as Lord of Angels, showed her authority in a commanding voice, as she bade the angel go to the city of Lupon and from the three saints discover which loved Him best. Miss Dickison answered the call for the saints, in her usual full tones.

The Juveniles now took possession of the stage and charmed their audience, "The Pinafore Song," "The Birds' Fashions" and "Bobolink's Song," in succession, giving them only time to take their breath while papas and mammas chatted about their little darlings.

Haberbier's grand instrumental duet, "Kaiser Nicolai March," followed, with Miss Valma Buschell, M. Fuller, A. Clark and S. Kelly at the pianos.

Schiller's "Mary Stuart," the story of which is so well known, and needs no comment, was the next number on the programme. The first scene presented Mary a prisoner at Fotheringay. Mary was represented in the person of Miss Delphine Mayer, and the ever-faithful Kenedy, by Eleanor O'Connor, who did ample justice to their parts.

The full, liquid tones of Miss Mayer and the sympathetic tones of Miss O'Connor would at once make us think of the poor, unfortunate Mary and her faithful servant, as we read of them in historical books.

The second scene carried us to Elizabeth and her council as they met at Westminster, to weigh the question of Mary Stuart. Talbot, Burleigh and Leicester, together with two French ambassadors, comprised the council.

Elizabeth was personated by Miss Laura Dickison, who displayed her power as England's queen. She adapted her voice to any occasion and showed her talent as a speaker, as did also

Miss Mary McKenna, who pleaded the cause of Mary Stuart, and was immediately dismissed with a cool answer.

Miss Minnie Conway assumed the character of Burleigh and astonished the audience by her forcible condemnation of Mary, and as for Leicester, he was portrayed in all his gallantry by Miss Mary French. Miss Emma Dickison and Efie Wyatt acted as French ambassadors "betraying England with a kiss."

This scene was followed by G. Veazie's "Gaily We're Tripping," sung in full chorus by all the pupils.

The meeting of Elizabeth and Mary took place in the third scene. "The moderation and submission" of Mary Stuart were certainly affecting, but the haughty answer, "You are where it becomes you, Lady Stuart," showed that Elizabeth was not very sympathetic and did not intend to be merciful and gracious.

After the disastrous meeting, Elizabeth's soliloquy and her condemnation of Mary were portrayed. Miss Laura Dickison now showed her power, as she excitedly weighed the case of the Scottish Queen; finally signing the death-warrant, and drawing back in horror at her crime.

Miss Valma Buschell, Elizabeth McLarney, Inez O'Neill and Sadie Kelly took their places at the pianos and, in their usual brilliant way, executed Mendelssohn's "March from Capriccio Brillante."

Mary Stuart and her maids taking farewell were presented in the last scene, which was very touching and sad, and ended in a beautiful tableau.

"Tarry With Me, My Saviour!" was beautifully sung by our young musicians, Valma Buschell and Myrtle Fuller. Even Nicholai, the composer, would have been pleased with it had he been present.

The most charming number on the programme was reserved until the last. It was entitled "The Ministry of Song." Threefold Praise: Haydn-Mendelssohn-Händel. The key-note was "We bless thee for our Creation, Preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the Redemption of the world."

Choruses were chosen from each musician, as follows: "By Thee With Bliss," from Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation." "Thanks be to God; Holy, Holy, Holy, Then Shall the Righteous

Shine Forth," from the oratorio "Elijah," by Mendelssohn, and "Lift Up Your Heads, O Ye Gates," from Händel's oratorio, "The Messiah." Recitative interludes from "Threefold Praise" added to the charm.

Miss Viola Breen, Anna Kelly, Agnes Kelly, Mary Moher, Eleanor O'Connor and Sadie Kelly recited individually and gave promise of future speakers to take the place of those whose days at the Convent ended, June 11th., 1907.

Bishop Eis addressed the pupils in a most pleasing way, complimenting them on the excellence of their programme, expressing his appreciation of the exercises having been anticipated, so that he might attend, and his hope of enjoying many more of Loretto's Graduating Exercises.

EFIE F. WYATT, '09.

Literature worthy of the name is ennobling; it inspires the soul and affords entertainment, not merely in the present, but as long as memory lasts, for true literature crystalizes thought in such compact form that it may be retained amid the distractions of daily life, while mere words dissolve as rapidly as the views in a kaleidoscope. There is evil in such multiplication of books as may prevent the growth of a real love of literature and the development of a taste for thought. The tendency of the day is against substantial reading and sound study. There is so much to be read that one has no time for the ponderous works of a former generation. A compendium of current publications is appreciated by thousands of busy workers; and before long may come a demand for a further condensation of the compendium. What is to be the end of the mad whirl? One whose training was acquired when books were scarce and treated as treasures, and whose amusements were few and therefore richly enjoyed and long remembered, tells us that his richest possession, the source of his highest happiness, is the memory of the good things he acquired. What treasures of this kind are being laid up by the young people of to-day? They have little time to study the classics except as a task in school; they develop no real love of literature, but are compelled, in order to keep up with the times, to skim hurriedly through magazines and reviews, the contents of which pass out of memory as soon as they have been read.



LORETTO, MOUNT ST. MARY, HAMILTON, IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Letter - Box.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL,
ROME, ITALY.

MY DEAR SR. C—:

You will, doubtless, think that I have forgotten you, but indeed, such is not the case, far from it. I would have written before only I was so busy sight-seeing that I could not find time to write a description of all that I saw, and merely sent post cards, which I hope you received. Although many of your friends have already been here, and have probably told you of what is interesting and attractive, still I will burden you with an outline of where I have been and what I have seen.

We were eighteen days going to Alexandria, with most interesting stops at the Azores, Gibraltar, Genoa—where we saw the Misses Leacock—and then Naples, and on to our destination. Egypt, especially Cairo, proved fascinating, but, as that cousin of mine, Edward Foley, who is now at Oxford, said—it was a kind of post-mortem sight-seeing—and I dare say he was right. Mummies and tombs beyond number—the Pyramids and Sphinx proved worthy of the occasion—my kodak. The weather was lovely and warm, except at night, when a little of our steam-heat would have been very comforting in those stone hotels. Cairo is up-to-date in every respect and so cosmopolitan—Arabs, Egyptians, Jews, Syrians, French, Italians, English and Americans are well represented there. The mosques are magnificent. It was so strange to see the Egyptians pray, and to hear of their peculiar way of living.

After spending five days in Cairo, we went to Port Said, where we took a boat for Jaffa. We were quarantined there for twenty-four hours, and then went by train to Jerusalem. Everything impressed me, but oh, Jerusalem itself—the thought of the poverty and filth of those narrow streets, of the beggars, all blind or deformed, to say nothing of the lepers, makes me positively ill. To be candid, I would not care to take the trip again.

In Jerusalem we saw the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built on the site of Mount Calvary, and in which are the tomb of Christ, the place

where His body was anointed, the place of the Scourging and Crucifixion. It seemed so strange to me to see all the different sects in the church. The Roman or Latin Catholics have their share—not a very large one—of the sacred ground, so have the Greek and Armenian Catholics and Copts. The Roman Catholics are the only ones allowed to say Mass directly over the Sepulchre. We also visited the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, the place of the Temple of Solomon, over which is a beautiful mosque, the Way of the Cross, &c.; then we drove out to Bethlehem and visited the church built over the spot where Christ was born. We also went to Jericho, the River Jordan, and the Dead Sea. The drive was a very tiresome one, up and down hill, and the roads were rough and rocky.

On our return to Cairo, we spent three days there before going to Naples, which is a lovely city and so interesting. We went to see the ruins of Pompeii and the places that were destroyed a little more than a year ago. You would scarcely believe it possible that water could be boiled a foot or two below the surface of the lava, it is still so hot. Mt. Vesuvius was very quiet when we were there, but, when passing Stromboli, we had a splendid view of a volcano in eruption. It was a magnificent sight to see the flames and lava shoot up about twenty-five or thirty feet into the air and then roll down the mountain, a distance of over three thousand feet. We were five miles away, and yet we had a grand view of it.

Rome the Eternal is simply beautiful. This morning we had the distinguished honor of being present at the Pope's Mass in his private chapel in the Vatican, and of receiving Holy Communion from his hand. The permission was obtained through Mgr. Kennedy, Rector of the American College. We rose at five, reached the Vatican at half-past six, and, from the Sistine Chapel, were ushered from room to room till we reached the antechamber of the private chapel, where fifty chairs were placed. Through the door we could see the altar and tiny chapel—we were not really in the same room as the Pope, but, at the Communion, we went two by two and knelt at the foot of the altar. It was so quiet and impressive. His Holiness was attended by three Monsignori in beautiful lace surplices. He is very much like what his photographs represent him, only older, with a worn look—but such a

kind face—we all thought him saintly. He blessed us before and after Mass. The ladies were in black with lace veils, the gentlemen in something like evening dress.

We went to St. Peter's for High Mass, but, I must confess, I did not pray fervently, for I was simply dazed by the splendor of the place, and then there are no chairs—marble floors are not too comfortable when the services are long. Of course, we will often go to St. Peter's during the three weeks we spend here—six months would not be sufficient to see everything in this wonderful city. To-morrow I shall visit your convent here. "Le Dame Inglesi," Via Venti Settembre 5, are only a block from our apartments.

I suppose you have rare novelties in the ceramic art since I left. I saw many lovely water colors in Naples, but I did not buy any. I may do so in Venice. They reminded me very forcibly of the studio at Loretto.

Love to all my friends at the dear Abbey and Niagara.

Your devoted pupil,
JOSEPHINE BAWLF.

HASTINGS, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Although we seem still in the depth of winter—never have I known so long and so unpleasant a season—yet we are gladdened by the brightness which the visit of the Colonial Premiers has cast around. The papers are daily overflowing with accounts of their entertainments and jovialities. Let me quote from imaginary spook telegrams of regret read at the London Sketch Club, a few evenings ago:

"From the Canadian Premier: 'Regret, full up. The Niagara Gorge is a poor affair to what I have gone through. Laurier.'"

"The Transvaal Premier: 'Thanks; but if I were a double Dutchman I could not take a bite more. Botha.'"

"The Commonwealth Premier: 'Fear the short road that leads from hospitality to hospital, even to an Australian the eat is terrific. Deakin.'"

"The Newfoundland Premier: 'Do not insist on your—Bond.'"

"The New Zealand Premier: 'I am like the Orange River Colony: have not got the Constitution. Ward.'"

"The Natal Premier: 'Why imitate Oliver Twist, and ask for—Moor?'"

"The Victorian Premier: 'No, thanks. I'm not on pleasure—Bent.'"

"The Cape Colony Premier: 'I dare not come to your (r)aid. Jameson.'"

No matter where, whether at assembly or entertainment, I noticed that always Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are given the place of honor. Canada is certainly held to be the premier Colony, and she has the premier Premier.

The King's cruise and numerous visits in Italy and Spain have been, as usual, successful. He seems to carry peace in his sails, and dispense harmony everywhere he goes.

I read a rather amusing incident which occurred at Palermo, I think, a few weeks ago. The King and one or two of his suite paid a surprise visit to a monastery, and, as it happened to be at lunch hour, the doors were momentarily closed to all applicants—mendicants. A brother came to the grille and informed the intruders that it was not the hour for dispensing alms, and not to continue rapping. The message, however, had not the desired effect upon the Royal applicant, who only knocked all the more vigorously. Thus exasperated, the poor monk spoke with much more vehemence than probably had been his previous intention, and he ordered them off the premises, to return when alms would be duly their portion. A Colonel, who was passing at the time, recognizing the amused King, and being apprized of the situation, undertook to astonish the monastery, which he forthwith succeeded in accomplishing, to the consternation of those within, and the great amusement of those who had not, from without, cared to proclaim their identity.

Young Prince Edward of Wales goes to join the Royal Naval College at Osborne to-day, where, with four hundred other boys, he will learn the lessons of a British Naval Officer, absolutely without distinction of any kind. Prince Edward is to take his place as a cadet, and, on the great sea chest at the foot of his bed, which is situated in one of the ordinary dormitories, are carved the initials, "E. of W." He will be known as—"Cadet Edward of Wales."

I believe the little fellow is very brave and manly, and he certainly looks strong and healthy. He will have to turn out with the other boys, at

half past six in the morning, and will do three quarters of an hour's work before breakfast, at ten minutes to eight. From that moment onward he will have a strenuous time until he goes to bed, with the others, at a quarter to nine. In about three weeks, he will be sleeping in a hammock aboard.

Very sensible are the present members of the English Royal Family. No nonsense whatever marks their actions, and truly, the King is "The First Gentleman in Europe." He is a wonderful man, always says and does the right thing, and never allows an opportunity of doing a kind act to pass by, nor of establishing his title of "Edward, the Peace-Maker."

May I conclude this summary, dear RAINBOW, by again referring to our Colonial visitors? Tomorrow a Naval Review is to be held in their honor—we tremble for the honor of the weather on the occasion! I saw, to-day, some remarks in *Punch*, which I think too good not to reproduce for your readers who, perchance, may not have noticed them.

"11.30 a. m. Arrival of the visitors from Victoria in special trains, at the South Railway jetty. Nucleus refreshments will be served on the jetty.

Noon. The visitors will be entertained at a nucleus luncheon on the upper deck of the Dreadnought.

12.15 p. m. Visitors will proceed in carriages to the gunnery establishment on Whale Island, and will be introduced to Mr. F. T. Bullen. After seeing ships of various types in the dry dock, they will partake of liquid nourishment.

1 o'clock. Luncheon will be served in the drill-hall at Whale Island. The luncheon will be speechless, but Mr. Hall Caine will recite extracts from his forthcoming new novel and sing a duet with the Hon. Thomas Bent, the famous vocal Premier of Victoria.

3.15. Nucleus tea will be served to the visitors in the Grand Stand.

5.30. Dinner will be served in the train, which will arrive at Victoria at 7.30 p. m., and be met by ambulances, bath chairs, stretchers, and a nucleus detachment of the K. A. M. C."

The Dublin Exhibition has already opened. I saw the building in course of erection when I was over there in January. It then promised to be a magnificent structure. It is splendidly situated near the horse-show grounds. I believe many

thousands are expected to the Old Land from Canada, America, Australia, &c., and I sincerely hope it may prove a gala year for Ireland. Certainly there is no part of the world that will better repay the visitor or tourist than the Emerald Isle. Its scenery, its people, and now, even its climate, are each and all delightful. Ireland must have made some arrangements with the weather authorities recently. When I go there from the south of England, where we have had cold and rain and sleet and high winds, I find the air soft and mild and sunshiny and altogether most salubrious.

Au revoir, dear RAINBOW. More anon from
Your ardent well-wisher,

MARY JOSEPHINE O'DOWDA.

MANDALAY, BURMAH.

DEAR SR. F.—

I send you a short description of our country, which, I think, has not yet been touched on in the RAINBOW. Missionaries, on their return home from the scene of their apostolic labors in the Far East, are never wanting in enthusiasm for the manners and customs of their many-colored sheep.

Chinese, Malays, Indians, Burmese, in fact, the chief Oriental nations, so impress them that they are never tired of telling stories about their festivals and their doings. The births, weddings, anniversaries, deaths, funerals, habits, amusements, and a thousand and one other good, bad, and indifferent things furnish them with unlimited topics.

Well, it must be admitted that, to the beholder for the first time, the motley crowd that goes to make up an eastern city, is indeed a revelation. So different are the inhabitants from those he has seen in his own country, it is no wonder he has so much to say about them.

Little, however, has he to say about the material construction of the cities themselves; and yet, some of them possess features which are capable of making a favorable impression even upon an ordinary observer.

Of Mandalay, for instance, little is known beyond the mere fact that she is the capital of Northern Burmah. "And yet Mandalay was formerly the capital of the Burmese Empire, founded

in 1857. The town lies in a dusty plain, between two or three miles from the eastern bank of the Irrawaddy. It is quadrangular in shape, and is surrounded by a deep moat and a high wall flanked with towers. In the centre of the city is a separate quadrangular enclosure surrounded by stone walls, and containing the royal palace and connected establishments, with gardens and pleasure-grounds. The structures are chiefly built of teak. Among them is a famous pagoda with an image of Buddha, highly venerated by the Burmese. The British cantonments surround the central enclosure, and outside dwells the general body of the people. There is railway connection with Ragoon."

With the history of Mandalay this short letter does not propose to deal any further than to say that it was once the residence of the Burmese Kings, after which it came under the sceptre of the British Empire.

Arriving at night by a flat-bottomed boat, the missionary is conveyed on a chair over a narrow plain enveloped in a cloud of dust, dense enough to darken a bright day. In a short time the chair-bearers halt, after which an electric tram takes him through well-paved, but not so well lighted, streets, to his new home. Here he is kindly received, and, after partaking of a hearty supper, he ascends the stairs, if such there be, to rest his weary limbs and place himself in the arms of Morpheus. If his host has not been able to furnish him with a strong mosquito net, he is sure of being visited by a swarm of blood-thirsty sleep-disturbers whose sole occupation will be to sing, dance, and enjoy themselves at his expense.

The next morning, as he goes out viewing the different objects that interest a newcomer, his attention is attracted by a long line of barefooted traders bearing aloft fruits, vegetables, cakes, and eatables of almost every description, and smoking their much-loved cheroot. He is surprised to learn that the two hundred or more beautiful caterers whom he has just seen marching in Indian file, are Burmese women, rich and poor intermingled and decked out in all the colors of the rainbow. He notices that the streets are broad and straight, and, as he reflects for a moment on the way that leads to destruction, he sees a gang of wild-looking plague-disinfectors hurrying to an out-of-the-way burial-ground with

half a dozen dead bodies, victims of the Bombay pestilence.

Beneath the sod in Thebaw's land three thousand bodies lay.

Ere dawned the Easter morning in far-off *Mandalay*

The dreaded plague had come again, his toll of life to take,

And as he sped across the plain, men followed in his wake.

The missionary now decides on retracing his steps, but before doing so, he looks up and beholds in the distance the famous group of Buddhist worship, known as the one thousand pagodas.

Mandalay is, indeed, a city of pagodas, and though these are for the most part all of the same shape, yet they form an interesting feature of the town.

It is 6.30 a. m., and as the missionary is not a lover of cold coffee, he increases his pace homewards with alacrity, though not without noticing the important buildings and objects of interest that are to be seen on his way back. He sees now a long line of bare-headed beggars, carrying in their hands empty breakfast pots to be replenished by a kind-hearted and hospitable people. These, he is told, are Burmese monks who, in their flowing robes, beg from door to door, eat but one meal a day, pray from time to time, and dwell together in monasteries until they pass into another sphere of existence.

On his left the stranger sees a large cross. It is that of the Church of the Sacred Heart—one of the most beautiful in Burmah. A hundred steps more and he beholds St. Joseph's Convent—the undisputed "rose garden" of the Catholic Church in Upper Burmah—inside the walls of which some three hundred children receive an education second to none and very much superior to many in these parts.

Soon the traveller reaches the largest Boys' School in the town, viz., St. Peter's High School, which is conducted by the Christian Brothers. In the neighborhood of St. Peter's, as well as elsewhere in the town, are noticed several very odd-looking little structures, some of which are quite small, while others are comparatively large. His guide very proudly informs him that they are "Zaats," erected by the Burmese, solely as

rest-houses for the weary and foot-sore traveller, be he friend or enemy.

My next letter will probably be a short description of Maymo and its people.

ERIN GREEN.

ANTWERP.

MY DEAR SR. C—:

We made two visits to Versailles during our sojourn in France—the last time we drove through the grounds, which are indescribable, indeed the beauty of the avenues surpasses all one can imagine. We spent a day at the two Trianons and saw the Jardin du Petit Trianon—laid out in English style—with its artificial lake and exotic trees—a hamlet of nine or ten little rustic cottages, where court ladies played at peasant life. But, beyond all at Versailles, is the palace chapel, erected in 1699. It is richly adorned with sculptures and paintings—the Resurrection, the most exquisite and appropriate altar-piece, is over the high altar. The vault of the roof is by Coppel. The chapel itself is finished in white and gold; on the sanctuary floor is a magnificent carpet of Gobelin tapestry. It was in this chapel that Marie Antoinette was married.

The various galleries—all together three miles long—are an historical abridgment of three centuries of court life. One gallery is devoted to the celebrated battles of France, its kings and great generals, from the days of Charlemagne to Napoleon. In walking through the palace, the shades of the past are ever by your side, and solemn desolation—if you can imagine such—seems to pervade its magnificence. Even driving through the grounds, one is conscious that the great silence of death keeps guard over a glory and a pomp now gone.

You know the centuries of history embedded in Paris. Its saints, artists, authors, kings, queens, cardinals—especially Richlieu—generals, abbés, celebrated women, make it a place of unlimited interest. Let me whisper—my French has been more than a mere crutch, it has been a royal carriage, carrying me smoothly from the Bois de Boulogne to the Latin Quarter—from the Panthéon to St. Denis.

But the quaintness of *this* town surpasses all of which I ever dreamed! The Cathedral is full

of sacred and artistic interest. The chimes are of the sweetest and softest silvery tones, and the mellow notes of the organ resound through the vaulted roof as if they were clothed in velvet.

The numerous masterpieces that Antwerp possesses afford one of the best proofs of its mediæval prosperity. The fascinating influence of Rubens is thoroughly felt, for it contains his finest works. This evening we passed the house in which he lived and painted—Quintin Matsys, Teniers, Van Dyck, also lived and worked in this city.

Near the Cathedral and opposite our hotel, is the Place Verte, formerly the churchyard, adorned with a statue of Rubens in bronze. The scrolls and books, together with the brush, palette and hat, which lie at the foot of the statue, are allusions to the pursuits of the master, as a diplomatist, statesman, and painter. The Cathedral is the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in the Netherlands. Cruciform in shape, with triple aisles and an ambulatory, its interior is at once grand and impressive, and the perspective of its aisles is very effective. It is sometimes called the lace Cathedral, because when Charles V. saw it, he said its spires resembled a point of Mechlin lace. Antwerp Cathedral was begun in 1302, and completed in 1511.

Opposite the door of the tower is an old wall, protected by a canopy of iron, and surmounted by a statue of Salvino Brabo, said to have been executed by Quintin Matsys, at one time a blacksmith, afterwards a famous painter. He was originally from Louvain, and, as the story goes, became enamored of the daughter of a painter, and to propitiate her father, exchanged the anvil for the palette.

Before going to High Mass, this morning, we walked through the Place Verte, which was bordered by flowers and flower girls, who bring their two-wheeled carts there full of all kinds of blossoms and drawn by dogs. One poor dog had just arrived with a heavy load. As soon as he stopped he lay down exhausted and panting. I made a sign to the boy, who did not understand English, to give him a drink, which he did, and the poor animal drank with such avidity that you could easily judge of his dreadful thirst—I thought of "The Dog of Flanders." I grieved to see these dumb beasts of burden neglected and suffering—quite a difference between them and

the eleven dogs I left behind in Arkansas, in the spring.

To-morrow we leave for Brussels, where we stay ten days, as we purpose returning to Paris by the seventh.

Love to all at the dear Abbey.

Your devoted

M—.

LORETTO CONVENT, FERMOY, IRELAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You may wonder why your very interesting letter remained so long unanswered. The explanation is, we are in the midst of examinations—two are fixed for next week, five will come off the week after. With this preface finished, my letter begins.

We have often heard of the many other Loretto Convents in different parts of the world, but your letter has put us in touch with the girls of a house which, in many ways, seems to resemble our own in dear Fermoy. The town of this name is modern, indeed, and owes its origin to the military importance of its situation, for the valley of the Blackwater here commands the passes to the Galty and Knockmeildown Mountains. The central part of Fermoy is the handsome bridge over the river we so proudly call the "Irish Rhine," from this the ground rises till two considerable heights are gained, on the northern hill two long lines of barracks tell at once of headquarters of the British forces, while, on the southern height, the army of God has fixed its camp, for starting from east to west, the Presentation Convent, the dear Loretto, the Presbytery, the great pile of St. Colman's College, the Christian Brothers' beautiful schools, and the pretty Gothic parish church, lie almost in a line, embowered in trees, that in spring show every shade of green, from the pale tint of the elm, to the brown of the copper beech. On every side we have the "blue hills of holy Erin." Before us the Galty Mountains raise their rugged peaks to the sky. How often on their furze-clad slopes Mass was said in the penal days! To the east, the Knockmeildown Mountains continue the circle of hills around us. To the south, behind our "holy hill," is the pointed outline of Corrin, a very good height, looking grey and purple from here, but quite green, and yielding a goodly

share of whortleberries when we climb its steep sides in the bright September days. Sometime I may tell you a very old legend of the cairn on its summit. And when the sun sinks behind the crimson curtains of the west, the trees on the slopes of Glenaboe seek their reflection in the lovely Blackwater.

And our convent—what is it like? The view I have sent shows the north side—the pillars give quite an Italian look to the building. The chapel, which is a perfect gem, you cannot see, as it looks to the south. The altar is of pure white marble, the frontispiece is from Leonardo's "Last Supper." The statue of our Blessed Mother was brought from Rome, and is one of the loveliest in Ireland. Two large figures of adoring angels are also from Italy. The Tabernacle door is of purest gold adorned with precious stones. The Stations of the Cross are the work of a Jew, who was, I believe, converted. The woodwork of the nuns' stalls is much admired. To us our chapel is perfect.

Now, our part of the house. It has grown by pieces, now one wing is added, then another, and, of necessity there are many corridors and passages and quaint old music rooms where we used to have nice chats, but now glass panels have been put in the doors, and our talks are not so frequent. The corridors are adorned with views of Palestine, Egypt, and copies of famous Madonnas.

The great event of each year is the May picnic. Sometimes we go by train, at others, we drive in long cars to the beauty spot selected for the day's outing; we have been to the land of Davis, that is the "woodlands of fair Convamore," and the turrets of historic Lismore, to the lovely Arraglen, and to its rival scene, the mountain glen of Mocollip. This is, perhaps, the favorite place. Through cathedral aisles of oak and beech, of glistening laurel and prickly holly, the sunbeams pierce and fleck the waters of the mountain torrent with gleams of gold, and rest like a halo on the scarlet toadstools that fringe the rocks over the waterfall. It is beautiful beyond description.

But why do I write of all this? So much has to be done before the day comes round, so many exams., &c. In fact, my friends in Hong Kong complain that I write so seldom, and, as to Singapore, few letters have gone there since I came here, four years ago. You see we are not all

Irish by birth, but our hearts cling to the dear land which was once home to those we love best.

There are English, Scotch, and American girls here. We all get on well together, but, I think, we are never happier than when with the bright, merry, warm-hearted Irish companions, and many a good-humored game of hockey is contested on our splendid course at the "farm," which lies near the base of Corrin. I am sure you would have many friends here were the Atlantic somewhat smaller, but we must not blame it, for its waves will bear this letter to the RAINBOW and Loretto's children so far away.

Your friend,

MARGARET R. GEARY.

LORETTO CONVENT, FERMOY.

DEAR EDNA:

Your letters give much pleasure, and we are all glad to hear accounts of your beautiful Canada, whither so many Irish are now turning their steps. Hamilton and its bluff must be lovely, indeed, but I wish you could see *our* hills. Last week, we went for a long walk, and, after skirting around Glenaboe for three miles, we reached the slope of Corrin. To arm ourselves for its ascent, we partook of lunch under the friendly shelter of giant beech trees.

The great heat had dried up the prettily-tinted heather, so we lost our chance of finding the lucky white heather which some of the girls were fortunate enough to discover, a few months ago. There were lovely wild flowers with blue, pink and white blossoms, and a low, tufted grass carpeting the steep sides, but the prickly yellow furze was everywhere, and many a burr found a resting-place inside thin, openwork hose—not a comfortable feeling.

After a hot climb, we reached the cairn, a pile of stones of all sizes and shapes, about twelve feet high, and surely seventy or eighty in circumference.

The view from here was magnificent. The Galty Mountains were blue in the far distance and lay in a long line from east to west, where they joined the Knockmeildown range with their softly-rounded Melleray Mountains, on whose slope the world-famed monastery stands.

But, perhaps, you are impatient for the legend. Well, long, long ago, the king of this district

had an only son, of whom it was prophesied that he should be drowned. To avert the terrible calamity, the king determined to build a royal rath on the summit of this mountain, where, surely, the child would be safe. Huge boulders of rocks and great stones were brought thither, and the work progressed, but, one day, the little prince, when playing, saw a large vat which held water for moistening the plaster. Curious to see what it contained, he stepped on some stones beside it and, looking in, saw his own reflection in the water, but, believing it to be another little boy, spoke to him in great delight. Then, losing his balance, he fell in and was drowned.

This event so distressed the king that he gave orders to leave the building as it was, hence the huge pile which serves as our eyrie when we visit Corrin.

Our picnic to Monanimy Castle was a very enjoyable affair. We started at 9 a. m., in large brakes, and, after a pleasant drive, reached the little town of Castletownroche, outside of which is a great cliff overhanging the Blackwater, on which, about the end of the twelfth century, the Knights Templars built one of their preceptories. The scenery is lovely. Away beyond the bend of the river, flowing in silvery radiance between its green banks, is one of the many castles of the Roches. A brave Lady Roche once held this castle against the English soldiers. A little to the right, lies the home of Nano Nagle, the great foundress of the Presentation nuns—never had Ireland a better friend. Quite near, her cousin, the famous Edmund Burke, was born.

We wandered down the slope to the river. Tiny water-lilies were growing by a small island, which was decked with great clumps of the bright yellow marsh-marigold. How many times boats started by that very island, bearing members of the Templars to other lands, and how often the quiet scene rang with the din of arms and the bugle call!

In the evening, we went in bands to the village church to visit the same Lord whom, in their early days, the Templars served; and who filled the gentle soul of Nano Nagle with the heroism to fulfil her life-work.

Of course, we had plenty of good things—cold joints, buns and lemonade, lots of fairy pudding and custard, piles of different kinds of cake, biscuits and oranges. Our famous cooking classes

made the cakes, custard and puddings, which were packed in large hampers and despatched by an early train, in charge of the Children of Mary, who had everything in readiness, on our arrival.

There goes the bell!—and I must say goodbye to my Canadian friends.

With love to all and best wishes for happy holidays. Your fond friend,

MARGARET R. GEARY.

WILKESBARRE, PA.

DEAR C.:

My companion for some days has been an old and much-loved friend, but never so loved as now, "King Richard II."

It is a young play—the sixth, is it not so counted? And scattered over with crudities, yet fuller of ripeness than crudities, fresh ripenesses, rich foretastes of the Shakespeare that was to be. Several scenes in it seem to me among his finest anywhere.

Richard on the Welsh coast, joyfully returning from Ireland, "weeping for joy to stand upon his kingdom once again," defiantly secure in his kingship: "Not all the water in the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king"—"God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay a glorious angel" ("for every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed"). Then, one's own heart stands still when "the blood of twenty thousand men" rushes from his smitten face. And the wonderful moods that follow—first royalty aroused, then manhood—"strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we? Greater he shall not be; if he serve God we'll serve him too, and be his fellow so."—Then the outburst upon hearing of the defection and death of his favorites—the loving human heart touched to bitterness and hatred; then the utter collapse of every fibre of strength in him—"Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs"—and last—learning that "York hath joined with Bolingbroke"—a flinging away, with a mixture of puerile petulance and womanish sentimentality, all comfort, all courageousness, all courtly flattery!

The entire scene is powerful and without a flaw, and crammed with those unspeakable beauties that only Shakespeare knew how to put into, or bring out of, the simplest everyday words—that magic that lies in mere collocation—so it

would often seem. No, of course, it isn't that alone—it's the thought,—but who could word thoughts so?

"For within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
scoffing his state

And grinning at his pomp."

O—o—o—! it makes one shiver with its harmonies!

I'd like to act Richard. Why does no one ever do it now-a-days?

His better parts are all a woman's better parts; and would have shone in a feminine casing. The masculine part of him is a reflection only, from the royal and martial traditions of his times. The pathos of such a character could with skillful histrionic handling be made very effective and attractive on the stage.

I should represent him as the plumb opposite of Hamlet. Hamlet was a *man* clean through. His dreaminess was a man's dreaminess; his irresolution a man's—no cowardice in it, but the result of that overstrained tendency to think too precisely (a man's tendency, not a woman's) his very subterfuges to escape his manifest destiny were masculine in their nature.

We feel at all times that we are looking at, listening to, considering a *man*.

But Richard is a girl—sweet, loving, over-trustful, contemplative in a fanciful way, and poetic.

But oddly, and here is a good point for the actor,—the girl, the *real girl* would, once brought to bay, have faced about more nobly than he.

At the end comes a fierce spurt of valor, but we do not feel that a real man dies.

The reason I see in this Richard so fine an opportunity for acting is that, from first to last, we never despise the poor kinglet; he is ever a lovable figure. This magic the playwright wrought—and there should be an actor who could carry out his work.

One can't but contrast the garden scene with the graveyard scene in Hamlet. The latter, the bloodiest of tragedies, admits, with the highest artistic results, of an almost buffoon jesting, and this, the older Shakespeare had learned. He lost his opportunity in these early days with his gardeners and makes them mouthy rhetoricians. To

me it seems that this drama is the first in which Shakespeare displays the promise of his full eventual powers.

It is like that divine Beethoven's *Larghetto* in the second symphony which opens with quite a Mozartian allegro, but in the next movement strikes us suddenly dumb with a new, new note, the note that now means Beethoven to us.

E. B.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

MY DEAR VIOLA:

"Intuition" makes me aware of your sentiments regarding the reliability (?) of a certain individual dwelling in these polar regions, but I feel certain that you will pardon her when you are informed that this is our busy season. Even nature is well employed, though, like some people *we* know, she is rather slow this spring; however, as the coveted permission has been given to "go on the grass," we see that she is making some progress. Since the last tidings of my existence reached you, we have been making marvellous strides in perfection. Were you to enter any of the dormitories you could not fail to perceive the truth of this, for the utmost "simplicity" prevails everywhere, the cabinets proclaim far and wide that, like Mary Stuart, we are "indeed bereft," and, I assure you, the heads of the inmates of these peaceful abodes have been undergoing a process of revolution ever since the important change was effected—self-complacency as you know, is dangerous. Well, I suppose you are wondering what has been engrossing so much of our attention. Our last Literary is the first event of importance. "Tributes to Poetry," this was entitled, and it was interesting in the extreme, though partaking of a sad nature for the four who graced the occasion for the last time. The opening number was a well-written essay, "Tributes to Poetry," followed by a recitation, one of Tennyson's charming little poems, "The Poet's Song." A reading from Holmes on the "Body and Soul of Poetry" gave many entirely new lights on the subject; while the parts taken from Dr. Johnson's "Dissertation on Poetry" were most entertaining. An exceedingly interesting essay on Gray's "Progress of Poesy" was followed by F. Havergal's delight-

ful dialogue, "Making Poetry." Some were quite astonished in gleaning from this that poetry is not stringing rhymes together in a pleasant true accord. A reading, "The Defense of Poetry," by Shelley, and a class recitation, "The Poet in the Mart," were a source of much pleasure. Then came the valedictory, read by the president, who expressed the grateful sentiments of those who are *beginning* to realize that they have had enviable strolls along the primrose path of knowledge. We extended best wishes and hopes for the prosperity of those who would follow us, that through them the Association may rise higher and higher and its members excel "not in words alone, but in deeds. As a parting thought, she recommended cherishing the beauty of poetry, but reminded us that even poetry cannot fully satisfy the yearnings of the soul, "Ame, cherche plus haut!"

Since Easter we had been preparing for and joyfully anticipating a feast day of the greatest importance in our small world—that of our pastor—and when the third of May dawned, it proved to be in every respect, a red-letter day. All day long recreation was indulged in. Indeed, it would not have required a very clever person to detect this, had she been anywhere near the graduates, for on this day they wore their class colors, pink and brown, for the first time, and, as a result, were most anxious to make every one aware of the increase of dignity. In the morning, all attended the entertainment given by the parochial school children in Baraga Hall, in honor of the day. It was a most impressive sight to behold the four hundred children in such perfect order carrying out whatever was expected of them, with proficiency. It gave a public demonstration of the effects of Catholic education. The address, songs, and play, "The Captive Princess," were much appreciated and gave ample evidence of careful training. In the afternoon the Loretto pupils gave their entertainment before a limited, but appreciative, audience. Daintiest programmes, with delicate apple blossoms painted upon them, were distributed, each bearing the sweet little verse:

"Fair, sweet blossoms, with your promise
Of a golden garnering,
Whisper that our festal wishes
Brightest hopes do also bring."

The opening number, Mendelssohn's inspiring chorus, "Maybell and the Flowers," was sung with very evident enthusiasm. The beautiful festival greeting, manifestly the work of our accomplished bard, which followed, gave utterance to the heartfelt wishes of all present. The joys of musician, of artist, of poet, and lastly of the saint, were earnestly desired for him. Mozart's Sonata, No. 9, was extremely well executed, after which the little children in their dainty white dresses, with the most fascinating simplicity contributed their portion to the tasteful programme and in so doing gave great pleasure to all. The recitation which followed, "My Lady Nature and her Daughters," by Cardinal Newman, was well rendered by pupils in the High School, some very gracefully taking the part of the ladies, and others doing justice to Nature in singing her praises. Ethelbert Nevin's beautiful song, "O That We Two Were Maying," completely captivated the appreciative audience. Various scenes from Racine's "Esther," in English, were now attentively listened to, the gentle Esther pleading for her people exciting much favorable comment. The rôles of Aman, Mardochai, Asaph, and Assuerus were well taken, excellent elocution and training being displayed. Several magnificent choruses from Bradbury's oratorio of Esther, greatly enhanced the beauty of the play. Numbers deserving of mention are the piano solo, *Liebsträume*, No. 3, by Liszt, and Gounod's grand chorus, "Praise ye The Father," which brought the entertainment to a close. Father Gagnieur, in his usual charming way, thanked the pupils for their efforts on his behalf, and commented most favorably on the excellence of the programme. Referring to the impressive words of the greeting, he assured them that in his life there were both prose and poetry, and much of the poetry came from Loretto. He added, also, that in his prayers her children would not be forgotten.

This year the pupils seem to have enjoyed an exceptional number of spiritual privileges and among them is the pleasure of Father Brault's very practical instructions. Tuesday morning is anxiously anticipated, and I am sure that in the future a golden harvest will be the fruit of his labors. The retreat, too, given by Rev. W. Gagnieur, S. J., left a great impression on all. I need not dilate upon the excellent sermons, as last year you were one of his most interested au-

ditors. At the beginning of the month of May, the children went in procession to the chapel, singing the litany of the Blessed Virgin. The President of the Sodality preceded them, carrying the beautiful new banner donated by Loretto's former and present Children of Mary. It is an exquisite piece of work from every point of view, composed chiefly of white moire silk, with a gold center, on which is the beautiful figure of the Blessed Virgin, worked in the most delicate shades. A pretty spray of conventionalized roses adds to the beauty, and the gold mountings produce a very grand effect. The reverse side is of blue satin, and bears in large raised letters the motto chosen with special signification, "Ave Maria Immaculata." Two competitive bands were organized during the month, one, under the title of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," the other, "Our Lady of Perpetual Help." Each of these bands labored to surpass the other in good works, with the result that those under our Lady of Good Counsel were victorious, and the President, Bessie McLarney, who was on that side, had the honor of crowning the Blessed Virgin. The month closed, as it began, with the procession to the chapel. Many of the children were then enrolled in the blue scapulars, and Father Brault, S. J., gave a short, but very appropriate, sermon, explaining their value. All left the chapel to the sweet strains of "Farewell, Sweet Month."

I know that you could never divine what I am now going to relate to you. From experience we are all aware of the dire results of curiosity ungratified, as Eleanor could well testify, so I shall not keep you waiting for any explanations. I suppose you know that there is one day very dear to all Canadians, so dear to those who are at present living under the sway of the Stars and Stripes that "untold" things are undergone in order that it might be appropriately celebrated. This is the Queen's Birthday. Our mistress received an invitation "from the little Canadian lambs" to honor their *Intertainment*. All day long most mysterious glances were exchanged among the children, and, as evening approached, the excitement was very visible. It will give you a faint idea of how much this *Intertainment* was appreciated when you learn that, as one "dear little thing" said: some came all the way from the community room, from worlds of music, literature, art, and other realms of bliss, for the sole

purpose of attending. As the curtain and stage were dispensed with on this all-important occasion, as soon as all were present the programme commenced with the most sublime popular chorus, "Won't you come over to my House." Three extremely difficult classic piano solos figured prominently on this delightful programme, each one requiring rare execution. Kittie's "touch" in a selection from Bach was much commented upon. The number by the two smallest children was really very much enjoyed,—a recitation, "Good Night and Good Morning," you may have heard it before, so you will be a competent judge of its great literary merits. The smiles could not be restrained as the little French maid told of Lucy saying her "fraivent" prayer. The "Highland Fling" was most gracefully danced, and the vocal solo, "The Gondolier," fully satisfied the music lovers among the audience. Tennyson's "Bugle Song" was recited with the greatest expression, those of the High School who were present were more than mortified to think that they had ever attempted anything like it. The sweet recitation, "The Lost Chord," held all spellbound, but the crowning point came when the charming programme was brought to a close by the magnificent song, "The Maple Leaf Forever." The loyal patriots at the end of the room could not restrain their enthusiasm and joined most heartily in the chorus. The children were congratulated and had every reason to be proud of themselves.

I think that now I have told you everything that could possibly interest you, except what the near future has in store for us. We hear whispered promises of a literary treat from the ninth and tenth grades, who are having "The Lady of the Lake" as a class specimen, and the tenth grade is so intent on historical and literary England that we expect to be delightfully entertained by an oral examination. Before this reaches you, some of us will be laurel-crowned maidens. To-day is all anticipation; "To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the glad new year."

With much love,

LAURA S. DICKISON, '07.

The world's eyes see no further than this life. The Christian looks down into the depths of eternity.

The Roses are in Bloom Again!

"Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?"

Omar Khayyam.

"The roses are in bloom again!"
How happy we, to hear the strain!
And thoughtlessly we lend our voice
To bid a grateful world rejoice.
We say the blossoms now appear
Which hearts enliven year by year.
We seek old haunts to realize
If our loved flowers still charm our eyes,
We watch the bushes day by day
With tender care till we can say
In rapture our beloved refrain:
The roses are in bloom again!—
The fairest gifts of Nature's boon,
Emblems of love, yet all too soon
They fade, they wither and they die.
Changing our happy smile to sigh
If sometimes, meditative, we
Reflect on what we hear and see.
"Again the roses bloom!" 'tis said,
Yet is this true, when once they're dead?
Alas! the *same rose* ne'er revives,
It cannot ever have two lives.
It blooms in sweetness, scents the air,
And then despite the utmost care,
Each petal drops, or early blight
May touch it in our very sight.
Perchance a worm lurks in its heart,
Destroying it with wily art,
Or sparkling dew for which it craved
Fell not—nor tear which might have saved,
Or came neglect, or cruel scorn
From hand that felt the prick of thorn.
Since 'tis of love the emblem, oh,
Let us all watchful care bestow
Upon our loves, lest on the wane.
They may not know new life again.

ROSA FLORENS.

The peace of one that lives near to God, is like the quiet, steady lustre of the lighthouse lamp, startling no one, ever to be found when wanted, casting the same mild ray through the long night across the maddest billows that curl their crests around the rock on which it stands.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Owing to the fact that the events for the last chronicle were required earlier than usual, we were obliged to reserve several important items for this number. Among these was Miss Wechter's charming Elocution Recital, which proved such a delightful treat for both nuns and pupils. Miss Wechter's histrionic talent was particularly displayed in her artistic interpretation of a scene from one of Shakespeare's most celebrated dramas, and her brilliant rendering of the scene between the angels and shepherds, from "Ben Hur." Miss Wechter's charming personality, the exquisite modulation of her voice, and her excellent facial expression—all contributed to make this Recital a most artistic treat.

The week preceding our Easter vacation, we had the pleasure of again enjoying one of Father Walsh's delightful lectures. The Reverend lecturer took for his subject, on this occasion, "Shakespeare the Genius and the Man." This very comprehensive and inexhaustible theme was treated in a manner which showed Father Walsh's extensive knowledge of the great bard and his works.

The age in which the poet lived, his home training, his study of human nature, his life in London, together with many other important facts in the life of the poet, were all commented upon in a most interesting and instructive manner. The wonderful influence of this great genius on human thought can never be estimated, for, as Father Walsh remarked, "Nobody can study Shakespeare without becoming a deeper and more varied thinker, and without securing a broader comprehension of human existence."

The opinions of several of the world's greatest men on Shakespeare were quoted, to show the great veneration in which he has been held by all. De Quincey speaks of him as being "A little lower than the angels." A cautious critic—Hallam—writes, "The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in all Literature." Ben Jonson says, "I loved the man and I do honor to his memory on this side of idolatry as much as any. He was honest and of an open, free nature."

In comparing Shakespeare with the other poets, Father Walsh said: "Shakespeare com-

bines in himself the sublimity of Milton, the intensity of Chaucer and the melody of Spencer. And to unite all as he has done is 'To get the start of the mystic world and bear the palm alone'."

April second—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance into the religious life of Sister Mary of Calvary. The event was celebrated very quietly, owing to the dear Sister's recent illness. Gounod's High Mass was sung by the nuns and pupils and the joyous jubilee hymn, "Jubilantes in Aeternum," brought the religious celebration to a close. Among the many who offered congratulations were the two sisters of Sister M. of Calvary—Mrs. Ryan of Toronto and Sister Marianna of Loretto Abbey.

April fifteenth—For some time past the members of St. Catharine's Literary Society have been deeply interested in Cardinal Newman, so it was decided that we should devote one evening to the works of this great man.

A short and interesting sketch of Cardinal Newman's life was read by Miss Georgia Cannon; this was followed by a synopsis of his celebrated work, "The Dream of Gerontius," by Miss Hefferan and Miss Altenburg, while some of the most beautiful passages from his works were charmingly given by other members of the Society. A musical touch was given to the evening by the instrumental selections of Miss Lilly and Miss Simpson. The programme closed with Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

May first—There is always a thrill of joy among the pupils of Loretto at the approach of May—the usual enthusiasm in the election of leaders for the May bands is shown in the choice of such earnest and devoted champions of Our Lady as Miss Hefferan and Miss Elinore Lilly. The two bands under the special protection of Our Lady of Victory and Our Lady of Loretto will vie with each other in showing their love and devotion to Our Blessed Mother, during this month, by various little acts of piety and self-denial. The habits of virtue acquired in this laudable emulation tend much to the making of the valiant Christian.

May seventh—The extraordinary progress made by the pupils of the elocution class, during

the past term, was clearly evinced in the elocution recital of Tuesday evening. It is gratifying to note the marked maturity that they have reached in their interpretation, which, if continued, will soon enable them to cross the borderland of amateur to the larger field of artistic endeavor.

Miss Florilla Webb, in her selection, "The Painter of Seville," told us the pathetic story of the aims and aspirations of poor little Sebastian, in a very touching and artistic manner. In striking contrast, next came Miss Veronica Altenburg's recitation, entitled "The Undaunted Lad," which was heartily applauded. Miss Anna Staley's charming rendition of "Pancratius" showed the remarkable progress made in a few short months. But the *pièce de résistance* of the evening was, undoubtedly, the scene from the "Merchant of Venice." Miss Altenburg as Shylock, Miss Lilly as Portia, Miss Mudd as Bassanio, and Miss Staley as the irrepressible Gratiano, as well as the other members of the cast, scored a brilliant success. Miss Bernice Rochford's selection, "The Bootblacks," appealed very forcibly to the risible faculties of the younger set. The next number was the "Monk's Magnificat," by Miss Lilly. The subject savored of the sublime, and the beauty of the language was enhanced by the grace of gesture, which never fails to add perceptibly to the general merit of a recitation. Miss Edna Maloney, in her selections of "Belshazzar's Feast," and Miss Mary Eagan's "Matins at Old St. Mary's," were both very much appreciated.

May ninth—The genial rays of the May sunshine poured through the chapel windows and shed their radiance upon three little white-robed maidens who, with reverential awe and filial confidence, were earnestly awaiting the moment when they would receive into their innocent little hearts, for the first time, their Lord and their God. The favored ones were Margaret Bampfield, Louise Cunningham, and Edna Decker, who, after many weeks of earnest preparation, were to realize the anxious longing of their youthful hearts. The happy parents of these little ones knelt immediately behind them and, no doubt, appreciated the privilege of being so near their children on this the happiest day of their lives.

April twenty-fourth—Retreat under the spiritual guidance of Reverend J. Gillis, C. S. P. The loving invitation of Our Divine Saviour to come apart, was eagerly accepted by all, and, in the holy calm of those days of prayerful rest, many strong resolutions were formed. Father Gillis' earnest and practical counsels sank deep into the hearts of all, and awakened a desire to turn from sin and seek again the true road, that alone leads to peace and happiness.

Having listened to the exhortations and warnings of our Reverend guide, we will go forth into the world better prepared "to fight the good fight," and to act our part as the "valiant woman."

May twenty-second—Father Cunnion, a member of the apostolic band of missionaries of the New York diocese, gave us an interesting little talk on his labors among the people of the slums of New York City. We were given an insight into some of the wretchedness and misery that exist in our great cities, and shown the large field that is opened to those who may desire to benefit suffering humanity.

Father Cunnion dwelt strongly on the value of kindness, and forcibly reminded us of Father Faber's beautiful words on the same subject: "Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way, and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angel's nature into us."

June seventh—The annual trip of the graduates and undergraduates to Toronto was accompanied by the usual bustle and excitement. It is a strange coincidence how certain young maidens whom, as a general rule, no amount of persuasion can call from their downy cots, are so bright and early on such occasions.

It was an ideal day and the exquisite beauty of the places through which we passed on our way to the boat, recalled forcibly to our minds the words of the poet, "What is so rare as a day in June!" Fair Ontario lay before us, sparkling in the glory of the morning sunshine, like a bed of diamonds.

Having arrived at our destination, we were cordially received by our kind friends at the Abbey,

where everything was done to make our visit as enjoyable as possible.

May thirty-first—The usual beautiful and impressive closing of the month of May. The pupils wended their way, in procession, through the convent grounds, joyfully singing the praises of their Virgin Mother, while nature, beautiful in the freshness of her spring beauty, seemed desirous of contributing her share in honoring the Queen of Heaven. Miss Jane Hefferan crowned the statue of Our Lady and placed a farewell tribute at her feet.

June twelfth—The school gave a farewell tribute to the graduates, in the form of an elaborate banquet. The undergraduates gave evidence of great skill and taste in the artistic decorations so gracefully arranged. Five candles peeped through a profusion of flowers. They were, of course, typical of the number that forms the class of '07.

Additional pleasure was added to the evening by the presence of our dear friends, Father Walsh and Father Rosa, who, fortunately, dropped in for a little chat before we had all dispersed for the vacation.

Having disposed of the many dainties under which the festive board groaned, Miss Agnes Mudd, who acted as toastmistress, rose and proposed a toast to the graduates of '07, which was heartily taken up by all. This was followed by toasts from each of the graduates. The class prophecy, as read by Miss Anna Staley, brought forth great merriment, as each of our graduates was presented to us as she would appear after about fifteen or twenty years.

EDITH GARNEAU.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

May-day!—scattering blossoms on the hedgerows and wooing the buds into bloom. The robins are singing distractingly this morning and the budding maple boughs are beckoning, while the lovely paths bordered with sweet flower faces unfold invitingly before our gaze, and clusters of pale spring beauties raise their delicate heads from the lowly earth. How hard it seems when spring is here with its soft air, its sunshine and

its promise, to be held down to books instead of indulging in a good old irresponsible mood of sweet idleness, allowing work to remain undone!

But the Fates are kind. The much-desired holiday is ours, and we set out for the woodlands, with baskets of generous proportions—a happy band in quest of a favorite haunt where shade and natural beauty combined might afford an ideal spot for picnickers.

Soon we were in a new world of foliage, and the birds that flitted through it were making the wooded parklands echo with their song and thrilling the air with their melody—what a gay company of minute warblers will soon grace these trees for a brief time! In merry groups we chatted and rested, admiring the myriad wild flowers that grew everywhere in profusion, and culling those which pleased us most to bring back as fragrant souvenirs of a very enjoyable day with Nature.

May first—How fitting it is that the loving children of Him who made all things should consecrate this beautiful month to the special devotion of His Immaculate Mother. And among those whose voices will be lifted up in prayer and praise, in song and hymn from hearts full of tender-love, the children of Loretto should surely be found foremost in the happy throng, for are they not especially under the mantle of her protection, in her own Institute? And so, amid the lighted tapers and clustering flowers around Our Lady's statue, their petitions and sacrifices and various good works will be laid by the leaders of the "May Bands," and not a softly-lisped "Hail Mary" from the lips of her tiniest client shall be lost, or unnoticed by the "Mother of fair love."

May fourth—Our annual retreat, conducted by Reverend George Kenny, S. J. We felt privileged in the guidance of a spiritual director so eminently qualified by a long career of useful, unselfish service in the Vineyard to lead souls to God by the persuasive influence of his words, and who places all the gifts of his mind and heart at the service of those who need them. Like the Master, he finds joy in ennobling children, elevating their aspirations, and teaching them to guard against the snares that beset the narrow path.

These days of peaceful solitude seemed like one blessed hour, so rapt were we in humble,

fervent communion with our Creator. With regret we left our world of silence and holy contemplation to meet again the oft-perplexing—sometimes amusing—realities of school life, but the memory of this impressive and very practical retreat will linger with those who had the happiness of making it.

May sixth—We attend the *matinée* performance of the "Orphans' Festival," to which many of us who had not been present on former occasions, looked forward with more than ordinary interest.

The well-arranged and varied programme consisted of three parts, and included the playlets, "The Deacon," and "Kitty Clive," which had been presented, a few weeks before, in Ottawa before the Governor-General. A very pretty and fascinating sketch, entitled "An Afternoon in Ireland," elicited unstinted applause.

May twenty-fourth—Victoria Day. It was evident from the enthusiasm displayed in the celebration that the noble Queen who so long sustained the honor of the world's greatest Empire, still lives in the hearts of the people.

At an early hour the ubiquitous firecracker, prompt as the sun, evinced juvenile appreciation of the day, disturbing the slumbers of those who, despite the privilege of a holiday, had remained in the convent; and eliciting unfavorable comment from the daughters of Uncle Sam, who seemed to object to this strenuous form of loyalty.

At eleven o'clock we went to Dundurn Park to witness the exercises in which about five thousand of the school children, carrying small flags and wearing red badges, took part. They had marched from Victoria Park, headed by the Seventy-Seventh Regiment band, where the Thirtieth Regiment had trooped the colors for the benefit of the people. It was a very pretty sight and added greatly to the enjoyment of the forenoon.

May thirty-first—Farewell to May. A very devotional procession through the grounds—the crowning of the statue of the Blessed Virgin by Hilda Murray—followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We trust that our heavenly Queen, who never pleads in vain, may obtain many graces for those whose offerings sparkle in her crown—diamonds

of charity, sapphires of prayer, rubies of self-denial, and emeralds of humility—gems, in comparison with whose lustre, those of earth grow dim.

June first—The very edifying and praiseworthy custom of supplying oil for the sanctuary lamp, which keeps silent watch before the tabernacle home of our hidden God, has been followed by Mrs. J. Brennan of this city; to whom we would fain convey, through the columns of the RAINBOW, the comforting assurance that, when the Religious and pupils kneel in prayer, she and the cherished daughter whom she mourns, and to whom, we trust, our Heavenly Father has given sweet rest, are fervently remembered.

June fourth—An echo of wedding-bells from Colorado Springs, Colorado, where Miss Florence McConnell—a former pupil of the Abbey—became the bride of Mr. Bayard Kanvalinka Sweeney, in St. Mary's Church, at ten o'clock.

The *staff* heartily wishes the wedded pair many years of unalloyed happiness and a rose-strewn path through life.

June sixth—At the Concert given in the Association Hall by Mrs. Martin-Murphy's pupils, Loretto was represented by Elizabeth MacSloy, Frances Daniells, Rita Sheedy and Mary Battle, who contributed some very brilliant numbers, to the entire satisfaction of their teacher and the audience.

June fourteenth—A charming Toronto *invasion*—the Abbey Graduates, accompanied by M. M. Benedict Labre and S. M. Delphina, cross the lake and pay a visit to their sister students at the Mount. We were delighted to welcome the dignified seniors, so soon to pass through the gateway to freedom into the great world.

After dinner, the most picturesque and attractive parts of the "ambitious little city" were explored—but the souvenirs obtained and carried away were of a rather mysterious character, and we have yet to learn their significance. We hope they are not intended for domestic use—we are puzzled. But there is no accounting for taste—no fathoming the heart of the schoolgirl—

"What care we if the walls have ears,
They hear but never tell,
In sooth, we might have cause for fears
Had they but tongues as well."

June twentieth—With deep regret we have heard of the death of Very Reverend James Hayes, S. J., late English Assistant to the General of the Society of Jesus, and granduncle to our dear companion, Hilda Murray, who had looked forward to the pleasure of meeting him some day, in the Eternal City.

EDNA MCGUIRE.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Jackson Park Terrace, Chicago.

Did it not savor of presumption to imagine that our contribution was missed from the pages of the RAINBOW, we would apologize for our silence. However, an apology for reverting to Ancient History—if so modern an institution as ours can be said to have a history—by recounting a few of our social doings, antedating your last publication, will be more in keeping with our “umble” position as the “youngest-born” of Loretto’s children. Our humility is our strong point, you see—in fact, we are a veritable *Uriah Heap*, in that respect.

To begin with the New Year, the first thing that arrests the attention of the seeker after society notes, is the celebration of the Longfellow Centenary. St. Ursula’s Literary Society, in response to a few gentle hints and sarcastic reflections on their patriotism, coming from the presiding genius, resolved to mark the day by an entertaining and instructive programme, consisting of some of those lyrical gems with musical setting “which, on the stretched forefinger of time, sparkle forever”; narrative poems recited and received with appreciation; an interesting sketch of the poet’s life and amusing anecdotes related by the various members. Thus we added our little leaf to the laurel crown encircling the revered brow of the best-loved of American poets.

No doubt, it would be refreshing at this season to receive an account of our sleigh-ride, but, the gods, answering the prayer of Dryden’s lover, have annihilated time and space—the time at our disposal and the space at yours—thus depriving the gentle reader of the cold wave which might have passed over him.

We skim over arid deserts of Virgil and Cæsar

and geometry to the next oasis, which is, indeed, a green one,—the “Shamrock Tea” of March 14th, on which day we anticipated the Feast of St. Patrick. Invitations and programmes bore the little trifolium dear to every Irish heart, and both hall and refectory were elaborately ornamented with festoons of green and white, the floral decorations being a profusion of ferns and white carnations. In the rear of the stage, from which the guests of honor were entertained, was a harp artistically wrought in these two colors. Among the numbers deserving special mention were, “The Dear Little Shamrock of Ireland,” exquisitely sung by Miss Marie White; “Erin, the Tear and the Smile,” rendered in Irish by Miss Pearl Hoglund; “A Eulogy on St. Patrick,” effectively delivered by Miss Irene Quinn, and the “Irish Dances,” by Miss Helen Sullivan and Miss Irene Mulhern. After an eloquent speech by our beloved and esteemed friend, Reverend W. O’Sullivan, all repaired to the banquet room where were served various dishes concocted by the young ladies, with the kindly assistance of Sister Frederica, who was obliged to fly to the rescue on seeing certain artistically-disposed maidens attempting to insert Waldorf salad in green apples. Now if the critic on Mount Olympus—not Mt. St. Mary—says that oyster patties and salad are not the correct thing for a “Tea,” it is because he was not there, for if he had been there, he would not have been there. Q. E. D. [That was intended for an epigram. We have a nice assortment of similar ones, which may be had on application.]

A unique feature of the evening was a contest, at which prizes were offered, respectively, for the best, the poorest, the newest, and the oldest joke. Each joke must be Celtic in its association and previously submitted to the censor of jokes. Miss Helen Smith secured the prize—a pretty piece of hand-painted china—for the best, while Father O’Sullivan proudly carried off the prize for the worst. We say “carried off,” as there are grave doubts as to whether it was honestly won.

Our next respite from toil was the Easter vacation, most of which was spent in our respective parish churches. Those of us who had the good fortune to be present at the Tenebrae at St. Cyril’s were deeply impressed by that solemn service, chanted by a choir of cowed and white-robed Carmelite monks.

Thence we pass on to May 6th, when "The Lady of the Lake," which had been dramatized for the occasion, was presented by the Academic and Intermediate classes. If Sir Walter Scott himself had been hovering, in spirit, around this neighborhood, on that occasion, even he must have been satisfied with the treatment accorded to his beautiful metrical romance. Though the theme, being heroic, affords some temptation for the performers to adopt a stagy style, the young ladies entered into their parts with a spirit and insight which excluded everything artificial. Miss Chrysse O'Callaghan, as Fitz-James, showed all that grace and courtesy to be expected from a king in disguise, while Miss Irene Quinn, as Rhoderic Dhu, was that wild marauding chief to the life—attracting by his courage and martial faith, but repelling by his cruelty and love of plunder. Miss Kathleen Brennan made a very sweet "Lady of the Lake." The acting of Miss Winefred Guthrie, as Malcolm, of Miss Genevieve Corkell, as Douglas, and of Miss Veronica Gallagher, as Blanche of Devan, might be mentioned with praise, were it not difficult to specialize in so strong a cast. The conversation between James Fitz-James and Roderic Dhu was well sustained and the combat executed with spirit and skill. The court scene was brilliant and effective. On the whole, the play was successful beyond our most sanguine expectations.

The crowning of the statue of Our Blessed Lady, which should be among our most pleasant recollections of the year, took place on Friday, May 31st. May bands, under the patronage of Our Lady of Lourdes and Our Lady of Mount Carmel, had vied with each other in the laudable ambition to obtain the honor of placing the floral wreath upon our fair Queen's brow. This privilege was accorded to the one under Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and the ceremony was impressively carried out in our beautiful chapel, where a sermon, practical and inspiring, was preached by Father Anderson, O. C. C., and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament given.

On Friday, June 14th, a very successful piano recital took place, the pupils giving evidence of careful training and rendering their several numbers with the ease and composure of skilled artists. Many of those present expressed their surprise at the proficiency attained by the pupils in

the short time which has elapsed since the opening of the Academy.

The German class gave a *Deutsches Declamiren*, on Wednesday, June 19th, consisting of songs, recitations and speeches suitable to the occasion. The hall was decorated with the German tricolor and the dainty programmes bore the flag of the Vaterland.

At the conclusion of the recital a reception was tendered Miss Helen Bird, the first to receive a diploma from the Academic Course. This honor was conferred the following day in the presence of Rev. C. Keough, O. C. C., Rev. F. C. Sullivan, Rev. C. Anderson, Rev. A. O'Reilly, Rev. F. Trainor and others of the local clergy.

On Thursday afternoon a concert was given by the Little Ones at which a pretty cantata, "The Moon Queen," was the principal feature. It was a most charming affair. The stage was a bower of beauty, forming a suitable setting for juvenile innocence and loveliness. Those who had the good fortune to be present went away profoundly affected by the religious atmosphere that pervaded the place and was radiated from those infant lips as they sang their hymn to Our Lady, or spoke of the beauty of perfect renunciation.

After the concert, all dispersed for vacation, agreeing that the year just passed, although checkered with the lights and shadows inseparable from schoolgirl life, was one of great happiness and profit.

S. S. T.

After Night 'Tis Again the Morning.

When the heart is young,
Life is song glad-sung,
And its numbers pour forth unbidden;
But the cruel years
Offer place to tears,
Driving joy to the depths, fear-ridden.

* * * * *

Now the song of birds
Stirs, too deep for words,
All the cravings of bonded gladness:
'Tis the old-time joy
Will have no alloy,
And no home in the heart for sadness!

From the bluebird's throat
 Calls Spring's rarest note,
 While his wing is a glint of heaven!
 Warblings fill the air,
 Praises everywhere
 Tell of strength to the weak Love-given!

Soft the southern breeze
 Tells the waiting trees
 That the reign of the north wind's over;
 And the buds of hope
 From their slumbers ope
 And with green all the dark blight cover.

Hear the dreamy *song,
 All our way along,
 Charming memories sad to slumber;
 Nature's humblest earth
 Sings the soul's high birth—
 Heir to joys that all ills outnumber!

In the balmy air,
 Whisp'ring everywhere,
 There are benisons low, grief-parted:
 All the sweet past fled,
 Dear friends chang'd or dead,—
 Cries our need of the days trust-hearted!

Care has unblest'd thralls,
 Come, 'tis mercy calls!
 And high Heaven will aid our turning
 From the sordid years
 Yielding doubt and fears:
 E'er of God is the spirit's yearning!

With the wayside flowers,
 Let us count the hours,
 All the world's coldest wisdom scorning;
 In the darkness lone
 We have made our moan,—
 After night 'tis again the morning!

IDRIS.

* Of the frogs.

"There's your old card now with Erin go *brag* on it!"

"I told mamma that the fish was biting to-day, and she said, 'Go back to school and they won't bite you.'"

Personal.

"I declare you're the most tantalizing girl in existence! There you sit like a *statute*, never saying a word to show that you don't know what you're talking about."

"Why are you not at school to-day, Julia?"

"Ain't no school; this is Longfellow Day."

"Longfellow, is it? Well, well! Who'd ever have heard of him if he hadn't married Teddy Roosevelt's daughter?"

"Grandma said it was an extravagance to eat butter and jam at the same time on my bread, but I told her it was not, because the same piece of bread did for both."

"I dreamed last night that I went to heaven and saw you there looking just as natural as life."

"What did I have on?"

"May ve go und hear dot leedle Cherman bant?"

"I guess Miles Standish didn't send a telegram to Longfellow on his birthday. Would you, if you were he?"

Veronica, sorely puzzled over the word *siesta* in the distribution of time for retreat—"Sister, how do you do that? We never did that before."

"What does Hades mean?"

"It is a polite word for hell."

"And is there any polite word for heaven?"

"If she gives you a piece of cake, be sure to say 'Thank you.'"

"What's the use, she never gives you any more."

"Was he married abroad?"

"No, he came back with his maiden name."

"I was outspoken at the meeting, last evening."

"Who outspoke you, Edna?"

"When you were in Spain did you visit the Alhambra?"

"You're mixed, Gladys. The Alhambra is in London, you know."

"I'll just be as brave as a—lion—no—not a lion maybe—but some other kind of an animal that isn't so terribly afraid."

"When I get to heaven I'm going to ask Shakespeare whether or not he wrote those plays."

"Maybe he won't be there."

"Then you ask him."



Raphael Merry del Val

NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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"War Against Christ."

Cardinal Merry del Val.

I.

The Voices and the Appetites.

IT was a winter afternoon in the Chamber of Deputies, there by the misty Seine in Paris. By a vote of nearly three to one the representatives of the French nation turned out the light in heaven. That was a prodigious event. Two thousand years ago a star stood over Bethlehem.

"We have put that star out forever!" cried the orator.

He was Viviani—a desperate lawyer, politician, journalist, a socialist who had fought his way to power with the ruthless courage of a mediæval bravo; having been personally informed of the non-existence of God, he announced the fact simply and frankly: "Aye, there was a deceptive light in heaven, but We have put it out forever!"

By "We" he meant the brawling cohort grouped at the left of the chamber—the cohort of socialistic Greeds; yonder fat and hairy man, with the immense abdomen and the short gesticulating fins—a porpoise of a man!—may stand for the type and symbol of them all—Jaurès. He is not a man; he is a Voice and an Appetite; lungs and stomach. By "We" Viviani meant all the Voices and Appetites round the swirl-trough of the state. And wild cheers greeted him.

Old Clemenceau, a little man, smart and dirty, led the applause from his place of Prime Minister. The melancholy Brisson, who presided, looked almost cheerful; he had never been personally informed of the non-existence of God, and his life had been a dismal fear—he showed

immense relief. That bold Viviani, with his rhetor's breath, had blown out the light of heaven. When the French Chamber passes a new law it orders it printed on huge posters and pasted up all over France—at every street corner, in every hamlet, on wayside barns and fences. I have forgotten what Jaurès rose and demanded that Viviani's speech should be thus placarded over France; but, by a vote of nearly three to one, the order was made. And for weeks after—even to this day—the walls and hoardings proclaimed the interesting fact that the French Assembly had decreed the non-existence of God and turned out the lights that shone once upon a time overhead.

Unless you know France well you cannot understand how the news was received. The Parisian journalists, who have always had a prudent dread of constellations and aureoles, wrote grinning articles in which they praised Viviani's rhetoric; the helots of the cities smashed a few church windows, stoned a few men of God, and drank a little more absinthe than usual; the lean peasants—the real victims of the Appetites and Voices—stared at the posters and plodded on the way, silent and inscrutable; and in the wine shops, music-halls, *cafés beuglants*, a new song, became popular—a Rabelaisian parody of what children once sang about the star of Bethlehem. That was all.

They did it better a hundred years ago.

Robespierre—in a sky-blue coat—led his deputies to the Champs de Mars, where they crowned a poor draggled night girl with tinsel, and worshipped her. The Voices and Appetites do not worship even that poor, sad, outcast type of humanity. The only worship they have is that of the Trough; immediately after banishing God from heaven—by a vote of nearly three to one—

they decided—by a nearly unanimous vote—to double their own salaries.

Thus, having disposed of the necessary preliminaries, the Chamber of Deputies went on about its business of passing laws for the confiscation of what property it had not yet taken from the Church.

It is not my business in this article to unravel for you the long and complicated history of the Concordat, which bound the unwilling Church to France. This was the work of Napoleon. And it was a bilateral agreement, whereby the Church lost a great many of her possessions and accepted in return a system—then much in vogue in England—of multiple small pensions for her clergy. It was bad for the Church, because it made the servants of religion mere helpless functionaries of the state; it was bad for the state, because it introduced into sordid French politics a new and superfluous element of hypocrisy. Unfortunately, the contract was difficult to break. You give me your house upon condition that I shall pay you a pension for life—that is a bad bond between us; but so long as the conditions are fulfilled, it is not easy to undo it. Abstract justice, however, is not a question that concerns the governments of men. With states, as with men and microbes, the old Darwinian law holds good—the struggle for existence knows nothing of moral right or wrong. So France broke the Concordat—it kept the house and refused to pay the pension. Had this been all, there had been to-day no religious war in France. Things had been as they are in England and the United States and the free republics of South America. The Churches, built by the piety of ages, had stood open; men had entered and prayed or passed by—just as they found best. Priests had prayed in the quiet churches. Socialists had howled in the wine shops. And for the first time in her history France had known the serene, tolerant, tranquil liberty of the Anglo-Saxon world. But the Frenchman's idea of liberty is the license—granted by the state—to knock some one else about the ears. The government had been so long used to treating the clergy as functionaries that it could not bring itself to let them go freely about their business. What, these poor, black-coated imbeciles, who do not know that God is dead, are to be permitted to preach their absurd doctrines how and where and when they please? The

Voices and the Appetites could not consent to that for one moment. And besides, in spite of the fact that the property of all the religious congregations had been seized quite recently, the Trough was empty. So the Briand law was passed, which tied the unwilling Church once more to the state—and put a gendarme at the altar, side by side with the priest.

This was the state of affairs in France when—wary of the Voices—I went down to San Remo, where the world is quiet, and only the gray olive trees whisper together. It was there I received a cablegram from the editor of *Everybody's Magazine*, asking me to “go to Rome and interview Cardinal Merry del Val,” upon this thorny French question of Church and State. It sounds quite simple, does it not? Only it has never been done before. Thousands of pilgrims have been received by the Pope—but aloof, mysterious, invisible, another Power, ancient as the faith, dwells in the gray silence of the Vatican; behind a closed door. Kings have beaten upon that door with angry swords, and had no answer—only silence. And so, though I went to Rome, it was without hope of fulfilling my mission. What is called in Italy a *treno di lusso* dragged its slow length along by the sea for twenty hours; I walked up and down the corridor wondering how I should open that closed door yonder in the Eternal City. One man I knew would help me: this was the Baron von Rotenhan, the Prussian *Gesandte* to the Holy See; by this time he knew I was on my way to Rome. And I thought of others, of prelates—who is there? who is there?

(A man says to himself: “This thing shall I do!” and goes his way, poor fool! And, lo, all the while an army of Obscure Wills labors in the darkness—like the panting serfs who dig in a coal-pit—quarrying out that man's destiny and shaping the thing he shall do.)

Toward midday it was the wide Campagna—the smoke-colored oxen drifting across it—and then, far off, the great dome of St. Peter's; an hour later I was driving to the house of Monsignor Brandi in the Via Ripetta. He is the stateliest of men, a fountain of discretion and most excellent prudence. His advice was good. It was late when I reached the Via dell'Umiltà. I pushed hard on the electric button in the windy stone entrance. No answer. I beat on the door with my walking-stick. A baker's boy, with a

basket of loaves on his head, came up and lent me his additional clamor. And no one came. After twenty minutes I gave it up. "There is always another way," I said; and ordered my cabman to drive to the Baron von Rotenhan's private residence. At that moment—for the Obscure Wills had labored in the dark—a pale young priest came to the door of the house. I turned back, and a moment later I was sitting in the great, silent reception-room, staring at a familiar picture—the virile head of Roosevelt. Then Monsignor Kennedy entered. It was good to be able to speak English once more, and for a long time we talked. This tall man, with the athlete's shoulders, has kindly eyes and the look of power. And power he has; not wholly, either, because he is head of the American College in Rome—men are more than place.

"It is impossible," he said; "but come to the Vatican to-morrow, I may possibly give you an opportunity of seeing the Cardinal, but an interview is out of the question. Such a thing is unknown and unheard of."

For three days before Christmas nothing can be done in clerical Rome. These days are given up to the annual visits paid in hierarchic order—the Cardinals wait upon the Secretary of State, Bishops and Archbishops pay their respects.

It was at twelve o'clock of the third day before Christmas that Monsignor Kennedy was to make his annual visit to Cardinal del Val.

II.

"Come in—I am Glad to See You."

It was a little before twelve o'clock when I passed the Swiss Guards and entered by the Porta di Bronzo; the steps led up to the Cortile di San Damaso—and that was familiar. I walked to and fro there with Malaspina—the man who knows Rome best. It is behind those windows on the second floor that the Pope dwells. The windows are curtained—all. Then we went up—past the knightly guards—to the Great Hall. An usher, in black and white, took my coat and hat and showed me into the First Room of the state-apartment occupied by the Secretary of State. The Appartamento Borgia; here died that Borgia who was Alexander VI. High on the vaulted ceiling dance four winged Victories, upholding the arms of the Medici. Your thoughts go back

to those tremendous, far-off days when the militant Church had conquered the universe; and the Feet of Immaculate Conception were planted on the necks of kings; that was long ago. Cardinals come and go; a bishop, in violet soutane, stands by the little table where a silent secretary sits making notes in a leather book. At last comes Monsignor Kennedy—black-robed, girt with his crimson sash.

"I will see His Eminence and do what I can;" and Monsignor takes me into the Second Room; there he leaves me. Little groups of ecclesiastics, in red, in violet, in black, are whispering together. On the walls are wonderful paintings of the Life of the Madonna—Pinturicchio's miracles of color—and overhead the Apis bull, belonging to the arms of the Borgias. But my thoughts are with the Obscure Wills at work in the darkness; what is Monsignor Kennedy saying now? In a moment he comes and whispers. "His Eminence will see you, but he can give you only a few moments."

We go into the Third Room, which is that of the Saints—on the wall St. Anthony waves away with eternal disdain the women with cloven feet. A Roman cardinal walks to and fro, waiting—it is the Cardinal San Miniato; that other Cardinal, too, I recognize—the imperial face, the ample gesture, belong to Rampolla and no other. Comes a third Cardinal—it is Giacobini. And we wait, in front of a closed door. At last, a gentleman-in-waiting opens the door—he is a pompous figure of a man, with sword and cocked hat. And then I see the tall figure of the Cardinal Merry del Val, the red silk falling about him. When I have been presented he shakes hands and says: "Come in, I am glad to see you." The door closes behind us. Then I see that we are quite alone. There is a crimson *canapé* opposite the great fireplace, and to the right of it is a wide fauteuil; it is there we sit. His Eminence waited for me to speak, and that—when one has only three minutes of allotted time—is not easy. I told him of certain things that I had seen and known in France, and explained why it was well the truth should be written in a great magazine at home. He listened in silence until I referred to a speech that Briand, the Minister of Public Worship (!) made when he introduced the last anti-religious bill, in the Chamber of Deputies; and I quoted the words

of that little brawling Jacobin: "Il faut en finir avec l'idée chrétienne!" We must make an end of the Christian idea!

The tall figure, draped in shimmering silk, had been quite motionless until then; the thin, handsome face had been like a Roman mask in its immobility, and the wonderful eyes, large and brown, had seemed of stone; but when I quoted those words the real man appeared—it was very wonderful. It was as though a flame—without vacillation, steady as a sword—burned up in him. There was flame in the great eyes—flame even in the long white hand with which he threw back the folds of red silk. What he said was:

"You see, then! It is not a war against the Church—it is war against Christianity itself—it is war against Christ! That is a plain declaration of the government of France. Without any concealment it announces that its purpose is to make an end of the Christian idea. It is more than a solemn profession of irreligion—it is a declaration of war upon Christ."

"That is the plain truth, Your Eminence. No one who knows French politics can ignore it."

"But the press of the world does not say it. The Paris correspondents hear these things said in the Chamber of Deputies. They are not ignorant of the government's frankly declared purpose to eradicate Christianity from France. Daily they witness the bad faith of the government—its acts of plunder and sacrilege—and they cannot be for one moment deceived by the hypocritical pretense of tolerance."

"They are not deceived," I said, "but they are not the proprietors of the journals in which they write. And so long as the brunt of this battle in France is borne by the Catholic Church, the great newspapers and the news-agencies—which are mostly non-Christian—are rather pleased than otherwise."

His Eminence, for he is English-born, spoke of the London *Times*, and of its persistent and subtle misrepresentation of this attack on the faith of Christ. And it is a plain matter. In all the English-speaking world the battle in France has been subtly misrepresented. The press has been an orchestra ruled by the *bâton* waved by the non-Christian ring of international financiers. No one of the slightest intelligence in international affairs doubts this fact—but few would dare to say it. There is not much courage

these days. But courage is a quality that Cardinal Merry del Val has never lacked. And the picture he drew of this great battle for religious liberty and the faith of Christ was bold and apostolic. I seemed to see the legions marching out against God—grimy little Jacobins, the Voices and the Appetites, while in the background other little men unbent themselves and stood up—they had been groping for gold in the gutters of the world—in the very tumors of humanity—and cheered on the grimy mercenaries; over them floated sordid banners on which I read: "*A bas le Christ!*"—a true picture that. "*A bas le Christ!*"—that is the open cry of Briand, "Minister of Public Worship," of Jaurès, of Clemenceau, of Viviani, of all the dwarf Robespierres in whose hands—ostensibly—are the destinies of unhappy France. And of these things the Cardinal spoke very quietly, but with hidden fire; and now and then he gesticulated with his long white hand, upon which was the great episcopal emerald—it is the gem of humanity and peace.

III.

The Gendarme at the Altar.

"The English-speaking world is Christian, after all, Your Eminence; its apathy is due to ignorance. That hidden orchestral leader of the press has created the impression that the Pope is assailing the French civil law."

"You have but to look at the facts. The Concordat was broken—most dishonorably, The Holy See was not even notified. This in itself was a violation of the usages of civilized nations. Moreover, if the Concordat was to be broken, if the petty pensions paid to the clergy were to be revoked, justice demanded that the Church property, which the State held in trust as a guarantee of these payments should be given back. Now, what was done? The State confiscated the entire property of the Church—the houses built for God by the piety of ages, the episcopal manses, the very funds that had been laid up for the support of superannuated priests, the sacred vessels and the holy relics of the faith. One thing the State offered—it permitted the churches to be *leased* by what it called *associations cultuelles*. These associations might be formed by any Frenchmen who made a declaration before the local authorities."

"I know a parish where the plumber, who is a socialistic politician and a Jewish antiquary, made that declaration," I said.

"Exactly such a thing could occur in any parish. These *associations cultuelles* receive from the government a one-year lease of the church buildings; they are held responsible for public worship—and their orthodoxy, their Christianity even, is vouched for, not by the bishop of the diocese, but a council of state, named and appointed by the government of France—by that Minister of Public Worship who has declared: 'We must make an end of Christianity!' I shall not insult your intelligence by asking you if this is religious liberty! These churches must be leased from the government; once a year the lessee must report himself to the police, like a ticket-of-leave man; but that is not all. The *association cultuelle* is responsible for the public worship; beside the priest at the altar stands the gendarme. At any moment this delegate of those who are trying to make an end of Christianity, may rise and stop the service—send the priest from the altar and take his place. Have you read this law—Article V, 25° and 36°—which prohibits the giving of religious instruction to children between the ages of six and thirteen, who are inscribed in the public schools, or destined to enter such schools?

Religious Liberty :

"All our property—historic churches, ancient colleges, seminaries, manses, houses for the sick and the poor, houses of prayer—we let them take it all. We demanded only the right to worship God in freedom.

"It has been said that we put ourselves in opposition to the law of the land by refusing to form the *associations cultuelles*. This again is misrepresentation; the law gave us the right to form these associations—we refused to take advantage of it. By way of answer the government applied a penalty, which has long been excluded from French law, that of confiscation. Very well; they have taken our property; but we have not yielded up the principle of religious liberty. You have read the Pope's encyclical: *Gravissimo officii munere*, in which it is stated that the *associations cultuelles* offered by the new law cannot be instituted without violence to the sacred principles and rites that are the basis of the life of the

Church. Upon that we stand. The French Government issued a statement that it knew to be false when it announced that the French Episcopate would have accepted the law; it was unanimous in rejecting it.

"Again, the French governmental press avers that, in Germany, the Pope accepted the *associations cultuelles* which, in France, he has refused. This is another distortion of the truth. The German Church Councils are merely administrators of Church property."

"As the church wardens are in England," I suggested.

"Yes, they manage the Church property; but they are not the organizers and directors of Church worship, as the French associations would be. And it is upon this point that we cannot yield. We cannot permit that those who are avowedly trying to make an end of Christianity, should control our worship of Christ. This is more than a violation of the rights of individual liberty; it is a denial of man's right to worship God."

And this, indeed, is the point in the law of December 16, 1906, and, in the later law, passed in the last days of the year, a point that has not been made clear in the press of the English-speaking world. Glance merely at the famous paragraphs ordaining that the churches shall be kept open, "according to the days, hours, and convenience of the taxpayers of each commune and under the control of the mayor or responsible local authority." Now the churches, so controlled, are "kept open," not only for the use of Catholics who built them, but "for all religious or philosophical gatherings." If certain little Robespierres wish to worship the Goddess Reason, they have merely to mention the days and hours that suit their convenience. The mayor and the gendarme will see to it that their girl in tinsel is installed in the holy place. Israelites, Buddhists, philosophical anarchists, worshippers of the Golden Calf, devil-worshippers of the Parisian cult, may gather in the churches, suiting their "convenience" of day and hour. And to the Catholics the government says: "You see, we do not drive you out of your churches! They are open. Go and worship if you want to worship. The mayor will admit you; the gendarme will 'organize and direct' your worship." As a matter of fact, one has but to read the law to recognize

how subtly it fulfils its purpose—that purpose which Briand declared was to make an end of Christianity.

It was of these things that His Eminence spoke, as we sat in the great room, in front of Sansovino's chimneypiece, and under the allegorical figures of the Arts and Sciences and the Cardinal Virtues—symbolism not wholly without meaning to-day. And I asked what the Church would do in these hours of battle. Once more, with slow emphasis, the Cardinal declared that the Church would not relinquish the fight for religious liberty in the world and for the preservation of the faith of Christ in France; and this was impressive. He stood erect in his flowing robes, and he seemed timeless and impersonal as a prophecy.

IV.

The Stolen Archives.

"The French Government has gone from illegality to illegality," he continued. "It broke the Concordat without notifying the other party to that contract—a procedure unknown among civilized nations. It seized Monsignor Montignini, who was in charge of the Papal Nunciature in Paris, and expelled him from the country, by the hands of its police. Such an expulsion is unprecedented in our days. Even when diplomatic relations are broken, civilized nations respect the residences, and especially the archives, of foreign embassies. It is true that our nuncio had left Paris, but how could I imagine that our archives would be plundered? Who could have expected that? The French press, and notably the government, have reproached me with asking the Spanish ambassador at Paris to try to protect the archives. What else should I have done? Such action has often been taken; it is thoroughly in accord with diplomatic usages. I telegraphed him as soon as I heard of the outrage. Unfortunately, he could do nothing; anyway it was too late."

It was another man who spoke now; and I began to understand why he is called the Great Cardinal.

"The archives were seized—the papers accumulated in the nunciatures of Monsignor Clari and Monsignor Lorenzelli, and, in addition, the cipher, with which the French Government can

now read all the telegrams exchanged between the nuncio and the Holy See, and, as well, the correspondence of all the civil powers—and all of them have a right to demand that their diplomatic secrets should be preserved. I have protested to the powers against this violation of an incontestable right of the Pope—the right of corresponding directly or through others with the Catholics of the entire world, be they bishops, or the humblest of the faithful."

His Eminence had spoken of a paper that he wished to give me. He went toward the Fifth Room, which is in the old Borgia tower. As he came to the few steps leading up to it, he turned and said: "Perhaps you would like to see this room."

Of old, it was known as the Room of The Creed; to-day, it is the Cardinal's study—a great writing-table, many books, a typewriter, a telephone; it is essentially modern save for those ancient frescoes and the deep windows.

For the Cardinal is the most modern of men; the Romans know him only as the great Secretary of State—that state constituted by 250,000,000 of the faithful. They see him when he drives abroad in his Old-World coach, drawn by black stallions. Those who know the man will tell you what a good game of golf he plays, how he can send a rifle bullet through a ten-cent piece at twenty yards.

These are things worth knowing about a really great man. And Cardinal Merry del Val is, moreover, an accomplished man. He speaks all languages. His English is perfect; he is a finished scholar, an extremely fine diplomatist, a rare judge of men. I have met most of the strong men of the world, and judged them as one may; but I have never been face to face with a man of such essential power. That is the impression you take away: calm power. There is no imperial hysteria; there is nothing strenuous and ill-balanced. You feel yourself in the presence of what the scientists call "intraatomic energy"—something beautiful and still and irresistibly strong. And this is interesting and important, because to Cardinal Merry del Val is committed the conduct of the battle now being waged in Europe for God and the Ideal. Of all the men in high place, he is the youngest. He was born in London, of distinguished Spanish-Irish parentage, in 1865. Before he was thirty-nine

years of age he was a cardinal; a year later he was made Cardinal Secretary of State. In his hands was placed the greatest administrative trust that any man holds upon earth. Pius X., as the Romans are fond of saying, is a holy Pope; it is upon his Secretary of State that the burden of the visible Church has been laid. And he has entered upon a great battle for liberty, perhaps the most important battle fought in France since the days of Clovis.

It should be borne in mind that France is the only anti-religious nation in the world. No other has set itself the task of blowing out the light in heaven and getting rid of Christianity; and France is in her decadence—with a dwindling population, with criminality averaging more than twice that of Italy or Germany, with nearly ten thousand suicides a year—the figures are 9,703—and with a literature in which Infamy squats by the side of Blasphemy and Human Degradation.

But even in the masculine and adult nations humanity to-day is ill at ease. In America, in every degree of latitude, scores of little religions are springing up and dying; ghostly visitants haunt the darkened rooms where tables rap and turn; one and all, these are mere indications of the battle that must be waged the world over—on the one side the Voices and the Appetites, on the other, God and the Ideal. And 250,000,000 are marching out with the Christian Knight with whom you and I have had word. Surely, then, he is a man to study and, if possible, to know. His last word was: "No, the Pope could not accept the *associations cultuelles* without failing in his duties as Supreme Chief of the Church and denying the fundamental principles of the Church itself."

He accompanied me to the door at which he had received me. And we shook hands and parted. The cardinals had gone; only the little secretary, silent and pale, still wrote in a leather book; and, in the other room, Monsignor Kennedy waited. He came to me in a kind of amazement.

"It is nearly two o'clock," he said.

His Eminence had given me not only three minutes; he had given me one hour and a half.
—Vance Thompson, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

An approving conscience is better than an applauding world.

Wheeling by the Rhine.

(Continued.)

THE picturesque castle of Stolzenfels, crowning the next very high hill, is well worth a dismount, although we had only left Coblenz, and on viewing it more closely, we were well repaid for making the ascent. Fifty years or so ago, it was completely restored in the style of the Middle Ages, and made habitable, the French having left it, in 1682, in a ruinous condition. Inside this massive building in the interesting rooms, are many objects of historical value, such as old paintings, tapestries, armor, etc. From our elevated position we commanded a fine view of the castle of Lahneck on the opposite side, at the junction of the Lahn River with the Rhine, and from the highest turret, the Stars and Stripes were flying. As is often the case on the Rhine, a German American had bought the castle, restored and furnished it for a residence, and was now enjoying the land of his forefathers.

After leaving Coblenz, one castle follows the other on the hills—all grandly situated, architecturally beautiful and imposing, and always on the most prominent peak of the hilly banks, making one wonder at the highly elevated—no joke meant—tastes of those warriors of old.

Now the wind became very fickle in its devotion and turned completely against us, so that by the time we reached Boppard, I was quite "done up," and, as we had determined not to overdo our strength in any way, we reluctantly gave up our wheels at the vine-covered railway station, intending to take the next train up the Rhine.

Everything was settled to our satisfaction, so sauntering past the walls of the ancient Marienberg convent, down to the river side, we watched the gay throng on the pier, and passed away the next half hour as agreeably as possible, for two such discontented people. While sorrowfully regretting our inability to proceed, we were suddenly struck by the fact that all the gay and festive flags were really flying in the right direction, the inconstancy was again proved,—reclaiming our wheels and consoling the astonished porter, we again set our steel steeds into motion, not to slacken till the high towers of Bingen come into view.

How perfectly beautiful is the situation of St. Goar!—the next town of any importance, surrounded by a chain of lovely green hills—and the ever-present remains of a castle, "Rheinfels," crowns as usual, one of the most prominent. This ivy-covered mass of crumbling walls of a once majestic castle is said to be the largest in the Rhine province; and still sufficient remains to demonstrate the enormous size of the chambers and halls of this remnant of bygone power. Dis-mounting to enjoy it better, we saw, to our delight, a sequestered door in the side of the hill, almost covered by green foliage, though still visible, leading, no doubt, to a private passage, built through the mountain to the stronghold above. This was, in all probability, used by the French, when in their possession, in 1794. In 1843, Kaiser Wilhelm I. bought the ruins of this once splendid fortress.

We are now opposite the Lorelei Rock, hardly recognizable among the many similar ones, except to those interested in the many legendary tales told about it, and were it not for the flag-staff, which adorns its summit. We follow the example of the Germans, when in their merriest moods they give voice to their exuberant spirits in Heine's sad song of the "Lorelei"—

"Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn."

the legend is modern, but very well known.

The son of one of the proudest barons on the Rhine, hearing of the wonderfully beautiful goddess, who, every evening at the twilight hour, was said to appear in a cloud of exquisite colors, determined to see her and tell her of his adoration. Under plea of a hunting expedition, he persuaded an old fisherman to row him towards this magic, rugged rock, and, as the shades of evening began to fall, the beautiful Lorelei appeared, clad in a gown of cloudy white light, combing the golden locks, which covered her fair form like a mantle, and singing her bewitching songs. As the enraptured youth gazed and gazed at this exquisite apparition, he forgot where he was, forgot that he was in a frail boat in the middle of a rushing stream, and thinking only of her, imagined she called him by name, rushed towards her, and was lost forever in the surging

waters which foamed around the Lorelei Rock. The father, distracted at losing his only son, ordered the witch to be captured and put to death. In the twilight armed soldiers ascended the rock and entered the enchanted ground. The beautiful creature, surprised at the intrusion, appeared, and, seeing the fierce warriors and hearing their mission, she laughed victoriously, calling across the waters:

"Vater, geschwind, geschwind,
Die weissen Rosse schicke deinem Kind
Es will reiten mit Wogen und Wind."

A dreadful storm ensued, the waves became wild, rose to a wonderful height, and two, crowned with sparkling foam, the allegory of the white horses, reached up, carrying the beautiful sorceress away, never more to be seen except in the imaginative minds of superstitious fishermen. The enchantress vanished, but the magic and charm of the picturesque spot will always remain.

To us of modern ideas, the romance in the legends of the Rhine, lies in its improbability. The seven rocks which show their heads above the water opposite Oberwesel, the next town, are said to be the remains of seven sisters, beautiful princesses, who lived alone in the castle on the hill, very lovely but false—who, having been treacherous to their seven lovers by forsaking them, found here their watery graves,—the seven rocks appearing shortly afterwards—probably to perpetuate for all time a well-earned fate for their fickleness.

Here, at the otherwise uninteresting village of Caub, was the spot chosen by the great General Blücher, on New Year's night, 1813-14, to lead his soldiers across the Rhine. The little rocky island opposite the Pfalz, with its square watch-tower, was most likely a welcome half-way resting-place to Blücher and his weary companions. Those who take an interest in relics, etc., will find here many an interesting object dating from the Middle Ages, such as the Castle of Gutentels on the hill—a ruin of that time.

Bacharach on one side, and through which we now rode, has been noted since the Romans were rulers here, but it was principally known then as now, for the extra good wines which are produced from the vines on the rolling hills round about. It is a charming, ideal spot. Old-fashioned and quaintly-built little houses, with

low roofs, latticed windows, and everywhere a profusion of flowers and vines, met our eyes, as we rode through the narrow, crooked streets. Upon the hill is the little ruined chapel, built in memory of the saintly Werner who, as a boy, was cruelly murdered by the Jews, and thrown into the river—his corpse floating *up* the stream, strange to say, and landing at Bacharach. This miracle was commemorated by the little red church, built in the shape of a three-leaved clover.

We had already admired so many places, and time had passed so quickly, that we made a spurt through Trechtinghausen to a corner where we could enjoy the picturesquely-built Mouse-Tower in the middle of the stream and in full view of Bingen. The Mouse-Tower is well known, but not so well, perhaps, the legend which dates from the tenth century. This tells how Bishop Hatto of Mayence starved his people by raising the duties, to an enormous amount, on all necessities. He then put the begging people into cellars and unmercifully burnt them up, with the remark: "They are like mice, they eat the corn, and are of no use." The flames over the graves of the poor citizens were no sooner extinguished than tribes and tribes of mice followed the bishop wherever he went. To save himself, the exasperated tyrant took refuge in the tower over the water; but the wonderful mice—nothing daunted them—swam across, and, having cornered the miserable fellow, had the satisfaction of dividing up his Lordship. The tower is now used as a signal-box for shipping, which it probably always was, as here the Rhine is especially rapid—rocks and reefs abounding—and it is considered a most dangerous spot for navigation, being called the Bingen lach—a sort of Hell-gate on the river, where they are continually blasting rock to clear the passage.

In the distance, on the opposite mountain, is the immense national monument of "Germania" on the Niederwald, towering over the forests and vineyards round about. It was unveiled by Emperor William I., in 1883, to commemorate the victory of 1870-71, and is a noble work of art. At its base cluster the sunny, open little town of Assmannshausen, just an ideal German village, but which, by the way, is noted for its splendid red wines, as well as the extensive vineyard district of Geisenheim, Hochheim, and other towns, in the vicinity, too numerous to mention.

Through Bingerbrück and over the bridge of seven arches, crossing the Nahr River, we entered Bingen, and rode over the open promenade along the riverside. In the centre of the town, on a raised hill, the site of a Roman fort, the tower of which is still standing, is Burg Klopp, which was rebuilt and made habitable not long ago. After a great deal of debating, the city, at last, bought it. It has utilized the old tower for the museum, there being still many interesting relics and old rooms to be seen, while the modern building serves as a much-needed city hospital.

The piers and promenades were crowded with a gay and holiday-making throng on this Saturday afternoon, and, as we sat under the shady trees in a cool garden, we decided to enjoy the remainder of this charming summer day by being extremely lazy, considering that our labors were at an end. On counting the kilometers, we were gratified to find that we had left behind us, one hundred and fifty—equivalent to one hundred English miles—and this fact alone was sufficient to impress us with the idea that we had pedaled enough, if our weary bones had not already done so.

As twilight was coming on, the splendidly-equipped steamboat carried us to our journey's end, while the glorious golden moon of the Rhine shed its soft radiance over the tranquil scene, as the towers and turrets of old Mayence gradually appeared in the distance—a fitting close for one of the most enjoyable days in our life's record.

ANNIE CARLYLE.

Only by reading aloud—alone, if preferable—can one get down to the real enjoyment of a book. Then the finer shades of meaning are discernible, the subtle character delineations are apparent. The greater the writer the more is this true. If the book be but a volume to "sell," nothing shows its shallowness so quickly as an attempt to read it aloud. It is an unfailing test for shoddy.

Reading aloud makes the book not only more interesting, but more instructive. Dates, if any, unconsciously fasten themselves in the mind. Discrepancies or anachronisms are instantly discernible. Situations that are hurried over as commonplace in silent reading, either become impossible, or gain added strength in reading aloud.

Island Reberies.

"I love God and little children."—*Goethe*.

FROM early years this voluntary exposition of Goethe's most proper sentiments, seemed to me but sanctimonious parade of self-consciousness such as Nelson's "I have not been a great sinner!—Kiss me Hardy!"

I now feel that Goethe meant to add "and I hate the de'il and grown-up people!"

Truly, man's most interesting study is—man!

In a leisurely hour at a railway station, one may distinguish a great variety of types. The human species may there be found off their guard; in ostentatious parade of person and dress; in blissful ignorance—if still very young children—of criticism, and posing for effect; in the self-congratulating complacency of a full purse; and some with the betraying self-conviction of having been worsted in life's battle. The rarest type to be found is that of the men or women who show any concern for the welfare of their less fortunate brethren. It is, to use an old and very forcible saying—"Every man for himself; and the de'il take the hindmost"! This old saw will survive so long as we have a defective Christianity, and so large an increasing percentage of savagery in our civilization!

I turn with weariness or disgust from the memory of all the railway-station representative types, but two. One was an elderly woman of pleasing countenance,—plainly, unfashionably, but neatly dressed,—thin, round-shouldered, and rough-handed, from hard work,—with a rather nervous air, from care and responsibility. This woman had lived life; had touched bottom; had earned her bread by the sweat of her brow. How I, unobserved, enjoyed looking on while she ate her tidy lunch; and rejoiced that she could finish it with an orange!—so many of us draw a lemon!

The second type was a baby of about a year-and-a-half, who, having perceived another tot—a stranger—of about the same age, again and again ran after it, and hugged and kissed it with all kinds of baby endearments. There was the unmistakable trio—"God, and little children"! The first unconscious innocent was a decidedly well-dressed child; the second might have been called a good imitation. Let them meet at the

same station twenty years hence; they will still run in the same direction, but the one will strive to keep ahead, and it will be "the de'il for the hindmost"!

Mark Twain may not pose as a theologian, but he certainly is a philosopher: Mark says that a distinctive trait of the man first in the race, or on highest elevation, is to despise the man behind or below him; and that the latter is not satisfied until he is thus despised!

Hence human prosperity and cruelty, human failure and slavishness, go hand in hand.

Christianity has redeemed us from savagery; and so long as the possession and use of worldly goods is subservient to the laws of Christianity, so long do they assist in the development of the true and "gentle" man and woman. When our Christianity becomes subordinate to influences of this world, then we again degenerate in greater or less degree to the level of cruel savage, according as our nature is more or less intense. In our lofty scorn of the less fortunate (?) we may lose even the externals of refinement, which are not required by the world where any vulgarity is forgiven the enviable possessor of riches.

It is ever God, or Mammon! The individual who prides himself upon lofty station, cruelly despises his neighbor, who is going through life on a less exalted plane.

The one who prides himself upon the possession of houses and lands, despises his neighbor, who is sure of only his six feet by two!

The mammon of dress is in Canada the idol pursuing our Christianity, and trying to go hand in hand with it.

Proper and becoming apparel, befitting time and place, is expected of us; but the use of dress, as of other worldly possessions, must be guided by the dictates of the moral law.

Thanks to the costume designs and patterns so widely circulated by our daily papers, the women and children of our remotest backwoods may dress as neatly and becomingly as their city cousins.

We need not concern ourselves about the finery of the very wealthy, in which they may array themselves without unwarrantable extravagance, or waste of time; but the phase of fashion to be deplored, is, that every woman or girl who can command or earn a dollar, catches

the spirit of the times, and to her last cent and last spark of vitality, strives to rival her millionaire neighbor especially in flinging aside to-day the vanities that cost all her energies of yesterday. There is no peace, no security, no rest for the votary of "style"!

The girl who is willing, and is well-equipped, to earn her own living, is, of all others, the one we are proud to call Canadian; but if her ambition centres on dress, she will neglect improvement of mind and all intellectual pursuits, and will turn out a narrowed, dwarfed, inane, disappointing result; she will neither round out her life, nor serve as inspiration to sensible maids and matrons.

The folly of this never-ceasing change of modes has suggested to one of our representative Canadian women the advisability of a national costume, the design of which might be determined by the suggestions of the long-suffering!

If every new fashion were an improvement upon the last, the situation would be bothersome enough; but we are going from bad to worse! Women old enough to know better, have not only to walk around and get into costumes from the back, but since it was taken from us, we are daily getting farther from the convenience of the—pocket. We, in our weakness, sympathize with the woman who thus makes moan:

"The dear roomy pocket I'd hail as a treasure
 Could I but behold it in gowns of to-day;
 I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 But all my modistes sternly answer me 'nay!'
 'Twould be so convenient when going out shopping,
 'Twould hold my small purchases coming
 from town;
 And always my purse or my kerchief I'm dropping—
 Oh, me! for the pocket that hung in my
 gown.
 The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
 The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my
 gown.

"A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd
 guard it!
 Each day ere I'd don it I'd brush it with care;

Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,

Though trimmed with the laces an empress
 might wear.

But I have no hope, for the fashion is banished;
 The tear of regret will my fond visions
 drown,

As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished,
 I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown.
 The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
 The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my
 gown."

I must confess for my fashionable neighbors—though they will not thank me!—that we have always conceded the most "stylish" effects to our American cotinsins; therefore we may not wonder at the long-provoked utterance of the *Memphis News Scimitar*, which is headed "The Debauchery of Dress," and proceeds as follows: "It is said that the chancellories of Europe are appalled at the amount of money that is going into warships that become obsolete in ten years. They might well consider the greater amount of money that is going into dress that is useless and which becomes obsolete in six months. The nations have established a Hague Conference to put an end to the folly of war. Another conference should be provided to put an end to the folly of dress. We work all week so as to provide gay trappings for Sunday, and we go to church to watch and pray, but chiefly to watch; and we call ourselves religious; but we are the despair of the professional window dressers who display choice goods in stores. There is no display such as may be seen in the fashionable church; nowhere is vanity more gratified and pride more pampered than where we assemble to worship a Deity, who, when on earth, had not whereon to lay His head, and whose disciples were ordered forth without purse or scrip, or shoes, but in garb most modest. Strange paradox! One warship is built by one nation, and all other nations must follow suit. One gown or hat is purchased by one woman, and it is called "fashionable" by the modistes, and all other women must buy such gown and such hat. What folly!

The drink bill of the various nations is appalling; likewise the tobacco bill; likewise the cigar bill; likewise many other useless and

avoidable bills. The unnecessary dress bill of the nation exceeds them all. The debauchery of dress is quite as harmful. The struggle for dress, or rather, the struggle to escape the disgrace, yea, ignominy of not having dress, leads not infrequently to other disgraces and ignominies."

We perceive that if it is not slavery to dress, it is slavery to something else,—not of God; neither are we "little children." We have grown to manhood and womanhood, proud of our wisdom and of our strength to shout "freedom and liberty"; while we have freed ourselves from love of neighbor, we follow, like sheep, any voice that calls to our vanity. This is the "progressive" age of self-deification. We do not die any more; we only pass away! We do not like the word "death"; for that suggests "judgment," which we will not tolerate!

* * * * *

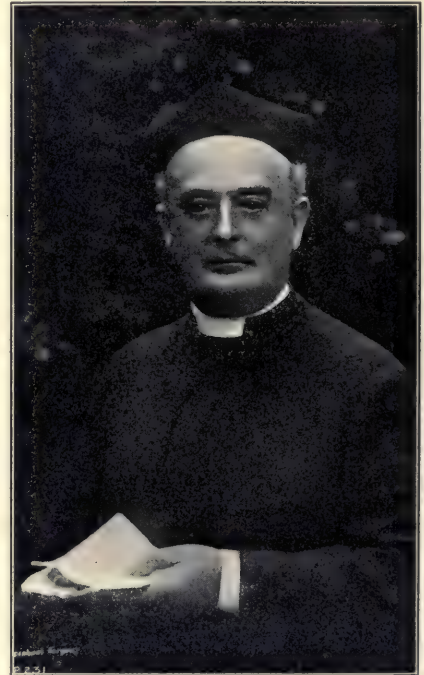
Although our Lord says "My yoke is sweet, and my burden light," the "progressive," "enlightened" world of to-day prefers to forge its own fetters. Apropos of this fact is the eagerness with which the press and many so-called Christians hail the news of "anti-clerical" movements, which have threatened and endeavored to put Christ out of France and Italy. The latest excitement is the thirty-seventh anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the godless robber-invaders. Garibaldi, the hero of the red shirt, has been duly commemorated. Garibaldi, by the thoughtless and the prejudiced, is called the "liberator" of Italy; they tell us that his life's mission was to fight for "freedom," and especially for the freedom of Italy—from "clerical" rule.

Garibaldi was well-fitted for his mission; in earliest youth he began breaking clerical rules; he was a disobedient child; he ran away from his parents; coarse and uneducated, he entered upon the career of a trooper; and the picturesque immorality of his heathenish life would anti-clericalize any country so unfortunate as to harbor him. During the past summer, in a Ladies' Christian establishment, I found the "Life of Garibaldi" daintily dished up, in a work entitled "Visits to the Homes of Great Reformers." There were given highly-colored, shock-

ing incidents that would shame the boldest brigand. Garibaldi's life and Garibaldi's "freedom" tolerated neither the laws of God nor man!

* * * * *

Reverend Bernard Vaughan, so well known to the thinking world as the preacher of most elo-



God bless you
Bernard Vaughan

quent sermons, is the pastor of a fashionable church in Mayfair, London, England.

Father Vaughan beholds on all sides the evil effects of lives devoted to pleasure, through the misfortune of having to do with too much of this world's goods, not always commanded honestly, but—commanded!

This great preacher's sermons, so largely patronized by Christians of all denominations, may be called highly eloquent danger signals; for he is trying to bring his congregation unscathed



JOAN OF ARC.

through the death-dealing example of their immediate neighbors.

This true shepherd thus characterizes the women of the smart set: "They are set up by the best man tailor and the best man cook; they must have an automobile in Mayfair, a yacht at Cowes, and diamonds at the opera; their nights are devoted to gambling, and it is, indeed, fortunate when they win, for then there is just a chance that some poor waiting tailor or dressmaker may be paid, before going into bankruptcy; they certainly do not care much for their children, or neighbor, and give a very poor example to their servants!"

How apparent it is that men and women who, heedless of their neighbors' wants, appropriate to selfish indulgence all the available good things of this world, sacrifice all of the intellectual and spiritual life, and become merely and veritably—pigs in clover!

Who would not prefer to suffer and to starve, retaining spirituality, than to surfeit the body at the expense of the soul, and to be found by death wallowing in the mire of hopeless sensuality?

Father Vaughan requires a thoroughly earnest Christianity, not only of interior but of exterior: he insists upon becoming dress at church,—where we go to assist at the commemoration of the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, our loving Redeemer. How convincing are his arguments! What other apparel may a woman wear on that momentous occasion, so becoming as the black gown and veil worn in European Catholic countries! We go where we hear sermons on Christ and Him crucified,—yet, we listen—more or less attentively—while rigged out for the opera, in all the gayety of the rainbow, in the latest fashions, if possible, and at as great expense as we can manage honestly or dishonestly.

Father Vaughan inveighs strongly against the "cat and dog worship" to which much of our Christianity has degenerated. Cats and dogs are taking the place of children in wealthy city homes especially; when a child intrudes, the nurse girl takes the baby, while the fashionable mother takes the puppy! The over-dressed, simpering, silly creature with her "dear doggie" is a type distinctive of our modern "progressive" womanhood and motherhood!

As might be expected, the reverend orator has

received scores of angry, resentful letters; one "doggie" woman tells him that she does not know that *he* has a soul, but she is sure her dog has!

This woman and her cult have unconsciously gone back to the pantheism, the cat and dog worship of the ancient Egyptians with which Christianity has nothing in common. Unfortunately, we have lost the art of embalming cats and dogs, but there are undertaking establishments sacred to their post-mortem benefit, and there is, of course, a choice of service for their burial. A late illustrated paper, published on this side of the Atlantic, gives us the picture of a certain woman and two other human individuals at the grave, during the obsequies of their "dear doggie." Fancy a Christian woman photographed as disconsolate mourner, beside a dead dog!

* * * * *

While wandering through the autumn woods, the skies become overcast when, connecting the past and present, we turn to the case of the "lily maid" of Orleans, the wonder of the centuries—Joan of Arc.

Her story is forever identified with the history of France, England, and Burgundy.

The English invaders besieging Orleans, were fast making the conquest of her suffering country when the Lord of hosts raised up the peasant maiden Joan, as He raised the shepherd boy David; at the head of a French force she relieved the besieged city of Orleans, and as a result of her various victories over the English arms, had the French king crowned at Rheims, A. D. 1429. Then asserting that her mission had been fulfilled, she begged to be allowed to return to her former life as a peasant maiden. Unfortunately, her prayer was not granted. In striving to repel an inroad of the Burgundians, she was taken prisoner, and sold to the English. By virtue of trumped charges and perjury, the patriot maid was convicted of sorcery, and burned at the stake.

Her family, in the course of twenty-five years after her death, succeeded in proving the entire falsity of every charge, and every word against her. To honest minds this was not necessary; the motive for her death was, and is, apparent.

For five centuries, the City of Orleans has annually celebrated, in an essentially religious man-

ner, the memory of its deliverer, Joan "La Pucelle."

The Church, proverbially cautious and slow in such matters, but in possession of her life's full story, and every word of that famous trial, has pronounced her "blessed,"—possessed of the virtues of faith, hope, charity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice. Canonization will surely follow.

So great is the satisfaction and joy of the Orleanists and French people generally, that in making preparations for this year's commemoration of "La Pucelle" the beloved, they invited leading church dignitaries to take charge of what was to have been a highly religious function.

Here came Satan's opportunity. Clemenceau, the atheist premier of France, despite grieved and angered remonstrance, ordered all religious features eliminated. Consequently, the festival was a humiliating failure; what was left of it but served as conspicuous reminder of the wanting gratitude to Heaven.

Ah, the tyranny of Satan, and his wretched votaries! The latter knowing no peace, strive but in vain to rob of religious peace the strong, true hearts of France, who are praying for their conversion without ceasing.

Behold Clemenceau's broken-hearted daughter, about to enter the religious life, and to resign the worldly goods and honors for which her father is selling his soul! We know her daily, her hourly, prayer, "O dear Lord, take from me all worldly goods, all earthly consolations; bind upon me any burden; but deliver France, and save the soul of my dear father!"

Clemenceau's wickedness, in the eyes of the world, is not so mean as his disloyalty to his country's honor and his French blood.

The mission of the Blessed Joan of Arc was of God; therefore, all Christendom throughout five centuries, has treasured her story with tender reverence. France has seemed nearer and dearer to us all, because of the pious, patriot Maid of Orleans. Her memory cannot be honored without honoring and praising the Power who inspired her, and strengthened her arm in defence of her country.

In their submission to the present brutalizing authorities, we, startled, ask: "Are the French people bond or free?" Fact answers: Theirs is the bondage of the Israelites in Egypt, of the Jews "by the waters of Babylon"! They weep over their remembered Sion; but they are—slaves!



CRAIGIE HOUSE.



GARDEN IN REAR OF CRAIGIE HOUSE.

But the Lord will not be mocked forever. Clemenceau, secure as he thinks himself, may already have gone too far.

France is on the verge of active revolution.

* * * * *

During the summer holidays while on a visit to the sanctum of the RAINBOW, I enjoyed the privilege of reading a letter written to the editor-in-chief by Miss Alice M. Longfellow, daughter of the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The letter was a very sweet acknowledgment of the receipt of the July Bow, by Miss Longfellow, in which she had found "Longfellow" illustrations with explanatory sketch. Miss Longfellow writes from "Craigie House," Cambridge, Mass., the historical home of her lamented father, and her own home since childhood. Miss Longfellow incloses a photo of Craigie House, and one of the Rose Garden—both of which are now reproduced in the Bow.

Craigie House is solidly built, and old; it was for a while the headquarters of Washington and his staff, during the war of the revolution.

The letter, signed "Alice" M. Longfellow, recalls that pathetically sweet poem, "The Chil-

dren's Hour," written there by the poet when Craigie House was a happy home sacred to children's voices.

The very walls seem eloquent of the lines:

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.


I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."

The beloved immortalizer of their names is gone; "laughing Allegra" and "Edith with golden hair" have been called to other scenes; "grave Alice"—and do not the words sound prophetic!—alone remains to cherish and love the old home and the flower garden.

IDRIS.

Incidental Characteristics from the Lives of the Queens Regnant of England.

 F the many English monarchs who have worn the crown of Edward the Confessor, a tenfold interest circles around the personality of the five Queens Regnant.

The time has not yet come when the full and authentic story of our beloved Queen Victoria's most interesting life may be revealed.

Fortunately for the cause of truth, Agnes Strickland, the historian, was raised up to bring to light not only the true story of Mary Queen of Scots, but to furnish us with the facts that formed the character, colored the lives, and actuated Mary I., Elizabeth, Mary II., and Anne.

Agnes Strickland was maid of honor to Queen Victoria; and came of a noble family who boasted royal blood. Her Norman ancestor accompanying William the Conqueror, was the first to "strike land" upon the Norman invasion of England; hence "Strikeland" or "Strickland."

This authoress, doubtless prompted and aided by Queen Victoria, enjoyed privileged access to the public and private records available in the British Isles; and many necessary records, preserved by foreign countries, were placed at her disposal. That all-embracing and greatest treasure-trove of truth—the Vatican—placed its archives at her disposal.

Agnes Strickland dedicated her "Lives of the Queens of England" and "Lives of the Queens of Scotland" to Queen Victoria.

Mary I., Queen of England, our first queen regnant, is one of the sweetest characters on the pages of history—the true and dutiful daughter of that most sweet, pious, and noble queen and woman, Katharine of Aragon. Mary had all her mother's sweetness and forgiving nature when dealing with others; and all that mother's self-sacrifice in the performance of her own duties.

From Queen Katharine, as well as from her father, Henry VIII., Mary inherited the fearlessness of the Plantagenets; for Katharine of Aragon was descended from our Plantagenet kings, through Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt.

Throughout her lifetime, so well was she schooled from the cradle, Mary I. of England "let no feeling venture forth but charity."

Mary was born in 1516, the joy and only child of her parents, and the hope of the nation.

Before the princess was ten years of age, the King insisted upon her having a separate establishment or court of her own, where she virtually reigned as Princess of Wales; but her wise mother managed that in the midst of it all her child should live the simple life, and should assiduously pursue all necessary studies.

Anne Boleyn was now bewitching the King, to the sorrow of wife and daughter. Finally, when Henry decided to divorce his wife, he broke up Mary's establishment as Princess of Wales.

Queen Katharine and Princess Mary spent the year 1530 together. Then the anxious mother prepared the beloved daughter for the dreadful day that was so soon to come and part them forever, when not only Katharine's crown but her child would be taken from her. Oh, what fervent prayers they constantly offered for the faithless husband and unfeeling father!—and for the ungrateful, intriguing maid of honor, Anne Boleyn!

When one of Queen Katharine's ladies spoke to curse Anne Boleyn, the Queen silenced her, saying, "Curse her not; pity and pray for her!"

Katharine counselled her daughter to think, speak, and act from the standpoint that the heavenly crown is everything,—an earthly crown nothing! How true Mary was to this conviction, her dying request will prove.

About the close of 1531, Queen Katharine was driven from Windsor Castle, and her beloved daughter, her only child, was taken from her. So far, no written word of their last parting and embrace has come to light. Only God knew—and knows—of that sacred moment; for He was there, the witness and comfort of their last pledge.

When, in 1533, Anne Boleyn was given the title of "Queen," the Princess Mary was sent to live with her at Hunsdon Castle, where Elizabeth was born; then Mary was degraded from her rank, her title of "Princess" given to the new-born babe, she was then styled "the lady Mary," and, of course, her right of succession to the crown of England was transferred to the infant Elizabeth.

Mary, then seventeen, quietly, however vainly, maintained her rights, and sought comfort in her studies and in the company of her yet-innocent supplanter, the babe Elizabeth.

The victorious and spiteful Anne Boleyn, according to her own confession, left nothing undone that she could devise to torture the sensibilities of Mary, and to remind her of her changed position; the poor princess retaliated neither in thought, word nor deed; she was suffering from a deeper sorrow,—being parted from the best of mothers.

When the penitent Anne Boleyn was preparing for the block Henry VIII. provided for her, she went on her knees to Lady Kingston, wife of the Governor of the Tower, begging her to do likewise, in her name, to the Princess Mary, and to implore forgiveness for the cruel wrongs Anne Boleyn had done her, and for the insults heaped upon the daughter of Katharine of Aragon.

Lady Kingston promised, and lost no time in fulfilling Anne's request; Mary had only sighs and tears for the fate of poor, giddy Anne!

When the scaffold had robbed the little two-year-old Elizabeth of the mother she had scarcely known, the Princess Mary redoubled her attention to her little sister, and throughout life, through good and evil report, always loved, cherished, and believed in Elizabeth.

Mary was godmother to her little brother Edward, Queen Jane Seymour's son. He, never having known a mother, became a second dear object of her affections. When this babe—or boy—became king as Edward VI., doubtless urged by his time-serving courtiers, he tried to compel Mary to renounce her religion. The Princess replied that rather than do so, she would lay her head on the block. Her cherished Elizabeth was at this time deep in every plot against that unsuspecting, true-hearted sister.

Edward was already dead when Lady Jane Grey's conspirators sent a message to the Princess Mary that the king was ill and wished to see her. Mary started with all speed; but was met, informed of the truth, and warned, on peril of her crown and life, to go no farther in that direction. Lady Jane seized the crown, but her party was quickly defeated, and she and the other conspirators taken prisoner.

Mary, the rightful and undisputed queen, would not allow Lady Jane to pay the penalty of her crime; but forgave her beloved young cousin, well knowing that she had acted upon the advice of her ambitious husband and father-in-law.

When Lady Jane a second time conspired against Mary, the latter, with a very sorrowful heart, was obliged to let the law take its course, and the Lady Jane paid the penalty. This was known as the Wyatt conspiracy; and Elizabeth was one of the aiders and abettors of it.

Mary, as usual, took Elizabeth, the offspring of treachery, to her arms again.

Queen Mary, upon coming to the throne, liberated all who were in prison for political offences, pardoned Cranmer, John Knox, and others who had instigated her subjects to rebellion, and restored to the lawful owners all the lands, goods, chattels and revenues, dishonestly appropriated by the Crown during the preceding reigns of her father and brother; what was left of her income she devoted largely to charity.

Queen Mary was always surrounded by great numbers of her own sex; and, like Mary Stuart, she commanded the love and respect of every woman who ever served her.

Not one unkind look, word or act has ever been chronicled to her discredit.

Mary I. was naturally strong and healthy, but the Reformation horrors, begun by her father, and continued during her brother's nominal rule, darkened her reign and shortened her life. Mary was conscientiously opposed to anything like coercion or persecution in religious matters.

But the Queen of aching head and streaming eyes, through compulsion, signed only the death-warrant of those who were charged with other capital offences.

Mary I. reigned only five years, and died in 1558, aged forty-two. Her last will and testament provides for widows and orphans, for sick and infirm sailors, for the endowing of charitable institutions, for the payment of her own debts, and for those of her brother, Edward VI., and her father, Henry VIII. In conclusion, she requests that the remains of her beloved mother, Queen Katharine, be brought from Peterbôro Cathedral, and laid beside hers in Westminster, and that an honorable monument be erected over them.

Mary requested that no semblance of the crown which had weighed so heavily on her head during life should encumber her corpse in death.

The motto that this first queen regnant of England invented for herself was: "Time unveils truth." And time *is* unveiling truth!

Mary's death was typical of her life; that last morning when Mass was celebrated in her death-chamber, at the consecration the dying Queen raised her eyes to Heaven; at the Benediction, she bowed her head and expired.

Elizabeth, Mary's sister and successor, was the second queen regnant of England. Being a daughter of the faithless Henry VIII. and the perfidious Anne Boleyn, this queen aptly inherited a disposition and conscience that suited the times. From her earliest years to the end of her life, insincerity of action, untruthfulness of tongue, were her distinguishing traits. She evidently considered leadership and court life as a great game played to win by any means.

Anne Boleyn's ambition to wear a crown was intensified in her daughter a thousandfold. Elizabeth said: "Let me wear the crown of England for forty years, and I care not for eternity!"

From the cradle, Elizabeth's heart was full of suspicion; she trusted no one, and certainly loved but few. Her estimate of others was the measure she herself merited.

The first serious charge of perfidy recorded by history of Elizabeth, is her flirtations with the ambitious Lord Howard, who, having proposed marriage to Elizabeth, upon her refusal, married Queen Katharine Parr, the widow of Henry VIII. Elizabeth went to live with them, as Katharine Parr was the last of her five mothers, but, so unbecoming was her behavior that the jealous Katharine literally turned her out, and provided her with a home elsewhere.

About the time of Mary's accession to the throne, Elizabeth, the arch-plotter and deceiver, to draw attention to her worthiness, affected such humility as to appear always in the plainest apparel; when once the crown touched her head, she blazed out, to the shame of the peacock, and rainbow, in the three thousand gorgeous robes that she left behind her!

Before Elizabeth came to the throne, although her princely income was augmented by royal

presents from Mary, whenever any one whom she did not wish to add to her establishment would seek to enter her service, she would decline on the plea of poverty; but she never lacked funds for spies and informers, kept not only at the courts of her sister Mary, the Queen of Scots, and James of Scotland, but at the various continental courts.

Elizabeth persecuted the sisters of Lady Jane Grey because of their claim to the throne. They both made love-matches, and married without the Queen's consent; so Elizabeth promptly sent them to the Tower, and kept them imprisoned till death released them.

There were two others in close proximity to the throne,—Mary Queen of Scots, whom Elizabeth imprisoned for nineteen years and then beheaded; and Margaret Countess of Lenox, Darnley's mother, who, because she maintained the innocence of the Queen of Scots, her daughter-in-law, was by Elizabeth imprisoned and kept in great poverty until her death.

Elizabeth had many favorites, so-called lovers, but never one sincere woman friend. She neither believed in the sincerity of her own sex, nor did she deserve their esteem; but to the grave, when a silly old woman of seventy, she believed all the absurd flattery her young-men lovers scrupled not to offer her.

Like her father's, Elizabeth's heart never troubled her when sending men, women, and even her cast-off "lovers" to the block; so her life allowed no peace to her death-bed. She seemed hardened to the extreme of despair. When near the last, this queen confessed to having "seen herself grown very lean and enveloped in flames." When her cousin, Sir Robert Carey, tried to comfort her, her agonized reply was, "My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck! I am tied! I am tied, and the case is altered with me." She refused to go to bed; upon Secretary Cecil urging her to do so—"If he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed," she said, "as I did when in mine, he would not persuade me to go there."

The ladies of the court were terrorized by the thought that they were surrounded by spirits—perhaps not all angels!

Shortly before Elizabeth drew her last breath, Lady Guildford, one of her attendants, went out

for a breath of fresh air, and met the queen's ghost!

Lady Southwell chronicles thus: "Now the queen's body being cered up was brought by water to Whitehall, where, being watched every night by six several ladies, myself that night watching as one of them, and being all in our places about the corpse, which was fast nailed up in a board coffin, with leaves of lead covered with velvet, her body burst with such a crack that it splitted the wood, lead and cere-cloth, whereupon the next day she was fain to be new trimmed up!"

Queen Elizabeth's vanity could not tolerate the thought of old age and wrinkles; but on her death-bed, she asked for a *true* looking-glass, which had not been offered to her for twenty years.

Agnes Strickland says: "It is well known that Elizabeth caused the die of the last gold coin that was struck with the likeness of her time-broken profile, to be destroyed, in her indignation at its ugliness; and could she have seen the grim posthumous representation of her faded glories, that was borne upon her bier, it is probable that she would have struggled (again) to burst her cere-cloths and her leaden coffin, to demolish it."

Such was the earthly end of all that was mortal and immortal of Elizabeth!

Mary II., the third queen regnant of England, was born in 1662. Her father, afterwards James II., was then Duke of York; her mother was Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon.

Mary was the eldest child of the Duke of York; and her father's fondness for her was little short of worship. How true a daughter to that most infatuated of parents time will tell!

Lady Frances Villiers was appointed governess to the little Mary; and the daughters of Lady Villiers were brought up with Mary and Anne of York,—future Queens of England.

"Elizabeth Villiers," according to Agnes Strickland, "the eldest daughter of the governess, afterwards became the bane of Mary's wedded life, but she was thus in the first dawn of her existence her school-fellow and companion."

Our authoress tells us: "The Lady Mary of York was in person a Stuart; she was tall, slender and graceful, with a clear complexion, al-

mond-shaped dark eyes, dark hair, and an elegant outline of features."

At fifteen, Mary of York, very unwillingly, married her cousin, William of Orange; after which, daily schooled by the scheming, treacherous William, she gradually was won over to a most ardent desire to sit with him on the throne of England, and that as soon as possible.

William's royal uncles, James, Duke of York, and Charles II., had rescued him from poverty; but before he left England, on the occasion of his marriage, he began that intriguing which he and his consort continued until, by the aid of sixteen thousand German veterans, they seized the throne, which James II. vacated, without striking a blow for his rights and those of his infant son, the Prince of Wales. Had it not been for the birth of this babe, Mary would still have been first heir to her father's throne, and Anne the second. To nullify the fact of his birth, Anne, doubtless prompted by her beloved waiting-woman, Sarah Jennings, afterwards her traitorous Duchess of Marlborough, invented the story that her baby brother was a spurious child, smuggled into the palace, and neither the son of her father, James II., nor his queen, Mary Beatrice of Modena.

It is a wonder that Mary's hand was not paralyzed when, to the last, it penned those most loving and loyal letters to her fond and credulous father. They still survive to show the black treachery of her false heart. These letters, both from William and Mary, completely deceived the King of England. When his English ministers and subjects repeatedly warned James that William of Orange was organizing a fleet for the invasion of England, that king, shocked and hurt, showed them the letters of William and Mary, as complete refutation!

Mary wrote her last letter of reassurance to her father after William and his Dutch fleet sailed for England. When the Prince of Orange and his troops were marching upon London, James allowed himself to be convinced, especially as he had failed to receive Mary's daily letter.

James II., the heart-broken father, assured by his friends that it was only necessary to take the leadership in order to repulse William, rode out to the rally, but his physical energies were paralyzed. The defection not only of his beloved

Mary but of his adored Anne, brought on a hemorrhage, which laid him prostrate. William and his troops entered London, followed by Mary; and the half-demented King made his way to France, whither he had already sent his Queen and the little Prince of Wales.

As Agnes Strickland says, James's greatest fault, as king, was his having left the country without striking a blow for his rights.

Mary took possession of Whitehall palace, which her father had so lately quitted, in as merry a mood as if she had come to a wedding. She slept in the same bed and apartment that Queen Mary Beatrice had so lately occupied; and early in the morning, before her women were up, she ran about from room to room, looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts, as one would do at a hotel.

Mary knew that as the usurper of her father's throne she had lost the respect of every true-hearted man and woman in England; so she affected piety, by requesting the blessing of Sancroft, her Archbishop of Canterbury. What humiliation must have been hers when that honest man made his historic answer—"Madam, seek first the blessing of your royal father!"

This unnatural daughter refused to her royal father even his clothing, and the personal effects he had left behind; she also appropriated the clothing and belongings of his Queen. When the loyal Jacobite ladies beheld the latter in Mary's possession, they felt like tearing her eyes out.

One thing is certain, the sickly, hate-withered William, "the wee, wee German lairdie," could not wear the royal apparel of James II.—"the noble Duke of York," the best admiral England ever produced.

Now began that fierce warfare among this family compact. William loathed Anne and hated her stupid husband, Prince George of Denmark. Mary tried to compel Anne to part with Sarah Jennings, now Lady Churchill. Anne refused; and so forfeited Mary's favor and affection.

The childless Mary reigned her five years, asking and expecting no sympathy from those about her, excepting William, who was her partner in all earthly hopes and ambitions. But, at best, Mary had only second place in his affections; for William's favorite, Elizabeth Villiers, ruled the

court, and ruled Mary from the day of her marriage to the day of her death.

When Mary, at thirty-three, took the small-pox, that disease so fatal to the Stuarts, feeling death in her veins she sat up all night burning letters she feared might fall into other hands, and she also wrote a long letter of remonstrance to William, begging him to discard Elizabeth Villiers.

Mary's death-bed was lonely and desolate. The Princess Anne would have come to her dying sister, but was given no encouragement.

William did not visit his dying wife; neither did she send for him; but she *did* send for her Bishop of London, and had a long, whispered discourse with him. The Jacobite ladies in attendance said she was confessing her filial sins. The bishop never made public the purport of that last confidence.

When the news of Mary's death reached her still-loving father, in France, he was overwhelmed with grief at the thought that there had been not even a death-bed repentance.

So went to the grave one woman to whom the much-desired crown brought only Dead Sea fruit!

Anne, fourth queen regnant of England, was the sister of Mary II., and daughter of James II.

Mary died in 1694, and William reigned alone eight years longer. Upon the death of the latter, in 1702, Anne, without loss of time, seized the crown, although her father must have expected better things of her; but in the human heart ambition rises from its own ashes.

Before Anne came to the throne she beheld eighteen of her children perish in early infancy; her nineteenth child, a son, lived to be eleven years of age, but died rather suddenly towards the close of William's reign. Anne's heart and hopes were in that child; with all a fond mother's agony she watched him draw his last breath, then, seemingly turned to stone, she hurried to her closet, and wrote a heart-breaking letter of repentance to her royal father, in France. She begged his forgiveness for having conspired against him, saying she recognized in her terrible bereavement the punishment of her filial sins.

When the crown was within her grasp, she seemingly forgot her repentance and promises.

Anne for many years was only nominal queen—being in reality the humble and submissive slave of Sarah Jennings, now Duchess of Marlborough, who ruled England with a high hand. Sarah was mistress of the robes, and the Queen's first lady, but she despised her inferior-minded mistress. This duchess was requested to stand as sponsor for a babe, which was to have been baptized "Anne" in honor of the Queen; but Sarah protested saying: "There never was any one of *much* good who bore that name: I will not stand for the child if it is named 'Anne'!"

At last, this unwomanly tyrant went too far: having put on a pair of her majesty's gloves by mistake, and not aware that the Queen was within hearing, she tore them off, and flinging them to the floor, exclaimed, "Have I put on anything that has touched the odious hands of that disagreeable woman!" This was the gratitude offered Anne by the false friend, the parasite whom she had enriched, and who had prompted her to sin against her father, and to dub her brother "the Pretender"! This ingrate had excluded all other women from Anne's intimacy. Here, as for her sister Mary, was Dead-Sea fruit again, for this queen.

Anne's heart constantly yearned towards her father and the other members of his family, at St. Germain.

Queen Anne was addicted to the pleasures of the table, and her husband, Prince George, to the fascinations of the bottle; their excesses told upon their health and personal appearance.

The loyal Scots, who entitled William "The wee, wee German Lairdie," sang another epitomized description of the quartette who ousted James II.—

"There were Mary the *daughter*, and William the cheater,

With Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater!"

Anne's death-bed was as comfortless as that of her sister, Mary. She died at fifty; her life was, doubtless, shortened by over-eating, if not by over-drinking,—both excesses have been laid to her charge by her court chroniclers.

Queen Anne, also, had a long private conference with the Bishop of London. As he left her bedside he declared with emphasis: "Madam, I

will obey your command; I will declare your mind, but it will cost me my head"! Without a doubt, she had named her brother as her successor.

Anne now entered upon her death-agony; at intervals, and with her latest breath, she wailed aloud, "Oh, my poor brother! Oh, my dear brother, what will become of you?"

England was loyal at heart, and waiting for James III.; the Duke of Ormonde, commander of the army, was ready to welcome him in the name of the military; but Queen Mary Beatrice, his widowed mother, fearing for the personal safety of her son, could not consent to let him go from her until it was too late, and George of Hanover was in possession of the throne and crown.

When the royal genealogical tree was placed in the hands of the little twelve-year-old Princess Victoria, in grave surprise she said to her governess: "I did not know I was so near the throne; I will be good."

Those words, "I will be good," formed the motto that Queen Victoria set for herself, as daughter, wife, mother and queen. She was a most affectionate daughter and companion to her widowed mother. Upon her accession to the throne, her first care was to pay the long-standing debts of the father she had lost in infancy.

In the discharge of her duties as a wife, Queen Victoria elected to forget that she was queen of the realm.

The death of the Queen's husband, Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, the Prince Consort, was so deep and so lasting a grief, that the breakdown of her health seemed imminent. In the portion of her journal, written at that time, the sorrowing widow refers to her children as "orphans," which, at first thought, would seem rather amusing—with so capable a mother and all the British Empire left to them!—but that nothing in Victoria's estimation could weigh against the loss of a good father's love and guidance.

As a mother, Queen Victoria's greatest joy would have been the privilege to do for her children all that nature intended every mother should do.

Her queenly duties did not permit of long hours in the nursery; so Victoria chose the most worthy nurses, governesses and tutors, for the

little Princes and Princesses who, from living the simple life—faring on plain food, and dressing in plain garments—grew up to be healthy men and women, physically and mentally.

As a queen, Victoria may be called the thoughtful and the motherly. How touching is her pain at being confronted with the signing of death-warrants!

This beloved fifth queen regnant desired to be a true mother to her subjects. Hers was the part to console widow and orphan, and to do all that was incumbent upon herself, as well as to repair the neglect of her royal predecessors.

Queen Victoria, after a lapse of two centuries, erected a fitting memorial over the grave of the little Princess Elizabeth, who grieved herself to death, at Carisbrooke Castle, after the execution of her father, Charles I.


Our late beloved Queen also placed a stone tablet memorial over the spot on the Tower green where Lady Jane Grey and the queens, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard, suffered death.

When Queen Victoria realized the justness of the Irish cause, she rose in the honesty of her conviction, and although she was tottering on the verge of the grave—with not a year of life left to her—she braved the resisting terrors of the Irish Sea, and visited Ireland, where she was accorded the Irish welcome that should have been hers many a time through the long years of her reign.

Queen Victoria's life was one long sacrifice to duty as she perceived it; faithful unto death was she to her motto, "I will be good!"

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

How I Spent My Vacation.

 N the tenth of July we left Lake Linden for Copper Harbor, taking a street-car to Calumet, and from there the Kewenaw Central train to Mandan, a small mining town, just opening up, and belonging to the Kewenaw Central Company.

The days were spent in gathering flowers, bathing, boating, berrying, etc., but the most interesting part of our vacation was going down to Lake Superior to see my father's men rafting his ties and poles. I suppose you would wish to

know what rafting means? Well, a tug comes to the lake shore with a large boom, which is fastened on the shore at each end, where the logs are piled up. After the boom is fixed, the men, about twenty-five or thirty in number, roll the poles into the water. It is great fun to sit and watch them break away the rollways of poles and then see them splash into the water. But, for the men, it is hard work, for they begin at four o'clock in the morning, and continue until dark night. Fortunately, the process does not last long, sometimes three or four days, or perhaps a week—according to the direction of the wind.

After the men have finished rafting, they commence another year's work, cutting and skidding all kinds of timber. In the winter they haul this to the landing, and the following summer, go through the same process again.

The camps are located at the head of a little inland lake, called Lake Tannyho, about two and a half miles long, and a quarter of a mile wide. At the east end of this lake is a most beautiful spot for bathing. On the north side is old Fort Wilkins, built over fifty years ago. The houses are in very good condition yet. It would make a lovely place for a summer resort, but it belongs to the government and cannot be used.

The fourteenth of August—the time to leave and make preparations for returning to school—came all too soon, for our holidays had been most enjoyable and we were loath to bid adieu to the delightful freedom of these weeks, but we bravely donned the armor of duty,—and here we are once more at work!

VALMA BUSCHELL.

LORETTO CONVENT, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

The foundation of the greatest of all charms lies in the unselfishness which illumines the face as well as the heart. As politeness itself consists in little generousities, so no one who gives pleasure to others can escape its reward and not be herself intrinsically charming. But all are not unselfish, and history shows us many who, though innately bad, yet, through mind rather than heart, have sent their names down to us as examples of charming women. But they were miscalled, and what seemed charm was only fascination in them, which is an inborn quality, though improved by brain and use.

Niagara Rainbow.

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It affords us much pleasure to make known to the numerous friends of Loretto Convent, Europa, the remarkable success obtained by the pupils who competed, last June, for Certificates, at the London College of Preceptors' Examinations.

Although the fair candidates were obliged to write their papers literally under a cloud, the examination days being, unfortunately, dominated by a heavy and hot Levanter, the results are brilliant and calculated to bring sunshine to the young aspirants by the far-reaching influence of a thorough education on their future lives, and by the pleasure that comes from a refined and well-trained mind.

Europa Convent entered for this examination last year, for the first time, and the occasion is memorable, as Europa is the first Ladies' High School which has gone in for such tests since the British occupation. History does not relate what was done before that period.

Miss L. Ferrary scored 155 marks above Honors in Second Class. She obtained similar Honors in Third Class, last year. This is certainly creditable, and we beg to tender warmest congratulations to our bright sister student on the far-famed "Rock."

*

Our Roumanian *Correspondent* writes: "On the feast of Corpus Christi, we were honored by the presence of His Majesty the King and that of His Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand. Both often assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in our convent chapel, but it was the first time they were present on this festival. On account of the crowd, they could not join in the procession which takes place in our small garden, but they assisted at it from one of the refectory windows, where I hastily prepared seats for them. The scene presented by the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice in the open air and the beautiful procession evidently appealed to His Majesty, who was so touched and charmed by what he saw that he told me, on leaving the convent, he would do his utmost to be accompanied, next year, by Her Majesty the Queen—Carmen Sylva—that she, also, might assist at these edifying ceremonies.

On this occasion, when the weather is as fine as it was on the 30th. of May, the *coup d'oeil* is really inspiring and delightful. Banners of Bavaria, Roumania, and other countries, float in the air and decorate the whole place; before the altar on the gravel walks flowers are strewn in profusion; and a band plays as long as the procession lasts—more than an hour. Of course, we have more people on that day than the grounds can accommodate, yet the order is perfect. Ah! if we only had half of your broad acres, we could do things more elaborately, but our means alas! are not equal to our aspirations. When I open the RAINBOW, with its illustrations of your magnificent houses and parks and

grounds, I feel quite disposed to envy your ability to give such comfort and advantages to your pupils.

You wish to know what prizes our pupils obtained at the Exhibition for their work. The Institute received the 'Médaille d'Or,' 'Le Diplôme d'Honneur,' and 'Médaille de Collaborateur et son Diplôme.'

The enclosed post-cards were written by Her Majesty the Queen for the benefit of an asylum, founded recently for the blind. I know they will be of interest to you."

*

Referring to the personality of the late Joachim, the celebrated violinist, who died in Berlin, on the fifteenth of August, one of the greatest English critics wrote as follows:

"He is a silent man. A noble head, gray with years, a face inexpressible as the sphinx. All he thinks, feels, is buried deep within. How much that is, its utter stillness shows. He bends over his violin like a cobbler over his last. His face is hidden, but you hear the rich tones of the violin, and something moving catches your eye. It is his left hand. What a marvellous Thing it is! So deeply knotted, yet too masterful for a claw. It is so instinct with life, it seems to be a separate entity. It moves carefully of itself round the neck and finger-board, so slowly, so firmly and surely. It might have eyes hidden somewhere, so accurately does it select its place. And how it grips! One cannot keep from looking at that hand!"

*

Some months ago, a critical biography of the late Edward Grieg, was published by Mr. H. T. Finck, musical critic of the New York *Evening Post*. An extract from it will be especially opportune now that death has removed a musician who was, perhaps, the greatest of living composers.

"From every point of view that interests the music-lover, Grieg is one of the most original

geniuses in the musical world of the present or past. His songs are a mine of melody, surpassed in wealth only by Schubert's. In originality of harmony and modulation he has only six equals: Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, and Liszt. In rhythmic invention and combination he is inexhaustible, and, as orchestrator, he ranks among the most fascinating. To speak of such a man—seven-eighths of whose works are still music of the future—as a writer in 'dialect,' is surely the acme of unintelligence. If Grieg did 'stick in the fjord and never get out of it,' even a German ought to thank heaven for it. Grieg in a fjord is much more picturesque and more interesting in the world than he would have been in the Elbe or the Spree."

Tchaikovsky, whom Mr. Finck quotes, recognized instinctively the originality of Grieg's genius:

"Hearing the music of Grieg, we instinctively recognize that it was written by a man impelled by an irresistible impulse to give vent by means of sounds to a flood of poetical emotion, which obeys no theory or principle, is stamped with no impress but that of a vigorous and sincere artistic feeling. Perfection of form, strict and irreproachable logic in the development of his themes, are not perseveringly sought after by the celebrated Norwegian. But what charm, what inimitable and rich musical imagery! What warmth and passion in his melodic phrases, what teeming vitality in his harmony, what originality and beauty in the turn of his piquant and ingenious modulations and rhythms, and in all the rest what interest, novelty, and independence!"

*

There is a great deal of wisdom in the philosophy of a "College Woman," who was graduated from a well-known institution, last June. "If we could collect in one place," she remarks, "at the end of college life, every visible result of the years' work, we might fancy for a moment



Minne Torgene
 merden mid þo
 fella þessu vortu,
 eft mid þessu
 generationu.
 Hó mögum minne
 Hóftmannu.
 afspary, þú mæ þu
 gæm gæmst
 fátan!
Carmen Sylve
 Síminn hofst

On ne tardera pas à
 trouver la terre
 froide et sombre
 quand on aura
 entrevu la lumière
 citée.

Carmen Sylve
 Síminn hofst



that there was much more in those books and papers than there was left in our own minds; but, then, as we realized afresh all the fulness of college life, we should feel that the best things gained were not those in the books and papers, but somewhere else. This last thought would be a better one than the first, because the only right and proper place for everything that has been acquired is not within the narrow limits of note-books, but present and ready in the daily thoughts, and so influencing them as to affect continually the actual life.

The women who use to the fullest that which they have, although this may be little, are infinitely wiser than they who go on accumulating and piling up information, with no coherent purpose nor with any definite plan. The trouble with a great many people in this world is not that they are lacking in sufficient brains, but that they do not know how to use those they have. Waste is always unintelligent; and it is the worst waste in the world to leave idle and useless the faculties which are capable of being alert and helpful. That this is a tendency with womankind is only too well known. An illustration in point is a comment of one of the year's graduates: 'When I went home for vacation and heard my father talking about strikes and labor unions, I tried to be intelligent and bring to the fore all my training in economics; but it was pitiful how much was in my note-book and little in my mind ready for use.'

*

Blessed in the association of her life, and edified by her death, we mournfully announce the passing away of our beloved Sister M. Immaculata McHale.

Sr. Immaculata, when a child, was surrounded by the most desirable Christian influences. Her school life of eleven years was passed as a convent pupil; then began her life-work, for during those years she was a bright and sweet example

of the charms, graces, and perfections that are the true adornment of a Christian maiden.

As early years presaged, she was a chosen soul: at twenty, Sr. Immaculata entered the novitiate at Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Six years only remained to this sweet and enthusiastic soul; but length of years were not required in this case,—and well did she fill out and complete a most glorious Christian career, by precept, earnestness, and example. Her life exhaled the sweetness of the lily; and her personality was attended by an atmosphere that carried the mind to higher things than those of earth.

Our dear Sister was a niece of Very Reverend P. McHale, C. M., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., who now mourns with us, and who may be assured of the deepest sympathy of all who were so privileged as to know Sister M. Immaculata.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers and Booksellers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "Melor Of The Silver Hand," by Reverend David Bearne, S. J.

Father Bearne writes so entertainingly of English life and English country scenes, and his boys are so exceedingly natural and charming that it is always a genuine pleasure for us to make other schoolboys acquainted with them.

His sympathy with boyhood is evident and his understanding so perfect, that one instinctively feels that he writes from experience.

Books are the voices of the distant and the dead past, and make us heirs of the spiritual, historical and political life of the ages. No matter how poor I may be, if the sacred writers will enter my abode, if Dante and Milton will abide with me, to sing of Paradise, and the immortal Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom; although the rich and prosperous may not visit me, yet I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship.

"Seesaw."

"Seesaw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master.
She shall have but a penny a day
Because she can't work any faster"—

sang the shrill voices of the two little children from the "Lodge." First, up went the girl, with her brown curls peeping out from beneath her large, pink sunbonnet; then up went her brother, with the sun shining in his eyes through the tear in his cow's-breakfast.

"Say, Jenny, if you could just do somethin' to earn a penny, that song 'd be true, wouldn't it?" said the boy.

"No, it wouldn't."

"Yes, but it would though, 'cause I heard pa say this mornin' that he had to go and find a new place 'cause Master Charlie told him to go," explained the boy.

"He did not, he wouldn't be so mean," retorted the little girl. Filled with indignation and jumping off the seesaw, she started across the broad lawn as fast as her chubby little legs could carry her. But before she reached her destination, she was arrested in her mad flight by her mother who, picking up her runaway little daughter, brought her back to the teeter and left her there, with the dreadful threat that she would get no pie for dinner if she attempted to go to the "big house" again.

So, still not convinced that Master Charlie could be so hard-hearted, she returned to her perch on one end of the board, and was soon singing away as blithely as ever, and occasionally casting a searching look across at the "big house," to catch a glimpse of "Master Charlie."

But Master Charlie was too much engrossed with another girl to be thinking of little Miss Pink-Bonnet. In the luxuriously-furnished library he was seated before a table, littered with papers, trying vainly to put an English construction on what, to him, seemed a jumble of words.

"Well, as far as I can make out, we have not a sou unless the insurance."

The girl who had been standing gazing out of the open window, started at these words and looked at her brother.

"Not a sou, Charlie,—but can't we keep some of the money,—just a little until—"

"No, we can't, at least we will not. I'm going to start out with a clean page and no debts on my conscience," he replied forcibly.

The girl gasped. It was quite evident that she was not accustomed to be taken like this.

"Never mind, Marie, I didn't mean that. Yes, I did, I meant—what did I mean?"

He crossed the room, and drawing his sister down to a seat beside him, put his arm about her, saying: "Please, don't cry, dear. I meant what I said, but I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I want that money just as much as you do, but it wouldn't be exactly right to keep it, so you see we'll just sell this old place. It would be rather expensive to manage, and then it is altogether too large for two of us. Besides, that will pay off the debts and with the insurance money we can buy a prettier little place just large enough for two. You'll be able to manage it much better than this, for I'm afraid all the servants must go, except Mary Anne, and then when I find a position, we'll be as happy as can be."

"It doesn't sound so bad, after all; but what kind of a position are you fit for, might I ask, Mr. Conceit?"

"Anything, ma'am; my education has been of the all-round kind—a little of everything and not much of anything in particular. If I ever have anything to do with a boy, I'll see that he knows bookkeeping before he ever sets his eyes on Xenophon, and that he can translate those pesky documents before he learns to translate Vergil. A lot of good geometry, biology and all the other 'ologies' are going to do me to get a position. When I think of all the time I've wasted on useless things, I—"

But Marie interrupted: "They can't have done you any harm, at any rate, and you never can tell what kind of a position you'll get. I've heard of people getting a good salary as foreign correspondents, or something like that."

"That's so, and if I have wasted time in the past, that's no reason for wasting it now, bemoaning what can't be remedied."

"No, of course, it is not. Now, let's start over; we're even, you know. You pulled me out of the 'Vale of Tears,' and I paid back by taking you out of the 'Valley of Despondency,' so, let's shoulder our burdens and begin again as Christian did in the story."

They both laughed at that, and, arm in arm, they stepped through the window out into the lawn, leaving the wind to play a great game of tag with the "pesky papers."

Once outside, they seemed to forget all the troubles of the past two weeks—their father's death, which left them orphans, and the money difficulties, which arose immediately after, for Mr. Barrett had lived up to his income and had also contracted some heavy debts, thinking there would be plenty of time to begin to save for his children, as he was still a young man. He did not seem to realize that death comes to all, both young and old. So when he was carried home, dying, from a fall from his horse, the only thing he had to leave his seventeen-year-old son and his daughter, one year her brother's junior, was the remembrance of a very indulgent father.

As the brother and sister walked around the place which, to them, had always been home, they came at last to the gatekeeper's house, where the two children were still playing on the teeter.

"O Miss Marie!" called Jenny, as soon as she saw them approaching, "please, make Tommy weigh me up. I'm tired of being down."

Wicked Tommy was dancing about on the upper half of the board, carefully avoiding the extreme end, as he knew if he put his weight on it he would weigh his small sister up.

Poor little Jenny was nearly in tears, "'cause she didn't like bein' down."

The dispute was soon settled, and Charlie and Marie went off, leaving the two children seesawing merrily.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Marie, "I wish some one would come along and weigh us up again. I'm just as tired of being down as Jenny."

"We've been up too long, that's the trouble; so we will have to stay down for a while, Sissy, before our turn for up comes."

"And when we are up again, how we will enjoy it! But we'll not be selfish, will we? We'll seesaw evenly, and being down will only make us appreciate being up. I know I never appreciated my blessings until I lost them. I'm really beginning to like being poor and playing seesaw," cried Marie, enthusiastically.

"That's a fine idea, Sis, and I'm going to take the first weight off our end by going out this very afternoon and hunting up a job."

And so the first weight was thrown off, and, one by one, the others all followed. Not without some trouble, however, for some of them were very heavy.

The selling of the beautiful house, which had always been home to them, was the heaviest of all, but they were rewarded, for when they were settled in the "pretty little house," the last weight, called, "What-people-will-say," rolled off, of its own accord, when all their friends, without exception, called on them, and, in every way possible, showed that they respected and loved them for what they had done.

So, although they did not regain the dizzy height of old, they attained a place with firm footing, from which there was no danger of tumbling, and whenever anything seems to be going wrong, they look at one another and say, "seesaw."

GERTRUDE KELLY.

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

As I Knew Her.

NATURE put on her dreariest, dulllest aspect for her wedding-day. Well,—no!

It was no freak, but in awful sympathy this great, fostering Mother acted so. The darkly-clouded sky, the cold gusts of straight rain alternating with blasts of wind, the slush and mud upon the earth,—truly, it was the dreariest, dulllest, saddest of days—her wedding-day.

Such a day of days! Once only I remember a parallel. This was when we were very young, Anna and I, and we wandered away from home. Not as St. Teresa and Rodriguez had done, to meet martyrdom. No! We had been listening and the great folk had been talking about the rainbow, of its gold, and covenant of peace. And we wandered a mile away to discover a piece of the rainbow.

The sky began to darken and soon the clouds commenced to attack one another violently, and the thunder like true cannon reported awful destruction on high. Fearful and trembling we drew towards the dilapidated rail-fence. Here was an old toll-gate. A relic of pioneer days it stood with two immense pillar-like logs leaning towards the road and like another Atlas carrying on its back a world of rails. We crept under the

cave-like enclosure, and the storm raged and raged. Now we were blinded with intense light, then deafened by explosive thunder, and all the time the rain came down in torrents.

Distraught with terror, cuddled up on the rain-drenched grass, little wonder the sense of location left us. Finally we leapt from the spot, desperately determined to outdo the lightning in a frantic run for home. Alas, we were going astray. Things were resolving into a greater unknown, and we realized it—we were running towards the edge of the world, and would fall off and get killed. What!—an apple-tree here, and two little Eves looked up and beheld—even so, an Eden in that apple-tree. We sought the tree, not because we desired the forbidden fruit—alas, what could pass the lump of terror in our little throats. No! We would remain near the apple-tree, because we knew it was an apple-tree like our own friendly apple-trees at home. Great drops of water dripped from our clothing and we placed our wet, trembling little hands against the bark and looked into each other's faces; but not a word escaped, mute terror sealed our lips.

Again we looked out on the dreary road, a great dark object was approaching. With one impulse we dropped our hold upon the tree and clung to each other. The last awful stroke was coming. Nearer, nearer, approached the dragon: the terrors of death were upon us.

"Margaret!—Anna!—Thank God!"

It was *her* voice, the valiant, the tender-hearted. She had learned we were missing and heroine-like braved the elements to find our little, lost selves. Oh, the relief of that moment! I wonder if the Master's "euge, euge," to our disembodied spirits will bear with it greater hope, and joy, and gladness.

Like little antelopes we darted towards her. Anna seized her left hand and Margaret her right, and by her side and under the great umbrella we were safe—safe—safe. Oh, the true, the tender-hearted! We listened to the patter of the rain on the umbrella, and she told us it was "Nature's tear-drops," perhaps, for having frightened us. Dearest of optimists! We assured her we weren't frightened any more. And the rain played its pitter-patter, pitter-patter while we splashed the mud and water on our dear protector's shining oilcloth with our little wet

shoes. But she didn't mind, she was so glad to have found us, and we longed to walk on forever in the rain under an umbrella with her.

And now when I think upon her gentle, endearing spirit I wish that this pen were golden, and this ink sevenfold indelible that the characters might trace an eternal vouchment of her beautiful, guileless, great way.

Sometime later we besought her to take us to the berry-bush.

"Yes!—we might come," she said, "if we wouldn't get lost." And we promised to remain near the "Pails" and keep the berry-burglars off. And it came to pass, and we sat by the "Pails," Anna and I making berry-pies for her. Berry-pies meant three berries squashed between two berry leaves. It seemed so very long and we had heaps and heaps of berry-pies made before lunch hour arrived. The other large girls laughed at our pies—and Jenny—she didn't laugh but she looked strangely at the other girls, as if she didn't see us, and said to them confidentially, "I never can eat berry-pies, I would be sure to lose my way going home; somehow the most beautiful berry-pies seem to affect my eyes like blinding dust." Prudent Jennie! I tell thee, the "allotted peck" would scarcely have gone in the way of the eyes that very day. Four little nigger hands were questionable advertisements for dustless pastry, and a bilious attack in a berry-bush is an episode sadly wanting in romance. In an instant piles and piles of berry-pies were precipitated into a bush near by, all to save those dear eyes. Alas, they are dimmed and gone, those sweet, pleading eyes, for the grave holds what was precious to us then. If only money could buy, if skill could save;—but God's ways—they are not ours, and the darling of our little girlhood sleeps in her grave.

Later we went to school. Jennie was one of the grown-up girls and in the highest class. How infinite her knowledge seemed! And I remember now that little wild fellow we called the "Rake." He seemed to be friendless at school and almost everybody made him a target for raillery. He was only seven or eight years, and when the large boys actually frightened him he invariably found refuge with her. Often I saw him run to her on such an occasion and lean his head against her. She never sent him away: she never teased him.

And when we wondered why she loved him so—we thought she did—she never defended her position, only listened. She seemed not to be able to argue or quarrel, and finally we soon forgot to wonder over her dear charity. And when her own big brother procured a new accordion, Jennie gave the old one to the little Rake. Soon he could play half-a-dozen of "tunes." He was scarcely able to work the instrument in-and-out, yet his poor little countenance seemed to light up when she asked him to play. He is a grown man now in a large city. He hadn't seen *her* since he was a boy, but I learned this about him, when he heard that she was dead he asked some one for ten dollars. He wanted to go to the funeral. He didn't get it, however, and consequently wasn't there, but I just thought I would tell you this. Poor fellow—he is still a "rake," with regard to spending his money, or he would have a meagre "ten" overboard, or at least carry that much credit with a friend.

All this is but a poorly drawn picture of her endearing loveliness. Indeed, it cannot well be told: thought will ever be more than its expression. She was beautiful in all her ways.

The hour of destiny came to her as to other maidens, but Nature frowned over the "tie indissoluble" in the dreariest, dullest, saddest way. Her wedded days were hard, hard days.

And when the children came, four sunny, curly-headed boys with large blue eyes like their mother's, and four girls, strange, too, more like their father than their mother—well, for some time things went well enough; then came hard times, ill-health with her, and melancholy with him, and in a few years Fortune's wheel had turned backwards. Accumulated debts came in to find no remunerative response, and finally want—dismal, pale-eyed want—to her, the valiant, the lovable—want of bare bread. The children grew pale and languid, and one died. I could have helped her then—the one thing of good I wish most I had done, passed by: I did not do it, and so my spirit bears into the future a nursling of regret. I lost all my little wealth; it fell into the hands of my enemy. I regretted it not at all: I only regretted not having reached out a helping hand to her. I might have done it.

I told a kind old lady of means. She was touched and actually made a visit over hundreds

of miles—to see for herself, I think. Through the intervention of this dear old lady want was removed. Things had come to the worst, and now began to climb upwards. Her seven children seemed to be like her in their disposition, never quarrelsome, always gentle. They were clever—brilliant, the people said—and I learned from time to time how happy she was in them.

One day the news came to me that she was very ill—heart failure. The case was critical. I was able to do nothing now. I went to my friend, the dearest, sweetest, happiest girl in all the great city. She was off duty just at the time, resting. She was a Professional Nurse and of the truest, grandest type. "I will go myself," she said. I painted the difficulties probable and possible, more to prepare than to discourage, for I wanted her to go. She travelled over a very long distance and found the lady low, low. Almost every day I learned something about her now. Finally, very discouraging news came to me—little hope. I wept, but what good are tears; I prayed, and one day a little piece of yellow paper was put into my hand. It told the short story.

Dead!—died at 2:40 a. m. July the eighteenth.

Dead,—but not to me. From the darkness her dear face seems to speak to me. In temptation, in despondency, in suffering, her voice seems to say: "Be of good heart, fear not, all these things are transitory and will pass away. Fear only one thing—to leave the path of duty."

And why should her dear, immaculate face rise forever to caution my drooping spirit? I cannot answer. I can only feel her presence—to me, nearer, dearer, stronger than all minor verities. And when I lay me down to die—I know it—I shall not be alone. Not, however, as on that dark "day of the rain," long ago, will she come in her dripping oilcloth and great umbrella. No! No! No! When again I behold her face there will be lilies and roses, there will be peace and love, there will be the Palm of Victory, and the Crown of Life.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Elegance is something more than ease; it is more than a freedom from awkwardness or restraint. It implies a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spirited, yet delicate.

Pourquoi Suis-Je en Pension ?

LES premiers dix printemps de ma jeunesse s'étaient justement écoulés en parfaite liberté et insouciance de "l'enfant gâté," lorsque un jour mes parents me confiaient leur décision au sujet de ma future éducation, qui résultait par "me mettre en pension." Je me crus "frappée de la foudre," mais ma petite mère, avec ses paroles les plus charmantes, venait rassurer ma consternation momentanée en me présentant tout ce qu'il y a d'amusant en pension. "Tu auras de la compagnie," disait-elle, "une grande variété de jeux, tu y feras des amies, tu y joueras des parties de tennis, de baseball; les fêtes y sont nombreuses et casuelles, les concerts et théâtres, piqueniques et soirées n'y manquent jamais."

Oh! comme cela sonnait si séduisant! Je fut vite consolée et avec plaisir j'embrassai la proposition, peinte en si vives couleurs, quoique l'idée lugubre d'une séparation fatale de ce qui m'entourait et qui m'était si cher, ressuscitât comme un spectre menaçant dans ma jeune imagination.

Cependant avec un certain héroïsme j'ai bravement surpassé ce que "n'est que le premier pas, qui coûte." J'ai grandi depuis et avec moi la faculté du jugement s'est développée pleinement, ce qui me rend capable aujourd'hui de comprendre ce qu'il y avait été sous-entendu dans l'éloge de ma mère par rapport à "la pension."

Certe, au point de vue des distractions promises, tout s'est accompli fidèlement. J'ai la compagnie de trente jeunes étourdies comme moi, les jeux sont variés et fréquents et hélas! le nombre de mes amies monte et descend comme les prix de la Bourse. Cependant je suis devenue assez raisonnable pour me rendre compte que la question "Pourquoi suis-je en pension?" ne s'épuisait pas en cela et envisageant la question sérieusement, je veux essayer d'expliquer à mes condisciples autant que possible, la cause réelle.

Sans doute le principe essentiel, c'est l'éducation sous ces trois formes: L'éducation de l'esprit, l'éducation du caractère, l'éducation du "savoir vivre."

I.

L'esprit de l'enfant, possédant d'excellentes dispositions, doit être développé et illuminé par

la science religieuse et moderne. Il faut apprendre et comprendre les vérités de la religion et du dogme dans lequel on fut né, baptisé, et élevé; il faut enrichir le savoir, éveiller l'intelligence, fortifier la mémoire, être au courant de ce qui se passe dans son pays et dans l'univers entier au point des sciences, si toutefois on veut appartenir à la classe des gens instruits. On n'apprend jamais trop, jamais tout, jamais assez, on apprend pendant toute sa vie, soit par théorie ou par expérience, mais la base y est mise en pension, une base ineffaçable qui influence toute la vie. Rester ignorant serait une disgrâce impardonnable dans notre ère, où mille et mille moyens nous sont offerts à nous instruire. "Mais," me direz-vous, "on peut être bien enseigné chez soi, sans être enfermé dans une pension." En effet, mais la pension offre beaucoup plus d'avantages à l'élève interne, que l'externe en aura de profit.

L'étude en pension rapporte des progrès plus rapides et des résultats plus certains, en ce que l'élève s'y trouve comme dans une seconde sphère vitale, non exposé aux distractions du monde et des affaires, auxquelles certainement court risque l'externe.

L'instruction en pension fournit à l'élève plus de variétés, plus d'amusements, plus de facilités à comprendre. Ce qu'un élève ignore, un autre le sait, ce que ne demande l'un, demandera l'autre, et comme ces questions sont drôles quelquefois et amusantes en même temps! Ainsi l'idée se forme, invente et juge. Puis la pension d'aujourd'hui est équipée de tout ce qui est le plus confortable, élégant et utile pour l'hygiène de l'élève, de tous les moyens, pour lui rendre l'instruction non seulement aussi facile que possible, mais même "amusant" j'ose dire. Peut la famille offrir les mêmes moyens?

II.

Dorloté et plus ou moins gâté des parents les plus sévères, l'enfant de sa finesse naturelle ne tarde à découvrir leur faiblesse pour lui et, tant en les câlinant, il parvient à les dominer par sa volonté. Le caractère humain, par nature égoïste, devient plus en plus tyrannique à l'exécution de sa propre volonté, entêté et désobéissant, à mesure que le corps se développe. Il faut une force conséquente, supérieure, assidue, pa-

tiente, pour modeler les dispositions de colère et de révolte. Où, et qui est cette Fée régulatrice du bourgeon humain? C'est la pension. Car c'est elle qui, sans cesse, procure à l'élève l'occasion de l'exercice et de l'épreuve dans l'obéissance, l'ordre, la soumission et l'amour-propre. Le caractère individuel, environné de tant d'autres sous toutes formes et façons, devient docile, patient à supporter les faiblesses du prochain et à les pardonner; il devient indulgent, partage les joies et les peines des autres, il devient généreux, sensible, conséquent à voter pour le bien et le juste envers Dieu et l'humanité. Et n'est-ce pas par ces qualités du caractère et du coeur qu'une personne se fait aimer, devient attractive, parfois admirée et l'idole de ceux qui l'environnent?

III.

On dit que c'est "du bon ton" d'être élevé en pension; et ce que la pension est pour la jeune fille, c'est l'armée ou l'université pour le jeune homme, en ce qui résulte: une éducation particulière et supérieure à celle en famille. L'homme est destiné à vivre dans la société plus ou moins civilisée, élevée ou instruite. Je ne veux ici entrer aux détails des étiquettes pour vivre dans la haute aristocratie. Je m'adresse simplement à la jeune fille de ma sphère, qui cependant doit devenir la femme moderne du siècle. Le "savoir-vivre" est donc devenu un chapitre essentiel de l'éducation modern. Comme nos grand'mères en différaient énormément! Cent années auparavant, la jeune fille de ma classe sociale fut uniquement élevé pour le foyer domestique. Il ne suffit aujourd'hui qu'elle soit bonne ménagère, simple et pieuse mère de famille. La jeune fille de notre ère est entraînée par le courant du progrès général. Elle doit être savante, femme d'affaires, de commerce, de science, de politique; il ne suffit qu'elle sache maîtriser sa langue maternelle, elle doit en savoir au moins deux étrangères. Les concerts, théâtres, bals, diners, visites, &c., sont plus fréquents et plus élégants que dans l'ancien temps et la société exige que la femme y parait obligatoire, qu'elle y circule dans toute sa grâce de mouvements et de paroles. Et où apprendra-t-elle toutes ces raffinements de politesse et de bon goût si non de sa plus tendre

jeunesse en pension? D'un coup d'oeil on distingue la jeune fille de pension parmi une foule d'autres de son âge, par ses bonnes manières, son excessive politesse.

C'est pour ces raisons que mes parents dépendent une fortune entière pour me faire donner une éducation soignée, pour m'armer contre l'ignorance et la misère, pour m'équiper pour la vie sociale et moderne, pour m'apprendre enfin d'apprécier ma famille, mon pays, ma nation.

Certainement, n'étant jamais séparé des siens et de ce qui nous entoure, on devient plutôt indifférent. Jugez, après un an d'absence, comme les vacances nous sont bienvenus! Comme nous languissons de revoir nos parents, nos frères et soeurs, notre village et son vieux clocher, le petit jardin, témoin de nos plus heureux jeux, nos voisins, jeunes et vieux. Avec quelle double affection et avec quel transport de joie ne nous jetons nous alors dans leur bras!

F. G. GOUDIS.

Un Voyage à Vol d'Oiseau.

SEULE dans ma chambre je repasse entre mes mains les lettres des parents, les cartes des amies, seul testimonial de leur souvenir et de leur affection.

Les sons harmonieux de l'orchestre s'échappant de la montagne voisine, parviennent jusqu'aux oreilles de la petite orpheline, si isolée hélas! Mais cherchez-vous sa pensée? Vous la trouverez à Québec, l'Athène du Canada, dit-on.

Je revois avec bonheur deux soeurs chéries après une séparation de plusieurs années. Leur figure rayonne de contentment dans leur coiffe de religieuses. Petites soeurs, oh oui, que vous êtes heureuses! Car "quitter le monde pour Dieu, c'est donner peu pour beaucoup," a dit Saint Paulin de Nole. Adieu, soeurette, je m'en vais à l'église de la Basseville où nos pères ont prié avec tant de ferveur qu'ils y ont obtenu des grâces signalées, mieux encore, des miracles éclatants. Au-dessus du maître autel, je vois, inscrites sur deux étendards, les dates: 1690 et 1711. La première me rappelle l'insuccès de Phipps; la seconde, le désastre de la flotte de Walker. Oui, deux fois la Nouvelle France est

salvée d'une destruction complète par l'intercession de la Sainte Vierge.

J'admire l'incomparable beauté du St. Laurent que l'on entend souvent nommer "Le fleuve aux eaux limpides," mais dans nos montagnes où les sources jaillissent si pures, c'est une eau plus transparente que l'on appelle limpide. Je recule de trois siècles dans le passé, et je vois le Cap Diamant sous une épaisse chevelure forestière. Églises, palais, voies électriques,—tout disparaît. Les habitants de l'antique Stadaconé n'entendent que le chant des oiseaux et les grandes voix des vagues et des vents. Mais qui les fait se précipiter vers le fleuve? Ah! j'aperçois trois vaisseaux côtoyant lentement les rivages d'un nouveau monde. C'est Jacques Cartier et ses compagnons. . . . Il repart. . . . Enfants de la forêt, pleurez Donacona, vous ne le reverrez plus!

Champlain s'avance, et les grands pins qui ombragent les wigwams disparaissent. Le pavillon fleurdelisé reçoit le premier baiser de la brise canadienne.

C'est maintenant une heure d'angoisse. Les nombreux vaisseaux de la flotte anglaise se balancent dans le port de Québec; le vent éclate dans les plis du pavillon anglais. Adieu! France de Saint Louis—adieu!

O majestueux St. Laurent! que tu me rappelles de souvenirs—mais hélas! la réalité te fait disparaître à ton tour, et je me retrouve à Hamilton, toujours seule dans ma chambre, et nullement accablée des fatigues d'un si long voyage.

VICTORIA CYR.

Exámenes en el Convento de Loreto, Europa.

TENEMOS verdadero placer en hacer público el notable éxito alcanzado por las alumnas de este acreditado Colegio en los exámenes verificados en junio próximo pasado para la obtención de Diplomas del *College of Preceptors*, de Londres.

A pesar de haber tenido que examinarse en circunstancias desfavorables, pues los días en que los exámenes tuvieron lugar reinaba ese viento de levante que tan enervante resulta aquí; los resultados no han podido ser más brillantes, y con seguridad satisfarán á los más exigentes.

Las jóvenes señoritas que han visto premiados sus desvelos y asiduidad en los estudios, recibirán con ello nuevo aliciente para perseverar con ardor en la senda emprendida, gozando de los legítimos y puros deleites que proporciona una educación acabada y completa.

Orgullosas del fruto de sus labores pueden estar las venerables y virtuosas religiosas que con tanto acierto dirigen este Establecimiento de Enseñanza, que tan merecida fama goza, como lo prueba el hecho de acudir á él jóvenes alumnas de casi toda la península española. Proverbiales son el celo, inteligencia y vasta ilustración de cuantas Hermanas tienen á su cargo la importante misión de formar la mente de las futuras madres de familia á ellas encomendadas, y motivos de satisfacción tienen los padres con pruebas tan fehacientes del modo como cumplen esas respetables Hermanas su sagrado cometido.

A continuación damos el resultado de los exámenes:

SEGUNDA CLASE.

MISS LOURDES FERRARY.—Certificado de honor y notable en Francés, Español y Música. Aprobada en Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía, Aritmética, Álgebra, Italiano y Dibujo.

MISS LEVY.—Certificado con notable en Español y aprobada en Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Aritmética, Álgebra, Francés, Dibujo y Música.

TERCERA CLASE.

MISS BLACK.—Certificado de honor y notable en Gramática y Literatura Inglesa y Francés. Aprobada en Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía, Aritmética, Álgebra, Español y Dibujo.

MISS NOVELLA.—Certificado de honor y notable en Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Francés, Español y Dibujo. Aprobada en Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía, Aritmética y Álgebra.

MISS WOOLLEY.—Certificado de honor y aprobada en Sagrada Escritura, Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía, Francés y Dibujo.

MISS K. WOOLLEY.—Certificado de honor y notable en Aritmética, Álgebra y Francés. Aprobada en Sagrada Escritura, Gramática y Lit-

eratura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía y Dibujo.

MISS RODRIGUEZ.—Notable en Dibujo y aprobada en Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Geografía, Aritmética, Algebra, Francés y Español.

MISS E. RODRIGUEZ.—Notable en Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Francés y Español. Aprobada en Geografía, Aritmética, Algebra y Dibujo.

MISS HASLUCK.—Notable en Francés. Aprobada en Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Geografía, Aritmética, Algebra, Español y Dibujo.

LOWER FORMS.

Obtuvieron certificados las siguientes examinandas:

MISS GRIFFITHS.—Dictado y Composicion* Aritmética,* Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra,* Geografía,* Algebra* y Dibujo.*

MISS PEÑA.—Dictado y Composicion, Aritmética,* Gramática* y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Algebra,* Francés* y Dibujo.*

MISS A. IMOSI.—Dictado y Composicion,* Aritmética,* Gramática* y Literatura Inglesa,* Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía, Algebra* y Dibujo.

MISS GALVEZ.—Dictado y Composicion, Aritmética, Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía, Algebra* y Francés.*

MISS G. LANE.—Dictado y Composicion, Aritmética, Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía,* Algebra y Francés.

MISS M. NEUVILLE.—Dictado y Composicion, Aritmética, Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Algebra, Francés y Dibujo.*

MISS C. NOVELLA.—Dictado y Composicion, Aritmética, Gramática* y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía,* Algebra y Francés.

MISS G. LEGGETT.—Dictado y Composicion, Aritmética, Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía,* Algebra y Francés.

MASTER B. WOOLLEY.—Dictado y composicion, Aritmética,* Gramática y Literatura Inglesa, Historia de Inglaterra, Geografía,* Algebra y Dibujo.

NOTA—Las asignaturas señaladas con* obtuvieron 75% ó más marcas.

No debemos terminar estos ligeros apuntes sin hacer mencion del significativo hecho que la Srta. L. Ferrary obtuvo 155 marcas en exceso del número necesario para obtener nota de sobresaliente (Honores) en la 2a. clase. Lo propio ocurrió el año anterior en la 3a. clase, lo que demuestra por parte de dicha alumna, aptitudes nada comunes á tan temprana edad, y por lo que felicitamos cordialmente á su apreciable familia.

A Jubilee in Loretto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

THE historic old "Rock" of Gibraltar never looked brighter than it did on the nineteenth of last April, when the Religious of Loretto Convent, Europa, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the Mother Assistant, Mother Mary Ignatius Byrne.

Mother Mary Ignatius had spent forty-six out of the fifty Golden Years in our renowned fortress, so the rejoicings were not confined to the picturesque convent in which she resides, but were shared by many outside it, young and old, matrons and children, who looked upon her as a very dear Mère Maitresse.

Ireland had not yet experienced the terrible agony of the famine when Marcella Byrne was born in Dublin of a fine old family, resident in that city. In her very early childhood, death deprived her of both parents, consequently, she was sent by her guardians to Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham—then, as now, one of the most celebrated educational establishments in Ireland. After some years' residence there, she felt herself called to serve God in the religious life and was admitted to the novitiate by the venerable foundress of the Irish branch of the Institute, Reverend Mother Teresa Ball. Her Novice Mistress was Mother Xaveria Fallon, afterwards third Superior General of the Irish branch.

As the young novice sighed for sacrifice, her thoughts turned constantly towards the foreign missions, especially India, but her sacrifice was

not accepted, though some years after her profession, she was told to accompany Mother Joseph Anne Hickey to Gibraltar, which was—and still continues to be—one of the most important and interesting missions of the Institute.

On her arrival here, she was immediately appointed accountant, and filled many important offices in the schools, where her varied talents, especially her knowledge of foreign languages, were highly appreciated.

Shortly after the foundation of the present flourishing convent of St. Francis Xavier, in Gibraltar, she was appointed by Reverend Mother Xaveria Fallon Superior of the establishment. For more than eleven years she governed this house with zeal and efficiency. In 1893, she was temporarily relieved of the burden of superiority and sent to assist her former dear friend of novitiate days, Reverend Mother Stanislaus who, some years previously, had founded in Spain the beautiful convent of Castelleja, near Seville. She resided there for two years as Mistress of Novices. At the end of that time, Gibraltar reclaimed her, and she returned to resume her post as Superior of St. Francis Xavier's. Her second term of office was even more fruitful than her first had been. She established at this period the Extern Congregation of Children of Mary, composed of the principal ladies of the town, also a Sunday-school in which poor servants are instructed in their religion and taught how to read and write. In these good works she was ably seconded by her former pupils. It was during her term of office that Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, every first Friday, was introduced.

The little chapel of St. Francis Xavier's was the first in Gibraltar in which this devotion was observed. The grain of mustard seed has borne fruit, for now the Blessed Sacrament is exposed every first Friday in nearly all the churches and chapels.

In 1900, Mother M. Ignatius suffered from a very serious illness. Perfect rest seemed the only hope for her recovery, so her Superiors in Rathfarnham sent her to the first home of her religious life in Gibraltar, Loretto Convent, Europa, where she at present fills worthily the post of Mother Assistant.

The life-long friends, pupils, and former pupils of Mother Ignatius availed themselves of the auspicious occasion of her Jubilee to tender their

respects and offer hearty congratulations on the happy event. Reverend Felix Kientz, the convent chaplain, celebrated the Community Mass, and, later on, His Lordship the Vicar Apostolic, Dom Guido Remigio Barbieri, celebrated a High Mass, assisted by Monsignor Chincotta.

All day, the convent was filled to overflowing with visitors, bearing numerous presents and offering their hearty congratulations. During the afternoon, an entertainment was given, to which her many friends were invited. A cinematograph display, at intervals, lent to the surroundings an air of festivity and joy, as if the fifty Golden Years had passed into one day of glad sunshine, while clouds of affection hung round the old familiar faces.

Miss L. Ferrary, A. Perez, C. Fontes, C. Pinzon, C. Novella, Cyrene Novella, C. Galvez, J. Dotto, L. Baca, M. Peña, J. Peña, M. R. Sagraio, P. Armero, M. Black, C. Jimenez, and R. Russi, sang the opening chorus—"Jubilee Greetings"—in a manner which showed that their sweet voices had been well and carefully trained. Miss Lourdes Ferrary and Miss Clemencia Novella each interpreted a piano solo in faultless style, eliciting much deserved applause. Another chorus—"Erin The Tear and The Smile in Thine Eye"—equally well rendered, was listened to with rapt attention, the parts blending harmoniously in this sympathetic melody. After tea had been served, Miss O. Canilla engaged the attention of the audience while she interpreted a piano solo, in finished style and technique. But the pièce de résistance of the evening, and which had to be repeated in response to an imperative encore, was a song in costume by Masters Vivian Hill, Frankie John, Bertie Woolley, and Harry Morris, entitled "Bobby's Banjo." The lads must have felt proud of the way they stormed the house. A beautiful solo and chorus—"The Summer Sea"—brought the concert to a close.

His Lordship eulogized, in his silvery native tongue, the life-long labors of the venerable lady, whose span of forty-six years in Gibraltar had been so productive of good. He finally called for a cheer, which was responded to heartily by those present, and expressed the hope that many of the guests would be spared to see the worthy Religious celebrate her Diamond Jubilee.

THE CHRONICLER.



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LORETTO CONVENT, EUROPA, GIBRALTAR.

Work.

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil,
The shore, than labor in the deep mid-ocean,
Wind and wave and oar."

THUS sang the idle Lotos-eaters when the fatal influence of the magic flower had blinded them to the duties of life, and deprived them of the natural impulse to action. But such sophistry does not appeal to the normal human being, to whom few things are more appalling than the prospect of prolonged inactivity. The desire to do *something* is instinctive in our nature. Work is a law of our being. We are all called to labor in the vineyard in some capacity, and have no right to resist the summons. Scripture is teeming with denunciations of idleness, while the great minds of all ages vie with each other in praising work.

"Consider," writes Carlyle, "how even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a sort of harmony, the instant he sets himself to work." It is the *material* panacea for all our troubles.

There is such an infinite variety of work—each individual having his particular task assigned him in the scheme of creation—that the subject is practically inexhaustible. We can only make a few general reflections.

No one, who knows, will deny the delights of intellectual pursuits. Spalding says: "To what a weight he stoops, who addresses himself with fixed resolve to a life of thought! The burden indeed is heavy, but the pathway lies through pleasant fields, where great souls move to and fro in freedom and at peace. And as he grows accustomed to his labor, the world widens, the heavens break open, the dead live again, and with them he rises into high regions, where petty cares and passions of mortals do not reach."

Intellectual work has the advantage of being possible far into life's evening, when age has made much physical activity impossible. I have in mind one gifted woman of advanced years, who is enjoying "an age so blest, youth seems the waste instead." She refuses to sink into the apathy so common to those of her years, retaining interest in all that gives pleasure to the most intellectual of the younger generation, among whom she has enthusiastic admirers. She reads every day in two or three languages, writes,

copies music, and, in many ways, keeps up an intimate acquaintance with the best things in Literature, Music and Art. One never spends even a few moments in her ever-delightful presence without a renewed appreciation of the charm of Culture.

With manual work, all depends upon the laborer, whether or not it can be invested with dignity. Alas! numbers perform it as might machines, and seem to regard themselves as nothing higher. Such a spirit, rather than the most menial occupation, is degrading. This slavish attitude is a marked contrast to the one assumed by those who follow Ruskin's ideal, in becoming queens over their realms, however humble, lending their own dignity to every task performed.

In "The Paths of Peace," Lily E. F. Barry speaks of the housewife who is such a slave to her home duties as to be incapable of enjoying a holiday. Such a woman is a veritable drone and belongs to the type of worker whose industry it is a misery to witness. She can never rest, nor raise her thoughts above the work of the moment, and entertains a perpetual sense of resentment towards her more fortunate fellow creatures who can appreciate leisure.

Some persons' achievements constitute their one topic of conversation. They trumpet the performance of every duty and cry aloud from the housetop for approbation. Such a commotion is made about their every trifling accomplishment that we are forcibly reminded of our friend in the nursery tales who "huffed and puffed and blew the house down," and we are constantly expecting them to occasion a similar disaster.

What a relief to turn from such to the contemplation of those "who reach from end to end mightily, disposing all things sweetly." In this category we unhesitatingly place the Valiant Women who "stretch out their hands to strong things." Well may all the world, as well as their children, rise up and call them blessed!

It is noticeable that the greatest works have been accompanied by the least flourish. They thrive best in an atmosphere of silence. The Greatest of all Acts—that of Creation—was accomplished simply at a word. We are only told that the Lord said: "Let there be light and light was made."

There is so much profitable work to be done in the world that the wonder is we waste so

much time and effort on the useless. Like the tapestry weavers, who, working on the wrong side, cannot see the results of their toil until the piece is completed, we cannot always behold the fruit of our labor, but we have the comforting hope, if it is done conscientiously, that we will see it in all its beauty when our work is finished. To quote Spalding again: "If he who gives a cup of water in the right spirit does God's work, so does he who sows or reaps, or builds or sweeps, or utters helpful truth, or plays with children, or cheers the lonely, or does any other fair or useful thing." What a pity, then, that the wrong spirit so often renders unprofitable, works good in themselves. Then, again, many, like the apostles, who labored all night and caught nothing until they cast their nets on the *right* side, are the victims of misapplied zeal. They take no trouble to discover what they are most capable of doing, but rush at the first occupation that presents itself, regardless of their qualifications. Blessed, indeed, are they, who, having found their true vocation, obey the precept: "Know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules."

Now that the golden Autumn time is recalling us from pleasant haunts in the mountains and in the country, at the seashore and at the lakeside, where we have passed delightful vacation days in "restful ease," we are preparing with renewed energy and enthusiasm to take up our winter's work. That we may do it well, we cannot adopt a better motto than Carlyle's inspiring exhortation: "Produce! Produce! were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then—up, up! Whatsoever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day; for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL, '06.

LORETTO CONVENT, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

Nothing so soon betrays association and education as modes of speech; and few accomplishments so much aid the charm of beauty as a graceful and even utterance, while nothing so soon produces the disenchantment that necessarily follows a discrepancy between appearance and manner as a mean intonation of voice, or a vulgar use of words.

Music.

"When we fail to recognize the truly great, the loss is ours, not theirs."

RUSKIN, in his "King's Treasuries," divides books into two great classes—the books of the hour and the books of all time. The thought strikes one, very forcibly, and we perceive that it may be applied not only to books but also to music, since it is so closely related to poetry and stands first in the range of fine arts.

By the music of the hour is not meant that which appeals to the trained musician or the earnest student, but that which is welcomed by the world at large. Who, among us, cannot find pleasure and enjoyment in the simple melodies of light opera?—the rhythm has the power of affecting the senses, although it does not appeal to the intellect. When we give our lives up entirely to the music that merely amuses us for the time being, there is danger of deserting the music of all time and forgetting the true purpose of the art, which is that of elevation.

Let us take a stroll down the streets of Leipzig, Vienna, or Berlin, and is it the "popular" melody of the day that greets the ear?—Ah! no, but something more edifying—the sweet strains of a Chopin Nocturne are wafted through the air,—the symphony or sonata is delicately rehearsed, and the voice of each instrument awakens in the soul of the true lover of music a realization of the keen appreciation shown for the truly great in these musical centers. Theodore Thomas has said: "If Beethoven's symphonies were heard as often as Sousa's marches, they would be just as popular." Certain it is that familiarity with the best music is the first step towards gaining an appreciation of it.

The musician is also a poet, and it is said that Beethoven himself never composed without having some great poem in mind. The first movement of his Sonata, Opus 27, No. 2, is an exquisite song without words, and, after hearing it played by one who possesses such a marvellous technic as the famous Russian artist, Lhévinne, the impression left on the mind of the music lover is one of perfect satisfaction, of absolute conviction.

Mendelssohn has written serenely beautiful symphonies and oratorios, though, perhaps, it is his "Songs Without Words" which have most deeply touched the heart of the world—their

number and variety give scope to a large choice for almost all possible tastes, while their underlying poetical suggestiveness can hardly fail to awaken the imagination of the most prosaic.

Mozart's concertos and sonatas will ever remain a perennial source of delight to sincere and earnest students of pianoforte playing and composition, while his symphonies and overtures are among the most precious treasures we have in orchestral music. Schubert's piano music is full of the tenderest inspiration, and such names as Händel, Haydn, Wagner, Liszt, should call forth from us an earnest desire to study their works, so as to enjoy them intelligently.

The Opera is the school that has trained the greatest singers, and this grand music has found interpreters worthy of its beauty and charm in such artists as Patti, Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Sembrich and numerous others who have dazzled the world by their achievements in the realm of song.

"The mission of music is to uplift, redeem and regenerate"—Bach, Händel, Mozart, Gounod are only a few of the names telling the wealth the organist has at his command to offer in praise of God.

Emerson has said: "We shall find no more of beauty than we carry with us—as we make our way through lofty halls, the vaulted audience-rooms of this Old Father Time, the degree of attainment we reach in the noble art of music depends largely, if not entirely, upon ourselves."

None of us ever reaches the "heights of Parnassus," but, it is a foregone conclusion that, without an appreciation of the truly great, we can raise ourselves but little towards those glorious heights.

MAE L. CLARK, '06.

LORETTO CONVENT, SAULT-STE. MARIE, MICH.

"Back in the Fifties."

BY ELIZABETH GAGNIEUR.

A RATHER ponderous-looking volume, with the title, "Back in the Fifties," did not altogether attract me at the first glance. The explanatory little sentence: "A Tale of Tractarian Times," caused the mental comment, that it must be heavily controversial, but impelled by my happy knowledge of the writer to take a retrospective glance with her, covering over half a century, my speculative impressions

were soon on the wing, and before I finished the first chapter, I was fairly captivated. The delightful style, the natural free-and-easy conversations, the underlying current of quiet humour, the exquisite descriptions of nature, the good, strong Saxon words, the whole charming, clever tenor made me realize that a treat was in store for me, and as each chapter unfolded new beauty, I became more and more conscious of the varied powers of my treat. It was interestingly historical, highly intellectual, and sweetly, impressively spiritual.

I scarcely needed the Preface to tell me that the characters are not fictitious, for they impressed me throughout with their reality. Philip Carr is the personation of whole-souled honesty, braving all opposition for the following of his convictions. The arguments brought forward in the process of his conversion to Catholicity are indisputably persuasive, and especially touching is the pathos of the Communion episode. After his ordination, I like the way he passed almost into obscurity. A life "hidden with Christ in God" needs little record.

Adelaide Dunbar is a type of many sweet young girls, clever, accomplished, cultured, and though of the world, not worldly in the usual acceptance of the word. She and Eustace Hill-yard are the occasions of the pretty bit of romance that greatly enlivens the story.

The minor characters play an excellent part, each one very evidently introduced for a special purpose.

The harrowing scenes laid in China evoke the most beautiful reflections. No Passion Sermon ever preached could excel the expression of the author's sentiments on "Suffering," and the incidents of Jesuit Mission life introduced, but emphasize the truth of what she says. Though tempted to quote some of Mrs. Gagnieur's striking remarks, especially those cleverly controversial, or relative to church art, beautifully descriptive or revealing the supreme essence of the highest spirituality, I must refrain, for quotations would necessarily multiply beyond the scope of a mere criticism. The book *must* be read and *will* be re-read, and then the thoughts will become assimilated to our own. We feel a deeper fund of gratitude for the possession of the true Faith, and a greater desire to suffer for Christ, actuated by the heroic example of the many authentic

scenes so vividly painted by the author's skillful hand.

Non-Catholics cannot fail to find in this work a clear elucidation of many points that must necessarily suggest doubt to any thinking mind. This is portrayed in a way so utterly devoid of bitterness, so sweetly convincing instead of offensively triumphant, that one has but to read in order to be completely under the sway of its argumentative tenor. Regarding "Back in the Fifties," Mrs. Gagnieur can safely utter the impressive test words of Ruskin: "This is the best of me; for the rest I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory. This is a 'Book.'"

DOROTHY B.

The Spirit of the Poppy.

O flower beloved, once more the circling year
Dowers earth from rosy skies,—and thou art
here!

'Tis said a spirit warms thy foldings deep,
Whose mission is to bind in harmless sleep
All torturing ills that mortals would forget;
—And many follow new since last we met!—
Let me forget:—when autumn skies were drear,
And Heaven seemed far, I would not know it
near!

—My angry word or deed, a thousandfold
More cruel than the winter's blast and cold;
—The selfish heart that once unmoved could be
By gentle wellings of sweet charity.
Let me remember hours that one by one
Passed pleasant in the light of duty done;
Where love of God and neighbor led the way,
And sweetly sunset closed the happy day.
Soft, silken, tender bloom of summers fair,
But zephyrs gentle thrilled thy native air;
Thou callest to my soul of peace and rest,
Of paradise where beauties fill the blest.
And thus, sweet spirit flower, to thee is given
To be the bond that binds an earth to heaven!

IDRIS.

One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

A Word from the Prairie State.

WE have many times perused the RAINBOW and, never finding between its covers a word from St. Mary's Academy at Joliet, we are fearful lest our Canadian friends—and surely all the pupils of Loretto are friends—should think that we are uninterested in their successful paper, or should believe that we are in a wilderness, from which no word can reach them. But now we have escaped the influence of the poppies, as it were, and are most anxious to be admitted into the bond of union which the RAINBOW forms.

The first Tuesday of September, throngs of children might be seen making their way toward "our dear Academy." The bright faces, the merry laughter, and the cheerful voices bespoke hearts lightened by the joys of vacation and eager once more for the sweet constraint of happy schooldays.

Entering once more the old, familiar halls, we were greeted by our beloved teachers, who welcomed alike the old and the new. Then came the renewal of friendships and the forming of new ones. Soon we were assigned to our respective classrooms, each seeming to wear a look of welcome for all.

But happier moments were to come. How dear and familiar the little chapel looked, too, as we took our places to pay our homage to our dearest Lord, concealed from view by the little golden door, and to dedicate ourselves anew to His Blessed Mother. The statues of the Queen of Heaven and her holy Spouse smiling down upon us, their favored children, and the bright morning sunlight pouring in through the stained glass windows, made still sweeter that first visit of the school year.

The following day, regular class work was commenced, and daily our enthusiasm is increasing.

In the editions to come, we hope to chronicle such events of our schooldays as may prove of interest to your readers, and serve to bind more closely all Loretto's children.

THE CHRONICLER.

God answers our prayers not according to our wishes, but our wants.

Letter - Box.

MUH-C-TEK COTTAGE,
SAILORS' ENCAMPMENT,
NEEBISH ISLAND, MICH.

DEAR MAYME:

No doubt, after the appearance of such imposing headlines you expect startling news; well, calm your fluttering heart,—all I have to say, though vastly important, is void of startling features and may be summed up in one small sentence: "We are having a most awfully good time."

Face the situation calmly—to begin with—a charming cottage at the most beautiful spot on the beautiful St. Mary's, then a chaperone who thinks of nothing but the pleasure of others, who fairly radiates kindness and hospitality—add to this an unsurpassed combination of four Loretto girls brimming over with vacation spirit, intent on extracting from Nature every atom of pleasure which she is capable of giving, and one big sister to everybody, who teases and pets us and listens to our tales of woe, as if we were really youngsters once more, and trifles were heart-breaking, tear-producing tragedies,—can your mind conceive or your heart desire a more fitting background for one of life's comedies? And truly, it is a comedy! Laughter from morn till night, and then the deepest and sweetest of slumbers—a dreamless trance, wooed by the music of the wind in the pines and the lapping of the tiny waves, that sometimes rouse themselves to fury and try with their puny strength to be angry and threatening.

The river is, perhaps, our greatest source of pleasure. In the coolness of the early morning, our paddles ruffle its calm, in the warmth of noon, we plunge and frolic in its blue depths, in the rosy quiet of evening, we float with the current, while the shores re-echo with the song and laughter of cottager and camper.

I have said that we are situated in the most beautiful spot along the river—it is also the most interesting. We are so near to the ships, as they pass, that the skipper's command, the answering voice, and the signal bells are perfectly distinct to us, and with little difficulty we distinguish the faces of friends aboard the mag-

nificent steamers which pass our door. Scarcely a hundred yards below us is the point which constitutes for seamen the most dangerous turn between Duluth and Buffalo. And truly, it is an education in itself and well worth a visit to the Neebish, to see the marvellous dexterity with which monstrous freighters, more than six hundred feet in length, are swung round a point, which is a perfect right angle, and meet and pass each other, even at this point, in a channel, which is scarcely three hundred feet in width. With bated breath we watch them—the slightest mistake means a serious accident—a collision, perhaps, or a mammoth steamer driven high and dry on the sand, only to swing with the current till her six hundred feet of steel reaches almost from shore to shore, and the whole traffic from Superior to the lower lakes is inevitably blockaded. Think of it! What intensely interesting scenes might take place at our very door, yet, we have been sojourning here close unto four happy weeks, each day of which a hundred ships, with a shriek of whistle, and a warning bell, have passed serenely by, to continue a triumphant journey and brave the tempests of the Great Lakes.

But, this marine record would be impossible, were it not for the government "look-out" station, situated at the point. Here a watchman is placed, day and night, and by means of huge colored balls by day, and lights by night, he communicates to ships at either side, what they may expect beyond this point. 'Tis here we fly in frantic haste each time we sight a passenger steamer, and, at the very close range which the point affords, we scan the countenances of the passengers, in the possible hope of gazing upon a familiar face. Of all the beautiful monsters, the Saronic seems to be the favorite; and, if at any time you should happen upon our spacious veranda, and finding it suddenly vacated, should glance toward the woodpath and catch a glimpse of four fleeting figures—Kathleen far in advance and rivalling the wind, Agnes a close second, and Mae and me bringing up the rear, you need waste no precious moments in arriving at the conclusion that we are racing with the good ship Saronic.

But enough of ships—marvellous though they be—I must tell you of the unsurpassed and healthful climate. We are as brown and healthy

as young Indians, with the exception of Kathleen, who has developed a serious malady, known as Kodak fever, which threatens to undermine the well-being of her bank account, and has reduced the rest of us to a chronic state of "looking pleasant, please." Occasionally, we are caught napping. All our pleadings are in vain—and the result is a series of grotesque, frenzied-looking creatures, which ought to discourage the wildest camera enthusiast, but, alas! has not the slightest effect on the ardent zeal of our kodak fiend. I am sending you a few samples—note, for instance, the one in which our heads appear charmingly above the slanting roof of our boat-house. It was several days after this event when it came to our ears that our sedate neighboring cottagers did not admire the back view of the pose quite as greatly as you will admire the one which the picture presents. The lone one of Agnes was captured just as she emerged from an involuntary plunge in the limpid waters—her usual happy smile has deserted her as suddenly as did the slippery log upon which she had been gracefully poised, but, we will pardon the omission this time if she promises never, never, to do it again, no matter upon what provocation. Several of the others were taken aboard the yacht Panwating, upon which Mae's father arrived, unexpectedly, one day, bringing with him several other guests for the cottage. During the afternoon he proved himself a fairy godfather by taking us for a glorious cruise through Mud Lake and around the foot of the island. Some of the guests, being blessed with musical voices, we entertained ourselves by assisting them in the harmonious rendering of such ancient favorites as "Arrah-Wana" and kindred soulful melodies.

You, probably, remember Agnes' fondness for chicken bones? Well, it seems to have communicated itself to several other members of this merry party. Not many evenings ago, we were given formal notice that there was one fried chicken to the credit of each for the evening meal. For once, we each desired most heartily to exhaust our credit, but, a serious attempt to do so was little short of suicide, so we did not force the issue. But in the stilly night the presiding spirit of the camp must have heard cautious rustling from this corner and that, where nestled our little trundle beds, and smiled to himself, as four kimono-clad figures crept out, all unknown

to each other. Suddenly there is a suppressed shriek, then another, then a series—and, in the darkness, four would-be prowling chicken thieves are discovered unto each other. But, there is honor, even among thieves, we are told, and a bargain was struck, whereby the spoils were divided, and peace—save quiet—was restored. There followed more groping for matches and candles, and the inmates of Muh-c-tek feasted till the wee sma' hours on all there remained of four chickens' bones! The rafters rang with our laughter, but, later on, there was a dismal change to a minor key, and goodness knows what might yet have taken place had not the since-grown-famous Muh-c-tek massage been introduced at an opportune moment. After several treatments the quartet crept to bed, satisfied with their knavery, and more comfortable in mind and body.

Did you ever hunt for pond-lilies by moonlight? This was an experience new to us until a few evenings ago. Having planned to go on a certain day, nothing could deter us; but, the wind was high and it was near sunset before we ventured upon the river. We embarked in a jaunty craft of the flat-bottom variety, known as "Babe," and, I believe, it must have been christened after babe elephant, for it was nothing short of a young skow. Gaily we navigated up the river to the head of a swift and narrow stream, which cuts the Island in two. The evening was perfect, yet let me not become too eloquent, lest I be branded a "Nature Faker," in this day of strenuous life. Behind us the splendid after-glow of sunset bathed the world in crimson light, before us the harvest moon, in glorious rivalry, spread upon the water a path of gleaming silver. We became moon moths, following that silver trail down and down the little river, which grew narrower and still more narrow, until on either side our boat brushed the fragrant, dew-laden bank.

The wily current became swifter, and each time the stream widened slightly, seized the opportunity to swing our craft about, end for end, and force us to navigate the next narrow portion, stern foremost. It was very exciting. In one place we were forced to remove a foot-bridge—body and bones—but, at last, we reached the quiet, secluded little pond, which was the goal of our labors. With difficulty we pushed through the guarding rushes. Daylight had long since

faded, but, in the silvery moonlight, we rifled the pond of every fragrant blossom.

To return home, we continued down the stream to the river, and soon arrived at another obstruction, in the form of a more substantial bridge. To remove this was utterly impossible, to paddle under it was almost equally so, but we were not to be daunted, and after considerable planning and as much labor, we emerged at the other end of the bridge, looking rather crushed, but still in good spirits. We had yet another difficulty to overcome; across the mouth of the stream was stretched a boom at which we gazed in despair. After a moment's hesitation, we decided to ignore its existence in as much as it claimed to be an obstruction, and carefully selecting the log which, to us, in the moonlight, seemed to offer the least resistance, we proceeded to row after it. Up shot the bow neatly. With bated breath we waited for the gentle slide which would leave us on the other, but alas! for the plans of mice and men! We were stranded on that log as surely and securely as ever a ship was stranded on treacherous bar. For three quarters of an hour we sat there, fretting and laughing by turns, working and trusting to luck, by turns; and, at last, as we were about to give up in despair, we slid gently off that log and were free once more to pursue the so-called even tenor of our way. It was rather late when we reached home, but, even so, we had to quarrel about the spoil, for we had just one pond-lily bud and, of course, each one wanted it.

Among our numerous visitors at camp, we have a small, but very choice, collection of "college laddies." One is a student of Canisius College, Buffalo, and we find a firm link of friendship in the fact that he is an enthusiastic admirer of our old and valued friend, the NIAGARA RAINBOW; two hail from the well-known St. Mary's Institute of Dayton—and do it much credit—the fourth is a student of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago; editor of the Exchange sheet of the *St. Ignatius' Collegian*, and also an admirer of the RAINBOW.

And really, my dear, I am afraid you will not find this description of the life we are leading very interesting, but I warned you that you would hear little that was startling and, after all, it's the little things that count, in a good time as well as in life.

To-morrow we will leave. I see it all before me. For the last time we will moor our little green boat that has lent its aid toward many a good day's fun, and regretfully stow away its paddles; our Indian friend, who does us many favors, will come with a noiseless paddle and spirit away our traps, already the Cottage will assume a deserted air, but we must have one more snap-shot of it, that we may often remember it in days when we are far from it. A last walk through the woods that we love to the pretty bay where we embark; then a little steamer will dash around the bend, with flying spray, and we are off. Vale! Muh-c-tek! and you, too, friend—would that another summer you might share its happy days with us.

Lovingly yours,

A. L. R., '05.

LORETTO CONVENT, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Since your last appearance, the people of London had the pleasant duty of paying a tribute of honor to the King and Queen of Denmark. Knowing the close relationship of King Frederick and Queen Louise with our own gracious and beloved Queen Alexandra, and mindful of the unvarying friendship which, since the trying days of the Napoleonic Wars, has linked together the Danish and the British nations, the welcome was of the warmest and most enthusiastic description.

Portsmouth was all excitement, on the morning of Saturday, awaiting the arrival of the royal pair. The day broke warm and hazy, with the great grey escort of British warships looming through the mist, one behind another, till they vanished in the distance. At eight o'clock, when all the ships were dressed, people had already gathered to look out for the royal yacht. Before nine the crowd on the esplanade was wondering that no convoy was in sight.

Two bells—nine o'clock—then a distant boom, another and another, a whole royal salute. The Hazard, lying eight miles out at sea, was giving the British Fleet's welcome to the Danish King. Then four columns of black smoke showed the convoy, and a fainter shadow in the middle of

them the royal yacht, at last, which was brought up at the railway jetty soon after ten o'clock.

As the Prince of Wales stepped on board, another salute rang out from the guns of the Victory and the Dreadnought. In a few minutes the jetty was surrounded with dinghies, wherries, motor-boats, craft of every type and kind. Every neck was craned to see the party as it left the ship, then the Danish National Anthem was played, and the royal group moved across to the train, but not before an address had been presented by the Mayor of Portsmouth. In reply to it the King said: "It is not the first time I have been in England, and I hope I shall have many pleasant memories to carry back with me, at the termination of my stay."

As the train steamed away for London, the Queen of Denmark was leaning out of the carriage, waving a greeting to the cheering crowds on the water.

A popular welcome of the heartiest description awaited the royal visitors on their arrival in the metropolis. At Victoria Station, when the special train drew up, at one o'clock, the scene was a brilliant one. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, accompanied by Princess Victoria, had arrived a few minutes before, and were quickly followed by the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. Drawn up near the spot where the King and Queen of Denmark were to alight was a guard of honor of the Grenadier Guards, and, in the carriage way alongside, was a Sovereign's escort of Life Guards, their silvered breastplates glittering in the sun. On the platform, a distinguished company—the men all wearing uniform, and the ladies in the smartest of summer costumes—surrounded King Edward, his charming consort, and the other members of the Royal Family.

When the King and Queen of Denmark stepped on the platform, they were affectionately embraced by King Edward, Queen Alexandra, the Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught, the while the band of the Grenadier Guards played the Danish National Anthem. The royal party then went into the pavilion, which had been erected on the platform—the interior decorations of the royal waiting-room, used for the first time on Saturday, are strikingly handsome, in the Louis XVI. style. The floor is covered

with rich Persian carpets, and the doorways are draped with embroidered tapestries. A profusion of exquisite flowers added to the beauty of the apartment.

Five ladies, representing the Danish colony in London, presented Queen Louise with a magnificent bouquet of orchids, then King Frederick and King Edward inspected the guard of honor. King Frederick, who looked every inch a soldier and a monarch, wore the uniform of the Buffs—East Kent Regiment—of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. King Edward, who appeared in excellent health, was in the uniform of a Danish Hussar Regiment. Queen Louise, tall and stately, wore a superb ermine cape, a cream toque trimmed with pale pink and mauve roses, and a white aigrette. Queen Alexandra was attired in a costume of petunia velvet, with a toque to match and a mauve feather boa.

The two kings, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, left in a state landau drawn by six bay horses, the postilions being in Ascot uniform. The Queen, the Queen of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria, followed in a state landau drawn by four bay horses. The route to Buckingham Palace was lined by troops and thronged with cheering crowds.

In the evening, there was a state banquet at the Palace. In proposing the toast of his guests, the King said:

"I drink to the health of their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark, and beg to offer them my very hearty and most affectionate welcome—a welcome which I know will be shared by all classes in this country. The King and Queen are no strangers here, and especially the King, who has visited our shores for upwards of forty years.

I shall always remember the kindly reception I have met with during my various visits to their country, in which, after my own, I take the greatest interest."

King Frederick, in replying, expressed his thanks for the cordial and splendid reception accorded the Queen and himself, adding, that the kind words of King Edward would be highly appreciated in Denmark.

Next day, the King and Queen of Denmark were received at the Guildhall with all the tradi-

tional magnificence of City hospitality. It was a cheery, cloudless day, and the citizens turned out in thousands to greet the King's royal guests.

The day's programme began with the ride from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall. When their Majesties' coach, with its six splendid horses, emerged from the palace courtyard into the Mall, the sun was shining brightly, and tens of thousands of spectators lined the route, which was kept clear by troops. Escorted by a detachment of Household Cavalry, their Majesties commenced a triumphal progress to the City. Cheers met them at every yard, and from the Pall Mall onward they went through a great avenue of flags and decorations. Near Waterloo Place a halt was made, and a deputation from Westminster presented an address. Their Majesties were obviously much pleased with their welcome, and smiled and bowed their acknowledgments repeatedly. In the brief intervals of acknowledging the cheers, the King of Denmark would turn to the Queen and point out things of interest on the way.

The scene in the library of the Guildhall, as the time approached for the arrival of their Majesties, was one truly memorable. The Lord Mayor, a commanding figure in his robes of office, stood on the dais with the Lady Mayoress at his side. To right and left of him were grouped all kinds of notabilities. Soldiers in flaming red, diplomats in gold-laced uniforms, bishops in flowing robes, well-known lawyers in full-bottomed wigs, quaintly-garbed City dignitaries were mingled with ladies in the daintiest of summer gowns.

Just before one o'clock, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress left the dais in order to receive the royal guests at the Guildhall entrance. A few minutes later, the assemblage in the Guildhall heard the ringing sound of trumpets, and knew the royal party had arrived. Then the band in the gallery broke into inspiring music, and, amid great cheers, the distinguished procession entered the library and filed up to the dais. Trumpeters led the way; then came the city officials, and, after them, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the royal visitors.

The gathering cheered loudly—bishops, aldermen, and Ministers of the Crown, uniting in the hand-clapping. The Queen of Denmark smiling-

ly bowed her acknowledgments here, there, and everywhere; while the King, with flushed face, unable to meet every sign of welcome, turned towards the groups where the applause was loudest. Bowing seemed hardly to relieve his feelings. He gave one the impression of wanting to turn aside and shake hands with all these new, warm-hearted friends.

At last, all the party was grouped round the dais, and the Recorder read an address of welcome. It was formally presented to their Majesties in a beautiful gold casket. The King, speaking with much feeling, acknowledged the presentation. The Queen then stepped forward and examined the casket with much interest. The Lord Mayor by her side showed her how it was opened, Her Majesty meanwhile regarding the casket with obvious admiration. Suddenly she turned to the Lord Mayor and, seizing his hand, shook it warmly again and again.

Before the royal party made their way to the Guildhall itself for lunch, the King of Denmark bestowed on the Lord Mayor the Order of the Dannebrog. Orders were also conferred on various city officials.

The general assembly had taken their places at the luncheon tables when trumpets once more announced the coming of their Majesties. The old hall presented a dazzling picture. Its sombre dignity was touched with the brightness of a thousand uniforms, the glitter of sword-hilts and jewels, and the gay colors of charming gowns.

After luncheon, in a short but eloquent speech, the Lord Mayor proposed the toast of their Majesties. King Frederick, in reply, said: "I feel proud of being your guest in this ancient, historic hall wherein both my father, of beloved memory, my brother, and my son have before me been honored by the citizens of London, represented by the Lord Mayor. I consider your welcome addressed not only to the near kinsman of your illustrious Sovereign and his consort, my beloved sister, but also to the King of the Danish people, whose love of peace and progress under free institutions, and of social development by labor and thrift, has, I am happy to believe, assured to them the respect and the sympathy of the great British people."

Their Majesties returned to Buckingham Pal-

ace by the same route they had come, being cheered enthusiastically all the way.

Last evening, the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a dinner-party at Marlborough House in honor of the King and Queen of Denmark. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were present, and an evening party followed.

It was a wonderfully brilliant scene that greeted their Majesties of Denmark the following night when, by command of the King, a gala performance was given at the Royal Opera House.

Over a quarter of a million roses was used in the scheme of decoration, and every tint that links red to white—the Danish colors—figured in it. Red roses outlined the proscenium, pink roses in thick garlands festooned the front of the circling boxes; red and white roses in the floral flags that decorated the royal box; red and white roses and delicate greenery swinging from fragile baskets, were a setting for the brilliant throng that filled the great Opera House.

Tier upon tier of boxes glittered with priceless jewels, worn by beautiful ladies; and the great floor space was one dazzling, bewildering blaze of light and color. To the right of the royal box the unfamiliar uniforms of the Corps Diplomatique, to the left the gold and ribbons of Windsor uniforms, and set at intervals about the theatre, the quaint dress of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Naval, military, and civic officers rubbed shoulders—high officers of the army, resplendent in the inevitable scarlet, their breasts ablaze with decorations, naval men in blue and gold, Lords Lieutenant in scarlet and silver, Yeomanry officers in their picturesque uniforms, and here and there the sombre touch of the black velvet Court dress.

Punctured to the moment, the white wand of the usher signalled to the leader of the orchestra, and the sad, soft opening bars of the Danish National Anthem heralded the arrival of the royal party. Lord Althorp, walking backwards, conducted the King of Denmark and Queen Alexandra to their seats, and they were followed by King Edward and Queen Louise. Then came the Princess Royal. When they were seated we noticed the Princess of Wales next to King Edward, and the Prince of Wales was beside his mother.

There were also present Prince Arthur of Con-

naught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian and her daughters, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Victoria, &c. The Queen of Denmark, who is very tall, was, perhaps, the most striking figure. Her Majesty was dressed in white, with a crown of diamonds and diamond necklace. Queen Alexandra looked charming in black, which was most elaborately trimmed with silver paillettes. In addition to the broad blue Riband of the Garter, she wore several other Orders. Her crown was of diamonds, and the whole front of her bodice blazed with jewels.

Programmes printed on satin were given away as souvenirs. The magnificence extended even to the tickets, which were triumphs of the printer's art.

D. M.

COUVENT DE NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE, MAURITIUS.

MA CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE:

Il y a déjà quelque temps que je n'ai eu le plaisir de vous écrire. Je vous parlerai aujourd'hui d'une double fête que nous avons eue dernièrement: une profession religieuse et une prise d'habit. Je pense que vous avez dû assister à de semblables cérémonies, je suis persuadée cependant que vous serez contente d'en avoir le compte rendu.

La profession a eu lieu à sept heures du matin. Sa Grandeur Mgr. O'Neill la présidait. Toute la communauté s'est rendue processionnellement à la chapelle—la plus jeune religieuse marchait en tête avec la croix, la Supérieure, précédée des deux novices, fermait la marche.

Lorsque chacun se fut rendu à sa place, on entonna le "Veni Creator," suivi du "Salve Regina," hymne bien douce au coeur exilé! Puis le Révérend Père A—fit une touchante allocution dont voici le texte: "Ite et Docete," dans laquelle il développa leur mission aux futures professes: la sanctification des âmes par l'instruction de la jeunesse. Après le sermon l'évêque posa les questions d'usage, auxquelles les novices répondirent, puis il leur remit successivement le voile noir des professes, la ceinture, l'anneau et le crucifix des vœux; ensuite commença le St. Sacrifice de la Messe, Sacrifice que ces âmes attendaient avec une sainte impatience parce qu'elles devaient y unir le leur, il leur tardait de se donner pour

toujours et sans réserve à leur Céleste Époux, en effet, un instant avant la communion elles prononcèrent la formule de leurs vœux d'une voix ferme et résolue bien qu'un peu émue. L'évêque reçut leurs vœux, puis il les communia. . . . le sacrifice était consommé . . . en retour; le Dieu de l'Eucharistie se donnait Lui-même à ses nouvelles épouses. Que se passa-t-il alors entre Dieu et ces âmes au moment de cette "nouvelle première communion," comme on le dit quelquefois? C'est le secret de l'amour . . . pour nous, respectons-le, saluons ces bien-aimées du Christ, laissons-les toutes à leur bonheur et poursuivons notre récit.

La prise d'habit eut lieu à trois heures de l'après-midi, cette cérémonie a quelque chose de moins profond que la profession, bien qu'aux yeux du monde elle ait plus d'éclat. Deux postulantes, revêtues de leur blanche parure de nocces, se sont rendues à la chapelle, précédées de la communauté. Après le "Veni Creator," suivi d'un cantique à la "Reine des cieux," le Révérend Père D—— a adressé la parole aux élues du jour. Voici quel a été son texte: "J'ai préféré la dernière place dans la maison de mon Dieu plutôt que de demeurer sous la tente des pêcheurs;" allocution dans laquelle il a dépeint le bonheur de la vocation religieuse and dans laquelle aussi il exhortait les futures novices à être fidèles à leur Divin Époux qui, de son côté, ne les abandonnerait jamais. Puis les postulantes sur l'invitation de l'évêque ont quitté la chapelle pour rejeter leurs habits mondains et se revêtir des livrées du Christ. Au bout de dix minutes, elles ont reparu sous l'humble voile blanc des novices; vous devinez l'impression qui s'est produite dans tous les coeurs à la vue de ce changement . . . Ensuite les novices ont reçu des mains de l'évêque le chapelet, la ceinture et le voile. La bénédiction du Très-Saint Sacrement, accompagnée du chant du "Te Deum," termina la fête; de même que les nuages d'encens montaient de l'encensoir à l'ostensoir, aussi des hymnes de reconnaissance et d'amour s'échappaient de tous les coeurs et montaient jusqu' à Dieu avec plus de ferveur que de coutume.

Recevez avec ces quelques détails qui, j'aime à penser, vous feront plaisir, notre affectueux souvenir.

Votre toute dévouée

MARIE D'EMMERZ.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

September tenth—On account of "Old Home Week" in Buffalo and the Exposition in Toronto, classes were not resumed, this year, until the second Tuesday in September.

We returned to find very few changes in the school. Of course, there are some new faces among teachers and pupils, and many familiar ones are missing.

It is remarkable this year, that there has been so little of that "lonely feeling" that steals over even the bravest when evening draws near. Some credit for this must surely be given to the Illumination of the Falls and River. As the lights are operated from the Canadian side, we have a splendid view. The waters are most beautiful when the white light is thrown upon them, the Falls a sheet of dazzling silver, with the softer white of the spray rising above them. Sometimes long rays are sent along the river, bringing into prominence the miniature falls and rapids. The lights vary from deep red to shell pink, from blue to green or yellow. The Bridal Veil is singled out for some wonderful effects, and the national colors are thrown on the American Falls. This splendor of color was further enhanced by the glorious light of the Harvest Moon.

September twenty-fifth—To-day, Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., paid a visit to renew his acquaintance with the old pupils and to meet the newcomers. He was as amusing as ever, even eliciting laughter from the "grave" Seniors, as he dubbed them.

September twenty-second—The Devotion of the Forty Hours at Clifton—a most fitting and appropriate ending to the mission of the previous week, given by the Reverend M. Scanlon, O. C. C., and Reverend S. J. Quigley, O. C. C. Those who had the pleasure of assisting at these conferences are loud in their praise of their beauty and practicability.

The decorations were beautiful. The exquisite carving of the altar formed a very effective background for the masses of pure white flowers and numerous lights.

September twenty-third—We were very much surprised to-day, at Instruction Hour, to find that our Reverend Chaplain of last year, Father O'Neill, had departed for the "Windy City." Our good wishes for great success in his new field of labor accompany him, and we hope that his successor, Father Quigley, will be able to work wonders in the way of softening our stony hearts.

September twenty-seventh—Mother Ignatia, accompanied by Sister M. Genevieve, of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, St. Thomas, Ont., is here spending a few days in the company of her niece, our dear Sister Bernard. Mother Ignatia is well known throughout Canada for her earnest labors in promoting the salvation of souls.

September twenty-eighth—Faithful to the tradition of the Feast of the Apparition of Saint Michael, we had our usual procession in his honor. During the singing of the *Te Deum*, Miss Louise Cunningham carried a picture of the Holy Archangel and placed it on the altar steps. Miss May Alexia Dawson and Marguerite Bracken had the honor of bearing the lighted tapers.

September twenty-ninth—Rev. A. J. Smits, O. C. C., delivered a very fine sermon, by which we hope to profit very much during the coming year.

The first meeting of Saint Catharine's Literary Club. The following were the officers chosen: President, Iona McLaughlin; vice-president, Eleanor Lilley; secretary, Kathleen Ridout; treasurer, Florilla Webb; librarian, Frances Coffey. We hope to derive much benefit, as well as pleasure, from our future gatherings.

Among to-day's visitors were Very Reverend P. McHale, C. M., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Reverend J. Downing, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y.; Miss McHale and Miss Loughran, Brooklyn, N. Y.; who called on their return from Sr. M. Immaculata's funeral.

FRANCES COFFEY.

Little trials make the will pliable. The potter finds that unless he kneads the clay it becomes set, when it will take permanent form before he has brought it to its possibilities of beauty or usefulness. We become set—so that we cannot even manage ourselves.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, Ont.

September third—Back from the Mecca of our summer aspirations, with faces betraying the sea's dower of heightened color, bright eyes and elastic step, ready to battle afresh with opposing forces on Olympian heights. A yearning there is, of course, for the world of pleasant ease which we have left, for a breath of the pine woods, a sound of the waves murmuring their gentle lullaby on the sandy beach. A sacrifice is involved—but think of the result!

September sixth—Congratulations to our sister students, Camilla Kavanagh, Frances Daniells, Gladys Wilkins, and Helen Coughlan, on their success in obtaining Junior Teachers' Certificates—Education Department, Ont.—at the recent examinations; also to Patricia Doyle, Georgina Watson, Angela Halloran, Pearl Gentle, and Frances Filgiano, on passing the Entrance Exam.

September eighth—The joy of seeing our beloved bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, at the Benediction hour.

His Lordship, accompanied by Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, had been summing across the sea, recuperating and seeking a much-needed rest amidst the beauties of his native land, and we had feared being denied the privilege of the gracious presence that brings such sunshine to our home, on the reopening of school. What, then, was our delight, on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, to find him in his accustomed place, with hands upraised in blessing, as of yore, as though to consecrate the work of the scholastic year and give us fresh vigor, hope and strength for the fulfilment of its duties.

September ninth—Rev. Brother Matthew, in far-off Mandalay, has kindly made us acquainted with "beautiful Burmah" by his gift of thirty-seven views of the country and its people.

Our eyes rest with a peculiar fascination on the Shoay Dagon Pagoda—the first object the traveller sees as he approaches Rangoon, and the last he looks on as he leaves it by steamer—and feast upon the moonlit group of temples upon its platform—splendid specimens of the old Burmese art of mosaic work in glass and plaster.

The pagoda—the largest in the world—is three hundred and seventy feet high, and rests on a mound one hundred and seventy feet in height; the Hti is of gold and iron, and is forty feet high by fourteen feet in diameter; the vane is of solid gold, encrusted with precious stones.

Daidaiya, the first place of call for all steamers after passing through the Bassein Creek, en route for the Irrawaddy, next claims our attention; then a “Knau” on the Irrawaddy. During the monsoon season, when the prevailing wind is south-west, these boats, carrying an immense spread of canvas, vie with the river cargo steamers in point of speed. A race between two or more “Knau” is one of the sights on the river, and no prettier sight can be seen anywhere than a large fleet getting under way in the early morning.

What a boon to the tired and jaded workers a drive round the Royal Lakes of Rangoon must be! The tall palms, with their graceful, plumelike branches, the masses of luxuriant foliage, and the beautiful prospect, are a delight to the eye—even in the picture.

An exquisitely-carved teak wood screen at the entrance to a Tazoung, elicits admiring comments on all sides, and bears testimony to the inexhaustible forests of teak wood in Burmah.

How marvellously-beautiful are the palace grounds of Mandalay! On the south side is a pretty garden-house—the scene of King Theebaw’s surrender, and a favorite retreat of his during the hot season. It was here, we are told, that General Prendergast found him sitting with the two Queens, and received his submission. Conveyed a prisoner from this place to the shore, a distance of three miles, in an ordinary bullock carriage, he was placed on board the steamer “Thoreeah” the same evening, by which he was taken to Rangoon, en route to India.

In the King’s time, a large gong was retained at the top of the watch-tower of the palace for sounding the hours, also as an alarm, in the event of a fire breaking out. It was a favorite seat of King Mindoon Min, over whose tomb the pagoda-shaped building in the centre of the grounds is built.

From the watch-tower a fine view of the city is obtained—the Irrawaddy on the left, like a thread of silver in the sunlight, the Yankeentoon

Hills on the right, backed by the lofty mountains of the Shan Plateau in the far distance.

The Arracan Pagoda in Mandalay is said to contain the only contemporary likeness of Buddha on earth; under its shadow, and along the pictured corridors, are specimens of most of the semi-wild races of Burmah—the Chinese Shan from Yunnan, Paloungs from the mountains, large-hatted Shans from the far-distant highlands, with their laughing, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked wives and children, all pleased at having once in their lifetime made an offering and worshipped at the Payahgyee.

One of the interesting sights at this pagoda is to watch the sacred Turtles, in the large masonry tanks on the east side, being fed. At the call of “Tweet, tweet,” they rise from the depths of the still green water and swim lazily towards the proffered food. Some are tame enough to take food from the hand, but the majority are shy and wary.

We would fain linger on the bridge over the moat leading to the “Rockery” in the palace gardens, Mandalay, and contemplate the picturesque loveliness of the fairyland that everywhere meets our gaze, but the Mingoon Bell, sweet-toned and very clear, and the largest intact bell in the world, about three miles above Mandalay, must be seen.

We are interested in the costume of the women, from the Northern Shan States’ lady, in skirt of dark blue cotton, with deep border of silk, on which is sewed many-shaped and-hued pieces of silk, velvet and plush; velvet jacket, turban of blue cotton, into which colored silk strips are woven; and large white straw hat; to the Nampkan Shan girl, and group of pretty cheroot makers, with sprays of orchids in their glossy coils of black hair—busy with nimble fingers rolling the fragrant weed into cheroots.

The Chin Warriors are a fierce-looking race, with shield of untanned buffalo hide, cock’s feathers twisted into their hair; and arrows poison-tipped and very deadly.

The picture of an elderly Burmese couple would lead us to understand that there is no more pleasant old age than that of the Burman man or woman, whose lives are spent in paying daily visits to the pagoda, with offerings of flowers, and prayers at the Buddha’s feet. Loved and

honored by their children, their lives pass away in one long period of peace and contentment.

September fifteenth—Camilla Kavanagh is the recipient of a gift—an emu's egg—which to us is somewhat of a curiosity—from her friend, Miss Nora Lynch, New South Wales.

Some rather amusing complications have ensued in our attempt to establish the identity of this member of the *Dromaeus novae-hollandiae* family. One declares that an emu is an animal!—led, no doubt, to the hasty conclusion by a picture of a kangaroo painted on the shell. Another fails to see the connection and draws general attention to the fact that kangaroos are not oviparous; while a third, raising herself to the full height of her small stature, exclaims: "Oh, I think there's something queer about it."

That little brazen intruder, called the bell, put an end—rather unceremoniously—to the discussion, though not before we had established to our perfect satisfaction, and amid peals of laughter, the fact that an emu is an Australian *bird*.

I really think we ought to tender a vote of thanks to Miss Lynch for the hour of merriment afforded us by her very unique gift.

September twentieth—At the meeting of St. Hilda's Literary Club, Kathleen O'Brien was elected President, Elizabeth Robinson, Treasurer, and Edna McGuire, Secretary.

A visit from Mr. and Mrs. Brankin, Joliet, Ill. Mrs. Brankin, née Alila Curry, one of Loretto's best loved and most loyal graduates, has been spending some weeks in Canada, visiting the different Loretto Convents in which are former teachers and companions—the latter now Religious—turning the pages of the past, all undimmed, and re-enshrining fond memories of schoolgirl frolics and joys.

Needless to add that a very cordial welcome was accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Brankin, in every house of the Institute to which they went, and an assurance given of a continuation of prayer for them and the five sturdy youths with whom their wedded life has been blessed.

September twenty-fourth—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated by Reverend D. Plante, S. J., Montreal.

Father Plante's name is a household word in Loretto, and here at Mt. St. Mary, to-day, it was

the privilege and joy of many of his friends of former years to meet and welcome again one whose never-failing kindness is indelibly impressed on their memory—a kindness so whole-hearted as to resemble that of Him who was all things to all men.

A tender proof of this sweet friendship was his little pilgrimage to the cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre, there to kneel in fervent prayer for the silent sleepers who, in life, had a foremost place in the fatherly heart of this worthy son of St. Ignatius.

September twenty-seventh—Dear Bride McHale is here—but what a sad coming!—to kneel at the bier of her much-loved sister, Sr. M. Immaculatâ, to whom she was so deeply attached.

We were schoolgirls together, only a few years ago, and it is hard to realize that the frail lily in the casket that, day by day, faded from our view, is all that remains of the once bright and cheery Mary, whom we loved for her goodness and gentleness.

It is a comfort and consolation to the sorrowing sister to see her uncle, Very Reverend P. McHale, C. M., at the altar, celebrating the Mass of Requiem, and to know that his prayers will ever be offered for the repose of the soul of the dear deceased.

September twenty-ninth—An election of officers for the Sodality of the Children of Mary. President, Mary Battle; Vice-President, Ellen Turner; Treasurer, Rita Tracy; Secretary, Kathleen O'Brien.

September thirtieth—One of the most interesting episodes of the holidays must not remain unchronicled—dinner with Bliss Carman, one of Canada's foremost poets. Can you picture my schoolgirl delight at being included in an invitation to dine with the sweet singer?

It was an ideal evening—the very atmosphere was laden with the exuberance of summer. The entrance to the dining-room was a labyrinth of palms and fountains, and from unseen recesses were wafted such perfume of exotics and sounds of sweet music as to make the fortunate occupants imagine themselves transported to some region of perpetual summer.

Bliss Carman's personality is as interesting and attractive as his verse. In fact, few charac-

ters have so impressed me. In stature, tall and imposing, with features clear-cut and classic, the poet has that amiable, unaffected serenity, that indescribable charm of manner, which is characteristic of those who are brilliant, without arrogance or conceit.

We discussed Art and its relation to realism; the difficulties that beset the path of those who strive to attain perfection in their respective pursuits—the late Richard Mansfield being cited as an example well worthy of note. How his highly artistic temperament must have suffered from having to contend daily with characters that did not possess, in any degree, a sense of the beautiful. No wonder that “arrogance” and “ill-temper” were so universally attributed to him—as is ever the case, the great are little understood, their motives and the feelings which actuate them are never taken into consideration.

Seldom did time glide by more quickly or more pleasantly. With regret I took leave, at last, for my return to school was imperative, and already too long delayed. Would that “sublime eloquence of the pen” were mine to describe all the charm, all the enjoyment of these hours, destined to remain forever enshrined in memory’s casket.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

Personals.

“I think I’ll go out to see the comet now.”

“Yes, but take care not to go too near.”

“No, indeed, none of your English *vay-cay-shuns* for me. I did mine in American fashion. We travelled as far as we could and as fast as we could, so as to get back in time.”

“Oh, pshaw! you got the *go-fever*, but I can’t stand those *automaries*.”

“I want the complete works of that man that’s edited so many of the standard authors.”

“Whom do you mean?”

“De Luxe.”

“If *that* dog is still running, he must be near the North Pole now.”

“Who’s coming with us to ward off dogs, dragons, and other insects?”

“When you were in Ireland at the Exhibition did you ride in one of those jolting-carts?” (Jaunting-cars).

“I wish I could do the *headache act* and escape this lesson.”

“Were you in the ark with Noah?”

“No.”

“Then why weren’t you drowned?”

“Oh, never mind her. She’s as old-fashioned as Mrs. Noah.”

“A problem is something that we’ve proved, and then we’ve got to find out what it’s about.”

“A circle is a line of no depth running round and round a dot forever.”

“Whose funeral is that?”

“Mr. Fitzhugh’s.”

“Oh, yes. Mrs. Fitzhugh always gives nice funerals to all her husbands.”

“I asked her the other day if she expects to meet them in the other world, and she said: ‘No, indeed; I mean to go to heaven.’”

“How did you like the book I gave you?”

“Like it, indeed! It was so dry I couldn’t wade through it.”

“Too bad that he went out without an umbrella.”

“It won’t hurt him. He’s so thin he’ll fit in between the drops.”

“Will ye take *jam* or *marmylade*?”

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AND BEHOLD, AN ANGEL OF THE LORD STOOD BY THEM, AND THE BRIGHTNESS OF GOD SHONE ROUND ABOUT THEM. — *Luke 2:8.*

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VOL. XV.

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No. 1.

Dona Nobis Pacem.

"Give us peace," is cry unending,
Heavenward raised by mortals,
Since to earth in hate descending,
—Cast from Heaven's portals—
Satan and his spirits lost
Vow that to us given
Never shall be peace, at cost
Of their seats in Heaven!

Mozart, purest-hearted master,
Quick to Heaven's rejoicing,
'Bove assurance of the pastor,
Heard the angels voicing—
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
—Answer sweetly awesome
To our weary, sad refrain—
"Dona nobis pacem!"

Worthy peace of fondest dreaming,
—Loving Christ's evangel;
Heaven a ²Requiem beseeming
Spoke him by an angel.
Like the bird of fabled breast,
Life-blood food supplying;
So the master, craving rest,
Poured his heart to dying!

To his long-lost, humble dwelling
Come nor false nor hollow;
Where he lies no man has telling;
Only angels follow,
Singing requiem again,
—Jealous vigil keeping,—
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Where—in peace—he's sleeping.

IDRIS.

1. At the "Dona nobis pacem" Mozart's soul became flooded with peace.

2. A princely stranger, supposedly an angel, engaged Mozart to compose a requiem for a "friend"; which, as the great master foresaw, was destined to be his own requiem.

A Sidelight on the Sonnets.

IT may be that among the Shakespearean readers of the RAINBOW there are few who have entered seriously into the great sonnet controversy, so far, at least, as to have led to a personal investigation of a subject so Sphinx-like in its nature, and offering so many and often such opposing solutions.

Of course, I refer to the group of sonnets between and including numbers seventy-eight and eighty-six, in which there is a running allusion to "*Another Poet*," presumably a contemporary of Shakespeare.

Pulgrave, although he was forced to acknowledge that his many and wide researches led to no definite end, supplied, nevertheless, an interesting clue, which shed a flicker of light upon the subject and then went out; not, however, before it was seized upon and utilized by Dowden, a commentator whose opinions have gained universal respect and confidence.

Dowden points out some of the characteristics of "the other poet" which become patent to all readers of the sonnets in this group. He says, "this rival, the 'Better Spirit' of Shakespeare mentioned in lxxx was learned, lxxviii, dedicated a book to Shakespeare's patron, lxxxii, celebrated his beauty and knowledge lxxxii, in hymns lxxxv, was remarkable for the 'proud, full sail of his verse,' lxxxvi, and lxxx, was taught 'by spirits' to write 'above a mortal pitch' and was nightly visited by 'an affable, familiar ghost' who gulled him with intelligence," lxxxvi.

Abundant marks, it would seem, for identification, and yet "the poet" in question still "sails elusive and remote." We can fasten first one, then another, never *all*, of the characteristics upon a long list of Shakespeare's contemporaries, Spenser, Marlowe, Drayton, Nashe, Chapman and

others—only to fall back upon our old alternative of enjoying and appreciating the beauty of these literary creations without the light which a knowledge of their inner meaning would afford. This, I maintain, we can do, a whole army of commentators and text books to the contrary.

It is conceded by the majority of scholars of the present day that Sidney Lee has uttered the final word upon Shakespeare, his "Life of William Shakespeare" being the result of an exhaustive and able study of the subject, containing as it does a full record of duly-attested facts and dates of Shakespeare's career. The proofs he brings forward against the autobiographical character of the sonnets are very convincing, while, as a ripe result of his scholarly research, many disputed points have been satisfactorily explained, or finally laid to rest as too full of obscurity and doubt to be matter for more than mere speculation.

So much for pure Shakespearean dogma with which, I take it for granted, all are more or less familiar.

But I am tempted to invite my readers to leave the beaten way for awhile and to follow me down a little by-path hitherto unknown to many, at any rate very generally disregarded.

I find in an old magazine of a great many years back, published in the days when writers were more generous with their words than with their names (the latter being in this case suppressed), a profoundly interesting treatise on this much-disputed point which, albeit a little dry and prosy in the wording, seems to me, with all due deference to the dictum of the schools, not unworthy of a student's consideration if only for its uniqueness.

The author, unknown, as I say, but whose use of the mother tongue testifies to no little erudition and some terms at the school of Dr. Johnson and likewise to much originality, claims to have discovered and laid hands upon the elusive poet in question—indeed, so painstakingly and so clearly does he treat the points of his argument, that I promise you the discovery will not fail to captivate your fancy though it may not secure your serious and full endorsement. I shall, for the sake of accuracy, proceed in the main to use the author's own words.

After proceeding, according to the Baconian method, to solve the literary problem he con-

cludes that it can be shown from the date of their composition and publication; from the names and designations given to them, and the kind of poetry to which they (the sonnets) belong; from their consistent unity and the principle according to which they are connected and distributed, and from the poetic idea, invention or device to which they all give expression, and on which they all depend, that "Shakespeare's Sonnets" and "A Lover's Complaint," by William Shakespeare, published in 1609 by Thomas Thorpe, convey, and were by the poet designed to convey a meaning very different from that put in them or extorted from them by conjectural criticism.

They can be proved, he says, to be Shakespeare's "Confessions and Meditations" as truly as the Confessions of St. Augustine are the record of the spiritual experiences of that great divine, or as truly as the "Vita Nuova" and the Divina Commedia of Dante are the permanent expression in poetic form of chapters in the life of the great Italian poet. Here follow nine conclusions (five of which I shall give in abridged form to the reader), arrived at through a careful examination of the words of Shakespeare respecting the "other poet" and his writings.

1st. The writings to which allusion is made were not easily accessible in Shakespeare's time.

2d. "The poet" referred to was not a contemporary of Shakespeare's, and he himself had been taught by those who were not his contemporaries.

3d. While those who taught him were not his contemporaries, they were nevertheless "his compeers by night giving him aid."

4th. "The other poet" is described as much indebted not only to his "compeers by night" but also to another, "that affable, familiar ghost which nightly gulls him with intelligence."

5th. The theme, or main purpose, of that "other poet" was the same as that of Shakespeare in the sonnets.

6th. The "verse" or poetry of that "other poet" was distinguished for its stateliness, polish and refinement.

7th. That "other poet" had expended his utmost skill in the composition of the "hymns and comments of praise" referred to by Shakespeare.

8th. It was not until sometime after Shakespeare had begun to write the "songs and praises," the "meditations and confessions" of

which the sonnets consist that he became acquainted with the writings of "that other poet" and the effect upon him was so disquieting and discouraging that for a time he gave up the attempt to write anything which he could deem worthy of his great theme.

The author maintains that if these statements give a fair analysis and representation of the "other poet," in the sonnets under consideration, there is only one poet whose personality and writings answer to the description given of him by Shakespeare, viz., the great Florentine patriot and Italian poet, Dante Alighieri.

He then proceeds to let each statement of Shakespeare be laid over against what is known of Dante and his writings. The comparison of feature with feature or of the characteristics of Dante as given by Shakespeare, with the known features and self-revealed characteristics of Dante, constitutes an argument for the identification of the "other poet."

In reference to No. 1 above, we read in sonnet lxxxv:

"My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still
While comments of your praise richly compil'd
Reserve their characters with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses filed."

The word "character" here used denotes the written or printed form of the composition referred to. The meaning is the same in No. 59 sonnet.

"Since mind at first in character was done."

In Shakespeare's time none of Dante's works were rendered into English, hence they may be said to have "reserved their character."

These words have given rise to many controversies, and the author gives a lengthy and learned account of those which have taken place within his knowledge.

The two-fold position of No. 2 above, is formed on the words of Shakespeare in the 86th sonnet,

"Was it his spirit by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck one dumb?"

This seems true of Dante as of no other. He was that "spirit by spirits taught to write above a mortal pitch." In the first canto of the *Inferno*, Dante thus describes his meeting with Virgil.

"When him in that great desert I espied,
'Have mercy on me'! cried I out aloud,
'Spirit or living man whate'er thou be,'
He answered, '*Now not man; man once I was*,'"
etc., etc.

"To Virgil Dante this replies,

... May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense

Have conned it over; *my master thou and guide!*

Thou he, from whom alone I have derived
That style which for its beauty unto fame exalts me!"

3d. In the 86th sonnet Shakespeare thus writes:

"Neither he, nor *his compeers by night*
Giving him aid, my verse astonished."

In order that the accuracy and precision and exact appropriateness of Shakespeare's description of Dante and his "compeers by night" may appear more vividly, we refer the reader to Dr. John Carlyle's prose rendering of that portion in the 4th canto of the "*Inferno*" where Dante is formally associated with those called his "compeers by night," or where Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid and Lucan associate Dante with themselves as a compeer, making him to be of their number, so that he was a "sixth among such intelligences." Every word, phrase or epithet of Shakespeare finds what answers to it in the lines referred to.

4th. Not only from his "compeers by night" but also from one described as the "affable, familiar ghost" is the poet said to have received aid.

In the 86th sonnet Shakespeare says,

"He, nor that affable, familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him intelligence
As victors of my silence cannot boast."

If by chance, by mere coincidence, or by free play of his poetic imagination, Shakespeare gave a most accurate and vivid description of Dante and his "compeers by night," is it by mere chance or felicitous coincidence that he gives the most beautiful and true, the most life-like picture of Beatrice, in relation to Dante, when he describes her as "that affable, familiar ghost that nightly or in dreams gulled Dante with intelligence"?

Boethius in his 4th Book represents Philosophy as calling Lucan her familiar (*familiaris noster Lucanus*), because of the philosophic thought pervading his "Pharsalia."

In Dante's early life Beatrice had won his heart, and the story of that first love in its commencement, decline and revival, is told in the "Vita Nuova," a little book to many as mysterious and meaningless as the sonnets of Shakespeare. Beatrice, or what is signified by that mystic word, "the glorious lady of his mind," prompted and controlled all Dante's movements in his "New Life."

Beatrice is to Dante what Philosophy was to Boethius, what the Monitor spirit was to Socrates. She was, indeed, to Dante that "affable, familiar ghost," and yet her affability was ever with a "due reservation"; it was with the authority of a mother, or a mistress having unquestioned right to command, chide or caress according to her pleasure. To her in this view might the words of Shakespeare in sonnet 131 be addressed. All the visions and dreams of Dante were nothing more than the "intelligence" with which Beatrice inspired, or "gulled" him.

Who, then, was this Beatrice? To the school of prosaic interpreters of poetic symbols, figures and ideas, she was the daughter of Folco Portinari of Florence. As well might the same interpreters say that Philosophy, who appeared in the figure of a woman to Boethius, was a form compounded of flesh and blood. To her Boethius speaks, and to him Philosophy speaks in much the same manner as Dante addresses Beatrice, and Beatrice addresses Dante. It is not improbable that Dante was indebted to Boethius for this poetic figure, in saying which we do not ignore his indebtedness to the Books of Proverbs and Wisdom. The reader will gather much information on this point by reading the opening chapter of Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiae."

If to Boethius Dante was indebted for the idea of Wisdom or Philosophy personified by him under the name of Beatrice, and for not a few other ideas developed by him in his great poem, there can be little doubt that Shakespeare, besides receiving through Dante some very important suggestions from Boethius, made the book of that banished and shamefully abused man the subject of his deep meditation. So intimately acquainted was he with the contents of that book,

that Friar Lawrence and Romeo are made by him to give a summary of the argument of one part of it in their conversation reported in the third scene of the third act of Romeo and Juliet.

Friar—"O thou fond man, hear me but speak a word."

Romeo—"O wilt thou speak again of banishment?"

Friar—I'll give thee armor to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy
To comfort thee, though thou art banished."

With the ideas and words of Friar Lawrence and Romeo in this place, let what is said by Boethius in the first five chapters of the first book of his "Consolation of Philosophy" be carefully compared. The comparison, whatever be the conclusion to which it leads, will of itself be an interesting and suggestive exercise and it may tend to give a new direction to the enquiries and studies of those who are engaged in prosecuting an investigation into the facts and questions relating to Shakespeare and his writings.

5. In the 80th sonnet Shakespeare says,
"O how I faint, when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name
And in praise thereof spend all his night
To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame."

Again in the 85th sonnet he writes:
"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse
Bound for the prize of all too precious you
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain in-
hearse?"

The identity of theme and purpose of the "other poet" and of Shakespeare is by these statements established beyond the possibility of a doubt. The identity is unquestionable. It is admitted and acknowledged by those who suppose that Shakespeare's theme was the glory of Lord Herbert or Lord Southampton, or the sublime excellence of some unknown lord or lady of tender age and miscellaneous accomplishments.

But while perhaps all critics admit that the "other poet's" theme and purpose are the same as Shakespeare's, none of them seem to have dreamed that Dante was referred to by Shakespeare and that Shakespeare's purpose or theme was the same as Dante's.

Without applying to the criticism to which Shakespeare's sonnets have been subjected in the poet's words in sonnet clii,

"All my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in you is lost,"

let us mark carefully the terms in which he describes the theme of the "other poet." By so doing we shall learn not a little respecting the nature of all the sonnets.

He calls the writings of the "other poet" "Comments of Praise," lxxxv. Who, then, is this exalted glorious one whose transcendent excellence is the theme of both poets? He is the one of whom Shakespeare says in the 83d sonnet,

"There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise."

He is the one who cannot be loved to excess, or in relation to whom love can never degenerate into idolatry (sonnet cv).

To this one ever the same, all Shakespeare's songs and praises are directed according to these words addressed to the Muse in the 100th sonnet:

"Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgettist so
long

To speak of that which gives thee all thy
might?

Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light.
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent.

Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument."

In the 102d sonnet Shakespeare compares the lays of an earlier time in his "new life" to the "mournful hymns" of Philomeli's early summer, and in the 29th which sounds like "a cry from the depths" he thus rises out of dejection and sorrow to hope and triumph.

"Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;

For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth
brings

That then I scorn to change my state with
kings."

What is that sonnet itself but a hymn rising out of darkness and sorrow, into light and joy? It reads and sounds like a poetic paraphrase of the words of St. Augustine.

The idea of a parallel between St. Augustine and Shakespeare may appear somewhat strained, but there are more things in Shakespeare's sonnets than have been dreamt of in the philosophy of conjectural and prosaic critics.

The identification of Dante as "the poet" referred to, serves to confirm and illustrate the position that Shakespeare's sonnets are really the "song of his new life." This position can be established upon grounds other than those proposed, but when it has been proved that the theme of the sonnets is no vulgar, sensual, or even Platonic love, but is the love which is spiritual, heavenly, divine—that of which Sidney sings in which he consecrates his soul to God, saying,

"Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see.
Eternal love maintain thy life in me."


—then the one position is to the other as the pillars were in Solomon's Temple.

These songs of the "new life" of Shakespeare begin that which is natural, they advance to that which is spiritual, and they ascend to that which is eternal.

W. P. L.

As the breath of the dew on the tender plant, kind words gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oases they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangs they have alleviated, or the good works they have accomplished? Long after they are uttered do they reverberate in the soul's inner chambers, and sing low, sweet, liquid strains, that quell all the raging storms that may have before existed. And oh, when the heart is sad, and, like a broken harp, the sweetest chords of pleasure cease to vibrate, who can tell the power of one kind word? One little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul will sweep the long-neglected chords and awaken the most pleasant strains. Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but, perhaps, to cheer by their memory a long, sad life. While words of cruelty are like darts in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars that will be borne to the grave by their victims.

Algeciras.

 ONLY a short time had elapsed from the close of the Spanish-American war, and, in Spain, public feeling against the English still ran high, when, tired of the hot summer in Gibraltar, my friend and I resolved to go to Algeciras. "Do not go there," said a timid old gentleman. "It would be very dangerous to live in the outskirts of the town, so far from the Guardias Civiles, too." But my friend and I had burnt our ships; in other words, we had engaged a house for three months, and prepaid the rent. So we went. One hot June evening the little steamer which plies between Gibraltar and Algeciras, landed us on the wooden pier of the last-named place.

Six years' residence in Sunny Spain had dispelled most of my illusions about the Spaniards, so when a dark-bearded and mysterious stranger approached to take my bag, I saw in him neither a hidalgo nor a bandit, but simply one seeking what all true-born Britons are supposed to have—money. However, we were independent people, and we showed it by walking on, carrying both money and bags. I leave it to the imagination to conjecture which was the lighter burden.

I claim to be a matter-of-fact woman, but one even more matter-of-fact than I, would have felt the charm of that calm June evening, and the varied and interesting scene around. The sun had set, and the dark purple of the Sierra Nevada range stood out against the brilliant sky. The sea was of a deep blue color, tinged here and there by a ray of gold, while across the narrow strip of water, Gibraltar loomed, as if reminding this Southern people of the great nation, whose power is felt in many lands, and whose strongholds are to be met with on every known sea route.

These should have been my thoughts, for, as I have said, I felt the charm of time and place—but how is it we never think the right thoughts at the right time? So my mind was occupied with the shortcomings of the Algeciras pier. The wooden planks which form it are laid about one inch apart, so I traversed it in fear that my high-heeled shoes should slip into the interstices.

Right at the end of the pier the Custom-House stands, and beside it were two Guardias Civiles, armed with rifles and presenting a warlike ap-

pearance worthy of a better cause. Three young English officers passed airily, paying no attention to the call to halt.

"Come," said I, "they will know we are English, and will allow us to pass."

We tried to walk unconcernedly, but the command to stop came, and the rifles were pointed ominously. Judging prudence to be the better part of valor, we did stop and entered the Custom-House. Here we displayed the contents of our bags, which seemed to excite much interest, and were thoroughly examined, for if anything is done thoroughly in Spain, it is the examination of baggage at the Custom-House.

The house which we had taken was at a short distance from the town and commanded a fine view of the mountains. On one side was the house of our landlord, while, on the other, a wide common extended. Since then a fine house has been built on this common, for Algeciras has marched, however slowly, on the road of improvement.

"The milkman will call to-morrow morning at eight o'clock," we were told. For all Algeciras, all Andalusia, knows that the Englishwoman loves tea, and tea requires milk. At the appointed hour the milkman came, that is, we found a cow quietly standing at our gate. My friend and I looked at her in wonder, and the animal returned our gaze, with patient eyes.

The mutual inspection had lasted some minutes, when we were interrupted by the arrival of a young, well-dressed man, who saluted us with the grace of a courtier. After many bows and profuse apologies, he made known to us, in excellent English, that he and his cow were at our disposal, and that, if we wished he would proceed to milk her. This was going from the sublime to the ridiculous, but, our courtly friend never lost his dignity. He milked his cow as gravely as if the fate of nations depended on him. Then, having measured out the milk, he handed it to us, and lifting his hat, strode off, looking as if he had conferred a favor upon us. Some days after, we were strolling through the grounds of the Reina Christina Hotel when our friend approached us. He looked on us with a distant air, as if warning us not to presume on a former acquaintanceship, and then informed us that we were trespassing on that portion of the grounds reserved for those staying at the hotel. We

heard afterwards that he was employed temporarily as interpreter, and, indeed, judging from his manner and linguistic acquirements, he was better suited to this position than to that of a milkman.

Quite near our house and contiguous to the Algeciras-Bobadilla Railway line, are the fine ruins of an aqueduct. I made many efforts to discover its history, but I could not find it mentioned in any of the guide books, and the inhabitants of Algeciras know nothing of it. Some attempt has been made to connect Algeciras with the Romans, but though it is certain that Pompey's army encamped near it, it is not probable that any town existed then on the site now occupied by the present town. The Aqueduct, from its form and the materials used in its construction, probably belonged to the period of the Moorish occupation, and, if so, certainly does credit to the engineering skill of that gifted people. In those days, strange to say, Algeciras was known as the Emerald Isle, and the small island to the south is still called La Isla Verde. This island is now used as a military prison. The Moors also gave to Algeciras the name of the Moors' Key of Spain. Taken and retaken, successively, in the bloody struggles between the Moors and Christians, it was destroyed in 1344, by Mahomet II. For centuries no attempt was made to rebuild it. In 1704, there was a slight revival of importance, as on the capture of Gibraltar by the English many families from that city sought refuge there. Charles III. rebuilt it, in 1760, purposing to make it the base of operations against the English, for the dream of that monarch's life was to recover Gibraltar.

Since then it remained almost stationary, until some years ago, the opening of the Algeciras-Bobadilla Railway gave an impetus to trade and commerce. A very fine hotel, the Reina Christina, has been built by the railway company, and an enterprising Gibralterian has built an equally comfortable, though less pretentious, hotel near the railway station.

The people of Algeciras are handsome and well-formed. I was particularly struck by the remarkable fairness of some of the children, which equalled anything one would see in Northern Europe. It is so much to be regretted that in this population of nearly 15,000 souls, there is an almost total absence of schools, even of the

most elementary kind. This is the great want, the fatal defect, in Spain, and, although the Spaniard has not the scientific and artistic capabilities of the Italian, he is not behind him in other natural gifts, and, evidently, he was not primarily intended by nature to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water.

No Spanish town would be complete without a bull-ring. At Algeciras it is situated just outside the town, on the Tarifa Road, and quite near it, during my stay, some gypsies had pitched their tent. These were to me the most interesting people I met there. Spain is the happy hunting-ground of this mysterious race. The vast tracts of uncultivated land, the rugged and unclaimed sierras are favorable to their nomadic habits. According to the latest census, there are about 40,000 in Spain. Yet, strange to say, though Spain is an ideal country for a roving life, some of the large cities have a regular gypsy quarter, as sharply defined and fully developed as the late Chinatown in San Francisco, or the Italian quarter of New York. In these quarters, notably at Seville and Granada, the untutored child of the greenwood settles down to a civilized life, that is, if a stationary life only can be called civilized.

Granada is so fortunate as to boast of a gypsy king, but, alas, this representative of Bohemian royalty increases his revenues by coming to the principal hotel, where, with his court, he performs gypsy dances for a few pesetas. The gypsy shows to better advantage in his tent, so I prefer the genuine gypsy of Algeciras to the semi-civilized and wholly-vulgar of Granada.

One beautiful evening in July, when a cool breeze had taken the place of the scorching glare of the day, we set out for a walk. Everything was calm, and the streets were nearly deserted, so we two Englishwomen attracted little attention. Suddenly, we heard the confused sound of many voices, and, in the distance, saw a large crowd approaching. As it came nearer, we noticed that the front ranks consisted of about twenty young men, tall, well-formed, and dressed in clothes of a faded kaki-color. At first, I thought we had chanced on a detachment of Spanish soldiers, then I called to mind the poor fellows only home from Cuba, who had passed my house some weeks before. No, they were not Spanish soldiers. Suddenly, a gleam of memory

lighted up my brain and I recognized the true Romany type, so familiar to me long ago, by the desolate shores of the North Sea. They were gypsies, and the crowd had been attracted by a brown dancing bear. By means of this kind, by horse-dealing, also it is said, by less reputable trades, these gypsies gain their livelihood. It seemed a pity to see so many fine, well-proportioned men without a definite occupation, not lazy, certainly, but idle.

The gypsy women, whose acquaintance I made some days later, were like the men, tall and well-proportioned. Their strong, spare figures are a contrast to the Spanish ladies, who are rather inclined to embonpoint. They are fond of gay colors in dress, and wear long gold, silver, or coral ear-rings, while the clasps and buttons of their garments are frequently of the same material. They possess the virtues ascribed by Longfellow to Pretiosa, the popular voice asserting that they keep all the commandments except the seventh.

Algeciras is built on the Miel, which, by the way, is the Spanish word for honey. Perhaps the name was given in gentle irony. Where it enters the sea, the black turbid waters of the Miel look anything but inviting, but, as one follows the stream towards the mountains, it becomes purer, and its crystal waters sparkling in the sunshine, with banks overgrown with ferns and beautiful foliage, make a charming picture, especially, if one happens to chance on the Lavenderas, or washerwomen, plying their useful trade. In Sunny Spain, where the climate makes open-air work possible at all seasons, there are no heated laundries worked by steam or electricity, but the washing is done by the pleasant banks of the rivers, and the laundresses make a picturesque sight in their clean dresses, their black handkerchiefs, and with huge baskets poised on their heads, as they return chatting gaily, after a hard day's work.

I revisited Algeciras some years after this summer. It had then acquired a world-wide fame. The celebrated conference held there had attracted all eyes to the little Spanish town.

At first, the people of Algeciras watched the Delegates with great interest, but, as the days became weeks, and the weeks lengthened into months, their interest became weaker. To the end, the Moorish Delegates in their white robes

and scarlet fez, attracted great attention. It was a strange turn of fortune which brought them to the "Moors' Key of Spain" to make a last stand for the freedom of the only independent Moorish Kingdom. Where they once ruled as Conquerors, they now pleaded for their very existence as a nation.

But, if the Moorish Crescent is slowly declining, the Star of Spain is certainly in the ascendant. A settled dynasty, an assured succession, and a respectable ministry, augur a happy future for this southern country, so I shall close this sketch with the very sincere hope that Spain may one day resume her old importance in a purified and regenerated Europe.

LAURA BENNET.

Island Reveries.

"**T**HE world likes to be humbugged."—P. T. Barnum, showman.

"Every man has his price."—Horace Walpole, statesman.

"Uim bog," or humbug, is the Irish term for money metal other than true gold.

Barnum, when accused of humbugging the people by bringing forward some assisted freak of nature as a newly-discovered species of animal, was accustomed to reply in the words of our text!

Barnum is the modern Shakespeare. He understood humanity so well that he offered humbug or pretence in exchange for true gold, and it was accepted.

Shakespeare the Second was wiser in his day and generation; so he lived and died in a palace, and not in a straw-thatched cottage! He was a wag as well as a clever man; and many a laugh he must have had over the human animal—containing in itself the extreme of everything odd, incongruous, and inconsistent.

How early pretence enters our lives, and becomes a part of our being! In "school-days, school-days; good old golden-rule days," we were taught, as we wrote it over and over in our copy-books, that "Truth is mighty and will prevail." "Experience teaches" another copy line—that Truth is often cowardly, and willing to concede much to the interests of Peace.

Unjustified utterances and actions, often in the interests of kindness and politeness, are forced upon children, by parents, teachers, and associates. Children are quick to detect sham; but they unconsciously assimilate it, until, with the years, it becomes part and parcel of their individuality.

The late Col. Robert Ingersoll, who delighted in posing as an infidel, is said to have found Christians,—including his own parents,—untruthful humbugs; need we wonder that he included Christianity in his list of humbugs! Ingersoll must have been the recipient of many addresses; he must have listened to many funeral sermons; and must have read many wondrous epitaphs!

How far humbug has taken possession of our lives, we may determine by pausing to consider our "friends." To how many deserving ones have we doled out the humbug of neglect, while to many of the less worthy majority, we have offered the pure gold of memory, time, and attention!

The reader of fiction affords verification of Barnum's saying; he gradually—if unconsciously—accepts his favorite fiction as fact. There are, of course, many pleasing and instructive works of fiction; but, are not true narrative and history much better? How any man or woman who has reached middle age can find desirable entertainment in the *imaginings* of another, is difficult to understand!

What can be said in excuse for the reading of that which is immoral and calumnious, such as the Corelli fiction?

A wise man has said, "Fiction has no right to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality."

In trying to read "The Doctor" because, although fiction, it is Canadian fiction, I became disgusted by the portrayal of the typical Irishman, in a character who was generally—if not always—under the influence of liquor. I have not so much fault to find with that; but, according to statistics, the Irishman, in his love of whiskey, is exceeded by his brother Scot. The author of "The Doctor" is a Scot; so he spared his countrymen! The unpardonable malice consists in his putting into this character's mouth, ejaculations semi-religious, semi-profane, to bring discredit on Ireland's religion, and certainly never uttered by Irishman living or dead,

but furnished solely by the author's mischievous imagination.

Such literary humbug is certainly not "more beautiful than the truth," therefore, should not exist.

The humbug of fiction invades also the field of what is called "history," accepted as reliable, and taught in our schools as fact. An example of this is given by the "Public School History of England and Canada, by W. J. Robertson, B. A., L. L. B." This history of England, from first to last, is utterly at variance with well-authenticated fact, afforded us by the historical works of Doctor Lingard and Agnes Strickland. Before the advent of the latter writers, "every modern English historian had his price," except Corbett, who was persecuted in various ways for telling the truth.

Robertson is vile and calumnious; yet, we accept his vile calumnies as instruction for our children. If knowing the truth will make us free, why shall we not know the truth and be free? We and our children are slaves, so long as Robertson's history is considered good enough for Canada. Let us have the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; if space limit will not allow, all vexed political and religious questions with personages involved should be carefully eliminated.

The world likes to be humbugged even in matters pertaining to religion.

We now hear much of the "Modernist" religious movement; the apostles of which are fond of posing for their photographs.

The Modernist message to complacent humanity is—"If you do not see what you want, ask for it!"—and it will be supplied without further trouble. This is all so delightfully reasonable, that we need no longer fear either God or the De'il. We can comfortably settle down to our own little preferences,—the pantheism of cat and dog worship, etc., etc. Being good Christians, we like to go to church on Sunday—evening—fashionably dressed.

The problem of the future life having been so easily and pleasingly solved, we must confess that our principal anxieties now concern the future of *this* life.

We are happy to say—confidentially—that we have been directed to a "true" fortune-teller. Her charges are light compared to what she can

tell, and has told us—men and women—who privately consult her!

So we will "never take the horseshoe from the door" while we live; and when we die, the undertaker will paint us to look lovely, and, as we have not wasted our money in charities, he will also line and drape the interior of the grave in latest style, and leave us masters of the situation!

The fortune-telling humbug is accepted by women who are also interested in the sending of missionaries to the benighted heathen!

The recent death of the aged King Oscar of Sweden is universally interesting, because it furnishes another proof of the fact that a king can be an ideal ruler, when a good man fills the throne.

What potentate could wish for a sweeter requiem than is contained in the pathetic lament that now swells over the length and breadth of Sweden,—“Our dear old King is dead!”

King Oscar rose to the heights, and condescended to the depths of true kingly responsibility. He never forgot that kingship should stand for the worth, the native dignity of a people; and not for the unappeasable vanity of any frail, self-conscious man. He never ignored the fact that, having assumed the sacred trust, in the eyes of God and man he belonged equally to the most exalted prince and the meanest peasant in his kingdom. Consequently, all men were equal in the presence of their king; at his weekly court all were welcome where he gave his hand and heart to all.

There is no slavishness in Sweden! There we may find God-intended manliness.

Oscar—late the worshipped wearer of a crown—is now, in his turn, a poor, suppliant subject before the King of Kings. May Heaven be as kind to him as he was to all his subjects!

How parrot-like public expression deals with any matter! The press now repeats the wonder that the ultra-kingly King Oscar could have been the great-great-of a *peasant*. How incomprehensible! And it may be said that he had also for ancestors the pair who wore fig leaves, and never heard of royal robes. If he had been born becomingly of a royal Nero, or Henry VIII., there would be no perplexity.

We like to discover humbug among our neighbor's gold!

We make no wonder of the fact that the grandmother (Clarendon) of Queen Mary II. and her sister, Queen Anne, was a barmaid!

Humbug, never given currency by King Oscar, now circulates in connection with his death.

A lady panegyrist, and apologist of Queen Elizabeth of England, recently very charitably disposed of the case of Mary Queen of Scots, by saying that we should always remember that Mary Stuart was bred in the frivolous court of France. This humbug obtained with the said lady, simply because her school history had omitted to state that Elizabeth was bred in the frivolous court of her father, Henry VIII.,—the most frivolous, debauched, and murderous court that has ever soiled Christendom!

Very few people do their own thinking; the humbug of other minds suffices us, especially if it suits our convenience.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes affirmed that, when lecturing before the ordinary audience, he spoke to about one out of every hundred!

* * * * *

The currency of daily life is gradually assayed, and conscientious conviction, after the lapse of years, discards the humbug of false impressions, leaving only true gold in the pan, to be our wealth of cherished memory.

When, by the insight and experience of years, we can separate the false from the true, how many phases of life take on a new aspect! What we once thought important personages, events, or circumstances, when now they come to memory we dismiss as not worthy of a moment's consideration; while what we once deemed commonplace, or trivial, is now recalled with the most tender sentiments.

* * * * *

At this holy season, in view of the Babe of Bethlehem—the sweet, loving and lowly—with humbled and respondent hearts we behold our world through the easily-pleased eyes of charity; and, uniting with the children, we rejoice in the blessings of the present, and enjoy besides, the memory gifts of the past.

IDRIS.

—•—

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.



HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE!

The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its Foundation to its Secularization, 1626-1809.

BY REVEREND MOTHER ELIZABETH BLUME, GENERAL OF THE GERMAN BRANCH OF THE ENGLISH INSTITUTE.

COMMEMORATIVE OF HER GOLDEN JUBILEE.

CHAPTER I.

"And since the new days are built out of the ruins of the old,
An untroubled spirit can see forwards, while looking backwards."
—Weber.

THE English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose members are known in Germany — and elsewhere — as "*Die Englischen Fräulein* — The English Virgins — originated, as its name indicates, in England, for, from this country its foundress and her companions came during those days of cruel persecution which darkened the seventeenth century—during those days when, in consequence of dire political disturbances, that island kingdom tortured most cruelly her faithful Catholic subjects, oppressed them in divers ways,—and all, because of their steadfast allegiance to the ancient faith.

Therefore, may this name always remind the members of the Institute of those words of the holy Pope Gregory: "Angels they are, Angels they will be." Let it remind them to become angel-like, in as far as it is possible to poor human nature—angel-like in the acquiring of personal holiness—angel-like, too, in the great work of educating by example, and by word—angel-like—ever angel-like, in the service of the youthful souls entrusted to their care.

As a congregation, in an ecclesiastical sense, the Institute of *Die Englischen Fräulein*, is an Association of Virgins, under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who lead a common life according to a rule, approved by the Holy See; who take the simple vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, at the completion of a probation of two years, and devote themselves to the instruction of youth, in opposition to the spirit of the world.

Concerning the Institute of the English Virgins, several works, more or less voluminous, have been placed before the public; unfortun-

ately, many of these contain inaccuracies in regard to persons and dates; nevertheless, the general character of the Institute in its manifold branches, is proportionally little known. To compile a detailed account of this from the most authentic sources, especially the Institute archives and chronicles, is the design of this Jubilee gift.

As to the foundation of the Institute, the following is known from two most reliable sources, namely: The bull of Pope Clement XI. "*Inscrutabile divinæ providentiæ*," and that of Benedict XIV., "*Quamvis justò*."

In the autumn of the year 1609, eight pious gentlewomen, full of trust in God, and in a spirit of sacrifice, left their unhappy and oppressed fatherland, England, to find a peaceful refuge on the other side of the North Sea, where they could not only practise the faith of their forefathers, but also educate young girls in virtue and noble refinements. Just in the same way, a thousand years before, had St. Walburga with five companions, crossed over to Germany, to instruct in virtue and the fear of God. She, too, had made a religious foundation at Heidenheim, in Bavaria.

The annals give the names of these faithful heroines—Mary Ward, Mary Poyntz, Winefrid Wigmore, Barbara Babthorpe, Johanna Brown, Susanna Rockwood, Catherine Smith and Barbara Ward, Mary's sister. They were for the most part of noble birth, and in the bloom of their youthful maturity, glowing with enthusiasm for the Catholic faith, with something of the martyr's blood in their veins, for many of their nearest and dearest had suffered cruel persecution during the reign of Elizabeth. Mary Ward was singled out as the soul of them all. She was at that time in her twenty-fourth year. Her parents, Marmaduke Ward and Ursula Wright, belonged to the oldest families of the kingdom, and were forced, at about that time, owing to the harshness of the laws, to prefer quiet retirement on their estates in the country, to the perilous proximity of the court.

Mary Ward was born January 23, 1585, at the castle of old Mulwith, at Ripon, in the county of York, England, and was the eldest of five children; refined and noble by nature, highly gifted, and strong in character. She was, by an excellent Christian education, trained and fitted to become a providential instrument in the hands of

God, to whose service she had with unwavering confidence dedicated all her powers.

The Spanish Netherlands and Germany offered a refuge to these English ladies; in both places their pious undertaking was blessed by heaven, through the admission of kindred spirits, and Institutes arose for the Christian education of youth, wherein was displayed a many-sided activity. Conspicuous among these places were St. Omer, Liège, Cologne, Treves, Rome, Naples, Perugia, Vienna, Presburg, and Munich. Yet these foundations following so quickly, one upon another, found a quick dispersion, through discordances and animosities of all kinds, by the bull of Pope Urban VIII., "*Pastoralis Romani Pontificis*," in the year 1630. Only the house in Munich was preserved, through the active patronage of the Elector Maximilian I., as a foundation-stone of a work, which was to find, only in a later age, true understanding and grateful appreciation.

In 1631, Mary Ward left Munich forever, in compliance with a call to Rome, where she continued to direct the Institute under the eyes of the Sovereign Pontiff. In 1639, she returned to England, and there in Yorkshire, in A. D. 1645, she yielded her much-tired soul into the hands of her Creator.

Mary Ward was not an ordinary woman, neither was her understanding an ordinary one. In our day, it seems no way unusual—this Institute of hers—but for her day, three hundred years ago, it was altogether extraordinary. She was a pioneer amid the circumstances of her time, and her whole life was a ceaseless combat against its hindrances. Not unlike other great servants of God must have been *her* prayer:

"I beg for a deeply hidden good, that rests in the darkness like a precious stone, the sombre seal of the cross in every thought and deed, grant this to me, O God, and I will pay for it with my tears."

Her character bore the two unmistakable marks of all great instruments in the hands of God—deep humility and courageous steadfastness. She never called herself foundress or general of the Institute; she worked and suffered only for its organization and increase, and, with a far-seeing eye, placed the most suitable persons in the most responsible positions.

A detailed account of her virtuous life is to be found in two volumes collected from documents

and traditions by C. E. Chambers, edited by the distinguished Jesuit, H. J. Coleridge, and published by Frederick Pustet, in A. D. 1888.

In order to throw light upon the difficulties of this foundation in its early days, on account of the circumstances of the times, we shall add a short explanation from Church History. Mary Ward turned over a new leaf in the history of religious communities. The glorious habit of St. Benedict, of Mount Carmel, St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Augustine, and St. Bernard, was always worn in hundreds of convents and monasteries. These venerable orders of Holy Church, though different in their various ends, are one in their essence; to maintain their ascetic principles they were obliged to strict seclusion from the world by the so-called canonical enclosure, and strictly bound by solemn vows, that only Rome could loose. Just previous to her day, the epoch-making Council of Trent—1545-1563—had confirmed cloister discipline with regard to this double obligation—had not only confirmed it, but made it still more severe.

In striking contrast to the rules and constitutions of these orders, was the novelty of the Institute planned by Mary Ward—freedom from enclosure, which freedom procured for these teachers of youth a wisely-bounded intercourse with the laity, and thus a free and untroubled insight into secular life; simple vows, and the government of all the convents under one general head—these are the distinctive characteristics of the Institute as a congregation, and such are likewise the characteristics of all the congregations of women, which have received in later ages the approbation of Holy Church.

Mary Ward was, so to speak, ahead of her time, and just because her undertaking was new it could not fail to meet with contradictions and persecutions, yet worthy of wonder and admiration is the strong courage with which, in the midst of the prejudices of her day, that combated her foundation as a foolish innovation, she kept unswervingly to her thorny path, led by a divine and mysterious light. Only little by little did the Almighty advance the work of her labors and prayers—only after many years did Holy Church put what we may call the finishing touches to her Institute by the confirmation of its rules and constitutions, thereby legalizing its work in our Lord's vineyard. Thus had it received perma-

ment ability to exist, and many branches have gone forth from Bavaria, which we shall follow in this simple chronicle.

At the close of the year 1626, the illustrious and deeply-religious Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, on the recommendation of his brother Ferdinand, the Prince Archbishop of Cologne, and of that great servant of God, Father Dominic of Jesus and Mary, invited the noble English Ladies, "Nobiles damicellæ Anglicæ," "Die Englischen Fräulein," to Munich, and the first establishment was made there, in April, 1627, under the protection, and with the special assistance of the Prince and his similarly-minded and equally pious wife, Elizabeth. They received the strangers with such high esteem and affability, that one would have thought that they had long been in intimate intercourse, and the illustrious Princess declared, at this first audience of the English Ladies at the princely court, which took place immediately after their arrival, that she "had long planned and waited for this, which God was sending, and would not now let it lightly slip away." In the noblest and most generous way have these her words been verified, for they have found a true echo in the distinguished House of Bavaria, from generation to generation, in favor of the English Institute, even to the present day.

The Institute of the English Ladies in Bavaria may look back with feelings of pious veneration and great joy, to their noble founder, His Highness Prince Maximilian, whose contemporaries named him the "Great," in the rôle of Regent, as well as that of statesman and general. He could also compare with great heroes, in the matter of virtue and piety. His biographer relates how he often spent hours upon his knees in his daily devotions, which he never omitted, even in the press of duties or the tumult of war. His first public act, as Duke of Bavaria, after rendering thanks to his father, was a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Mercy at Altötting, where he offered himself solemnly to her in a testament inscribed in his own blood, which was found after his death in a sealed case that he had placed on her altar. To her, the Patroness of Bavaria, were consecrated his house, his family and his country; to her was entrusted the fortune of war undertakings, and *this* princely client of Mary founded on Bavarian ground the English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The fifteen members which formed the community received in this capital of their country, all the rights of corporation, by a decree of His Highness, dated April 21, 1627; and besides the Paradeiser House in Weinstrasse, had settled upon it, not for foundation, but as a means of daily support, an annuity of 2000 florins. To the oft-repeated expressions of gratitude for such princely generosity, the Elector always answered: "The laborer is worthy of his hire. It is well known that it was the English, who first instructed the German people in the Catholic faith. We hope that the daughters of our subjects may likewise be instructed by you, in all that pertains to a good and Christian life."

They educated, indeed, as the illustrious prince had wished and foreseen, innumerable girls and young ladies of the good city of Munich, and of the whole country of Bavaria, in their convents, teaching them the customs of the world, as well as the convent, during two hundred years, until the temporary dispersion of the Institute by the royal rescript of May 20, 1809.

Thus the English Ladies of our day began in Munich, in 1626. The Institute at Munich, is the first Mother House and central foundation of the English Ladies in Bavaria.

In the year 1835, King Louis assigned to the English Ladies instead of the Munich house, the northern wing of his own beautiful castle in Nymphenburg, which he named the head house of the Institute in Bavaria, with the consent of the Holy Father.

An alms given with a kind word is at the same time an act of charity and a caress. It is as though a coin and a flower fell from your hand together.

Some of us have special gifts for seeing the evil that is in our neighbor. If commendable traits in another are mentioned, we say, "Yes, but!" and then proceed to amplify the evil. And yet, one of the sanest ways to defeat the worst that is in most people is to praise them when they do well. The bad is bad, no doubt, always and everywhere bad; but the good is still good.

Command that which is good in every one—ten thousand bad traits can not make a single good one any less good.

The Editors, as I Saw Them.

“**N**OTHING new under the sun”—did I hear you say? You are mistaken, my friend. To-day, I saw ten *new*—no—not things—editors!—and the scene that met my gaze as these grave and stately seniors slowly ascended the stairs leading to the *sanctum*, with a dawning, but feebly glimmering, hope in their hearts that a few, at least, of Fame’s laurel leaves might flutter in their direction, was not only picturesque, but—inspiring!

Noiselessly, the door swung open, and there was the editor-in-chief calmly awaiting their arrival, and eager, no doubt, to hear what evidence they could give of their wonderful(?) literary ability. Although the atmosphere was reassuring, coherent utterance was out of the question, and, in the excitement and confusion caused by an attempt to avoid the end chairs, one poor little maiden almost succeeded in losing her balance, and was responsible for the untoward merriment that followed. I could not resist a certain grim enjoyment at my own escape, for I have a deep-down and unspoken horror of embarrassing situations.

The crucial moment had come—perhaps, one of the immortal moments in literature—when each young lady was to read her essay. Emotion had evidently become contagious, for the very papers trembled and fluttered and vainly endeavored to disengage themselves from the hands of the writers. In the tantalizing pause, that poor old hackneyed pin might have again done service in dropping. At last, Olive rose and politely informed us of her overwrought condition by frantically leaving an impression of her dear presence on my already weak side. I looked at Edna who, unconscious of her excited surroundings, gazed peacefully out of the window, apparently enjoying one of her beloved reveries.

Hilda is reaching high for her laurels, and when she rose, all expected such an immortalizing of braes and heather as would have made the Ayrshire bard repent of his presumption; but, no, as the first signs of nervous prostration wore gradually away, she tried to impress her hearers with the glories of Toronto, its picturesque ravines and ideal surroundings. We admired her sincerity and love for the old home, but, in vain did she endeavor to persuade such accomplished

historians that *Panormos* lies near the Queen City. Had she resurrected the Carthaginians and Romans, there would have been immediate trouble.

“This is worse than a concert!” exclaimed Rita, on whose usually calm features distress was depicted; while Gladys stared anxiously at the floor, hoping against hope, that some dire calamity might befall the world before her name was called, and her inmost thoughts, regarding a certain local happening, revealed.

Jessie passed through the ordeal—as she does through life—merrily. In reminiscent mood, she told of her summer at Lauderdale Lakes, of the pretty cottage on the bluff where she sojourned, with its background of forest glades, its tennis-court and various attractions. Fishing and boating were also enjoyed—and a thrilling adventure. On very windy days there was a certain fascination, not unmingled with fear, in racing from one end of the lake to the other, in a flat-bottomed boat, with a main sail and a gib. To this, Jessie and a party of friends yielded. The boat turned turtle, with the usual results, and—we were glad to hear that there are still naval heroes!

Kathleen and Elizabeth alone seemed at their ease, but this was perfectly natural, considering that they had spent some years in the midst of the *braves*, at Niagara, within sound of war-whoop, and in sight of tomahawk, war-paint and feathers. Indeed, Elizabeth has quite a weakness for the red men, and has frequently waxed eloquent in earnest endeavor to convince us that they are most interesting to our foreign friends.

A description of the Beach episode fell to my lot—but how describe what baffles all description? Of course, we were delighted at the prospect of an afternoon at the ever-popular Beach, and the announcement was received with a wave of approval and joyous anticipation.

“Tantalus! Tantalus!” murmured one fair senior, who had not yet heard of our good fortune.

“Leave him to his fate,” suggested her companion, “he will still be thirsty when we return.”

“And I did not even curl my hair last night,” bewailed a third, “so I know I’m a perfect sight.”

“We won’t have astronomy,” murmured Edna, sadly, “and I did so want to see *Orion*.”

Softly, the familiar sound of the tiny silver reminder reached us, and perfectly contented and

happy, free from all our petty cares, and with life touched with rainbow colors, we set out on the longed-for trip.

Our first encounter was with a very irascible individual, who probably regarded us in the light of beings who had come from the planet Mars, or, perhaps, been dropped by one of the balloons in the late international race—or was it the sight of so much beauty that affected him unpleasantly? Well, there is no accounting for taste.

When we had secured accommodation in a really comfortable car, which we enjoyed all to ourselves, and had begun to experience the exhilarating effect of speeding through the crisp autumnal air, we felt there was nothing more to be desired, when suddenly the little Eve beside me cried out, "The apples! The apples! Oh, we've forgotten the apples!"

"No, we haven't," I replied, soothingly. "You will find them in a basket at the rear of the car—and she did—and other dainties, also."

"Genevieve, put your hat on straight. You always wear it on your ear, and besides it really isn't becoming. We are near the Beach now."

How lovely it was when we finally reached our destination to stroll along the cool gray sands, with the very spirit of happiness hovering around us, conjuring up visions of childhood's days when we gathered the wee pearl-tinted shells and laughed away the little cares that beset our path. And then, the luncheon!—after which, we sallied forth to explore the region beyond the lakeside. Strange fancies overpowered certain fair damsels whose minds have lately been engrossed with the study of mythology, hence we were not altogether surprised at the startling exclamation: "Oh, girls! do look at Aphrodite! There is her wonderful girdle." Wonderingly we turned our gaze from the glory of a crimson and gold maple in the distance and looked out over the expanse of water and at the playful wavelets breaking at our feet, but, alas! the Fates had decreed that, on that particular day, when Nature had been showering her gifts upon us, rain—ever-destructive rain—should fall! A hurried flight to a place of refuge, in a useless effort to preserve the remainder of our summer finery, was our only resource.

"My graceful plumes insist upon assuming a perpendicular position," sighed Jessie, as she vigorously shook her picture hat.

But I—thoroughly drenched, and inclined to weep over my sad plight—gently comforted myself with the assurance: "Into each life some rain must 'fall'—but then I failed to appreciate my old stand-by—"the sooner the better."

As our car whirled toward the city, in the blinding rain, a furtive glance at its occupants revealed the fact that, after all, there is some humor in life. The lovely frocks, erstwhile so chic and dainty, now hung about the wearers in decidedly ungraceful folds; while flowers, feathers, wings and ribbons drooped over the once merry faces as though in penance for too much happiness, or tears unshed!

The only thing that escaped injury was our *appetite*—we were perfectly ready to thoroughly enjoy anything and everything that might be offered. But, alas! did my poor ears deceive me?—or did I really hear the unwelcome greeting—"Retire immediately."

Immediately?—and it was barely six o'clock!

"But I want my supper," I cried, doubtful as to the exact meaning of the invitation. Before I had time for further protestations, what was my delight to find that supper was to be served in our small apartments, in which we might discuss the varied happenings of the day!—a rare and unusual privilege, as you are aware.

At last, the great hall bell pealed forth the usual hour for retiring, and, with a merry good-night, we hastily sped into the blissful regions of "Slumberland."

FRANCES DANIELLS.

The Lost Diamond Ring.

THE chimes of St. Paul were merrily pealing out the message, "Peace on earth, good will to men," to the masses of Chicago people who thronged State Street, the ever-busy portion of the city.

It was a bitterly-cold night and, as the wind moaned and howled, it seemed to give a cry of warning to those who chanced in its path, for, in a short time, young, middle-aged and old were soon covering their ears to shelter them from the cruel cuts and nips of the Frost King. What a picture to behold!—rich and poor, happy and unhappy, strong and weak—all out on this night of nights—Christmas Eve! Some had left their bright and cheerful hearths, where the sound of

music and laughter might be heard, to purchase Alfie's toy drum, or Grace's doll, unawares; while others, who had no homes, were out on the street because there was no place else to go.

The brilliantly-lighted stores, gorgeous in array, made the night more terrible than it really was, for the light and warmth indoors seemed to laugh a pitiless laugh at those who were struggling with the cold outside, and looking sadly and longingly towards the glittering windows, and ruefully at the contents of their pockets. I wonder how much we know of the inner lives of even our closest friends? I fancy that we should be surprised if we realized our ignorance.

Marshall Field's gaily-decorated windows, rich in jewels, laces, and gowns, appeared to vie with its next-door neighbor, Mandel's, whose show-cases contained velvets, silks, and furs to excite the envy of a queen. Then, too, The Annex, the most fashionable café, was in holiday attire, out-rivalling Berrie's in its wealth of delicacies, that would tempt the most fastidious of palates, and in confectionery of all sorts and shapes and sizes.

The latter seemed to appeal to Joe, the well-known little newsboy, whose cry from early morn till late at night each day of the year, had become so familiar to the business men who passed his stand on their way to daily toil. He was lonely to-night, and for some reason or other, did not feel inclined to call out—"Papers,—News—American—Extry—Extry—News—American"—but preferred standing in front of the "winders," with all their tempting dainties, saying to himself, "O jiminy! I wish I had something to take home to me mudder, she is so hungry. O dear Jesus, won't you, please, give me something?"

While looking in at the pretty white-capped girls behind the counters, his attention was attracted by the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the icy pavement. Turning around, he saw a beautiful carriage, drawn by two handsome and spirited horses, stop before The Annex. The coachman hurriedly opened the door to allow a lovely young girl of nineteen summers to alight. Daintily picking up her skirts and clasping her furs closer to her throat, she entered the café. After she had disappeared, little Joe, with a look of mingled surprise and delight upon his face, laughingly said:

"Hully Moses! if dat wasn't Marion Barlow, de richest gal in dis ole town. De kids say de

gov'nor is so rich dat he could eat gold if he didn't have de gout. Whew! I wish I could be a banker like him for one whole day."

Taking a hop, skip and a jump, he made for the carriage to ask the footman about the horses, for Joe, like other boys, was extremely fond of animals, and was always on the look-out for learning more about them. When within a few feet of the curbstone, his eye caught the sparkle of something half hidden in the snow. What could it be—was it money? No, a diamond ring.

II.

In the filthy streets of Bohemia Town, a portion of the "Windy City," where poverty and distress are to be found in every squalid home, lived Mrs. Porter with her two children, Joe and Helen. She was a poor widow, upright and honorable, who worked hard to keep the wolf from her little cottage door. But, to-night, it seemed as though very little hope was left, for there was coal to be bought, and food for the children, and rent to pay, but, alas!—there was no money. Everything now depended upon Joe's earnings—suppose sales were few to-day, what should become of the family? Such were the thoughts that racked Mrs. Porter's mind on this Christmas Eve.

Soon, however, her gloomy forebodings were dispelled by the little newsboy's noisy knock at the door and his sudden appearance, brimful of joy, as he exclaimed:

"Oh, mammie, look what I found to-night!"

"But, my dear," remonstrated his mother, "what have you there? Did you find it, or—but no, you'd never take anything that did not belong to you, would you?"

"Why, mammie dear, you talk so funny to-night. Of course, I found it, and just think all the things we can buy with it, for, I guess, it is a really and truly diamond."

"Let me see it, dearie."

She placed one hand on Joe's shoulder, and with the other she took the ring and examined it closely. What was it that made her start? It could not be possible—but, yes, it must be—the jeweller, twenty years ago, said there was not another ring like it in the city. And the initials, too, were the ones that she had seen in years gone by.

Still looking intently at the ring, Mrs. Porter seemed oblivious of her present surroundings and let her thoughts wander back to the time when wealth, position, and happiness were hers; then to the stormy scene enacted in her father's house, when she told him she intended to marry a poor, struggling lawyer. She recalled the first few years of her happy married life, and finally came back to the place in which she now lived—the place from which, fifteen years before, she had seen her affectionate husband carried out to the grave. Death had robbed her of the one she loved most on earth, but her two children had been spared, and for them she lived and labored.

"Mammie, dear," broke in her son, "why are you crying? Please, don't cry. God will make us happy some time."

"No, no, dear, I am not unhappy. Tell me, if you know, who Miss Barlow is, and where you found the ring?"

"Why, that is easy enough. I found the ring in the street right near the carriage that Marion Barlow drove in to The Annex."

"Joe, who is Marion Barlow? How do you know her? What does her father do?"

"The kids that sell papers say that her father is a banker, and is so rich that he doesn't know what to do with all his money. I wish I had some of it—but, mammie, what does it matter? I'm going to take this ring out and sell it, and buy good things to eat with the money."

"No, dearie, you'll not do anything of the sort. Put on your cap and we'll go out together."

III.

It is almost midnight, but still the bells ring out, "Peace on earth, good will to men." This time the message seemed intended for Joe and his mother alone—and well it might be, for, after many years of hardship and toil, they at last find peace and good will.

Surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could possibly purchase, we see Joe, his mother, Marion Barlow and her father seated in the beautiful library of the Barlow mansion. Old Mr. Barlow, with eyes filled with happy tears, watches every movement of Mrs. Porter, his long-lost daughter.

The reader asks this question: "How did it all happen?" I will answer it.

The moment little Joe gave his mother the ring he had found, she recognized it as the one her father had presented to her mother—now dead—on her birthday. At sight of the precious gift, all the love for her father, which she thought she had laid aside, and for the little baby sister, who was now a young lady, welled up in her heart. So, putting aside all thoughts of pride and every bitter feeling, she set out for her father's house, accompanied by her son.

Dusk was falling fast, for it was December and night came early. She had a feeling of uneasiness as she tried to steady her nerves for the task she had set herself, and whose achievement must bring a reward beyond price—whose failure would separate her finally and forever from those she loved. Already she neared the spot that had once been the home of her childhood and girlhood. Through its portals she now passed with unfaltering step—and oh, the unspeakable joy of that meeting between father and daughter, sister and sister! There were tears—but such happy tears spoke words that remained unuttered, and emotions that could not be expressed.

JESSIE TINSLEY.

In the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to begin with as strong and decided an effort as possible. Could we but realize how soon we become mere walking bundles of habits, we would give more heed to our conduct. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its mark. Rip Van Winkle, in the play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" He may not count, and a kind Heaven may not count, but it is being counted none the less.

Accumulate all the possible circumstances which shall re-enforce the right motives; put yourself assiduously in conditions that encourage the new way; make engagements incompatible with the old; in short, envelope your resolution with every aid you know. This will give your new beginning such a momentum that the temptation to break down will not occur as soon as it otherwise might; and every day during which a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances of its not occurring at all.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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The departing year—what gentle memories of dear, dead days the words awaken!—of buried joys that can know no resurrection. There are vanishing dreams that shall not be renewed in the year to come, yet, with its dawn, the herald rays of Hope again illumine the path that weary feet must tread.

The future, dim and uncertain, we cannot divine. Its unsullied page is pure and fair to see—be it ours to keep it so—to improve the passing hour, following steadfastly the rugged path of duty. Far-reaching are the consequences of our words and deeds. Let our aim, then, be noble. Let us be “the sweet presence of a good diffused—and, in diffusion, ever more intense.”

*

The vanity and mutability of human fortunes were strangely illustrated by the ceremony which took place, on the sixteenth of November, in a

quiet country house in the Vale of Evesham, when Princess Louise of Orléans gave her hand in marriage to Prince Charles of Bourbon. Both trace their descent to that famous family which, at one time, gave three reigning houses to Europe, and which held at once the thrones of France, Spain, and Naples.

The Bourbon régime has long since vanished from France and Naples. It remains in Spain, where King Alfonso is a worthy representative of a race of great princes and administrators. Time was when the French Bourbons held themselves above all kings and potentates. It is told of Louis XVIII. that, on his return to France, after the fall of Napoleon, he invited Alexander I. of Russia to dine with him, and roused the anger of that Emperor by taking the first service of every dish and treating his guest with a patronizing kindness. The haughty have, indeed, fallen since that day of 1814. Yet, on such chances do men's fortunes depend that, had the Duke de Chambord, in 1873, accepted the tricolor flag and been ready to make trivial concessions to French pride, the House of Orléans might, to-day, possess the French Crown. He refused, as some Frenchmen think, from reasons which do honor to his memory, fearing that his accession would be the signal for war and the renewed invasion of France.

Had it been otherwise, the Kings and Queens and Royal Princes, who assembled, on the sixteenth of November, at Wood Norton, might have met amid the splendors of Fontainebleau, as at the wedding of King Louis Philippe's son, the Duke of Orléans. “The presence of what might have been” must have brooded over the festivities at Wood Norton on that auspicious occasion. Yet, it may be, that the lot of princes, who, through no fault of theirs, are debarred from taking part in the government of their respective countries, is not without its consolations. If great place has its privileges, it has also its immense burdens, and the royal exiles know a free-

dom from care, which can never be attained by the monarch on the throne.

*

"Miss Eileen O'Connor, fourth daughter of Judge and Mrs. O'Connor, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., died at Montreal, on Friday, November the twenty-second.

While on a trip east, Miss Eileen became ill, typhoid fever developed, and she was in a precarious condition for weeks, but, occasionally, the family was cheered by the news that a change for the better had taken place and there was hope for her recovery. The announcement of her death came, therefore, as a shock to every one."

To many pupils of Loreto, over the wide area of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, but especially to the Graduates of Loreto Academy, Niagara Falls, the foregoing notice will touchingly appeal. For Eileen O'Connor, from the day, when, a mere child, she was led triumphantly by an elder sister through the wide halls of the Convent overlooking the Cataract, to the day of graduation from her Alma Mater, was an inspiration for good to all who came within the sphere of her influence.

The most gifted, of a brilliant class of girls, she was ever a true child of Mary, and the honors which crowned her school life at its close, were a surprise to no one but herself. Her facile pen was ever ready to record the bright sayings and doings of others, and her appreciation of beauty in Nature and in Art was a constant source of pleasure to her companions. She could truly say with Wordsworth,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And her communings with Nature were the sure prelude of the thoughts that go direct to Nature's God. There was a simple grace in all she said or did, which had an irresistible charm, and which was her peculiar characteristic. A companion remarked that she could express the beauty of

her perceptions, as truly with her brush as with her pen, and on leaving for her northern home, she did not fail to take with her on canvas the scenes she so much admired. What a welcome "The Angel of The Home" must have received from loving parents, brother and sisters, to whom she returned with her most laudable ambitions fully realized. During the short span of her life in the world, she did not forget the interests of the Mother to whom she was devoted, but joined the Sodality of Our Lady, and after having attended the meetings for a short time, was chosen the youthful President of the Children of Mary. Her latest anxiety, when dying in Montreal, was, lest the interests of Our Lady's Sodality should suffer during her absence, and her earnest request that her resignation should be forwarded to the Assembly, was not unheeded by her devoted sister. No wonder that at the last, she whispered softly "the Blessed Virgin is here," and it is not unreasonable to suppose that if our Lady favors any of her clients, with her visible presence, she hovered near the pure soul of this true child of Loreto.

*

The death of Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild, at Geneva, Switzerland, on the nineteenth of November, recalls the tragic end of the late Empress of Austria, who was her guest at lunch the day Her Majesty was assassinated. The baroness had a presentiment of evil, and tried to induce the Empress to return to Territet, on the north shore of Lake Geneva, on board the baroness's private yacht, but the Empress insisted upon taking the regular boat, and, a few hours later, fell a victim to the dagger of the dastardly Italian anarchist, Luigi Luccheni.

*

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has recently set the seal of his approval on Canada's title of "Our Lady of the Snows." In his speech, on the occasion of Mr. Kipling's visit to this country, Sir Wilfrid referred in gracefully humorous vein to the re-

proaches that had sometimes been levelled at Mr. Kipling for writing of Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows," declaring that he rejoiced in that characterization. "The Canadian winter," said the Premier, "is the unique glory of Canada. Her summers are like the summers of many other countries, but, for true and exhilarating natural beauty, nothing can compare with the loveliness of the snow-clad fields, sparkling in the radiance of the winter sun. The boasted Italian skies can show no such wealth of beauty as the star-decked sky of a January night in Canada, 'bright with the glimmer of thousands and millions of stars never seen elsewhere.' And those fields covered with snow are in the summer the most fertile lands in the world. 'Our Lady of the Snows' is and shall be leader among the daughter nations of the Empire."

*

After a long life, devoted unremittingly to all manner of good works, Miss Sarah Emily Seymour died in Montreal, on the sixteenth of October. She was one of the few remaining former Loretto pupils who attended the old historic Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, during the lifetime of the foundress of the Irish branch of the Institute, Reverend Mother Teresa Ball; and who always preserved the staunchest loyalty to her Alma Mater. Indeed, it was sufficient for dear Sarah to know that any of the members were passing through Montreal, to make her set aside every occupation in order to meet them at the railway station, and make their brief sojourn as pleasant as possible. One, in particular, retains a grateful memory of this kindly courtesy. She had stepped from an ocean liner, with heavy heart, realizing that now the Atlantic separated her from all who were near and dear. Miss Seymour's innate sympathy went out to the young Religious, and left nothing undone to assuage the grief and loneliness of these first days in a foreign land.

Worshippers in the church of the Gesù will miss the familiar form that might be seen there at any hour, kneeling in prayer, ever a subject of edification, and always ready to point out to strangers the beauty of the "dear church," for which she constantly labored.

*

The recent death of the widow of General Lew Wallace recalls one of those rare friendships that exist, sometimes, between a literary man and his wife. Mrs. Wallace was almost a worshipper of her husband, whose married life with her was ideal. A writer of prose and verse, she relegated her own work to an unimportant place for the sake of his. It is said of her that she cherished every scrap of paper inscribed with any word of her husband's. The Harpers, General Wallace's publishers, have many interesting records of this reverence of hers in the wife's attitude towards "Ben Hur" and the "Autobiography." "Ben Hur" remained to her to the last an inspired document, and the "Autobiography" she would allow no hands to touch save her own.

A privileged visitor to Mrs. Wallace's home relates how he was shown the volume of "Ben Hur" turned down upon the table, exactly as the old General had left it, with nearby his pipe and bag of tobacco.

This spirit of loving regard never failed her husband, who pays the most charming tributes to her in his "Autobiography." "Her faith in me," he writes, "began with the beginning, when I was unknown and uncertain of myself, and the world all too ready to laugh at my attempts. Her gentle soul has bent me to her wishes, but always for my good and always so deftly that I was as one blind to the domination. My temper has never been so hot she could not lay it. All that I am is owing to her."

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers and Booksellers, New York, Cincin-

nati, and Chicago, "Thoughts on the Religious Life," Reflections on the General Principles of the Religious Life, Perfect Charity the End of the Religious Life, Vocation, the Vows, the Rules, the Cloister Virtues, and the Main Devotions of the Church.

With an Appendix of Maxims and Counsels of Saints and Spiritual Writers.

Edited by Reverend F. X. Lasance. 16mo, cloth, net, \$1.50. American seal, gold edges, net, \$2.50.

Of this work an eminent theologian has said: "The 38th. verse of the 6th. chapter of St. Luke came to my mind while reading this book, viz.: 'Good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom.'

Thoughts on the Religious Life is, indeed, full to overflowing with good things for our Sisterhoods—solid instruction, valuable information, interesting data, helpful and practical suggestions, pious reflections, wise counsels on the spiritual life, besides excellent scholarly treatises on the principal devotions of the Church in general, and of the Cloister in particular.

It contains not only an abundance but an immense variety of both substantial and palatable spiritual nutriment, as appears from a mere glance over The Index. That soul must be, indeed, peculiarly fastidious and hard to please that will not find in this volume a great deal to strengthen and console her, to help her onward and upward in the spiritual life, to bring her nearer to God and nearer to her neighbor, also, in the exercise of that charity, which is the very essence of Religion and the root of all virtue."

From the same publishers have come "New Boys at Ridingdale," and "The Guild Boys at Ridingdale," by Reverend David Bearne, S. J. 12mo. cloth, \$0.85.

All of Father Bearne's boys are welcome for they are bright, witty and entertaining, and we are interested enough to wish that the reverend

author might follow them beyond the shelter of early youth and home.

"The Story of the Friends of Jesus," by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, published by Benziger Brothers. 16mo., cloth, \$0.60.

This volume has an interest all its own because of both subject and manner of treatment; and every line breathes loving devotion to our Lord. Here and there the subject is lighted by the narration of some apposite incident, edifying while entertaining.

"The gift of the King," by the same author and publisher, is a simple explanation of the doctrine and ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. One gathers the wisdom of the book without effort. It is a book for children of all ages. Its pages are interspersed with word-illustrations and symbols, homely and pleasing. The children will be attracted by the easy style to the learning of deep truths of their religion. Every page is readable, informing, and suggestive.

"Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," Vol. III., by Mary E. Mannix. 16mo., cloth, \$0.60, published by Benziger Brothers.

The author of these little biographies has chosen a very judicious means between the transcendental and the practical in describing supernatural manifestations. It is an extremely difficult task to essay, simple as the performance may appear to those who read, and the author has accomplished it most satisfactorily.

There is never a "might-have-been" that touches with a sting, but reveals also to us an inner glimpse of the wide and beautiful "may-be." It is all there; somebody else has it now while we wait.

How kind the Blessed Virgin was at the marriage-feast of Cana! She was anxious to help the hosts even in a matter of slight moment. Surely, as Queen of Heaven, she will not refuse to help in graver matters those who turn to her with loving confidence.

The Buchanans.



THE subject of the above will seem very uninteresting to many, as affairs of private families are of little concern to the public, and, besides, genealogies are considered too dry to be of universal interest.

The erroneous belief that the Buchanans are of Scotch origin is disproved by the fact that they were originally Kings of South Ulster. It is equally true that the Buchanans are now Scotch, through the female line. The Clan Buchanan, like many other Highlanders, came originally from Ireland to Scotland. Of few have the ancient records been more accurately kept, and few, indeed, can trace their ancestry farther back in time, or through a more distinguished line of ancestors, for they are indubitably descended from the race of Ith, son of Milesius, King of Spain. Their genealogy is given in full, in Irish Records, to about 1700 B. C. The family of Milesius is traced back to the ancient Kings of Scythia—(Tartary)—and to Japhet. Now all these traditions are regarded with scorn by modern historians, who believe in Darwinism, and in the falsity of all ancient history, and particularly including the Bible. Apart from the difficulty of accounting for the origin of such circumstantial records, verbally transmitted, usually, although beyond doubt, as can be shown, aided by written records also, apart from this, I say, we have the still greater difficulty of accounting for a human race, our ancestors, who were, according to these gentlemen, naturally liars, unable to distinguish between truth and falsehood, unaware of the meaning of any words, and, in fact, merely jabbering idiots, and yet, able to write epics and make accurate astronomical observations. Nor do these gentlemen point out just when the change occurred which resulted in Us and Our

learning. Presumably, not earlier than Mr. Huime, and, perhaps, as lately as, say, 1830.

However, on account of these and kindred difficulties, and on account of much evidence, geological and geographical and historical coincidence, etc., which can still be consulted, we prefer to still believe in our ancient authors.

There is startling evidence in favor of the truth of ancient Irish History for those who like to remain unbiased by modern theories of antiquity.

Two families of the Clan Buchanan are descended from Robert Bruce, by the female side, and, through him, from St. Margaret of Scotland, St. Henry, and St. Cunegunda, his wife; and from the line of St. Charles—(Charlemagne)—Wittekind, Hengist, and Rollo; and therefore include their descendants to William the Conqueror, among their forefathers.

The Buchanans have also taken wives from the noblest blood of Scotland.

There is, then, in this clan a great family tradition of faith, loyalty and courage to be lived up to, as their ancient motto hints: *Audaces Juvo*.

The ancient denomination of the name Buchanan was O'Quinn. When Canute was King of England, the Danes and Irish were very hostile, and, during their enmity, the Danish King sent for the Irish King's daughter, whom he wished to marry. The young girl's brother, disguised as his sister, accompanied by a number of youths as her maids, were sent by the Irish King to the bridal feast instead of the princess. As soon as the Danes were asleep, the Irish fell upon their foes and put them to death. The family of Auslan O'Quinn, son of the provincial King of South Ulster, was concerned in the massacre. He left Ireland for Scotland, in 1016, during the reign of Malcolm II., and was taken into his service against the Danes, in which service he so distinguished himself that he received lands in Scotland.

Not only the O'Quinns but also the O'Neils of the North were obliged, at this time, to give up their title of king, and also a great part of their territories, and to content themselves with the title of nobleman. After this, they were known as Lords of Dunseverin. John Buchanan Hamilton of Leny is the present chief of the family.

Auslan O'Quinn was the first Laird of Buchanan. John, his successor, was the second, and so on until we come to Gilbert, the eighth Laird

of Buchanan, who was the first to assume the surname of Buchanan. Gilbert obtained from King Alexander II. a charter of an island in Loch Lomond, called Clarinch, dated 1225. Besides this there were many other charters of great antiquity belonging to the family. There is a tradition that King Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Dalcree, made his way along Loch Lomond to the Castle of Buchanan, where he was entertained for some days, and then conveyed to a place of safety by the Earl of Lennox and Sir Maurice Buchanan.

Through marriage with Isobel Stewart, daughter of the Duke of Albany, who was Governor of Scotland, Walter Buchanan became connected with the Royal House. Isobel was the great-granddaughter of Marjorie Bruce. The family name of Marjorie or Margaret, while now usually traced to Marjorie Bruce, is really from St. Margaret, granddaughter of Edmund Ironsides and queen of Malcolm Canmore, under whom Auslan O'Quinn came to Scotland, and from whom Princess Marjorie was descended.

Only the families of Spittal and Arnpryor trace their descent to Marjorie Bruce.

To return to Walter Buchanan. His son, Alexander, twelfth Laird of Buchanan, killed the Duke of Clarence at the battle of Baujé. It is from this deed that Clare Innis, the war-cry of the Buchanans, took rise. Some are of the opinion that it was from the island of Clarinch, in Loch Lomond, which the Buchanans inhabited.

Patrick Buchanan founded the house of Drumikill, whence came the historian, George Buchanan, his son, Walter, married Lord Graham's daughter; and his son became known in the reign of James IV. as the "Facetious King of Kippen." Patrick, who fell at Flodden, left two sons, the younger of whom was the founder of the line of Spittal. Walter left a son, William, the founder of the now extinct line of Auchmar. The family lands lay in Menteith and the Lennox, near Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond. They are now possessed by the Duke of Montrose. The clan at the present time is small, owing to the fact that, on three different occasions—at Flodden, Pinkie, and Ennerkeithing—the family was almost exterminated.

Before the Reformation, it was customary to have the children of the chief's family baptized by a bishop. The custom has been lately revived

in the person of my sister, who was baptized by Right Reverend James McGoldrick, D. D., Bishop of Duluth, Minn.

LUCILLE BUCHANAN.

Loretto Convent, Hamilton.

Oenone.

TENNYSON has always shown a marked preference for mythological subjects. He loves to carry us away to lands bathed in sunshine and filled with memories of ancient days. The story of Oenone furnished him with material in which his imagination could revel. Strength, beauty, pathos and the grouping of beautiful objects make this poem one of the loveliest in our language. The opening lines speak for themselves:

"There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier

Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.

The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn."

Equalling these in beauty are the following:

"It was deep midnight; one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piny sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,

* * * * *

And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies, and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine.
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'."

Oenone, daughter of Mount Ida and the River-god, Kebren, wanders among the mountains, longing for Paris, once her playmate.

Suddenly she sees him coming, leading a jet-black goat. He approaches her, holding in his hand a golden apple from the garden of the Hesperides. Then Paris tells her it is "For the most fair." It was cast upon the table, at a wedding-feast by Eris, goddess of strife, in the presence of the gods. They, thinking Paris a good judge of beauty, send him the apple, and elect him umpire. Three goddesses claim the prize—Hērē,

queen of Heaven, Pallas, goddess of wisdom, and Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty. Paris tells Oenone to remain behind a whispering tuft of pines and hear and see him judge. The goddesses appear, and, by their various speeches, show their insight into the heart of Paris. His human weakness is open to flattery. Herè, as queen of heaven, offers him royal powers with none to oppose, great wealth and, what is still dearer to man, honors innumerable. She very subtly reminds him of his present humble station, but, lest this should offend, quickly refers to his noble birth. To rouse his ambition, she tells him—

“Men, in power only, are likest gods, who have attain’d

Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.”

Paris is greatly flattered and holds out the costly fruit as if to give it to Herè.

Then Pallas, who had been watching, and awaiting decision, addressed Paris. Appealing to his higher nature, she offered him “Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,” gifts that would perfect his character and also bring him the power offered by Herè. The performance of duty for duty’s sake was the ideal she offered Paris, but, mistrusting his ability “to judge of fair, unbiased by self-profit,” she assured him of her continued aid, and that his life would be made perfect by joining his natural gifts to her virtues. His valor would be strengthened by repeated action and his will become so accustomed to choosing right that he would find no restraint in law. The moral courage to know his work and do it was a gift rightly offered Paris by the goddess of wisdom, but this idea was evidently too high for his undisciplined nature. Oenone, who heard all, desired these gifts for Paris, and called on him to give the apple to Pallas, but her request was unheeded. Paris had no desire to possess qualities that call for personal exertion. He merely pondered on the offer as if its meaning were beyond him. This attitude belongs to our age as well as his. The modern world admires a well-balanced character, and Tennyson delighted in modeling his heroes on such a type. Though, like Paris, the majority of men may ponder on

wisdom’s gifts, yet they prefer the flowery way of self-indulgence, and turn willingly to the charms offered by Aphrodite. Her words to Paris were few. With a smile in her eyes, as though she knew the readiness with which her offer would be received, she whispered in his ear her promise of “the fairest and most loving wife in Greece.” Immediately the apple was hers and the nymph Oenone was forgotten. Aphrodite, alone, knew what would satisfy the heart of Paris. Oenone bewailed her sad fate, but, reflecting on her own beauty, recalled how only yesterday it charmed a panther. Womanlike, she has no words of reproach for Paris, but is filled with anger against Eris, who brought discord into the banquet-hall by casting the golden fruit upon the board. Then she went down into Troy and talked to the “wild Cassandra.” The bitterness of her fate was somewhat lessened by hearing of the ruin that would come on the Trojans because of the choice made by Paris. In the war which followed, Paris being wounded, sought Oenone who, according to some, repelled him, and to others, forgave his neglect and relieved his sufferings until his death.

ETHEL DEAN.

The White Christ of Andernach.

BY ANNIE CARLYLE.



H! the satisfying pathos of a superstition! To those who do not possess it, the comfort derived from supernatural beliefs may appear crude and weird, but might often prove to them an invaluable boon, relieving many an anxious, weary moment by some sign of reassuring hope. Those influenced draw consoling security and trustful resignation for the future, from these vague demonstrations, sometimes of Nature, but generally through human medium, and when religion is combined with child-like faith in the supernatural, the results give double solace to those in affliction.

The Rhine, that royal river gliding swiftly by its vine-clad banks, with rustic hamlets scattered picturesquely here and there, nestling in each and every sheltered nook formed by its serpentine course, is a fitting background for all the weird, incredible, and, most frequently, pathetic traditions in which these districts abound and delight.



J. Kehren.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

The villages, quaintly built, are generally clustered confidingly, as if seeking protection in the shelter of a splendid ruin-crowned mountain; and the occupants live their humble lives, to-day as of yore, with very little disturbance from the influences of the outside world. The crumbling ruins overhead; during past centuries the scene of some romantic event, when love and valor held their sway, are now but monuments where "every mould'ring stone is a chronicle" of these past and forgotten episodes and triumphs; the imagination alone of those who gaze at these ivy and lichen-covered remnants, can picture their former stately structure—the birthplaces of so many interesting and historic legends.

The many tourists, entering the grim old Roman city of Andernach, sequestered in the heart of the Rhine mountains, have seldom an opportunity to enjoy the quaint, rare, old-world charm, which is one of its many attractions. This can not be experienced by a mere casual glance, hurriedly cast here and there, or a superficial inquiry into half-remembered traditions—but rather must one wander through the alleys and by-ways, and in the narrow, crooked streets, where many almost insignificant trifles may appeal to the foreigner and aid in awakening interest and in transporting thought to the far-away past of the town's history,—or one may listen, if fortunate enough to understand the dialect, to some old grandmother, wrinkled and grey, telling the curious, awed little ones, clustering around her knee, stories of this or that sainted martyr, and patience might be eventually rewarded by hearing her dwell, with religious fervor, on the legend, to her the truly true story, of the dear "White Christ of Andernach"!

The dim, gloomy, dusty church is, of course, as everywhere, the destination of many a regular Baedeker-guided tourist, and it is, certainly, well worth many moments of consideration; the more inquisitive visitor in his wanderings could find a pathetic little spot, forgotten and neglected, hidden in the old church wall, and hardly discernible in the shadows of the overhanging roofs of the nearby cottages. Here at this shrine, a rude figure of a suffering Christ, originated the legend so faithfully believed in many years ago, and still claiming its votaries. This statue has naught to delight the eye, for the ignorant sculptor has taken no pains to idealize his subject, how worthy

soever—the Christ we see before us is repulsive through the delineation of bodily suffering—no sublimity in death—no heavenly expression, is depicted here. With a few crude daubs of red, blue and yellow, the sculptor has essayed to portray the death agonies, but the effect, to a sensitive mind, is somewhat revolting. Nevertheless, the many supplicants, kneeling before this crude figure, have, no doubt, received the desired consolation, and have regarded it with the same feelings of devotion as if it were the god-like image of their divine benefactor in the purest of Carrara marble.

The tale of the Grossmutter would be simple and plain, but teeming with kind and charitable actions. A favorite legend tells how, one dreary autumn night, when the cold winds and driving rain made every homesteader rejoice in the comforts of his warm fireside, something very mysterious occurred to Jean, the humble ferryman of Fahr, whose life was spent crossing the river between this insignificant hamlet and Andernach. This night, as on many others, he slept peacefully, neither storms nor dreams apparently disturbing his well-earned rest till the darkest hour before the dawn, when he was suddenly awakened by a bright white light streaming through the uncurtained window of his one-roomed hut. Motionless, he gazed and gazed, but, gradually, as every nook and corner of his abode became brilliant with the dazzling glare, and his eye fell on the many familiar objects round about, his fears were allayed, and then stupefaction and wonder took their place. Presently, all thoughts of personal harm were dispelled by the tones of a soft, melodious voice begging conveyance across the dark and forbidding river. Such a demand, at such an hour, had never been made to Jean before, but, after deliberation, curiosity, helped perhaps by some good nature, prompted him to accede to the untimely request. On leaving his hut, to his amazement, the white light had disappeared and he saw only the dark, shadowy figure of the stranger, leading the way to the ferry in the distance. Silently, the passenger took his place in the roughly-made punt, and it was only when in mid-stream, and then with great difficulty, on account of the care and attention necessary to propel and manage the boat in the swiftly-running current, that Jean found an opportunity to essay a few casual remarks and

indirect questions as to the destination and business of his fare,—but, in vain. Neither hints, suggestions, nor veiled allusions, disturbed the silence of the occupant in the stern. Jean's good nature soon changed into gruffness and ill-humor. The grim, black walls of the city arose formidably before them and cast their dark shadows across the rushing waters. His curiosity, still unappeased, Jean accepted his dues, and, with many misgivings and hurt feelings, watched the cloaked form fade away into the jet-like obscurity of the narrow streets.

The boisterous autumn was quickly followed by a cold, severe winter. Discomforts and hardships, in many shapes and forms, were brought to the hard-working villagers; but, self-denial and economy, strictly practised in the daily life, enabled the householders to meet the regular demands on their slim purses. The one permissible relaxation of the tired men is the evening visit to the comfortable and inviting inn or public room—where they are sure to meet some kindred spirits grouped around the brightly-burning Kachelofen. For the moment, the dull side of their lives is forgotten, and under the combined enlivening influence of a good glass of beer and the warm, genial atmosphere about them, jokes are bandied and idle gossip related by one or another. Here it was that Jean's adventure with his nocturnal visitor was often told anew, but, sad to say, in the beginning it was generally listened to with unbelieving ears, and skeptically-shaking heads. However, as the winter progressed, Jean's incredulous story gradually became coupled with the inexplicable happenings in the village, and some credence was given to it by the most superstitious.

There was old Marianne, for instance, a poor crippled body whom the neighbors in their natural goodness of heart helped in various ways, for her pittance was meager, and of her relations no one knew. As is often the case, she did not appreciate the many good, kind deeds done for her. The outings of her uneventful life consisted of her monthly visits to the good Father confessor, to whom she conscientiously related all her woes and ailments, as is the habit of her kind; she sincerely pitied herself and bemoaned her hard fate, never realizing, as did the patient priest who listened to her wanderings, that there were so many others in the immediate vicinity,

not nearly so well cared-for as herself. In attempting to distract her egotistic thoughts by tales of others' miseries, he would naturally finish with the often-used consolation, "Oh, well, be thankful you have a roof over your head." Then, old Marianne's lamentations would break forth anew and her invariable answer would be: "Yes, yes, if it were only good! but, it leaks, it leaks right over my bed; and no one ever does anything for me," etc., etc., till, with oft-repeated admonitions to have faith and trust, the good father's patience was exhausted.

Strange to say, no one knows, or can tell just how it happened, but the night subsequent to her last confession, the whole village, far and near, was disturbed by a strange tap, tap, tapping, which continued a long time. Speculation was rife as to the cause, but it seems no one except Mother Marianne was curious enough to try to ascertain the meaning of the peculiar hammering and pounding, which seemed to her to be loudest directly over her head. Superstitious fear took possession of her, and she began to pray, but the more she prayed, the more the hammering continued. With difficulty, for her lameness and necessary slowness delayed her actions, she hobbled to the window, but was, unfortunately for the gossiping next morning, only just in time, on raising her blind, to see a mysterious form, enveloped in a bright white light, descend from her roof by a small ladder, which it shouldered, and then disappeared in the dusky distance. Incredulous as this may seem, next day, to her amazement, broken tiles were scattered about the street, and, during heavy rainstorms which followed and damaged several neighboring poorly-thatched cottages, her roof did not leak a drop; and from that day Marianne's habitation proved warm and dry, with no need of repairs.

Then again, it was such a miracle with Heinrich the shoemaker's pump! It was proverbial in the village, that when the tributaries of the Rhine were frozen and the splendid river was running sluggishly, that Heinrich's pump was the first that failed to do its duty, and trouble enough it then gave, both to his family and the neighbors. Heinrich was a lazy fellow and as his trade had nothing to do with plumbing, he had never examined into the cause of the pump's delinquency. Great was the rejoicing when it was circulated in the village that, one night, in a very

inexplicable manner, the pump had been mended! No one knew how or when this had happened, as no noise had been heard, and the only evidence of a visitor was a piece of solder missing from the barn, and that the pump worked better than before. Whenever some person had been mysteriously at work, the ferryman's story was recalled and believed in, especially as it was accentuated by the fact that his own old waterlogged boat had been carpentered and repainted without his knowledge.

These few events being the forerunners of so many wonderful incidents, for some time the bright figure carrying the ladder was eagerly watched for by young and old, but, needless to say, without result. Only when the population was enjoying the sleep of the just, did something unprecedented occur, and then, always of benefit and satisfaction to those concerned.

One dark and windy night, a good woman, who was attending a sick friend, went to the window to watch the progress of the storm. Its roaring and rattling around the chimneys caused much discomfort indoors as well as outside. However, the storm and wind were forgotten in the scene which met her gaze. There, before her, was the rude, oft-visited shrine in the old church wall, brilliantly alight with a glare no candles could ever effect. To her amazement, the cross was lacking the figure of the thorn-crowned Christ, which was not in its accustomed place! Her wonder grew as she saw at the foot of the cross the suppliant figure of a woman pressing a young child to her bosom, and praying as those pray who are in extreme distress. Presently appeared the oft-imagined and mysterious figure, carrying a ladder. Its face looked pale and worn in the bright light, its movements, tired and weary. Placing the ladder against the naked cross, after silently comforting and consoling the prostrate woman, and gently kissing the child, it mounted the ladder, smiling divinely, and placed itself on the cross. Her feelings, excited to the highest pitch by the vision of this miraculous culmination, caused the watching woman to lose consciousness. She recovered only when the morning sunlight brightened her room, and then related her astonishing story. Upon investigation, only the bodies of the unfortunate mother and little one, clasping the feet of the

image of the shrine, were found in the street below.

From that day to this, no secret miracles have been worked, nor any unaccountable good actions performed. The figure has remained nailed to its resting-place in the dark corner of the wall, the ever-present symbol of love and sacrifice.

The Interesting Red Man.

TO the European, one of the greatest attractions this New World holds is the Indian: but having crossed the Atlantic to Canada, his enthusiasm diminishes when he meets not his ideal, in war-paint and feathers, but the Christianized Indian in European garb! If he would, however, see the Indian in the most picturesque and characteristic surroundings left to him by this highly progressive and commercial twentieth century, he must journey westward as far as the beautiful Lake of the Woods with its thousands of islands,—still the seats of the blest! The Indian has been driven farther and farther towards the setting sun; but here nature assists him in making a last stand. With unerring taste he invariably selects the most charming camping places. For the greater part of the year he is left, the undisturbed occupant of these beautiful islands; even in July and August when the camper-owners take possession, he is still a happy fugitive on the outskirts. Yes,—happy despite the fate that follows him and his!

At the northern side of the Lake, at the beginning of the steamship route between Rat Portage—Kenora—and Fort Francis, there is a huge boulder which naturally bears all the lineaments of the human face, and to which attaches an Indian legend. It is said that in this form an Indian sachem or chief of the long ago still remains to watch over his people. This boulder is at the entrance to the Devil's Gap—a winding passageway of a mile in length. To assist the situation, some wags, of more talent than sobriety, have painted the face to represent his satanic majesty!

When the Indian—Christian or pagan—in his desolation vainly turns to his stony chief, he knows that he has to go but little more than an arrow's flight, and he will not appeal in vain at the Indian Mission—"St. Antony's Indian Indus-

trial School." Here Christianity links the present with the past, and in the present, as the past, stands for the truths that will not pass away. The good Sisters of Charity, or "Grey Nuns," in charge of the school, have for superior the Sister D'Eschambeault de Vaudreuil, a descendant of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the last French Governor of Canada, and also of Sieur la Verandrye, the famous explorer.

In this humble, self-sacrificing Sister of Charity, De Vaudreuil and La Verandrye have the representative that—could they speak from the grave—they would claim before all others!

The name Verandrye is connected with a sad memorial in Lake of the Woods—Massacre Island—where Verandrye the younger, the son of the explorer, was massacred with the Jesuit missionary Father Aulneau, in the spring of 1736. The young Father Aulneau, son of the Lords Aulneau of La Vendée, France, had spent the winter in missionary labors, among the Indians at Fort St. Charles, Lake of the Woods, and, in the spring, started out accompanied by the young Sieur la Verandrye and twenty other Frenchmen. They travelled one day and made twenty miles by canoe, rested for the night at the fateful, but inviting, island, where, as they slept, they were massacred by a war party of Sioux Indians, as a revenge upon the French for having sold firearms or ammunition to their enemies.

As all know who have seen them in "Buffalo Bill's Wild West" exhibition, the Sioux Indians, in handsome features and physique, are surpassed by no other men—red or white—in America! What a thrilling and fearful sight must have been that of the two hundred warriors, gliding noiselessly over the calm waters, in their graceful birch-bark canoes, towards the camp-fire of the devoted young missionary!

The Aulneau family still inhabit the ancestral home; a grandnephew of the martyred priest is now Conseiller Général of Bournezeau, La Vendée, France. He has given for publication the letters of Father Aulneau to his widowed mother; they are full of hope and holy zeal for the conversion of his Indian brethren, "ransomed by the blood of a God." The last letter from the beloved son is, after months of anxious suspense to that heroic mother, followed by letters from other missionaries, containing the heart-breaking news

of the tragedy on the island in the far-off Lake of the Woods; and of the fact that some belongings and personal effects found with her dead son would be sent to her.

Ah! the agonized emotions called forth by those letters, and the receiving of the sad mementos! But for many a long year that mother's grief has lain in the grave; she is again, we trust, united to her beloved son, the tears are wiped from her eyes, and her sorrow is turned into joy.

These letters contain the statement made by the Indians that they intended to spare the missionary, but a frenzied Sioux despatched Father Aulneau before his hand could be stayed. Even the Sioux, at that early date, had an instinctive reverence for the "black-robe." From the "missions" of Central America, Mexico and California, to the prairies of western Canada, and the Lake of the Woods, had come the story of the missionary fathers' self-sacrificing devotion to their Indian children.

Father Aulneau's chalice fell into the possession of an Indian woman; but, when her stalwart sons died suddenly, one by one, fancying she was followed by a judgment, she threw the chalice into the Lake.

The bodies of the missionary and the young Verandrye were taken back and interred at Fort Charles; the others were buried on the scene of the tragedy.

The Indians repeat by their camp-fires its sad tradition, and, to this day, shun Massacre Island, although summer unfailingly covers it with strawberries and raspberries,—the red harvest of a martyr's blood.

A huge cross—the emblem of Him who was slain on Calvary—now distinguishes the island, and assures the skeptical mind that *all* charity is not cold, nor all Christianity self-interested!

What of the other islands?—the thousands of this beautiful lake! Doubtless they could tell many an interesting tale of human life, with its joys and sorrows; but Indian tradition is not voluble! With the chiefs seems deposited their tradition lore; when requested, if favorably inclined, they impart it to the white man.

The Indian nations, in personal appearance, manners and customs, do not differ as do the European. Although very imitative, once that they decide to adopt the white man's religion and

habits, in their camp-life—wild and free—they are very tenacious of their old-time customs. One scene pictures all: we will make it an island scene. Over the waters we go in the sunset hour; and the blue smoke of the camp-fire, curling upwards through the green of the trees, is the first intimation of one of the most picturesque family scenes imaginable.

In a secluded spot where the bank slopes gradually to the Lake, canoes are drawn up; and around these birch-bark conveyances children are playing. Farther up, the men of the party are sitting around the fire, smoking their pipes. Leaning against a tree is a board, to one side of which is fastened a pouch made of cloth, and ornamented with beadwork. In this pouch is a "papoose." Indian babies do not cry; so we will not make this one an exception to the rule. When tired of sagely contemplating the world, it goes to sleep. The mother does not neglect it: Indian parents are very kind to their children; and when they lose them, their grief is intense.

The women in brightly-colored garments go earnestly about their duties. One unrolls sections of birch-bark and adjusts them over the poles of the wigwam; another attends to the preparations for the evening meal.

And now if we linger, we will be—rude intruders, as the "pale faces" have ever been!

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

We are living in a time of intense mental activity—intense personalism, intense competition. Everybody has read everything. Everybody knows old days—and, in the nervous, overwrought temper of the time—is impatient of them, "sick to death" of them. "Give us something new!" is the universal cry. We must have "thrills." And if we cannot get them legitimately we want them manufactured for us. And we have had so many, in different lines, that the capacity to thrill is declining.

But, there *are* signs on every side of a "return to nature." The temperate, the reasonable, Horace's classic "golden mean" seems likely to supplant, in the backswinging of the pendulum, the disgusting and unnatural straining after "smartness" and effect.

A Love That Was More Than Love.

BY M. L. HEWITT.

She was a child and I was a child,
In the Kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love
That was more than love—

Edgar Allen Poe.

BEAR with me, if sometimes my ideas get shunted off the main track, for I am an old man in the sunset of my years.

This is the story of my life, and you must let me tell it in my own way. Not by chapters, for you see it is blended with the life beyond; sometimes my thoughts are there so long that, on their return to earth, I am moved by a feeling akin to pain when they force me to give them a lodging place.

Perhaps you may understand more clearly my objection to being chaptered off if I call your attention to the landscape stretched out before us.

See how the mountains seem to form a part of the glorious sky; how the more distant foliage appears to be but another view of the rugged mountains and how both are mirrored in the lake below; and how over mountains and trees and houses are the softening tints of the departing sun.

Notice, too, the effect of shadows.

People sometimes say that an unmarried doctor loses many patients. I cannot say much in favor of its truth, for before I was married I had built up a wide practice.

When a baby was sick I never hesitated to let the wearied mother see that I knew just how to give it a warm bath and roll it up in its crib.

I made it a point, moreover, never to call on old women when I was in a hurry; for you see I might lose ground by cutting short their roundabout ways of telling me their stories.

It was at the house of one of my old women patients that I met my *alter ego*—the woman whose selfhood has crowned my life with "a love that was more than love."

This old woman lived in a very small house, or rather shanty, near the railway station—just one room and a shed that had the general appearance of an afterthought.

She was blind and was often left alone for hours, though, her husband, then past seventy, slipped in whenever he could.

There was something in the cheerfulness with which she bore her affliction that had a most invigorating effect on me; so I used to drop in now and again for a chat. "God save you, sir!" was her usual greeting, and "God keep you!" her good-by.

I have said that she was blind. One of the delicate attentions she paid herself was that she never mentioned the word blind. "Here I am sitting in darkness; God be praised!" was her way of wording. "Well; there is the light of heaven in hope."

One sunny afternoon, as I walked up the little pathway leading to the door, the soft tones of a cultured voice fell upon my ears. Not singing,—though I afterward learned that voice could sing,—but reading aloud from a well-worn prayer-book, which I had often noticed lying on her table.

The figure that rose at my entrance was lithe and graceful. The head, crowned with many coils of gold-brown hair, had a swan-like poise; the forehead was high and marble white.

I know this description of her is true, but I did not see all then; what I did see then—all I saw, was the deep violet eyes—"violets steeped in dreamy colors"—eyes that bore faithful witness to a beautiful soul beyond.

When the blind woman greeted me and then turned to introduce her visitor, I looked into the depths of those eyes as I had never looked into woman's eyes before.

During that look an indefinable something passed from her soul into mine.

From that moment we belonged to each other by a wordless mutual consent.

Of course, in due time, the wordless consent was worded. I was never glib at putting words to what goes on inside me, but, on that memorable occasion, I was at my worst. Even to myself my voice had the sound of tears. It was what I afterward heard the French call, *Larmes de la voix*.

If I were to write you down just what I said—well, you wouldn't put it in a book as an example of clearness of style. In fact, neither of us spoke much, on that day of our solemn betrothal, but, when afterward referring to that time, we both agreed in affirming that "Silence is the eloquence of love."

And when, in after years, my darling remained

quiet for any length of time—for you should know that she was naturally merry and talkative—and I would ask what the matter was, she would snuggle close to the beatings of my heart and just say those words which I have quoted above, "Silence is the eloquence of love."

And subsequently we were very quiet, too, on the day when holy Church set her seal on our union. There was much teasing and merrymaking and many matter-of-fact talks between those two days, as, in part, will appear later on.

I had my office amidst the rush and bustle of the city; I slept in a room just over it, and took my meals across the street.

The wishes of the dear heart that had linked itself with mine were quite decisive: "We shall buy a house, or build a house out, beyond all hurry, for hurry is detestable—St. Francis de Sales says so, anyhow.

We shall live where no street cars are likely to pass; and where no artificial lights are striving to rival the starry heavens. We must have a lawn in front and a garden in rear of the house."

And then turning to me with a merry child-like smile, she asked: "Did you ever hear of the advice a Scotchman gave his daughter, on her wedding-day, as a hint to keep the ground round about her house in order?"

No, of course, I hadn't heard it. "Where did you hear it, pray, and what is it?"

"This: 'Mary, there will be more folks passing the door than coming in.'"

"And then," she continued, "we must keep bees. They will set me a good example, you know, for they are so very industrious. I understand ever so many facts about them, and anything I do not know I'll ask Uncle Austin.

He has made a life study of their ways and habits. He is not far away, and I can send for him at swarming time. It wouldn't do to let you help for they would smell your pills and they would smell the horse's kisses and sting you all over."

"Horse's kisses," said I, "what do you mean?"

"Why, haven't I told you," she answered, "that the first time I saw you, you were wasting Christian kisses on your horse? I was at the window of a house, on one cold day last year, the winter before I was formally introduced to you, and I saw you come out of the building, across the street—mind, it was in the business part of the

town—go over to your horse and take its face between your hands, and I saw you talk to it.”

I interrupted just there. “Saw me talk, I have been brought up to believe that one hears talking.”

“No,” she affirmed, “I was beyond earshot; but I saw you talk. You seemed to be apologizing for keeping the animal waiting so long in the cold, and, as a wind-up, you kissed the horse, if not on the mouth, somewhere very near.”

“So, my darling, you think me a spendthrift in the line of kisses? What was that you said back there—wasting Christian kisses?”

“Oh,” she interrupted, “I don’t think that phrase is original, I must have read it somewhere, and out it slipped. And if it is any comfort to you to know it, from that day you began to live in my thoughts.

I’m not the least bit jealous of your horse; and when I have a legal claim on it, I’ll kiss it, too. But afterward, I’ll wash the kiss off, I think, and spray myself with perfume, so I may be well pleasing to—the bees. Bees, you know, like perfumes.”

“Why I’d suppose they would sting you, on that very account, mistaking you for some rare flower,” said I.

“Nonsense!” she answered. “Bees have good sense. But the bees are profitable, too. We can sell the honey, and sometimes we can get a good price for a swarm.

I heard of a man who went rowing in Bantry Bay, one fine day in midsummer. He had in his boat a large iron pot, and in his hand a knife and fork. I suppose he must have had an idea of landing somewhere and cooking himself a meal. It must have been some sort of a holiday, for ’twas said he had on a clean white shirt.”

“Why, my goodness!” said I, “do you suppose we men have to wait for holidays to put on clean shirts?”

“Now you are putting me out,” said she, “and it would serve you right if I left my little tale untold. Well, I’m coming to the point now.

As he was rowing along near the shore, he saw a swarm of bees on the move. All was still round about, so he tapped on the iron pot with his knife and fork; and, presently, the swarm lighted on the back of his shirt.

I forgot to mention before this that his coat was off. When they were all settled comfortably,

he turned his shirt over into the pot, fixed himself up almost as good as new, took the swarm to the Earl of Bantry, who lived near by, and received in return a five pound note.”

“Well, that is a good one,” said I, “but you won’t catch me going around in my shirt sleeves, for—the accommodation of your bees, and, besides, it wouldn’t be good manners for me to go around without my coat on.”

“No,” said she, in a graver mood, “it wouldn’t. That’s a fact. We must always be polite and reverential to each other. Manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.”

(To be continued.)

With a Twofold Apology to Browning.

That’s our dear Sister standing near her class,
Looking as if she might be cross. Alas!
Whene’er I chance to disobey commands,
Or fail to know my lesson, thus she stands.
Will it please you sit and look at her? I said
“Dear Sister” by design, for never read
Pupils like you that serious countenance,
The seeming sternness of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none knows why
That anxious look comes there so well as I)
And seemed as they would ask me if they durst
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Oh, ’twas not
Another’s misdemeanor called that spot
Of sad displeasure to our Sister’s cheek: you see
Unconsciously I sometimes ‘disagree
With Euclid, or perhaps it comes to pass
While others answer, I begin to dream at class
Of different things, and so do I neglect
To pay that kind attention all expect.
Perhaps she has a heart,—how can I say?
Indeed she does not show us every day
That it can be impressed. But wait a while,
And presently I think we’ll see her smile.

BESSIE MACSLOY.

II.

That’s my bright pupil standing near the wall,
Looking as if she wished to smile. I call
That girl a wonder, now: her active mind
Worked busily a while and then did find
A subject to her taste. Yes, there she stands,

A clever parody fluttering in her hands.
 Will't please you sit and listen to it? I said,
 Her active mind, indeed,—for never read
 Strangers like you that merry countenance,
 The mirth and mischief of its playful glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none stands by
 To know her during History Class, but I),
 And seemed as they would ask me how she durst
 Smile in the class room; so not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Dear, 'tis not
 Her teacher's presence only calls that spot
 Of joy into our Bessie's cheek: mayhap
 Some weary classmate chanced to take a nap,—
 Gave stupid answer,—or with awkward turn,
 Brushed against the teacher's favorite fern—
 Or dropped a book, or mispronounced a word,—
 Or whispered something, which but Bessie heard
 And dared to smile at. She enjoys what'er
 She looks on, and her looks go everywhere.
 Yes, 'tis all one! Her Browning's open page
 Her busy mind a moment may engage
 With thoughts of parody; the old white cat
 That walks along the fence—both this and that
 Amuse her, and inspire poetic thought
 Which presently in verbal form is wrought
 With ready skill, which will to other smiles lay
 claim,

If chance presents itself. But who could blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you heart
 To scold—(which I have not)—or to impart
 Commands to such an one, and say "In this
 You quite exceed the mark, or there you miss,"
 E'en then would be some longing just to know
 What it could be that tickled Bessie so
 And made her laugh. Therefore do we invite
 Miss Bess to read on Literary Night,
 The paper that she holds within her hands
 That all may smile together. There she stands.

"SISTER."

It would be for our peace to learn that there is
 a tide in the affairs of men, in a sense more subtle
 —if it is not too audacious to add a meaning to
 Shakespeare—than the phrase was meant to contain.
 Our joy is flying away from us on its way
 home. Our life will wax and wane, and if we
 would be wise, we must wake and rest in its
 phases, knowing that they are ruled by the law
 that commands all things.

Musical Evening.

Commemorative of Edvard Grieg, who Died September
 the Fourth, 1907—1843-1907.

Music is the essence of order, and leads to all that is
 good, just and beautiful.—*Plato*.

THE pupils of Loretto Academy, Niagara
 Falls, gave a very interesting programme
 of song and music on Wednesday evening,
 November the sixth, consisting entirely of
 the compositions of Edvard Grieg. The following
 beautiful tribute, paid to the memory of the
 renowned composer, was very ably recited by
 Miss Anna Staley.

"Once again the portals of eternity have parted,
 and a great master has passed into the mansion of
 eternal rest. For Edvard Grieg there is no more
 pain-racked corporeal tenement; no more the
 soul torn with anguish; no more the miraculous,
 awe-inspiring mystery of existence. He no
 longer hears the roll of the incessant waters, the
 plaintive voices of the wild-birds o'er the seas,
 the solemn monody of the northern winds roaring
 through the forested fjords. Nor can he see
 the crimson glory of the midnight sun. Musicians,
 shall we not pause a moment to bear a
 wreath to the memory of so great a man.

The world goes on and on. To some it is
 given to make it a sweeter, nobler, grander home
 for posterity. No man, good and great, has ever
 lived, but who has left us a legacy, more splendid
 and more enduring than the riches of the universe.
 The glories of Babylon and Nineveh,
 where are they? But the psalms of David are
 sung from pole to pole. The Parthenon is crumbling
 to the dust of its creation, but the Iliad and
 the Odyssey are ever ascendant. The imperial
 splendor of Rome is no more, but the ethics of
 Christ have ruled the world. In the few years it
 is allotted for a man to work he can create perpetual
 joys for mankind.

In these days we are prone to give honor and
 distinction to men, who, by accumulation of
 wealth have attracted attention to themselves.
 We call them rich and wonder at their fortunes.
 Death comes and their fortunes are dissipated, or
 selfishly entailed to a few immediate descendants.
 Death has come to Edvard Grieg, but his fortune
 is his fortune and your fortune. Who, then,
 are the great men of all time? You know with
 what joy you read your first Mozart, your first

Beethoven, your first Chopin, your first Grieg. What did the giving of this joy mean to them? Often penury, sometimes starvation, sometimes great mental and bodily anguish, sometimes frightful sacrifices, all that you and I might be happier, better, stronger, men and women. Every noble savior of the world has been crucified upon his own ideal.

When a composer or a poet dies, there is always a glorious thought, which mitigates the sadness of the day. It is this—his voice is not silenced by the grave. The song that Edvard Grieg sang, will be heard singing around the world for centuries. Men will come and go; cities rise and fall; new centuries spring into existence, and as suddenly disappear, but the deathless voice of Edvard Grieg will live until men, cities, countries, worlds, shall be no more.

Grieg, we knew your hopes, and we knew your sufferings. You have had our love, our sympathy, our gratitude. It is good that you should have gone to a welcome rest. The world is so much better that you have lived, and worked, and died for us."

Miss Margaret Hicks gave a very interesting sketch of his life, which we insert in full:

Grieg, who died in Bergen, Norway, September 4, "was the last of the great composers who had made this age illustrious in the history of the most beautiful of all the arts." So says the *New York Evening Sun*, at the same time pointing out the interesting fact that though he was one of the most intensely national of musicians in his conception of his art, yet before his death his acceptance became practically universal:

"The Germans regarded him of late as the best man outside Germany, the French as the best man outside France, the Italians as the best outside Italy, while the English claimed him as their own by virtue of the fact that his grandfather was a Scot of the Clan MacGregor who had modified his name to suit the convenience of the Norwegian neighbors among whom he had elected to cast his lot."

Grieg's musical education was begun in Germany, where he was sent by his parents under the advice of Ole Bull. Leipsic at that time was strongly under the influence of Mendelssohn and Schumann. But these masters did not appeal to the temperament of Grieg, in whom an original vein was already declaring itself. From Leipsic

he went to Copenhagen to study with Gade and Hartmann. With these masters he came nearer to Norway, but they, says a writer in the *New York Tribune*, represented "an effeminate Scandinavianism" that Grieg was later to combat. Courage was taken through the friendship and example of a brilliant young compatriot, Richard Nordraak, of whom Grieg has written:

"The scales fell from my eyes. It was from him that I first learned to appreciate the popular melodies of the North and to be conscious of my own nature. We became determined adversaries of the effeminate Scandinavianism, which was a mixture of Gade and Mendelssohn, and with enthusiasm we struck out the new path now trodden by the Northern School."

Grieg was all his life impeded by weak health, yet by the year 1880 (according to his biographer, Henry T. Finck, whose words are quoted in the *New York Evening Post*) he had succeeded in "establishing his fame in all musical cities as a composer, and in many as a conductor and a pianist." It is in his lyrics, according to Mr. Finck's view, that Grieg reaches the height of his genius, both in content and in the form which so completely externalizes the strange spontaneous shapes and colors of his musical imaginings." None of his music, it is asserted, "can be appreciated to the fullest, apart from the nationality which colors it, but for all that Grieg is far from being the mere writer of dialect which his detractors represent him to be."

The writer in the *Evening Post*, making further use of the views of Mr. Finck, music critic for that paper, cites, in this connection, these words:

"From every point of view that interests the music-lover, Grieg is one of the most original geniuses in the musical world, of the present or past. His songs are a mine of melody, surpassed in wealth only by Schubert's, and that only because there are more of Schubert's. In originality of harmony and modulation he has only six equals: Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner and Liszt. In rhythmic invention and combination he is inexhaustible, and as orchestrator he ranks among the most fascinating. To speak of such a man—seven-eighths of whose works are still music of the future—as a writer in 'dialect' is surely the acme of unintelligence. If Grieg did stick in the fjord and never get out

of it, even a German ought to thank heaven for it. Grieg in a fjord is much more picturesque and more interesting to the world than he would have been in the Elbe or the Spree."

Tchaikowsky, whom Mr. Finck quotes, recognizes instinctively the originality of Grieg's genius:

"Hearing the music of Grieg we instinctively recognize that it was written by a man impelled by irresistible impulse to give vent, by means of sounds to a flood of poetical emotion, which obeys no theory or principle, is stamped with no impress but that of a vigorous and sincere artistic feeling. Perfection of form, strict and irreproachable logic in the development of his themes, are not perseveringly sought after by the celebrated Norwegian. But what charm, what inimitable and rich musical imagery! What warmth and passion in his melodic phrases, what teeming vitality in his harmony, what originality and beauty in the turn of his piquant and ingenious modulations and rhythms, and in all the rest what interest, novelty, and independence!"

One of the most imposing features of the funeral of Edvard Grieg, the great composer, was the crowd, which amounted to between 40,000 and 50,000 people. According to the Norwegian papers there was no cold curiosity, no fighting for places, no stretching of necks to see better; from old man to urchin, all had the same grave expression of face which showed that they felt their loss.

The program of the ceremony, which began at noon, was as follows: "In Spring," by Grieg, played by the string orchestra; Folk-song by Grieg, sung by the male choir; the laying down of the wreaths; song for male voices, sung by the same choir, also composed by Grieg; and "Funeral March" for orchestra, by Grieg. The orchestra was gathered from the theatre, music-halls and amateurs. Halvorsen, conductor of the National Theatre, Christiania, conducted. He is the husband of one of Grieg's nieces. The "Funeral March" was composed by Grieg about forty years ago, on the death of his friend Nordraak (who had such a great influence on Grieg as a composer), and is written for a military band only. But the only available military band in Bergen is so miserable that Halvorsen at the eleventh hour scored it for an ordinary orchestra. And he did it so well, and the instrumentation

was so completely in Grieg's manner, that it sounded as if it had been done by Grieg himself.

There were fifty-seven wreaths, which had to be "laid down" by nearly as many delegates; and the Kaiser's delegate, Sheller Steinwartz (himself a personal friend of Grieg), made the only long speech—and a beautiful one. The German Emperor's wreath came next after the wreath of the King and Queen of Norway, which was "laid down" by General Nissen.

The procession consisted of hundreds of deputations with standards inscribed with the names of the societies to which the deputations belonged. There were about 10,000 people in the procession.

No rain fell, although it looked very threatening during the morning. All the schools, all the shops, and all the mills were closed. Outside the town the procession passed through an alley of trees surrounded by the fjords and mountains; the view was overpowering. At a certain spot the hearse stopped, and the procession, with its standards, passed before the hearse, and every deputation lowered its standard before the coffin and passed on. It was nearly an hour before the last standard was lowered.

The programme was as follows:

- I. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS
MISS ANNA STALEY.
- II. PIANO SOLO—Norwegian Bridal Procession
MISS ELEANOR LILLEY.
- III. VOCAL SOLO—"Ich liebe dich"
MISS KATHLEEN FOY.
- IV. INSTRUMENTAL DUET—Verau (Last Spring)
MISS FANNY COFFEY and DOROTHY ROCHFORD.
- V. VIOLIN SOLO—To the Spring—Op. 43 No. 5
MISS MARIE SAWYER.
- VI. ESSAY—Biographical Sketch of Grieg...
MISS MARGUERITE HICKS.
- VII. PIANO SOLO—Cradle-Song—Op. 58 No. 1
MISS MARY SHEPPARD.
- VIII. VOCAL SOLO—
(a) From Monte Pincio
(b) The First Primrose
MISS MARY LEARY.

IX. INSTRUMENTAL DUET — Norwegian
Dance, Op. 34 No. 2

MISS ALICE RAMSEY and HAZEL FREEMAN.

 X. PIANO SOLO—The Butterfly, Op. 43
No. 5

MISS FLORILLA WEBB.

XI. VOCAL TRIO—Solvejg's Song

 MISS MARGARET BURCHILL, KATHLEEN
RIDOUT and HELEN HARVEY.

XII. VIOLIN SOLO—Sonata

MISS EVELYN BURNS.

XIII. FUNERAL MARCH—Ase's Death

MISS IONA McLAUGHLIN.

ADAGIO.

A. M. D. C.

**Literary and Musical Entertainment,
Given by St. Catharine's Literary
Society, Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls.**

That Loretto Academy is singularly blessed this year with a number of talented and graceful young ladies was evidenced by the brilliant musical and dramatic entertainment given by the members of St. Catharine's Literary Association, in honor of the feast of their patroness of the 25th instant.

The following programme was rendered with a perfection rarely seen in amateurs, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

PROGRAMME.

I. The Legend of St. Catharine—

 MARGARET BURCHILL, MINNIE EAGEN, FLORILLA
WEBB.

II. Hymn to St. Catharine—

SEMI-CHORUS.

III. Vocal Trio—BerceuseGodard

 ELINORE LILLEY, MARY LEARY, MARGARET
BURCHILL.

Violin Obligato, MISS EVELYN BURNS.

IV. Piano Solo, PreludeRachmaninoff

MISS A. RAMSAY.

V. Comedy in One Act—

INEZ, THE WAYWARD PRINCESS.

Dramatis Personae.

Inez Anna Staley
Queen Alcide Florilla Webb
History Governess..... Fanny Coffey
Arithmetic Teacher..... Iona McLaughlin
French Teacher..... Florence Martin
Literature Teacher..... Elinore Lilley
Fairy Queen..... Margaret Burchill
Fairies Florence Burns
Louise Cunningham, Edna Decker, Agnes
Burchill.

VI. Violin Solo—

MISS EVELYN BURNS.

VII. Recitation, "His Mother's Letter"..

 Sangster
MISS E. LILLEY.

VIII. Piano Solo, Il Trovatore.....Osborne

MISS BERNICE PARK.

IX. Recitation, Selected

MISS JULIA WECHTER.

X. The Cuckoo Calls.....Geibel

SEMI-CHORUS.

XI. Hymn to St. Catharine.....Myerscough

CLASS.

Where all excelled, it is difficult to particularize, but the young ladies deserving special mention in the Musical Department were Miss Evelyn Burns, whose exquisite violin solo called forth a hearty applause. Miss Alice Ramsay and Bernice Park, both of whom showed in the rendition of their respective selections, both delicacy of touch and perfection of technique.

The vocalists, Miss Mary Leary, Margaret Burchill, and Miss Elinore Lilley, in their French song gave evidence of most careful vocal training.

In the Dramatic Department, Miss Florilla Webb, Margaret Burchill and Minnie Eagen, in their recitation of the Legend of St. Catharine, and Miss Elinore Lilley in her rendition of "His Mother's Letter," evinced unusual talent in the histrionic art, while Miss Anna Staley as "The Wayward Princess," fairly captivated the audience.

Miss Florence Martin's impersonation of the French Governess, and Miss Margaret Burchill's of the "Fairy Queen" were deserving of the highest praise.

Miss Iona McLaughlin and Fanny Coffey deserve more than a passing notice for their clever portrayal of the Arithmetic and History Teachers.

Miss Wechter's selections were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The general impression was that the entertainment on the whole was one of the most finished ever given in Loretto.

ALICE AMES.

The Month of Peace.

'Tis December who standeth beside the great gates

That Eternity swings open wide once a year;
Through their bars he looks into the dark—and
he waits
Without fear.

There are jewels of ice in the locks of his hair,
And he weareth frost-flowers the wind cannot
blight;
While his wonderful robes that are spun in the
air,
Are of white.

He has gone past the fret and the fever of life,
All his songs have been sung and his words
have been said;
And if bitterness lived in his soul once—or strife,
They are dead.

All his harvests are garnered—the tares and the
wheat;
From the dross of the year, he hath sifted the
gold;
He knoweth how short are the days of the earth
—and how fleet,
He is old.

So in sweet benediction his white hand he lifts,
And he smiles on the world he hath loved and
hath known—
Then he leaveth the Christ-Child—the gift of all
gifts—
With His own.

VIRNA SHEARD.

"As You Like It," as Interpreted by Miss Williams.

THE evening of December the seventh was the occasion of a rare intellectual treat for the students of Loretto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton, as well as for the many admirers of the immortal bard, whose good fortune it was to be present.

The potency with which Shakespeare appeals to an audience defies close analysis. It is not entirely due to the masterly imagery and beauty of his word-painting, nor to the sublimity of his philosophy, for Shakespearean audiences do not always consist of the most cultured and best educated people; but rather to the great humanity and insight into the depths of the human soul that no other poet or dramatist has ever possessed in like degree.

It is almost universally conceded that "As You Like It" is "The sweetest and happiest of Shakespeare's comedies." Written shortly after his historical plays, perhaps, as a rest for the poet's imagination, when he turned with a sense of relief from camps and courts to a life of quiet retreat, this pastoral drama gives us unbroken sunshine with a little shadow that only serves as a variety to the scene.

Before beginning her Recital, Miss Williams made a few introductory remarks, stating that the plot of this delicious comedy was taken by the Poet from a contemporaneous work and improved upon—as she aptly expressed it—"an alchemic transmutation from the baser metal into the purest gold." The title was probably adopted as fitly expressing the tone and temper of the play, in which all the characters do exactly what and as they please. "It is the poetic reflex of a life *as you like it*, light and smooth in its flow, unencumbered by serious tasks, free from the fetters of definite objects and from intentions difficult to execute; an amusing play of caprice, of imagination, and of wavering sensations and feelings."

From the outset, Miss Williams created an atmosphere of reality, and momentarily transported us from our surroundings to the solitude of the Forest of Arden, where we followed with keenest interest and sympathy the fortunes of the different characters. The reader's exquisite and intelligent rendering of the various parts, her thor-

ough acquaintance with the particular traits of the individuals whom she impersonated, as well as her natural and sympathetic expression of the great poet's thought, not only gave a clear conception of the text, but showed a surprising versatility in her interpretation.

There was a certain fascination about Miss Williams' portrayal of the piquant, vivacious Rosalind—one of the most charming of Shakespeare's women—sound and sweet in heart, as she is fair of face. As one critic so truly asserted, "It had the simplicity and dignity of a Greek statue, and the life and sparkle of a brook in the sunshine." Miss Williams revealed to us the sympathetic womanliness of the heroine, she assumed her gayer moods with careless grace, yet perfect propriety—her Rosalind, in the disguise she has donned, loses none of her feminine sweetness and delicacy.

"In Miss Williams' interpretation of Shakespeare, her art becomes her life; she seems ever to follow it purely from love. Because of the self she throws into her work, she never fails to captivate her listeners; she gives her soul, her heart, and all intellectual understanding to the underplot as well as to the main plot of a play, and yields her whole self to the character she has in her grasp. Miss Williams has much to give an audience besides Shakespeare. She possesses a rich, low English-speaking voice of great resonance, and personal magnetism and sympathy. These qualities, together with the grasp of her subject, mark her as an exceptionally fascinating speaker."

The happy conclusion of the play came as a fitting close to so enjoyable an evening—"all the discords were then harmonized and all the characters reduced to music."

EDNA MCGUIRE.

Training in the little trials of daily life is the rehearsal for the greatest tests sent out for our development. They will help us to bear them, to suffer less in them. As we have learned through them, we shall emerge baffled, broken, unhappy, with the lesson to learn over again—or strong, brave, triumphant, with the self-knowledge that makes us trust God utterly, fearlessly.

In Memoriam.

Sister Mary Immaculata McHale, Born December Eighth, Feast of Immaculate Conception.

A lily oped in honor of this day,
And sweetly spent its bloom to glad the way;
Its chaste and pallid beauty filled the eye;
Its fragrance whispered—Heaven is always nigh!
Its mission ended by the north wind's breath,
It gently bowed to icy chill of death.

A chosen soul knew this her natal day,
And lived—a lily bloom—to point the way.
Her presence taught less fervent, wondering souls
That all in life is well when Heaven controls.
But brief as bright her pilgrimage beneath
High Heaven; and thus she voiced her sense of death—

"Some awe attends my soul,—unworthy mite
I go to meet my God the Infinite!
But oh! I feel that waiting at the gate
I'll find our Mother dear Immaculate!
When that lov'd face I see, to her I'll run,
And beg her to present me to her Son;
I'll clasp her close; and know she'll urge the claim

Of one who loved Him well, and bore *her* name.
Now come whate'er; my hope has no alloy,—
With Mary to my aid, death's joy, all joy!"

IDRIS.

Mémoires d'une Feuille de Papier.

JE pris naissance dans la petite ville de Grand'Mère où j'entendis, à mon premier réveil, le bruit assourdissant des rouages, et de toutes les machines impitoyables d'une fabrique de papier. Plusieurs soeurs vinrent se ranger à mes côtés, aussi blanches, aussi polies, aussi luisantes que moi. Je demeurai pendant quelque temps sur des rayons poudreux, à côté de vilaines feuilles jaunes dont j'entendais avec ennui la conversation vulgaire. Pour nous reposer un peu de ce voisinage, mes soeurs et moi, nous écoutions le bruit des cascades du St. Maurice, dont les eaux mettaient en mouvement les rouages de l'usine.

Bientôt on me tira de cet affreux réduit, et je dus partir par chemin de fer. Je fis le trajet, non

pas étendue sur les moëlleux coussins d'un wagon de première classe, mais dans un compartiment obscur d'un convoi de marchandises. On me plaça chez un libraire qui me rangea avec mes soeurs, sur une longue tablette.

Chaque jour je voyais quelques-unes de mes compagnes se couvrir de petits caractères noirs; puis venaient des acheteurs qui les prenaient. Elles allaient répandre dans le monde le venin de la corruption. Je frissonnais en pensant que telle serait peut-être ma destinée. Oh! non; être l'organe du blasphème, du vice! Que seraient donc devenus mes beaux rêves? Moi, qui avais songé à enrichir quelque belle bibliothèque, à recevoir les écrits d'un savant. Au contraire, j'envisais le sort des feuilles plus heureuses qui revêtaient de belles robes de toutes couleurs, et qui prenaient pour titre: "Manuel de Piété," "Livre de Prières," "Guide de la Jeune Fille Pieuse." Quelle belle mission est celle de diriger les âmes dans la voie du bien!

Un jour je vis notre maître nous indiquer et dire: "Convertissez ces rames de papier en cahiers pour devoirs." Nous fûmes saisies brusquement par un ouvrier et transportées dans le département de la relieure. On nous fit endurer toutes sortes de tortures, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin, on nous revêtit de jolies robes rose pâle.

Alors mes craintes recommencèrent. Serais-je la possession d'un écolier paresseux qui me couvrirait de fautes d'orthographe, ou essaierait sur moi son talent précoce pour la caricature? Moi qui avais côtoyé des livres savants, j'avais appris bien des choses, et je me glorifiais de mon savoir. Il me semblait qu'un tel sort eût été indigne de moi. Bien des petites mains se tendirent vers nous, mais le commis répondait toujours: "Pas pour vous, mes bambins, ils sont trop beaux pour vos cinq centins. Ils ont été faits sur commande." Et on leur servait de gros cahiers brouillons qui ne paraissaient pas indignés de l'emploi auquel ils étaient destinés.

Un jour, on nous empila, et nous nous réveillâmes dans le magasin, petit, il est vrai, mais bien propre, du Pensionnat des Trois-Rivières. Avec quel soin la bonne Mère St. François Xavier nous prenait et nous plaçait dans son armoire! J'entendis parler de petites étourdies qui déchiraient leurs cahiers, et qui, après nous avoir ainsi tourmentés, nous jetaient dans le panier aux papiers.

D'autres, disait-on, nous couvraient de fautes d'orthographe et obligeaient la maîtresse à mettre après les devoirs, des remarques peu flatteuses pour leurs auteurs, rien moins qu'honorables pour nous. Je fus dans une grande inquiétude à ce sujet. Serais-je au cours moyen, au cours supérieur? Je prétendais même servir aux élèves graduées, ce qui scandalisait beaucoup mes compagnes plus humbles que moi, et qui avaient entendu dire que ces demoiselles avaient leurs cahiers particuliers, bien plus beaux que nous.

Quelle fut leur surprise et la mienne, lorsqu'on nous transporta dans la classe des graduées. Nous fûmes très bien reçus; surtout on nous trouva fort jolis. "Pour quel usage?" demandait-on aussitôt. "Dictées!" proposa la plus forte grammairienne de la classe. "Compositions!" s'écrièrent les autres.

Maintenant, je suis bien soigné, bien habillé, par ma gentille maîtresse. Je reçois ses sentiments, et souvent j'ai l'honneur de lui transmettre des compliments bien mérités. J'espère continuer à lui faire ces messages qui font tant plaisir. Peut-être un jour, serais-je placé dans sa boîte aux souvenirs, et lui rappellerais-je ses beaux jours de couvent de l'année 1907.

CÉCILE PANNETON.

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.

The attainment of the famous golden mean is a rare achievement. To pay enough attention to one's looks, and not too much; to possess repose of manner, without dullness or stupidity; to talk just enough without garrulousness; to cultivate an elegant manner without becoming silly; to write with any degree of sense and interest, without far-fetched turns of expression, in the rage to avoid the detested "commonplace"—in short, to have a self, with convictions and thoughts worth expressing in one's face, manner, conversation, writing, painting, singing, or what not, and then to express them with simplicity and unconsciousness and a loving spirit toward all mankind—this is the difficult task of civilization.



THE DIVINE CHILD AND HIS IMMACULATE MOTHER.

Letter-Box.

DINAN, BRITTANY.

DEAR ANNIE: In compliance with your request for a short account of Dinan, I shall begin by saying that it is the quaintest and most picturesque town in Brittany. Situated about ten miles from St. Malo, it can be reached either by train, or by the River Rance, which runs through a deep gorge for many miles, and is thickly wooded on both sides. The town is built two hundred and twenty-five feet above the river, on the top of granite cliffs, and is surrounded on three sides by very ancient walls and towers, of which only fifteen remain out of twenty-five; those left being very large and massive. There are three gates leading into the town, the Porte St. Louis, built about 1720, Porte de Jerzual, many centuries old—on this gate is a statue of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, with a large lamp swinging before it—and the Porte de St. Malo, also very old. There was a fourth—the largest of all—the Porte de l'Hôtellerie, built in the thirteenth century, and pulled down in 1879, as it hindered traffic. The streets are very steep down to the river, and, as all are paved with cobblestones, walking is difficult and unpleasant. In the town itself the houses are old, many of them being built with wooden fronts, carved, and having porches supported by granite pillars—rather like the old Chester “rows”—others have each story built out two feet beyond the lower one, so that persons at the top windows can almost shake hands with their opposite neighbors; others, again, are built of granite, with enormously high mansard roofs, containing three stories of rooms and immense chimney stacks, which are quite a feature in old French houses. Outside the town there is a large number of modern villas, several being occupied by English people—there was an English colony, for over one hundred years, settled in Dinan. Many of the streets still keep their ancient names, such as Rue des Boulangers, Rue des Poissonnières, &c. As in the olden days, all of one trade lived in the same street.

There are two magnificent churches—the church of St. Malo, and that of St. Sauveur. The former is for the most part fifteenth century, but has been frequently repaired. Its flying but-

tresses are beautifully light, and in perfect preservation. In this church there is a rather peculiar bénitier—the devil crouching down and holding the bénitier on his back. Napoleon admired the church so much that he gave a large sum of money to “build a spire for the church of St. Malo,” but, as he omitted to say *in Dinan*, a magnificent spire was built to the church *in St. Malo*, so this church remains with its tower finished off with a little pointed cap.

The church of St. Sauveur is extremely handsome, partly Romanesque—the South Porch—the rest, Renaissance, with a graceful slated tower. On the south side, a small chapel was added in the fifteenth century. It has been dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. The front, dating from the twelfth century, is supported by four life-size stone figures, whose heads were broken off during the Revolution. The heart of Bertrand du Guesclin, the most famous soldier of his time, who died in 1380, is buried here in a stone urn. All along the South Porch, figures stand in niches—but they were decapitated in the Revolution.

There is a small chapel of St. Joachim, built in the eleventh century, the chapel of the Cordeliers, and a chapel attached to the college in which Châteaubriand was educated.

The Tour de l'Horloge, erected centuries ago, is most quaint, and contains a bell given by the Duchess Anne of Brittany, in 1505. A drawbridge connects the old walls with the castle of the Duchess Anne, which is a very large and massive building, built of granite, with barred windows and huge fireplaces, almost the width of the rooms—on the whole, a most gloomy, uncomfortable-looking place. In the kitchen—underground and without light or ventilation—we were enabled to see a large fireplace, by one of our party striking a match; also a small ladder which led to a gallery, thence to the dining-hall.

In 1778, two thousand Englishmen, who had been taken prisoners in the war, were imprisoned here. They were so overcrowded that fever broke out, and a large number died.

Brittany was for centuries an independent duchy, but, when the Duchess Anne married Louis XII., it became a part of France. The Duchess had a château or large house in every town of her duchy.

Outside the town is a charming granite cross—St. Esprit—with sculptured figures, to mark the spot where the Earl of Lancaster rested when investing Dinan. Along the river, just under the hill, are several very old houses, protected by the towers above. The boating is excellent for ten miles to St. Malo, and forty miles to Rennes, but from Dinan the river is canalized; therefore, it can scarcely be called a river. The scenery is very pretty—old châteaux appearing here and there, with their odd pointed towers.

In my next letter I shall give you a description of the other places in Brittany which I have visited.

MADELEINE.

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW: We have had of late an unusual number of royal guests in England, consequently, many interesting functions and pleasant happenings, the details of which would fill a small volume.

Little Prince Olaf—much of whose personality England claims—who captured all hearts on the occasion of his last visit, arrived once more on Saturday, with his mother, Queen Maud, Queen Alexandra and the Princess Victoria—the two last-named had been visiting in Copenhagen. He is, naturally, the centre of attraction, and the papers teem with accounts of his sayings and doings. We are told of his recollection of his last visit to his grandfather's realm, and of his recent desire to become a fisherman by experimenting upon the minnows in the lake of Buckingham Palace gardens—which was peremptorily refused by his attendants until the fact came to the knowledge of King Edward who, at once, I grieve to relate, gave orders in accordance with the small autocrat's desires. Prince Olaf was, accordingly, furnished with rods and appliances without number, and, no doubt, disabused of the idea that English fish become easy prey to enterprising foreigners!

Another scion of Royalty, the baby Prince of Asturias, holds daily court in Kensington gardens, while anxious-eyed nursery-maids and legions of children congregate there to tender him homage. Thus, the good-humored representative of Spanish Royalty reigns supreme in Lon-

don, and the youthful populace is, consequently, in the ascendant in the neighborhood of his present dwelling-place.

The King's birthday has always been an occasion of great rejoicing at Sandringham. This year, the celebration was particularly festive and elaborate, owing to the presence of so many royal relatives—never since the Conquest had there been so many at the same time.

Wood Norton, the English home of the Orléans family, was the scene of a wedding, on the 16th. November, which, for picturesqueness and stately magnificence could not have been surpassed, had the Duke, the brother of the bride, been King of France. Indeed, a glimpse of the manners and customs of the old French court was afforded, and there were present about forty members of royal families, near relatives of the bride or bridegroom, each bearing a name associated with the history of Europe in bygone centuries, while, among the three hundred and fifty guests, were diplomats representing most of the nations of the world. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Comte de Paris and great-granddaughter of Louis Philippe. The bridegroom, Prince Charles of Bourbon, is the grandson of King Ferdinand II. of Naples.

It is said that the preparations for this wedding had never been equalled in England. Hundreds of workmen, brought from various parts of the continent, had been engaged for weeks constructing a temporary chapel, a pavilion for the banquet, and accommodations for the numerous guests.

The chapel, though only temporary, is an imposing structure, in Roman style, with a vaulted roof supported by pilasters. The walls to within six feet of the floor are faced with stone blocks, displaying in carving the fleur-de-lis. The dado is a drapery of velvet arranged in festoons, each caught at the top by a large white rose and headed by chains of smaller roses. The roof is hidden by three folds of vellum, the centre one decorated with fleur-de-lis on a white ground, and the outer ones colored blue and gold. Simplicity is observed in the arrangement of the chancel, which is all in white.

The guests were seated on gilded chairs—there were armchairs for the royalties. The bride and bridegroom took up their position beneath a can-

opy of royal blue velvet emblazoned with fleur-de-lis, and surmounted by a Crown, all wrought in gold thread. In accordance with the French custom, there were no bridesmaids.

The banqueting-hall is a magnificent apartment, decorated in Louis XVI. style. All the decorations, except great quantities of palms and flowers, which London furnished, were brought from France, and the designers and builders were Frenchmen, who spared no pains to make the general effect most striking and attractive.

The Duke's museum in the garden was converted into a banqueting-hall for the other guests besides the royal ones, and the arrangement was personally superintended by him. As the lawn upon which the special buildings were erected for the auspicious occasion, overlooks a beautiful panorama of winding river and green wooded country, you can imagine the picture that Wood Norton, on the banks of the historic Avon, presented to the occupants of the fifty automobiles who came from Evesham for the festivities.

There were several large wedding-cakes—the one on the royal table, which was sent from London the day before the wedding, weighed one hundred and eighty-nine pounds, and was so delicately constructed that it could not be put together until arranged for the bride to cut at the wedding-feast.

I wonder if any of your readers have been to the Dublin Exhibition? It was really splendid, and beautifully situated at Ball's Bridge, near the Horse Show grounds, which are so extensive that, I believe, it has been decided to utilize them as a public park, to which some of the buildings of the Exhibition might be removed.

The Canadian section was universally admired—every one I saw there referred to Canada's exhibit with the greatest enthusiasm. I venture to predict an Irish exodus to Canadian shores, as a result. The building was typical of Canada in its construction and artistic arrangement of exhibits; and the excellent view afforded of farm life, homesteads, fields of grain, animals, mineral treasures, &c., was most realistic.

The Irish manufactures were lovely—the lace and embroideries all too exquisite for my poor pen to describe. My Irish soul rejoiced to see the unique beauty of design and handiwork which cannot, in my opinion, be equalled elsewhere. I

saw some superb exhibits of this description from Loretto Convent, Dalkey, where my early lessons were learned. The artistically-wrought vestments from this convent elicited exclamations of admiration from everybody. How proud I was of my convent!

We had a most horrible summer in England—as far as weather was concerned—no one can remember such continuous, unsettled atmospheric conditions—and now, in November, we cannot speak of a delightful autumn, as a compensation. A Parisian friend of mine arrived in London last June, and promised to spend a week end with me. I waited expectantly from week to week, during which I received recurrent disappointing letters, regretting inability to face the weather and assuring me of a desire to come in the near future, should the weather not betray her confidence. Finally, I was notified that she had fled to "look for a seat on the equator," or find some warm place in the south of Europe where she could thaw!

This, dear RAINBOW, is certainly most unusual for England, where summer is so delightful, and I hope that not one of you readers will accept the statement of what has happened as an evidence of what may be expected in the future.

With love.

MARIE JOSEPHINE O'DOWDA.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Of course, you have heard of the visit of the German Emperor and Empress to England, and of the enthusiastic welcome which was accorded them. A thick fog delayed the royal yacht, which was anchored outside the Nab Lighthouse. Pilots were sent out to her, but, anxious as the Kaiser was to keep the programme time, it was impossible to do so. Eventually a message came that the Hohenzollern would not reach the harbor until 2.45. Thereupon, the Prince of Wales, who had come down from London, accompanied by Lord Roberts, the German Ambassador, and a number of high naval and military officials, embarked in a torpedo boat to join the Hohenzollern at Spithead, while the remainder of the picturesque group on the jetty dispersed for lunch. Guards were withdrawn, and the jetty was left in charge of a few policemen.

Suddenly, "bang" went the guns at the harbor mouth. "That is the garrison battery," exclaimed an official, with a start of surprise. His suggestion was pooh-poohed, but, almost instantly, to the general astonishment, the Hohenzollern was seen rounding the point. With all haste, messengers were despatched.

By a great effort, the guards of honor were brought back in time, and the curious sight was witnessed of naval and military officers in full uniform, racing towards the jetty, some of them hastily risen from lunch, and completing their attire as they ran. All managed to reach their posts in time. As the Hohenzollern came alongside, the Kaiser was greeted with the usual salutes. It was noted that, immediately following the booming naval salutes, the fog lifted, and the Kaiser and Kaiserin stepped ashore in sunshine.

After the yacht was moored, the mayor and a deputation of the Portsmouth Corporation went aboard and presented an address of welcome, then followed an inspection of the guards of honor, after which the Kaiser and Kaiserin, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, left by special train for Windsor.

"It seems like coming home to come to Windsor. I am always glad to be here." In these words, uttered in the heartiest manner, the Emperor replied to the address of the Windsor Corporation. His cheery manner, the obvious delight of the Empress, and his Majesty's words gave a deep impression of sincere good feeling.

Not for years had Windsor been so crowded, and a more enthusiastic welcome to the Imperial guests could hardly be imagined. Despite the fog, the original programme was adhered to, troops taking up their positions in the streets early. A novelty was the presence of a guard of honor from Mr. Kipling's old college, Westward Ho! now established as the United Services College, St. Mark's, Windsor. They were in khaki, and looked a splendid lot of youths.

A Sovereign's escort of the "Blues," with their trumpeters in rich state uniform, rode into the station yard, and, presently, the King's Company of Grenadier Guards, with the King's color, headed by their fine band, marched with the clash of music to their place. A large number of German officers, in light blue and gold uniforms and long white, drooping plumes, stood near the royal

waiting-room. When the King's Company passed, surprise and admiration were expressed, for, the smallest man in the hundred was six feet, and the tallest, six feet, seven inches.

With the German officers was Major Campbell von Laurentz, a resident of Windsor for many years. He is one of the three officers of his regiment remaining, who were engaged in the famous charge at Mars-la-Tour, the Balaclava of the German Army, and received six wounds in the charge.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra drove to the station, a few minutes before the royal train was due. The first to alight from the royal saloon was the Kaiserin, followed by the Emperor, who doffed his cocked hat as he and the King embraced affectionately. The Queen kissed the Kaiserin. The band of the Grenadiers played the German National Anthem. Then Miss Nina Bampfylde, the mayor's daughter, presented the Kaiserin with a bouquet, and the mayor, being introduced, handed to the Kaiser the borough's address, with a little speech wishing him renewed health and a pleasant stay.

Throughout the ceremony, the Emperor was most animated and interested, and expressed his admiration to Major Lord Loch, who was in command of the guard of honor. Passing through the royal waiting-rooms, the Emperor, the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught took their places in an open carriage, drawn by four greys, ridden by postilions. In a similar carriage were the Empress, the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria. With the escort of Royal Horse Guards, equerries, and outriders, the royal procession started for the Long Walk entrance to the castle, where the Eton Cadet Corps furnished a guard of honor.

At the Sovereigns' entrance, the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, and the great officers of the household awaited their Majesties, who were welcomed both in the streets and in the castle precincts with the utmost enthusiasm.

Next day, the journey from Paddington to the Guildhall was made in a blaze of color, through one of the largest crowds ever seen on an occasion of the kind. So much is the Kaiser identified with the shining silver German helmet that, when the red and gold state landau passed, showing a majestic figure in an unfamiliar Hussar

uniform, many were caught by surprise. A dense throng had waited for hours outside Paddington Station, until a band told of the royal arrival. Then a splendid procession appeared. The sunshine turned the gleaming helmets of the Sovereigns' escort of Life Guards to burnished gold; and, as the royal carriage came into view, there was a long-drawn shout of welcome. The face of the Kaiser relaxed into a frank and happy smile. He turned to the Kaiserin with a quick remark and she, too, smiled, as hats were waved and another cheer broke forth.

One of the first to alight from the royal train at Paddington, was Lord Roberts. Quickly following him came the Kaiser and his Consort. The Emperor stood for a moment surveying the scene. He appeared alert and well, his erect, energetic figure being splendidly set off by the magnificent Hussar uniform, over which he wore a grey military cloak. The Empress wore a beautiful pale mauve dress, with a light travelling cloak, and a "picture" hat of a delicate lilac tint, with large ostrich plumes. She accepted a lovely bouquet, with a gracious bow and a smile.

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! greeted the Kaiser in his splendid procession through the Guildhall. It was heard when he entered the beautiful library, the central figure of a procession, in which the colors of the City vied with those of two armies. It was repeated when he entered the banquet hall. It was renewed when his health was proposed, and it was echoed again when he spoke his strong, purposeful words of peace.

The Kaiser and Kaiserin entered into the spirit of friendship displayed. Not once during the two hours he spent in the Guildhall did the Kaiser's face wear that stern, unbending look, which is so often associated with his portrait. He smiled, even laughed, shook the hands of old acquaintances with energy, and talked with wonderful vivacity to his host and hostess, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, during the elaborate *déjeuner* provided for his entertainment by the hospitable city of London.

Men who have grown grey in the service of the Corporation, declare that the Guildhall never presented a more striking spectacle than at the moment when the Kaiser, heralded by four trumpeters, lustily blowing a fanfare on their silver instruments, walked up the aisle of the library to

receive in a golden casket the official welcome of the Corporation.

During the reading of the resolution of welcome, by the Town Clerk, the Kaiser and Kaiserin remained seated in gilded chairs, on each side of the Lord Mayor. To the latter's apt speech, presenting the casket, the Kaiser listened attentively, bowing at its close.

Then, amid profound silence, he rose and replied in a speech delivered in clear-spoken tones, which reached the limits of the hall.

As soon as the eight hundred and fifty guests, who included many ladies, had found their places in the hall, the fanfare of trumpets was heard again, and the Kaiser once more made a state entry with his following of royal and distinguished persons. Entering by the east door, the procession wound its way slowly between the tables and, making a complete circuit, arrived at the long table on the south side. The Emperor's keen appreciation of the beauty of the hall and its historic monuments was shown by the intent manner in which he examined every detail, smiling and commenting upon his surroundings with evident pleasure. The Kaiserin was also most happily impressed by the brilliant scene, and won golden opinions from the ladies by the sweetness of her expression and her unmistakable cheerfulness.

The trumpets having called for silence, the Lord Mayor proposed the toast of the King and Queen Alexandra, in a speech loyally received with cheers. The toast of the German Emperor and Empress was then proposed by the Lord Mayor, and drunk with enthusiasm. Many, not acquainted with German customs, were surprised to see the Kaiser and Kaiserin rise with the rest and drink their own health, the Kaiser at the same time, touching the Lord Mayor's glass with his own.

When the Kaiser rose to reply, it was several minutes before the cheers and cries of Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! ceased. Speaking again, in his crisp, forceful manner, with an amazingly clear pronunciation of his English sentences, the Kaiser said:

My Lord Mayor—The words in which Your Lordship has eloquently and warmly conveyed to the Empress and myself the welcome of the citizens of this great metropolis have given me

great satisfaction. We are most grateful for the hearty reception London has given us, and I gladly seize this opportunity to convey from this ancient hall our warmest thanks.

When I addressed Sir Joseph Savory from this same place, sixteen years ago, I said: "My aim is, above all, the maintenance of peace." History, I venture to hope, will do me the justice of saying that I have pursued this aim unswervingly ever since.

The wishes of the German nation coincide with my own. The future will then show a bright prospect, and commerce may develop among the nations who have learnt to trust one another.

Let me again thank you, my Lord Mayor, as well as the Corporation of the City of London and, through your good offices, the citizens themselves, for the splendid reception you have offered to the Empress and to me, to-day. We shall gratefully remember the warmth with which the citizens of London received us, and we shall keep your beautiful gift as a much-prized remembrance of our visit."

There could be no mistaking the tones, almost fervid, with which the Kaiser pronounced this panegyric on peace. He turned to right and to left, as he made the assertion of his aim "unswervingly" pursued, as if challenging contradiction from the crowded assembly, and he sat down with the air of a man who had made and carried his point.

From Paddington to the Guildhall the decorations were on a magnificent scale, one "triumphal arch" having cost seven hundred pounds sterling. The novel suggestion of using Shakespearean mottoes in German, was approved by the German Embassy. Thus the Kaiser noted:

"Mein Fürst! der Schulz von London kommt zum Willkommen"—"My Lord! the Mayor of London comes to greet you."—Richard III. 3. 7.

For the Empress was intended:

"Du edle Frau, kein Hof Europas ist zu gut für Dich!"—"Good Lady, no Court in Europe is too good for thee."—"Winter's Tale," Act. 2.

The following day, the Kaiser received in the beautiful Vandyke room of Windsor Castle, Lord Curzon, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, who presented him with the diploma of the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. The Kaiser wore a field-marshal's uniform with the scarlet robes of

an Oxford Doctor over it. With him was his suite, both German and English, but none of the English Royal Family. In reply to a glowing eulogy by Lord Curzon, the Emperor said:

"Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and Gentlemen,—It is difficult for me to find words to express the feeling of satisfaction with which I have received from you the degree of Doctor of Civil Law of the University of Oxford. I have much regretted that lack of time will not permit my personally visiting Oxford. It would have afforded me sincere satisfaction to revisit that venerable and historic seat of English learning, which, I well remember having seen and admired when I accompanied my parents on a former occasion. When I remember that my beloved father, my venerated grandfather, and a number of celebrated countrymen of mine received the same honor, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, it adds to my sincere appreciation of to-day's ceremony.

At all times, but especially in our present age, the standard of culture and education, attained by a country, must be looked upon as one of the chief factors upon which the development, both moral and material, of a people is founded. The University of Oxford may be proud that it has pursued this lofty task, and that it has fulfilled it for England in a most effective manner. It is evident that the influence of such an institution as the University of Oxford must reach far beyond the frontiers of the mother country. It is for these reasons that I feel so great a satisfaction at having received this degree from your University.

But, there is one other tie which connects me with the University of Oxford. The donation of your great countryman, Cecil Rhodes, has enabled scholars, not only from the British Colonies, but also from Germany and the United States, to profit by the education at Oxford. It has been my pleasure to select, in accordance with Rhodes' will, scholars of German nationality, who are enabled by his generosity to enjoy the great benefit of Oxford teaching. The opportunity given to young Germans to associate with young Englishmen during their studies, is the pleasing result of the broad views of Rhodes. Under the fostering care of this Alma Mater, the young people will be given an opportunity to

study the characters and qualities of different nations, which will promote good fellowship among them, and help to create an atmosphere of mutual respect and friendship between our two countries."

At the close of the Kaiser's state visit, a remarkable incident was noted in Windsor Castle—eight crowned heads were at luncheon in one of its rooms—King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, the King and Queen of Spain, Queen Maud of Norway, and Queen Amelia of Portugal. Not since the castle was built had so many Sovereigns and their Consorts gathered, at a time, there.

There also sat at the long table with oval ends, in the state dining-room, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Infanta Isabella of Spain, the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Victoria, Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince and Princess John George of Saxony, the Duchess of Aosta, the Duchess of Albany, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

The room looks out on the east terrace. It contains only two pictures—Benjamin Constant's portrait of Queen Victoria, and Edouard Dédaille's painting of King Edward and the Duke of Connaught on horseback, at an Aldershot review. It also contains the famous Flaxman silver vase with its palm decorations. The service was of blue Sèvres.

The twenty-four who were present were afterwards photographed in the crimson drawing-room, the light being supplemented by a 10,000-candle-power arc lamp. One of the groups included all in the party, with Prince Olaf, who was brought in specially. But the most striking of the photographs was the five Queens and the three rulers. The royal ladies were seated, the King, the Emperor, and the King of Spain standing behind them. Queen Alexandra sat in the centre, with the Kaiserin on her right, and the Queen of Portugal on her left; at the extremes were the Queen of Spain and Queen Maud of Norway.

The royal party went to the gardens at Frogmore for tea.

D. M.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

MY DEAR C—

A very delightful trip west has prevented even a pen-chat with you for a long time. To make some amends, I shall try to give you a little idea of our doings during the past months.

After leaving this city, we spent a few days at San Antonio and El Paso, Texas; then set out for Mexico. While there we learned a great deal about the Mexican people. Their mode of living is certainly a study for Americans. How they can exist in such environment as we saw is a marvel. The houses in Ciudad are rough-cast, thatch-roofed and contain but two or three rooms. It is usual for three or four families to live in one of these dwellings. The men are chiefly laborers; the women do fancy work. Two dollars of their money is equal to one of ours. Like many other travellers, we were induced to witness a bull-fight, and I wish never to see another.

The bulls are turned one at a time into the arena. Then a Mexican, called a matador, wearing a red cloak, comes out and taunts the bull by flashing the cloak in its face. The animal charges at him until almost mad. Then another Mexican appears on the scene with a bunch of steel-pointed arrows, about a foot and a half long. He throws these, one at a time, at the bull. The animal becomes so frenzied, he stampedes around the ring and charges at the Mexicans who are fighting him. In his rage, one bull jumped over a fence eight feet high, three times. When they have struck the bull with all the sharp mandarillos, as these arrows are called, they blindfold a horse and bring him into the ring. Sometimes the horse is killed, and sometimes the matador who rides him, before they succeed in killing the bull. Finally, the picador takes a sword and pierces the bull's shoulder. He is supposed to kill the animal with one blow, or he is not considered a good bull-fighter, and must pay a fine. When the fight is over, two horses drag the dead bull out, and it is sent as food to the Mexican soldiers. About fifty of these were present that Sunday. They dress in white, and look a sorry set of men. During the fight the Mexicans shouted with excitement. This never flagged, though four bulls were killed that day.

The laws in Mexico are very rigid. If an American, while there, commits a misdemeanor,

he is cast into prison, and may be kept there a long time without a trial. The Americans and Mexicans are not on the best terms since the battle at the Alamo, in San Antonio, when Texas gained her independence. We visited the Alamo. Its architecture is old Spanish.

Resuming our travels, we enjoyed a delightful trip over the Southern Pacific Railroad. On both sides are lofty mountains, while here and there, geysers spring into the air fully two hundred feet. We saw the Great Mirage and crossed the Great Arizona Desert,—miles and miles of sand, with here and there a misquot bush.

You cannot picture our joy on leaving this desolation and entering a land of orange groves, and great tall trees of Eucalyptus and Palms,—California. We visited Redlands and Pasadena, and saw an ostrich farm. The old Spanish mission churches of Santa Monica and Santa Barbara spoke to us of the heroic deeds of the early missionaries.

Los Angeles was our next stopping-place, and there we found much to occupy our time.

A sight-seeing car brought us to many places of interest. Then we took a twenty-eight mile ride along the Pacific Coast and visited summer resorts on the beach. One of these, called Venice, is modelled on European Venice and has gondolas, bridges across lagoons, and houses built in Venetian style. A wealthy American owns the city. At Moonstone beach we gathered moonstones. I have several pretty ones for setting in rings as pins. We visited Mt. Lowe and took a very delightful daylight ocean trip to Catalina and San Clemente Islands. After a brief stay here, we proceeded to Point Loma, where the Government wireless station is located. From this place we could see the mountains in Old Mexico.

California is truly a land of fruit and flowers, with its orange, lemon and grape-fruit groves, its olive, almond, fig, peach, pomegranate and other orchards, and its wealth of flowers everywhere in bloom. At Los Angeles were beautiful pepper trees, some laden with pepper-berries, and others with purple flowers. The latter bear no fruit. One drawback during our stay, was cool weather. Furs and wraps were very much in evidence. While in San Francisco, we had not one ray of sunshine,—a fact rather in keeping with the

city's present condition. On all sides, ruins are being cleared away and houses rebuilt. We remained there only long enough to visit the Navy Yard, Golden Gate Park, and other places of interest.

We spent a few days at Oakland and Sacramento, then passed through Nevada to Ogden, Utah, and visited the Great Canyon in the Wahsatch Mountains. While there, a tarantula hopped beside us and almost bit E— before it was killed.

At Salt Lake City,—the Mormon Temple and grounds claimed our attention. The Elders and their wives were a great curiosity. We bathed in the briny waters of Great Salt Lake, and were astonished at the ease with which we could float.

Our route now lay through Colorado. It seems to me no other State in the Union can compare with this in climate and scenery. During our stay at Colorado Springs, we visited Cheyenne Canyon, Seven Sister Falls, Pillars of Hercules, Devil's Slide, the Rapids, and Helen Hunt Jackson's grave, at the top of the mountain. The ascent was made on burros. Then we climbed three hundred and fifty steps to the summit and enjoyed a most glorious view. At Manitou, we drank mineral soda-water to our heart's content. The "Garden of the Gods" is beyond description and well worthy of its name. A brief but interesting visit was made to the Cliff-Dwellers, a tribe of Navajo Indians.

A nine-mile ride, on burros, brought us to the summit of Pike's Peak, where are General Pike's monument and an observatory. On our upward journey we passed the Phantom Curve, Minnehaha Falls, Half-Way House, Hell-Gate and Lake Moraine. Though we carried blankets and heavy wraps, we found this trip very cold. We remained on the mountain but one night, as I almost smothered in such a high altitude. It was no surprise next morning to see snow falling. Our return to a more genial clime was by the Cog Railway.

Two weeks were spent in Denver, "the beautiful city," and an interesting visit was paid to the Mint.

At Pueblo we saw the mineral palace and the smelting works, and descended into a gold mine, six hundred and fifty feet below the earth's sur-

face. A miner showed us how the rock is drilled and the gold ore obtained.

Our trip from Pueblo to Cripple Creek, the land of gold, was rich in beautiful scenery. In an observation train we made an ascent of 10,000 feet above sea-level, passing the Cascade Falls, High Bridge, St. Peter's Dome, a mountain of granite, and arriving, safe and sound, at Victor and Cripple Creek, the two great mining towns of the west. That our train did not leave the track and tumble over a precipice in some of its many curves and twists is still a puzzle to me. Even to recall the memory of being above the clouds and looking down into great chasms a thousand feet below makes me shudder.

We are happy to live once more in our warm sunny South and revisit in spirit only northern scenes of grandeur.

Lovingly yours,

K. W.

Is it not a humiliating fact for our human nature that there are comparatively few people to whom we go with the story of our successes—while there is no end of the list of those who will hear the sad history of our calamities with deepest interest? A good many fairly religious people need to go to some hard school and learn how to rejoice with their neighbors who have been fortunate, instead of becoming cold and critical, as who would say, "Is it possible that he can imagine himself to be really a personage? Is not this simply Bottom the weaver whom we have always known—no lion fierce?"

Did you ever read Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse?" These sunny, cheerful rhymes of childhood were written while the poet lay in bed, weak from hemorrhages, suffering with sciatica, blind with ophthalmia, his right arm bound tightly to his side. Calling for a board with sheets of paper tacked to it, he scrawled blindly, with his left hand, nearly all of those delightful little songs of little boy-and-girl land. You would fancy they were thought out and written in robust health under the trees, in glad sunshine. But that is just the strong, determined spirit, that does its work under difficulties. It cannot be crushed or defeated. Every time it wins.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

September second—The number of pupils who presented themselves, on the reopening of school, was unusually large this year.

We were particularly glad to see Clemencia and Cyrene Novella. They had been in Casablanca during the terrible massacre of the Europeans, and, for several days after, lived in a state of siege, with their house strongly fortified against the Moors. At last, they managed to escape to a ship anchored in harbor. From this place of safety, they witnessed the bombardment of the town by the French. Was this not a thrilling experience?

September eighth—We looked over the new library books to-day. There have been many additions lately—Father Benson's works, Mrs. Oliphant's, "Makers of Venice," "Makers of Florence," &c.

October thirty-first—Premium Day. His Lordship distributed the London College of Preceptors' Certificates and the premiums. Lourdes Ferrary obtained the silver medal for Christian Doctrine, and Mary Black the silver medal for English subjects, literature, composition, &c.

November ninth—The birthday of King Edward VII. This is a gala day in Gibraltar. The Signal Station and all the men-of-war in the Bay are decorated with bunting and flags. We shared in the general rejoicings, for we are nearly all British subjects, notwithstanding the foreign names some of us bear. At twelve o'clock, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the Saluting Battery, followed by a salute from all the men-of-war. About one o'clock, the Governor of Algeciras arrived to attend the state luncheon, given by Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, Governor of Gibraltar. His appearance was the signal for another succession of salutes. There is usually a review of the troops, but, this year, the weather was so severe, it had to be given up.

M. G.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasms. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our lives.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

October thirteenth—To-day we were honored with a brief visit from Right Reverend Charles Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, accompanied by Reverend H. V. Piper, C. M., Niagara University, and Reverend J. Birmingham, of Niagara Falls, N. Y. We greeted them with our school song, "Ave Maria Loreto"; after which Bishop Colton delivered a few encouraging remarks, and, in conclusion, made us inexpressibly happy by granting us a half holiday—which, by the way, we are yet to enjoy.

October sixteenth—Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., delivered a lecture on the great River System of Canada, among which is our beautiful Niagara. Many points of historical interest were graphically described, and we were feelingly told that the land on which we work and play is, in reality, holy ground, for through it passed the martyrs, Father Jogues, Father Marquette, and the Xavier of America, Father Breboeuf.

We were all greatly pleased to learn that we are in a way connected with the "Maid of Orleans," being at one time included in the diocese of Rouen.

Father Rosa's lectures are vastly appreciated, and we may always rely on deriving a fund of beneficial knowledge from them.

October twentieth—To-day we were given a most enjoyable lecture by Mr. Monaghan; Education, being the subject.

Mr. Monaghan quoted that "education is an inheritance," but he also thought it the acquiring of our inheritances. The legacy of all literature—English, Spanish, French, Italian,—is ours to enjoy and profit by. Furnish us with a key, and we walk hand in hand with Dante. Another key, and the riches of the French Literature are added; yet another, and we live through the chivalrous days of "Le Cid."

He also dwelt upon the necessity of the education of women, and flattered us by remarking that he preferred teaching women to men. But, education is of three kinds, Intellectual, Moral and Physical.

The women of the higher classes of society in Russia are the most brilliantly educated in the world. An American girl was taken to Europe

and educated by a Russian Princess. She became a musician, a linguist, a charming conversationalist,—in all, "a woman of intellectual culture." With all her accomplishments, her moral training had been so neglected that she actually attempted to place her mother in an insane asylum, to get her money.

To-day, England's greatness is due to Alfred, who built the foundation of its navy, but who first learned to read at his mother's knee. Louis IX. of France is now a Saint, but he owes his sanctity to the teaching and example of his mother, Queen Blanche. Education is begun with the child on its mother's lap, and it is essential that there is no deception, that the child is taught to be honest and true, and to realize that God makes the sun shine, the flowers grow, the rain fall, not that they merely "happen."

Mr. Monaghan is a strong advocate of fresh air and plenty of outdoor exercise. He impressed upon us not to grumble in the morning, when we are called, but to spring up with a joyful act of thanksgiving that we are alive!

October thirty-first—Hallowe'en, the day of ghosts and witches, has ever been celebrated with unusual festivity, and this year proves no exception.

Promptly at seven, gaily-decked young maidens were upon the stage, facing an expectant audience. After Miss Margaret Burchill's beautifully-delivered and appropriate Prologue, "A Country Fair Song," "Strike up with Your Fiddles" was spiritedly rendered by the school.

Miss Florilla Webb recited "Old-fashioned Roses" with such grace as to make us all desire to be, in reality, "Colonial Dames."

Longfellow's "I know a maiden fair to see. Take care! Beware!" was given in a charming style by Miss Stella Talbot; Cecil McLaughlin, Alice Ramsay, Florence Cannon, Louise Clarke, Ruby Suttles, Jean Sears and Lillian Machesney. Next came the stately Minuet. Twelve young ladies, Miss Iona McLaughlin, Florilla Webb, Mary Eagan, Margaret Burchill, Vivian Spence, Kathleen Ridout, Grace Sears, Mildred Bricka, Florence Martin, Rosina Merle, Fanny Coffey, and Anna Staley, feeling very grand with their powdered pompadours, beauty spots and frocks, such as "Grandma wore, Long Ago," went through the intricate steps and graceful cour-

tesies with a skill and grace that bespoke long practice. Miss Alice Ramsay ably assisted as accompanist.

"The Swing Song," by the school, was followed by a recitation by Miss Eleanor Lilley. James Whitcomb Riley's well-known poem, "An old Sweetheart of Mine," was rendered so beautifully, and the picture was so vivid that we all expected to see that old sweetheart walk, right in.

"Old Dames" were impersonated in a lively and realistic manner. Miss Agnes Buddles made a tiny, but sweet, old-fashioned hostess, Miss Angela Burns an extremely intelligent maid, so quickly did she learn the proper way to serve tea and drop a courtsey. The first guest was Miss Mary Leary, a typical elderly woman. Miss Agnes Robinson strived to maintain her dignity by the most heroic efforts. Miss Helen Harvey and Miss Loretto O'Connell forgot their knitting, and, finally, Miss Frances O'Farrel was a rheumatic Mrs. McCarthy to perfection, with her pains and aches, her snuff and her "tay."

The gossip of the entire neighborhood was rehearsed, and criticised with spinster-like severity, and after drinking a cup—or two—of tea, they sang Auld Lang Syne with a hearty spirit and departed.

The waltz song, "Gaily We're Tripping," was sung with youthful enthusiasm by the school.

A graceful Spanish dance followed. Miss Stella Talbot, Cecil McLaughlin, Alice Ramsay, and Dorothy Rochford looked particularly beautiful in their picturesque costumes of yellow and black. Perfect time and step were preserved throughout. Miss Hazel Freeman accompanied in her usual graceful style.

"Summer Breezes," by the school, and "Ave Maria Loreto," by the entire assembly, closed the delightful programme.

Light refreshments were served, after which we danced until Sister rang the bell, and we retired a happy, sleepy lot of girls.

PROGRAMME.

Prologue by Mistress Burchill.

1. All Ye Fair Maidens Will Sing Ye "Country Fair Song."
2. Mistress Webb will say ye quaint piece, "Olde-Fashioned Roses."

3. "Beware," by Ye Young Maids.
 4. Ye Olde-Fashioned Dance.
 5. All will sing ye Loving Song.
 6. "An Olde Sweetheart of Mine," by Mistress Lilly.
 7. Ye Olde Dames will now Discourse on "Ye Olden Days."
 8. Another song by all Ye Fair Maids.
 9. Ye Dancers of Ye Schoole will Dance Ye Spanish Dance.
 10. "Ye Summer Breezes," by Ye School.
- Ave Maria Loreto, by Alle Ye Assembly.

The day following Hallowe'en, we were afforded great amusement by Miss Hazel Freeman's burlesque on the concert. Miss Freeman's natural dignity was superb in the minuet; her sylph-like grace, enchanting in the Spanish Dance, lent the pathos with which she recited "Old-Fashioned Roses," and the tenderness and feeling in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," are beyond my power of description.

November first—We rose bright and early to assist at Holy Mass in honor of All Saints. One of the hymns sung was composed in the fifth century, by St. John Damascene; the music of which was written by Elizabeth Raymond Barker.

In the afternoon, a box of candy (?) was hidden. After a long and diligent search, Frances O'Farrell found it and was much disappointed, when, on opening it, discovered nothing more—or less—than a "Teddy Bear."

After some coaxing, those who wished might take a walk while the others remained at home. Imagine our chagrin on beholding the stay-at-homes in a car on their way down town—all going to assist a little girl in the momentous affair of buying a pair of shoes!

November thirteenth—The Feast of St. Stanislaus, Patron of Youth and of our dear Assistant Mother Superior, was celebrated with special music and hymns. The altar and the shrine of St. Stanislaus were beautifully decorated with flowers and candles.

The following evening we were tendered a delightful concert by the "Cottringer Quartette," consisting of Paul, Leo and Karl Cottringer and Frank Peggs. Mrs. Cottringer, a former pupil of this Loretto, and a sister of the late Mother

Mechtilda Boyd, usually accompanies her sons, but on this occasion, Professor D'Anna took her place. They gave quite a number of selections, and our classical (?) hearts were gladdened by a few operatic airs—especially by the American National Airs.

November seventeenth—In anticipation of the Feast of St. Cecilia, Reverend E. Walsh, C. M., vice-president of Niagara University, gave a lecture on the ever-interesting topic, "Music."

The origin of music is lost in history, or, according to Macaulay, lost in fable; but that it is of very early date is proved, for Moses, in the 4th. book of Genesis, speaks of Jubal, the father of those who play upon musical instruments.

Lord Byron says "there is music in the sighing of a reed. There is music in the rippling of a rill. There is music everywhere, if we could but hear." Nature is the very soul of music. The winds, whispering through the trees; the music of the mighty ocean, the billows, breaking on the rocks and shore, chant perpetually the awe-inspiring word, "Eternity." There is beauty in the "Music of the spheres," as the stars "go singing on their course."

The worship of God is prayer, introduced by a hymn, and music will predominate in heaven. Dryden's "Ode to St. Cecilia" illustrates this, when, by her celestial harmonies, "an angel straightway appeared, mistaking earth for heaven." Also the beautiful Legend of the Monk Felix. Felix, wondering if one would not tire of the happiness of heaven, heard a little bird trill the most exquisite song, and listened, as he thought, for a second. When he returned to the monastery, lo! everything was changed, and, on looking through the annals, he found that one hundred years before he had completely disappeared. He had been so enraptured by the music, so transported by the melody, that years had seemed but a second.

Music, like the other Arts, is not imitation, but interpretation. It is the universal language, the charm that soothes both man and beast. No one can be truly educated without acquiring the power of appreciating music. It brings out the noblest, the best, the very soul of man.

At the close of Father Walsh's able discourse, the pupils sang Myerscough's beautiful hymn to St. Cecilia.

Professor D'Anna is a brilliant performer on the Octarina, an Italian invention, recently introduced into America. The instrument has a compass of but twelve notes, nevertheless, these produce the most marvellous bird-like effect. The two selections rendered by Professor D'Anna were written by his father.

November twentieth—The school assisted at the Requiem Mass for Mr. James Killian, an employee of the Convent who was accidentally killed by a train. Mr. Killian had worked here only a month, but had proved himself a good, honest man, well prepared to appear before the judgment-seat of God.

November twenty-second—Special music and songs were prepared in honor of St. Cecilia, Patroness of Music. The violin obligatos by Miss Marie Sawyer and Cecilia Merle, added much to the effect.

November twenty-third—Fourteen of the Senior pupils participated in a rare musical treat, by attending a Recital, by Rudolph Ganz, at the Twentieth Century Club, Buffalo. The Concert began about three o'clock, and continued for one hour and a half. The programme was the same as at his New York Recital: "Beethoven: Sonata, op. 26, A flat minor. Brahms: Capriccio: B minor. Dohnanyi: Two rhapsodies, F sharp minor and C major. Schumann Sonata: Op. 11, F sharp minor. Ravel: (a) Oiseaux tristes (first time), (b) Barque sur l'océan (first time). Alkan: Le chemin de fer (new). Chopin-Liszt: Chant Polonais. Liszt-Busoni: Mephisto Waltz.

"His style possesses an essentially masculine virility without ever deteriorating into an exhibition of mere brute force; to a graceful morceau as well as to works of larger, broader scope, he can adapt himself with equal facility. He is an artist of unimpeachable technical equipment, and of sterling musicianship. While refreshingly sane in his interpretations, he lacks neither poetic imagination, nor that inner depth of sentiment, without which, no artist's achievements are convincing. And, as to his touch, such beauty of tone quality as he produced, at this recital, is rare, indeed. He is assuredly one of the most musical and satisfying of the pianists now before the public.

"Of the programme numbers, the Dohnanyi Rhapsodies, the Ravel pieces, the Alkan descrip-

tive "Railroad" study and Busoni's arrangement of Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," were new to the public. The last-named was played with imposing brilliancy. Of the other novelties, the Dohnanyi compositions gave the greatest pleasure. They are spontaneous and attractive conceptions that appeal readily to the listeners' fancy. The most ambitious number of the programme was the Schumann Sonata in F sharp minor, which was played with the same masterly conception of relative values as was noticeable in the impressive performance the Beethoven sonata received. The Brahms' 'Capriccio,' touched off with charming delicacy and grace, was one of the most enjoyable features of the recital."

At his Buffalo recital Mr. Ganz played two encores, one, a number of MacDowell's, and Heller's well-known "Cradle Song."

December fourth—Rev. M. J. Rosa, C. M., gave a short, but interesting, discourse on the peculiar characteristics of the Navajo and Pueblo Indians; their rites and ceremonies; and a description of the land in which they live. The unique marriage formulas, the fantastic snake dance, the marvellous tricks of their magicians, were topics of intense interest. 'Tis strange, but true, that in America, so near to civilization, that there exists the pagan customs, prevalent six hundred years ago.

December eighth—The feast of the Immaculate Conception was solemnized in the usual manner. Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C., delivered a very able discourse pertaining to the feast of the day.

In the evening, St. Catharine's Literary Association entertained Reverend Mother and the visiting nuns with a delightful concert, consisting of songs and recitations.

December tenth—High Mass was very beautifully sung by the school, congregationally, in honor of the feast of our Lady of Loretto. The Mass selected for the occasion was the beautiful one written by B. Hamma, in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In the afternoon, Miss I. McLoughlin, F. O'Farrell, A. Robinson, F. Martin, A. Burns, L. McChesney, H. Spillane, H. Harvey, D. Rochford, and A. Staley were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary. The reception

ceremonies were very impressive. Reverend S. Quigley, O. C. C., in his magnificent eulogy on the Mother of God, exhorted her children to the imitation of her virtues, and thus render themselves worthy of the title they had received today.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the pupils filed out of the chapel, chanting the Litany of Loretto.

The material part came afterwards. A sumptuous banquet was tendered the honored few—the menu was too long to enumerate. There was, also, the extra recreation so dear to the school-girl's heart.

December seventeenth—As we go to press, we hear whisperings of a Christmas tree, and all sorts of dazzling gifts that are to be thereon for the juniors. Christmas Carols are in the air—and mirth and joy seem everywhere. The momentous event is to take place, December the nineteenth. On the day following, we shall all be bound for different climes, but the great old Cataract will still be running on until we return, January the seventh.

ANNA STALEY.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

November first—A joyous celebration of the glorious festival of All Saints—the altar and sanctuary appropriately adorned with pure white flowers—a wealth of roses, chrysanthemums and carnations. The exquisite lace antependium, used for the occasion, was presented by Mrs. J. Brennan of Hamilton, to whom we desire to convey, through the columns of the RAINBOW, a grateful acknowledgment of the very acceptable gift.

Many of the students had the pleasure of spending the day at home, owing to the fact that the preceding Thursday had been the Canadian Thanksgiving Day, and the date for returning to school was extended to the afternoon of the following Sunday. It was my good fortune to be among the guests invited to Thanksgiving dinner by Mrs. Pigott of this city, and to enjoy the delightful hospitality of her charming home, the recollection of which will always be a pleasant school-day memory.

November sixteenth—A red-letter day in the annals of St. Hilda's Literary Society. Informal luncheons and teas have recently been playing a conspicuous part in the hour's chronicle, thus relieving the monotony of school routine, but, the eagerness with which each and every member entered into preparation for *this* week-end function, was not only admirable but afforded vast opportunity for studies in human nature.

I wonder who was hostess on this ever-to-be-remembered occasion? The rôle of entertainer was out of the question, where *all* were entertainers and entertained.

No sooner had the delicious viands been disposed of than Frances, who, by the way, takes hold of the pleasant things of life with both hands, and gathers all the sunbeams that fall across her path, undertook a burlesque of the occasion, to the intense amusement of all concerned. Rita Tracy, in accommodating vein, contributed her quota, assuring us that she was done with the frills of existence. Rita, did you forget that it takes a very high order of sanctity to become utterly detached from what is so very captivating in this world of ours?

Bessie MacSloy was inimitable in her characterization of local celebrities, and fairly brought down *our* house. Jessie related some amusing appropriate incidents, which were loudly applauded; whilst Gladys, from the fact of her habitual and studious seclusion, astonished us by her gaiety.

When rejoicing was at its height, Hilda was called away, and thus lost, as she declared, "the best part of it." The elocution teacher claimed her undivided (?) attention.

For the first time in her dignified young ladyhood, Elizabeth Robinson proposed a toast, to which *every one* responded in such hilarious fashion, that some unknown hand stealthily opened the door, and a pair of curious eyes peered in, wondering, I presume, at this unseemly exuberance of feeling—and the gleam of unalterable purpose in our eyes.

Had the pessimist who asserts that pleasure is only pain disguised, been present, he would have changed his opinion, and gathered the rosebuds with us, to-day.

November twenty-second—A visit from Reverend E. J. Devine, S. J., Montreal, the great

Alaskan missionary, and author of "Across Wildest America—Newfoundland to Alaska," "The Training of Silas," &c.

We were privileged to welcome Father Devine, whose clever and instructive contributions to the *Messenger* have been read in this Loretto with profit and interest.

November twenty-third—Mrs. Dunne's Elocution Recital. To lovers of artistic interpretation, every number on the varied and brilliantly-rendered programme proved a veritable delight. Had Mrs. Dunne given us a choice, she could not have been happier in her selections, each one of which elicited unbounded and well-merited applause. The numbers were taken from Tennyson, Browning, Drummond, Edgar Allan Poe, Moira O'Neill, and the gentle bard who strove to wrest a bay from "lordly whites"—Paul Laurence Dunbar—"who sang as sweet as any bird—as 'robins, la'ks, and all dem tings'—and cast a spell on those who heard his rapture 'when Melindy sings'."

Mrs. Dunne added to the interest of the evening by her prefatory comments upon each selection, thus calling up in the imagination of her audience the scenes described in the exquisite poems. Her vivid portrayal, in the dramatic monologue, "My Last Duchess," of the proud, cruel, coldly-relentless duke, who has crushed first the happiness and next the life of his beautiful young wife, appealed strongly to those who are making a study of Browning—and surely, to any one foolish enough to indulge in dreams of a coronet that might eventually grace her brow. But, Mrs. Dunne had something for the laughter-loving, also, in the shape of "De Stove Pipe Hole," into which M'sieur Gourdon stepped, to the great merriment and delight of her audience, whose sympathies were altogether with Dominique and Emmeline, for whom the course of true love had not been running smooth. All the touches of roguish humor in which the poem abounds were finely brought out, and the rendition of it and the following numbers still farther sustained Mrs. Dunne's reputation as an artist.

November twenty-sixth—The closing days of "bleak November" have lost their traditional gloom, for the sunshine of beloved Reverend Mother's presence is gilding our home and adding to our happiness. Reverend Mother has a kindly

greeting, a sympathetic smile, a word of encouragement and cheer for each and every one, and is deeply interested in the most minute detail of our school life; and whilst her personality inspires a sentiment of reverence and profound respect, the smallest tot goes to her with confidence, and may sometimes be seen at her door, seeking redress. In fact, love for little children has always been one of Reverend Mother's distinguishing characteristics, all through her long religious life.

We trust that our impromptu parlor entertainment proved enjoyable to Reverend Mother, and that she carried away favorable impressions of her children at Mt. St. Mary.

November twenty-eighth—A forenoon of unusual pleasure for Josephine Byrne, whose uncle, Reverend J. T. O'Loane, S. J., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., paid a delightful visit to the Mount, where he was cordially welcomed by Reverend Mother and many of his Loretto friends.

December second—Mr. and Mrs. Singleton, Montreal, have made us the recipients of a very choice gift. Would that we could adequately convey to our esteemed benefactors our appreciation of the kind thoughtfulness that prompted this remembrance of our needs. Our return shall be made at the altar, where we shall implore that their New Year may be as happy and as rich in blessings as our best wishes can make it.

December eighth—The radiant dawn of the feast of our Lady Immaculate found her children, with sweet trustfulness and abiding love, assembled around her altar, honoring her sublime privilege and consecrating themselves anew to her service. This year, the day seemed to belong in a special manner to the Children of Mary, who, from early morning until the last hymn was sung, left nothing undone to make the celebration the ideal one it was. Even the bright blue sky and golden sunshine, so unusual at this season, seemed to mirror the perfection of the "all fair," and contribute to the sense of happiness which the festival always brings.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day, and, at five o'clock, His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, our beloved Bishop—that most devoted of our Lady's clients—came to give Benediction—a privilege which we deeply appreciated, knowing the many claims, on this day, on His Lordship's time and attention.

After Benediction, His Lordship preached a beautifully-impressive sermon, exhorting us to the imitation of Mary the model of womanhood, reminding us of the atmosphere of purity in which our girlhood days have been cast, and urging us to the love of God above all things. His Lordship also dwelt on the beauty of the sanctuary—a foretaste of heaven, especially on occasions of spiritual feasting, like this. He regretted his inability to remain longer, as he had yet to give Benediction at the hospital, and officiate in St. Mary's Cathedral at the close of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

At 7.30., p. m., the sacred concert, given by the Children of Mary, began. No sooner had the audience been seated than the curtain rose on a band of white-robed maidens, wearing their distinctive badge—a light blue silk scarf—and chanting the praises of our heavenly Queen.

I had the honor to write and deliver "A Tribute of Praise to Mary Immaculate," after which the following programme was charmingly rendered:

Semi-Chorus, Star of the Sea.....*Lambillotte*
Poetic Tributes to our Lady from non-Catholic Sources.

ELIZABETH MACSLOY.

Vocal Duo, Holy Mother, Guide his Footsteps*Vincent Wallace*
RITA SHEEDY AND FRANCES DANIELLS.

Shadows of the Passion-tide.....*S. M. Gertrude*
HILDA MURRAY.

Ave Maria*Millard*
ELIZABETH MACSLOY.

Good Friday Evening.....*S. M. Gertrude*
ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

Ave Maria*Luigi Luzzi*
FRANCES DANIELLS.

The Curé of Calumet.....*Drummond*
EDNA MCGUIRE.

A Maiden Mild.....*L. Bonvin, S. J.*

The Monk's Magnificat.....*E. Nesbit*
FRANCES DANIELLS.

Evening Hymn

At the close of the programme, Mrs. Martin-Murphy very graciously acceded to our request for a solo, and sang "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's *Creation*. The rich, full tones of her

beautiful voice filled the hall and were a joy to hear in their silvery clearness.

December ninth—A debate in the Senior Literature Class—*Resolved* that Jaques is more deserving of censure than of pity. The affirmative side was defended by Edna McGuire, Elizabeth Robinson, Frances Daniells, Rita Tracy and Gladys Wilkins. The negative by Kathleen O'Brien, Edna Tracy, Hilda Murray, Olive Fralick and Jessie Tinsley.

For weeks, the matter had been of current interest, and active research had been made for argument pro and con; therefore, when the evening came we were not surprised at the expression of profound thought depicted on every countenance—the warlike attitude of previous days—and which we feared to encounter—had completely disappeared, and the opposing parties calmly took the places assigned them.

Poor Jaques! I wonder if Shakespeare, in creating him, ever destined this enigmatical individual for such a miserable fate as to be literally dissected by a bevy of contradictory schoolgirls. A philosopher—or a fool—which is he? The affirmative declares that he is both, but that his philosophy is not based on sound wisdom, and is ever veiled with cynicism, that his former dissolute life has warped his finer sensibilities; he lacks faith in human nature and hope in human happiness—the negative then quietly suggests—in that case, surely, the unfortunate *is* deserving of pity. (Loud applause.)

The affirmative continues—He is sentimental—which trait in a man deserves censure. The sight of a wounded deer moves him to tears—a weakness unpardonable in one who is supposed to have seen life at its worst. But, the sight of a fellow creature in distress rouses no sympathy, and he absolutely refuses food to the starving Orlando.

The negative takes a different view of his attitude in this case and considers him tender-hearted and sympathetic.

The affirmative condemns Jaques for introducing into the happy life of the Forest of Arden, melancholy and bitterness. His chief pleasure is found in railing at the world and all the people in it. For this reason he enjoys Touchstone's company.

The negative protests against this wholesale

assertion—true, in part, only. Is there not a touch of good feeling in Jaques' farewell to the Duke and the married couples, which is inconsistent with the theory that he is utterly depraved? And does he not pay an honest tribute to the worth of his companions, at his departure? We do not think he was insincere.

Alas! for all our wasted eloquence: the Fates were against Jaques and his supporters—and the affirmative carried the day.

December tenth—As though to indemnify us for the disappointment caused by his absence from the Entertainment, which had been prepared for him, on the eighth, His Lordship paid us another visit to-day, and gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. A few minutes later, to our great delight, His Lordship entered the concert hall, where it was our pleasure and privilege to entertain him. For the first time, I had the honor of addressing His Lordship—an honor which I shall always remember with gratitude and joy.

Our humble efforts to please were more than repaid by the complimentary words of His Lordship, who was good enough to congratulate the young ladies on the artistic rendition of their programme. Referring to Elizabeth MacSloy's number, he told us that he had stood in the very place where the Blessed Virgin herself had sung in the little cottage of Nazareth, and learned from angelic lips her glorious destiny. What a model for our imitation the Mother-Maid was there!

His Lordship was loud in praise of the unaffected, unpretentious young girl. In every condition of life, her power for good is incalculable, no one can withstand the sweet influence she exercises over those with whom she comes in contact; whereas the artificial, affected, forward girl is odious to every one.

Before leaving, His Lordship, who excels as a conversationalist, told us some very interesting anecdotes of his missionary labors among the Indians—of his love for them, &c. He concluded his remarks by urging us to perform our allotted duties as perfectly as possible, for only by so doing can we render them acceptable to God, in whose work there is no blemish.

December eleventh—A rare musical treat—Mr. P. S. Battle of the Ohio Conservatory of Music,

rendered the following programme. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded, and if Mr. Battle had responded to all the encores, he would have played till the wee sma' hours.

Rubinstein—Barcarolle, Op. 50, No. 3.

Schnett—Étude Mignonne, Op. 16, No. 1.

Schubert—Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 3.

Sinding—Rustle of Spring.

Liszt—Consolation, No. 3.

Reinhold—Impromptu, Op. 28, No. 3.

MacDowell—Improvisation.

Chopin—Fantaisie—Impromptu.

Liszt—Nocturne, No. 3.

Mendelssohn—B flat minor Étude.

Mr. Battle, we are told, showed marked ability at an early age and enjoyed the best instruction afforded in his native country, Canada, in the cities of Toronto and Montreal. This was later supplemented by a serious study with H. M. Field, now one of Leipzig's successful pedagogues. In 1897, Mr. Battle entered a course of four years' study in Leipzig under such masters as Martin Krause and Theodor Wihmayer. Professor Wihmayer writes of Mr. Battle:

"Mr. P. S. Battle has studied most diligently with me for the past three years and has developed into an excellent pianist. His large repertoire, consisting of works from classical as well as modern piano literature, his touch of rare beauty, combined with a highly-developed technic, justifies the most brilliant hopes for his future as a concert pianist, and at the same time gives him the qualifications for a most splendid teacher of his instrument."

The following reference to Mr. Battle, as pianist and musician, is from the *Leipziger Tageblatt*, December 11, 1900:

"A few days previous, we attended a recital given by Mr. P. S. Battle. Mr. Battle gave evidence of a well-developed technic connected with a thorough understanding of interpretation. Mr. Battle's touch is soft and sonorous, and in singing places his tone is flowery and intensive. We would like especially to mention his rendering of Mendelssohn's song without words in E maj., also the execution of Mozart's C minor phantasia, Chopin's B flat minor nocturne, Schumann's Aufschwung, and Liszt's Cantique d'amour, as deserving of praise."

December thirteenth—Mrs. Brennan thoughtfully and generously makes ample provision for the replenishing of the lamps that are to shed their glow on the Sacramental Throne of our Eucharistic King and on the Crib of the Infant Saviour. We would fain convey to the donor our grateful appreciation and the assurance of many prayerful mementoes before the Tabernacle.

December nineteenth—Before dispersing for the holidays, the following programme was charmingly rendered by the pupils:

Chorus, When the Christmas Bells Are Ring-
ing *Abt*
Piano Solo, Elegy.....*Nollet*
ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

Vocal Solo, Our Lady's Cradle Song.....*Pascal*
MARY BATTLE.

Piano Solo, Morceau*Wollenhaupt*
PHYLLIS LEATHERDALE.

Vocal Solo, Manger Cradle.....*Neidlinger*
FRANCES DANIELLS.

Recitation, Christ's Mother.....*Willis*
EDNA MCGUIRE.

Vocal Solo, Night of Nights,
.....*Beardsley Van de Water*
ELIZABETH MACSLOY.

Chorus, Jolly Winter*Vincent*

Piano Solo, Notturmo II.....*Liszt*
RITA TRACY.

Vocal Solo, Rose of Life.....*Slater-Bowles*
RITA SHEEDY.

Chorus, The Night Bells.....*Vincent*
Adeste Fideles.

December twentieth—And now the blessed Christmas-tide approaches, the feast of the Christ-child and of the children, whom He loves so well. Let no selfish thought o'ershadow our gift-making, or wasteful expenditure make parade, to the neglect of truer charity. Let our giving be in accordance with Christ's own spirit, on this day of days.

A New Year's greeting for all our friends—that of the sainted Bishop of Geneva. "A good and very holy year, all perfumed with the Name of Jesus. May no day of this year, or any year, or any day for many years to come, pass without being illumined by the blessings of this sacred

Name, from which radiates the fulness of all sweetness, the completion of all joy, the perfection of all that is most holy and beautiful."

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

Personals.

"I wish some one would paint a miniature of me."

"You're too big for a miniature."

"What was that terrible noise up-stairs early this morning?"

"I dremp' I was a duck, an' when I woke up I had swum off the bed."

"The spine is a bunch of bones that runs up and down the back and holds the ribs. The skull sits on one end an' I sit on the other."

"Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the Pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics."

"Ugh. Weren't you afraid some of them would get on you."

"The hydra was married to Henry VIII. When he cut her head off, another sprang right up."

"Didn't you hear me calling you?"

"Not till the third time."

"Life is full of trials."

"Yes, thank goodness."

"Why do you say that?"

"Papa is a lawyer."

"Yes, her husband died, and she's now known as the *late* Mrs. John Black."

"Did you ever hear of Juggernaut?"

"I've heard the name—a Frenchman, was he not?"

"Where's she now?"

"I don't know. She was in here a few moments ago, and I wished her a quick flight to immortality."

"Ah, Gladys, why have you never lived a symphony?"

Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher.

Is there one of those who, like Abou-ben-Adhem, pray to be registered in the Book of Life—as "one who loves his fellow-men"—who ever accomplishes one-half of what he or she would do? Bear in mind and heart that the Master made "what she could"—not what she wished she could do—the standard of fidelity to His will and His word. Let us be as patient with ourselves as we are with others.

The object of obtaining knowledge is not always clearly defined in the mind of the student. Some plod over their books night and day. For what? To obtain an education; they call it knowledge. But the design of this knowledge, or what they intend to do with their education, they can hardly surmise. They suppose, from the remarks of the learned and inexperienced, that it is of great use; and then, considering that great men are generally learned, they conclude that its principal design is to make one distinguished, and so they return to their studies with their ardor heightened by the prospect of fame when they shall have obtained a sufficient amount of knowledge.

The design of educating the mind and storing it with knowledge is merely to enlarge the sphere of one's influence, or to increase the capability of doing good. This is not only the right object, but the only one.

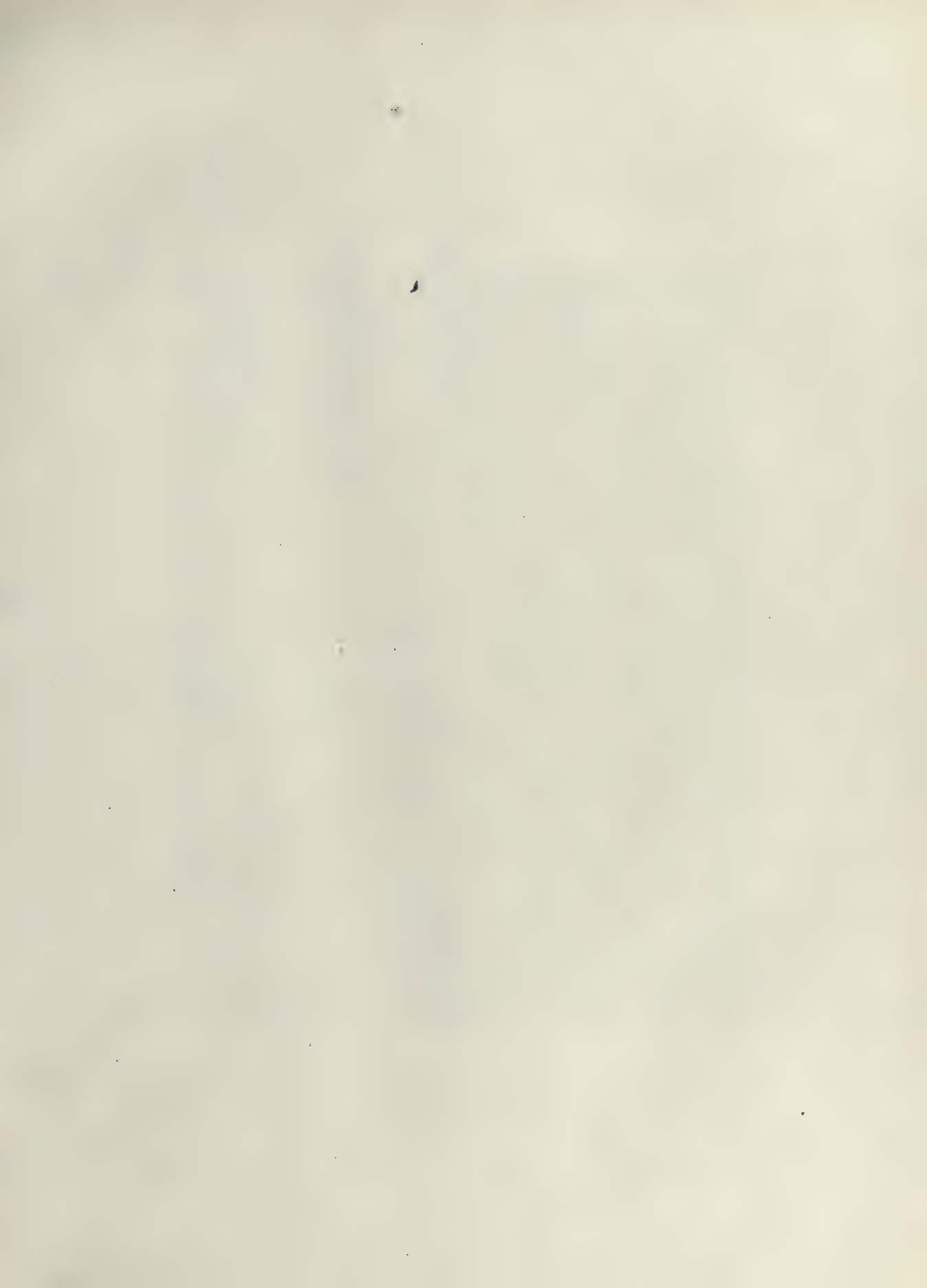
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"HE IS NOT HERE!"



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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APRIL, 1908.

No. 2.

Resurgam

(At the request of readers who desire to possess copies, the following poem, written some years ago, at Easter time, by the late James R. Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," is republished.)

Teach me, my God, to bear my cross,
As Thine was borne;
Teach me to make of every loss
A crown of thorn.
Give me Thy patience and Thy strength,
With every breath;
Until my lingering days at length
Shall welcome death.

Dear Jesus! I believe that Thou
Didst rise again.
Instil the spirit in me now
That conquers pain.
Give me the grace to cast aside
All vain desire.
All the fierce throbbing of a pride
That flames like fire.

Give me the calm that Dante wrought
From sensual din;
The peace that errant Wolsey sought
From stalwart sin.
I seek repose upon Thy breast,
With childlike prayer—
Oh, let me find the heavenly rest
And mercy there!

If I have, in rebellious ways,
Profaned my life;
If I have filled my daring days
With worldly strife;
If I have shunned the narrow path
In crime to fall—
Lead me from th' abode of wrath
And pardon all!

Banished from Thee! where shall I find
For my poor soul
A safe retreat from storms that blind
Or seas that roll?
Come to me, Christ, ere I, forlorn,
Sink 'neath the wave,
And on this blessed Easter morn
A lost one save!

The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its Foundation to its Secularization, 1626-1809.

BY REVEREND MOTHER ELIZABETH BLUME, GENERAL OF THE GERMAN BRANCH OF THE ENGLISH INSTITUTE.

COMMEMORATIVE OF HER GOLDEN JUBILEE.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXTENSION OF THE INSTITUTE UNDER THE FIRST THREE GENERALS, FROM 1626-1697.

Barbara Babthorpe in Belgium, Munich, and Rome.

Mary Poyntz in London, Hewarth and Paris. The Establishment of the Institute at Augsburg, 1662.

Katharine Dawson in Rome.

Foundation of the Institute in Burghausen, Bavaria, 1683.

Establishment of Houses of the Institute at Hammersmith, 1669, York, 1680, Micklegate Bar, 1686.

The chronicle of those early days makes frequent mention of a visiting General. It is plain that she did not remain permanently in one place, but occupied herself with the different foundations. Whenever it happened that a new Institute house was not firmly organized, either with regard to its inner workings or its plan of usefulness, this general directress was often obliged to go to Rome and there take up residence; otherwise each one took up her temporary abode in Munich, recognizing well what a grateful field of labor was open to them there.

The first two Generals were from the small, generous, and courageous English community, who first practised missionary work on the Continent.

Barbara Babthorpe belonged to the noble English family of that name—a family most true to the ancient faith, showing by its spirit of martyrdom that, while "It is good to be great, it is greater to be good."

She had matured into a strongly-virtuous woman. While severe to herself, she was unchanging in her goodness and kindness to others. This saintly Superior labored long in Belgium, going

at times to Munich, where she organized and strengthened the Institute house, and, occasionally, we hear of her in Rome.

So humble an opinion had she of her own powers that she tried several times to resign her office as General in order to spend the evening of her life in the practice of obedience. In the year 1653, this request was renewed with such earnestness that, in consideration of her weakened health, Mary Poyntz and other members travelled to Rome in order to hold the desired election. The travellers had not yet left the holy city for the return journey when they were called to the death-bed of their first General. The night before, she had received the last Sacraments, and, soon after, she breathed out her soul, April 23rd, 1654, in the 63rd. year of her life. On her tombstone are engraved the simple words: "She governed her Institute with great wisdom and mildness."

Mary Poyntz was of a noble English family of Derby. They owned the estate known as Iron Acton, not far from Bristol. She seemed to be destined for a brilliant place in the world, but God had prepared for her a better heritage and chosen her for great works of love in His own immediate service. In early youth she had consecrated to the Institute her valuable talents and rare spiritual strength.

In the archives of the Institute at Nymphenberg, is a very fine oil painting on worm-eaten canvas. It is the original portrait of the youthful gentlewoman, who has a history peculiar to herself. While she was still living in her father's home, a distinguished nobleman begged for her hand. However, she remained firm and unshaken in her resolution to embrace a religious life. After she had convinced him of this determination, he asked her for her portrait. At first she refused, but, reconsidering the matter, she had the above-mentioned oil painting done and sent to him. On one half is the face painted true to life, with the great dark and soulful eye and the high forehead, from which the hair is parted back, falling in a wealth to the shoulder. The other half of the face is like a death's-head, and a mere glance at it fills one with horror. She had fulfilled her design. The picture made such an impression on the young nobleman that he himself forsook the world and entered a religious

order. Following on this resolution, he must have returned to her this symbolical "Memento mori."

Mary Poyntz, so distinguished by her illuminating piety, by her unusual power for work and endurance, by her unswerving faithfulness to inspirations, was active in nearly all the foundations of that time; she was also with the little party of travellers who first entered Bavarian ground and witnessed the establishment of the Munich house.

In 1639, she returned to London with Mary Ward and Winefrid Wigmore. Their house there appears to have been near the residence of the French Ambassador, or Somerset house, the private property of Queen Henriette Marie of Bourbon. However that may be, it is evident that it soon became a rendezvous for Catholics of every position and rank, who intrusted to these noble and pious ladies the upbringing and education of their children. However, since the political horizon became ever more darkened, gloomy insurrections following fast the one upon the other, and the fate of Catholics growing always more unfortunate, the little Community left London, May 1st., 1642, to seek a safer home under the protection of the Queen of Heaven. They turned their faces towards Cleveland in Yorkshire, which district was a safe seclusion, and from there they moved to Hewarth, in 1644. There Mary Ward finished her zealous life with a peaceful death, on the 30th. of January, 1645.

Mary Poyntz directed the English Community, but, in the year 1650, she and her Community bade a sad farewell to their unhappy fatherland, which, at that time, was given over to all the intrigues of anarchy; and founded through the generous support of the powerful and pious Marquis of Worcester a house at Paris, which existed happily until 1703. Among the first members of the Paris Community were Winefrid Wigmore and Katharine Smith. Among the pupils in the flourishing boarding-school in Paris, were several highly-gifted girls who, later on, joined the Institute. They were distinguished for their virtues, and, later on, became foundresses of homes of the Institute, which exist to this day. Among them were Helena Twing, Elizabeth de Rantienne, Katharine Hamilton and Helena Catesby. When the Jansenists at Port Royal,

near Paris, were increasing in numbers, and the Jansenistic heresy was already beginning to ripen its unhappy fruits, the English Ladies considered it wise, even if a great loss, to forsake this scene of their labor.

And the London house? The English Ladies had managed to maintain in London itself a small establishment during the whole time of that political confusion which reigned between the departure of Mary Ward and her Community from the capital for Yorkshire, 1642, and the return of King Charles II., 1660. During the reign of the latter—1660-1685—they rejoiced in the protection of Queen Katharine of Portugal, and in the good will of the pious consort of the Duke of York, Mary Beatrice d'Este. When she became queen, in 1685, she used her power to give them substantial proofs of her appreciation of their work by presenting them with what they had not owned before, a beautiful and spacious house in Whitefriars' Street. This she purchased out of her private purse, while the king, at her request, assured to them a yearly income. Here many schools were opened, which numbered as many as three hundred children. Queen Mary Beatrice took a personal interest in this foundation and in the individual members of the Community. They all wore openly the dress which had been chosen as that of the Institute. The Queen provided for all necessities and made with her own hands the white collars and cuffs for the members, and, to this end, she had brought from Holland the finest and best linen—in those days a very costly material.

Suddenly these days of unusual good fortune came to an end in consequence of the revolution of 1688, when James II. fled to France. The house on Whitefriars' Street was forcibly taken possession of by a Protestant mob, and the English Ladies had to take refuge in the house of the French Ambassador, where they had previously sent the most valuable of their house and church furniture. During the insurrection, the Ambassador's house was burnt and so the property hidden there became a prey to the flames. Some members of this Community went to Hammer-smith, where Mother Frances Bedingfield lived; and some to Paris. The house that had been set apart for them by the Queen was lost to them, and every effort to regain possession of it, or to

make any other foundation in London, failed for that time.

When Mary Poyntz journeyed to Rome, 1653, she went from Paris to Munich, leaving in this latter city a number of her pupils, and, among them, were Katharine Hamilton, afterwards the Superior of the Augsburg house; and Helena Catesby, the first Superior at Burghausen. During the first years of her office as General Superior, she applied herself to completing the work already established, and to confirming the separate members in the spirit of their calling. It appears that she resided chiefly in Munich. From there she undertook, in the year 1662, the foundation of a house in the, at that time, Imperial City of Augsburg, as the second house in the present Kingdom of Bavaria. In this house she not only cared for the whole Community, but also guided the novices, and there she died a holy death, at the age of seventy-four, on the 30th. of September, 1667.

Katharine Dawson, a member of the Institute house in Rome, at that time assistant in Munich, succeeded her as Superior General. During her thirty years of office she remained in Rome. To have the Institute classed among the approved Congregations of the Church, was the one idea and aim of all her striving. With this thought she presented a humble petition to his Holiness Pope Innocent XII. But, according to the plan of a providential foresight, the special moment had not come. She died, on the 10th. of February, 1697, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. The wish of her heart was not to be fulfilled until the reign of her successor. During the administration of Katharine Dawson, was founded the Institute house at Burghausen, in the year 1683, the third in Bavaria, where she sent as first Superior, Helena Catesby. She also executed the great thought that Mary Poyntz had worked upon, namely: the erection of two Institute houses on the native soil—Hammersmith and York. For over a hundred years they were the only religious houses in England. This was not an easy mission, the times still being perilous for Catholic work. But these patriotic women, strong in faith, were drawn to their fatherland by the faintest gleam of hope, full of courage and decided, as far as their position would allow, to bring back to the Mother of God the kingdom

which had been called Mary's dowry, in the better days of Catholic loyalty.

Frances Bedingfield applied herself to the work which obedience laid upon her, with an unbounded confidence in God. Of the deeply-religious and noble family of Bedingfield, in Suffolk, which had given ten daughters to the cloister, she had gone while still in early youth to Munich, and there, following the example of her two elder sisters, Mary and Winefrid, had entered the Institute, in 1630. She made her vows on the birthday of the Blessed Virgin, September 8, 1633, at St. Mary Major, in Rome. Later she was sent to Paris; in 1669 she went from there on a journey to England. Mary Portington, from the Munich house, Christina Hastings and Isabel Layton, from the Augsburg house, accompanied her.

A benefactor, Sir Thomas Gascoigne, had a house in view for them. But, upon their arrival, it happened that his friends had interfered and seized the money set aside for the foundation. Though without means, but with unswerving trust in the Providence of God, Frances Bedingfield left London to secure a house in the not-far-distant Hammersmith. With courage and patience and supported by the great self-sacrifice of her faithful companion, Isabel Layton, the foundation was successfully established there. During the days that followed, Mother Bedingfield rejoiced in the help and protection of Queen Katharine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., who often withdrew from the distractions of Court life to enjoy the society of the pious English Ladies. She possessed a small property in Hammersmith, which she finally made over to them.

Later, when Frances Bedingfield was busy with the foundation of the house in York, she left Cecilia Cornwallis as Superior at Hammersmith, 1672-1715. Four others followed her, the last, Marcella Dillon, in 1782. This affiliation flourished many years, but its later history shows nothing but misfortune. The annals tell the sadly-significant event that, in the year 1778, on the occasion of the Gordon Riots against the Catholics, under George III., Bishop Talbot was saved only by concealing himself in Hammersmith. The Community there died out because they allowed themselves to be persuaded to separate from the central Institute in Munich. After

the house had been given over to the Benedictines, from Dunkirk, it came later still into the possession of the bishop of the diocese, and was pulled down in order to give place to the fine seminary of St. Thomas, which building was afterwards purchased by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and formed into a boarding-school.

On the other hand, the Institute house at York, founded by Frances Bedingfield, through the generous support of Sir Thomas Gascoigne, had a permanent existence. As early as 1678, an attempt was made to establish a house in York. After the first years had passed in continuous persecution and frequent change of dwelling, Mother Bedingfield bought, on November 5, 1686, the house and grounds at Micklegate Bar in York. Since those far-away days, this foundation has continued to exist, enduring good, as well as bad, times. "The Convent of the Bar" was regarded as a holy retreat, in whose shelter the Catholic daughters of illustrious families were brought up and educated. If their descendants are to-day, as faithful Catholics, an ornament to England, they are indebted not a little to those brave women who, at the risk of their lives and the sacrifice of their property, made for them in those perilous days a peaceful shelter.

The activity of the English Ladies in their fatherland, as they cleverly and quietly carried on their occupations, was accompanied by results so great and so far-reaching that they could not escape the attention of persecuting forces. No wonder if the "Ladies of the Bar" found themselves more than once among the prisoners in York Castle. The annals of the Institute relate sufficiently of house-searching. Frances Bedingfield was imprisoned three times, one of these times at Ousebridge, which she herself calls "a horrible place." In order to appreciate better the sufferings and privations of these heroic ladies, we must remember that most were of noble birth and therefore enjoyed a most tender and careful upbringing.

In the year 1696, a fanatical mob attacked the convent. Mother Bedingfield, as ever strong in faith, commended herself and her household to the powerful protection of divine Providence and fastened over the entrance a picture of St. Michael, begging that this heavenly prince might take the house under his heroic care. Outside

raged the mob, within the powerful and holy places round about the tabernacle, knelt the besieged, united in fervent prayer.

Mother Bedingfield, with trembling hands and tears in her eyes, set about hiding the consecrated Host, safely wrapped up, on her own heart, as was allowed by the Church in those times of persecution. She sighed heavily and said, "My God, save Thyself, we cannot save Thee." Suddenly, the noise and tumult ceased. The mob dispersed and was lost to their sight, and the house was saved.

And yet more wonderful! The Protestant inmates of a building opposite asserted that, at the critical moment of the attack, over the house was seen a rider on a white horse with a drawn sword. "Behold Michael one of the chief Princes came to help me and I remained there." Dan. 10, 13.

The happy Superior and her Community knew how to be grateful for such a visible sign of a higher protection. Thenceforward, Mother Bedingfield and her Community celebrated the feast of St. Michael in a worthy manner, with both vigil and octave. Faithful to her example, her spiritual daughters observe the custom, even to the present day.

A few years after this event, Mother Bedingfield was called to Munich by the Superior General, Anna Barbara Babthorpe, in order to take the position of local Superior at this mother house, which position had been made vacant by her own election as chief. With humility worthy of wonder, she left the scene of her labors in her native land—labors that had become dear through sacrifice, and undertook, at the advanced age of eighty-three, the long and wearisome journey to Munich, which she reached in June, 1699, and soon afterwards, May 4th., 1703, rich in years as in service, she ended her life with a holy death.

Frances Bedingfield was highly endowed with spiritual gifts, an all-sided cultured lady, who, besides a superior education, had received instruction in Greek, Hebrew, and Astronomy. In the annals, she is called "The prudently-holy foundress of York"—in whom most surely has been verified the comforting words, "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for righteousness' sake for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Matt. 5, 10.

Dorothea Bedingsfield had now to undertake the direction of the sorrowing Community at York. She was niece of the most worthy foundress, and had shared with her the imprisonment at Ouse-bridge jail. She had also inherited a high degree of her tried virtue, and followed her into eternity, after thirty years of activity, October 20, 1734.

In the year 1765, the building of a new and larger chapel was begun. The picture of the Sacred Heart placed in it was the first openly honored in England. A year afterwards and the old convent was torn down and a new one built, where a picture of St. Michael was placed high over the entrance,—as once in the olden days so in our own, is this heavenly Prince the guardian and patron of their house, and *Quis ut Deus* their device.

After the Orange laws had gradually paved the way for religious toleration, the English Ladies ventured to put on their religious dress. That was in the year 1790—a joyful event for the little Community, and wonderful for the good citizens of York, who had supported “The Ladies of the Bar” so frequently and with such sacrifices in times of need, and honored them with such gratitude, without suspecting that they were nuns in their midst.

The later history of the still-prosperous convent at York will find further mention in its proper place.

The talent of Success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

The Christian’s ideal is not like the mirage of the desert which, far away, over the hot sands, seems to lift itself in beauty and with full promise of refreshment, only bitterly to disappoint the thirsting traveller when he, at last, at top speed, reaches the spot where the tantalizing vision stood. For he who yields himself to the ideals of the Cross, taken willing captive by the perfections of Jesus, the great Exemplar, will find that, as life lengthens out toward the shadows of the sundown, his soul will robe itself in increasing whiteness, his heart will be tuneful with the new songs of hope, and his sympathies will come to be more with things as they are, and less with things as they seem.

Island Reberies.

“He who thro’ vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied beings people every star,—
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are !”

THE present world-wide, feverish unrest of the nations, Christian and non-Christian, is food for wonder, amazement and fear. There is neither that peace on earth nor that good will among men, which is coeval with Christianity and inseparable from it.

Christianity now is no longer national; it is only individual.

Christian nations, fast following bad example, are one by one setting up the worship of Mammon and self, and the God of Christianity, who is a jealous God, is depriving them of the last consciousness of peace.

Non-Christian nations are bestirring themselves not to resist the easy yoke of Christ, but to throw off the tyranny of the so-called Christian nations, who themselves are no longer Christian and free, but degenerate and enslaved.

Significant signs of the times are these—that France, the oldest daughter of Christ’s Church, is banishing Christ from that unhappy land; and a Jew, a crucifier of Christ, is Mayor of Rome, the Eternal City!

This is a horrifying situation when we consider that every thought, word, and deed makes for or against Christianity, and our eternal salvation.

Well may heathen nations ridicule this culmination of nineteen centuries of Christianity in Rome, the heart, the pulse of Christendom. Why should they respect so-called Christianity? They know there is nothing in it but the name.

They are neck to neck with the modern “progress” which is the modern Christianity which actuates Christians seven days of the week, and accompanies them in full dress to church on Sundays.

The French degenerates are to be admired for one thing—their sincerity. They shut up the churches, and make no pretension to the Christianity they have lost. They do nothing by halves! But when death and judgment cut short the career of these apostates, how pathetic it is to see

their faithful Christian wives and daughters begging a Christian burial for the remains that one day will join the soul in a foredoomed eternity.

Verily, a century of persecution is upon the faithful! It means a renewal and strengthening of the spiritual life. Christian "Modernism," or "progress," exists in the interests of the body, not the soul, of our temporal, and not of our spiritual welfare.

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To the East, whence came our ancestry and Christianity, we may in all security accompany the great battleship squadron which will impress the old world, especially the presumptuous little brown men of Japan, with the magnificent strength and dignity of the United States of America. Uncle Sam will not forget that he acted as schoolmaster to the Mikado in the art of warfare; and he still feels himself master of the situation. If the Japs wish to fight, the Americans are ready.

The United States fleet is commanded by the able Roblin Evans, who distinguished himself in the Cuban war against Spain.

What is the spirit of Peace? What is the spirit of War? The spirit of Peace is embodied in the commission given Christopher Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, to take possession of unknown lands "In the name of God, the Holy Trinity," etc., etc., and with a view to the conversion of the natives to Christianity. The sublime old document, carefully preserved for four centuries, was lent by Spain to the United States for the Columbian Exposition of 1893.

Above the hallowed document was placed the notice, "Gentlemen are requested to read this Commission with heads uncovered."

The spirit of War animated this same Roblin Evans when, at the destroying of Admiral Cervera's fleet, he was signalled: "Where is the 'Cristobol Colon'?"—the "Christopher Columbus"—and he answered: "We are giving her hell." Plain words, but fact! Yes, hell to the last symbol of Columbus in America, however blood-curdling it may have been to those of us who were not there to fight on the winning side.

Warfare, unless in patriotic defence of country, and the sanctity of hearth and home, soon degenerates the Christian to the condition of the unbaptized savage.

Canada, per se, has on her conscience only the horrors of the Northwest rebellion of 1885, with all that it involved. Our Empire, in common with the other great powers, has a long list of sanguinary sins.

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That the God of battles allowed the utter defeat and humiliation of the Christian Russia the monster, by the non-Christian Japan the pigmy, causes us to reflect upon the savage atrocities perpetrated in the heart of Russia upon Jewish men, women and children. God is still the heavenly Father of his once "chosen," and still beloved, unhappy people.

As the world stands to-day, Japan has at least as much Christianity to boast of as some of the nations who fear the "yellow peril." The Russian Jews have experienced the fact that nothing can be worse than the *white* peril! Why should we fear Japan's "progress" and "modernism" more than our own?

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Japan's success in resisting the threatened yoke of Russia has put to the blush all the pride and vanity of the bejewelled, gold-encased, British-serving Maharajahs of India. The people of India now say to themselves, "We are ashamed to serve. Why have we served? We will not serve!" They have asked home rule such as we have in Canada; and their request has not been granted. We know that their loyalty to Britain cannot be trusted. From their standpoint they have good reason to complain: they are a highly intellectual people; and no better soldiers are at the command of the Empire.

That Great Britain has conquered and has held India, is a tribute to military prowess, soldier courage, and British statesmanship.

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That the members of the Boer parliament are watching with satisfied interest the unrest in India, is cause for wonder, apart from the fact that they naturally enjoy the sight of any resentment of British supremacy: the British declined the aid of the Maharajah's Indian troops in the Boer war, as they did the offer of a contingent of our loyal North American Indians.

And the Boers cannot make common cause with the rebellious Zulus; for the war-cry of the latter is, "Africa for the Blacks"!

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Leaving British India, where, doubtless, the favorite motto is, "Asia for the Asiatics," we have but a short journey to more unrest, in the ancient kingdom of Persia. Poetic "Iran" is dear to all lovers of song and story; so high-class news from Persia is always interesting.

Cyrus the Great, King of ancient Persia, born 600, B. C., immortalized by sacred and profane history, whose name and career were foretold by the prophet Isaiah, although he was not a true believer, will always stand among the first of royal heroes.

Putting aside his liberation of God's chosen people from Babylonian captivity, and his rebuilding of the Temple of the Lord at Jerusalem—what he was to his people, what his people were to him, and what the result of these conditions and circumstances, will always be recalled by way of comparison when existing Persian affairs, involving prince and people, are under consideration.

Persia was granted constitutional government a year ago; despite that fact, the King or Shah of Persia, claims his right, as vicegerent of Mohammed, to overrule any civil law not agreeable to him. His tyrannical claims are disputed by the Mohammedan priests and the descendants of Mohammed; therefore, there is a movement on foot to dethrone him.

The Mohammedanism of the Shah and eight-ninths of his nine million subjects cannot favorably compare in results with the "fire-worship" of Cyrus and his ancient Persians. Mohammedanism is the religion of the sword, and always suggests the Turk and his undying cruelty.

Persia has become intolerant of the yoke of Russia; and Japan's triumph over that great power, and the revolution within Russia, have been additional factors of the Persian unrest.

The newspapers introduce us to the Shah in his gigantic jewelled crown, and gem-encrusted coronation robes. In spirit we are again in the land of the incomparable Moore's incomparable "Lalla Rookh"; and we sigh for "the bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream."

Those of us who are too philosophic to sigh for the "roses" may pass on to the Valley of Bagdad, and placidly invite the enchantment of Addison's "Vision of Mirza."

The pictured camel artillery of Persia recalls the camelry of Cyrus; also the cavalry which, before his time, had no place in the Persian army.

At the great battle of Thymbrae, fought between Cyrus and Croesus, King of Lydia, and which was to decide the empire of Asia between the Assyrians of Babylon and the Persians, the victor Cyrus unexpectedly hurried forward his camel corps to meet the enemy's cavalry, with the result that the horses, rendered frantic by the obnoxious smell of the camels, instantly put that part of the army of Croesus into the utmost disorder.

Xenophon, the famous leader of "the retreat of the ten thousand," served in the Persian army under the younger Cyrus. His "Cyropaedia" may be called a loving narrative of the life of Cyrus the Great; consequently, we take the testimony of Xenophon as the final word, and in preference to that of Herodotus, especially on any point where the historians differ.

Persia, when Cyrus came to the throne, was a small state. After his conquest of Asia and of Egypt, Persia proper extended from the River Tigris, on the west, to the Indus, on the east, and from the Caspian Sea, on the north, to the ocean, on the south. Within the borders of British India is a slice of ancient Persia; and the highly-intellectual Parsees of India are descendants of the ancient Persians, and still cherish the religion and the gods of Cyrus.

What wonderment and awe fills the mind when we dwell upon the thought that Cyrus the fire-worshipper was the Lord's avenger, was the right arm of the one true God, in the destroying of Babylon.

Babylon and her kings were proud and impious; but they invited the wrath of God principally by their cruelty to the captive Jews.

God permitted his chosen, but erring, people to be taken and to be kept seventy years in captivity to punish, to humble, and to save them. Babylonian cruelty tended to destroy them.

What of Russia's cruelty to the Jews? What of the numerous massacres, such as that of Kishineff? Ah, Russia has been whipped and utterly

humiliated by the little brown men of Japan; and, judging by the number of daily assassinations, it looks as if Russia is doomed to be annihilated by Russians.

Could Cyrus, the Lord's avenger of the Jews, come back but to behold a detachment of Cossacks—Russia's whips—billeted in the barracks of Teheran, his country's capital, he would ask to be instrumental in the doom of Russia, as he was in that of Babylon!

How peculiarly interesting to the Christian lover of history is the fact that sacred and profane history meet and proceed side by side in the life of Cyrus! Herodotus is eloquent; Xenophon is able, and his "Cyropaedia" is a labor of love; but both fall far short of the inspired eloquence of Holy Writ.

What sublime pathos in these lines!—"Thus saith the Lord to His anointed, to Cyrus whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the lions of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates, and the gates shall not be shut. I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight. I will break in pieces the gates of brass and cut asunder the bars of iron. And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I the Lord who call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel. For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name; I have surnamed thee though thou hast not known Me." Isa. xiv.

After the destruction of Babylon, Cyrus, when introducing law and order into the conquered territory, advanced Daniel the Prophet to many places of honor. *Then* was Daniel free to show the generous conqueror the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah.

Then was issued the famous "Edict of Cyrus," whereby the Jews were permitted to return to Jerusalem.

How fascinating are the words that once thrilled with joy the hearts of the homesick Israelites!—

"In the first year of Cyrus, King of the Persians, that the word of the Lord might be accomplished, that he had promised by the mouth of Jeremy, the Lord raised up the spirit of Cyrus,

King of the Persians; and he made proclamation through all his kingdom, and also by writing, saying: Thus saith Cyrus, King of the Persians, —The Lord of Israel, the most high Lord, hath made me king of the whole world, and commanded me to build Him a house at Jerusalem in Jewry. If, therefore, there be any of you that are of His people, let the Lord, even his Lord be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem that is in Judea, and build the house of the Lord of Israel; for He is the Lord that dwelleth in Jerusalem. Whosoever then dwelleth in the places about, let them help him (those I say that are his neighbors) with gold and with silver; with gifts, with horses, and with cattle, and with other things, which have been set forth by vow for the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem." 1 Esdras II., 1-7.

Cyrus restored at the same time to the Jews all the vessels of the Temple of the Lord, which Nebuchodonosor had brought from Jerusalem and placed in the temple of his god, Baal. Shortly after the publication of the Edict, the Jews departed under the conduct of Zerobabel to return to their own country.

How touching is the gratitude of Cyrus to "The Lord of Israel, the most high Lord, who had made him king of the whole world!" And this gratitude to the god "he had not known," and never was to know! The gratitude of Christian kings and peoples sinks into insignificance beside that of the benighted, yet noble, fire-worshipper!

Cyrus is described as handsome in person, generous of heart, and noble of mind. He was a good son, a faithful husband and a kind father; he was equally beloved by his own natural subjects and by those of the conquered nations. The sublime hour of his life,—that of his death—is intensely interesting.

When this great soul perceived that death drew nigh, he ordered his children and the chief officers of the state to be assembled around him; and, having thanked the gods for all their favors towards him throughout the course of his life, and implored the like protection for his children, his country and his friends, he declared his eldest son, Cambyzes, his successor, and left the other, whose name was Tanaoxares, several important governments. He gave them both excellent in-

structions, by representing to them that the main strength and support of the throne was neither the vast extent of countries, nor the number of forces, nor immense riches; but a due respect for the gods, a good understanding between brethren, and the art of acquiring and retaining true and faithful friends. "I implore you, therefore, my dear children," said he, "in the name of the gods, to respect and love one another, if you would cherish any desire to please me for the future,—for I do not think you will esteem me to be no longer anything, because you will not see me after my death. You never saw my soul to this instant; you must have known, however, by its actions, that it really existed. Do you believe that honors would still be paid to those whose bodies are now but ashes, if their souls had no longer any being or power? No, no, my sons, I could never imagine that the soul lived only when in a mortal body, and died when separated from it. But if I mistake, and nothing of me shall remain after death, at least, fear the gods, who never die, who see all things, and whose power is infinite. Fear them, and let that fear prevent you from ever doing, or deliberating to do anything contrary to religion and justice. Next to them, fear mankind and the ages to come. The gods have not buried you in obscurity, but have exposed you upon this great theatre to the view of the whole universe. If your actions be guiltless and upright, be assured they will augment your glory and power. For my body, my sons, when life has forsaken it, enclose it neither in gold nor silver, nor in any other matter whatsoever. *Restore it immediately to the earth!* Can it be more happy than in being blended, and in a manner incorporated with the benefactress and common mother of mankind?"

After having given his hand to be kissed by all that were present, finding himself at the point of death he added these last words: "Adieu, dear children; may your lives be happy; carry my last remembrance to your mother. And for you, my faithful friends, the absent as well as the present, receive this last farewell, and may you live in peace."

Thus died the great Cyrus, pathetically groping for the light which has been freely bestowed upon Christian rulers and peoples, only—in many cases—to be despised and ignored.

The religion of Cyrus—such as it was—entered into every thought, word and action of his day; entered into every law that governed his intercourse with other nations, into every law that comprised the admirable code of ancient Persia, and into every law that governed home life. The children of Persia were carefully guarded, and instructed from the cradle. Why then, it may be asked, was his son and successor, Cambyses, distinguished for his atrocities? Ah, when Cambyses forgot his kind-hearted father's instructions, he had not the Sacraments of Christianity—Penance and Holy Communion—to cleanse his soul, to revivify his heart and to vitally support him through temptation. Yet, Cambyses was as much of the Christian as is the so-called Christian who does not practise his religion. Can the unbaptized child of so-called, but degenerate, Christians, have any more claim to Christianity than Cyrus or Cambyses?

And now Persia, the beloved country of the liberator Cyrus, is to be the battle-ground of the tyrant-nations, Turkey and Russia; and the prize of the victor.

That Turkey, the destroyer of Christian and Jew,—has for centuries been permitted to hold place among the nations of Europe, is a disgrace to Christendom. Mahomet holds the balance of power, and not Jesus Christ!

Russia's poor figureheads of royalty, self-imprisoned within their gloomy palaces, are more terrified for their lives than are the Jews within that miserable country's borders. Queen Victoria made a cruel mistake when she chose for her now-pining granddaughter the "barbaric gems and gold" of the guilty throne of Russia, the modern Babylon.

Roumania has had a year of internal strife, threatening to its monarchy.

In Christendom a want of fidelity to Christian law among princes and peoples, has brought forth a generation of viper socialists and anarchists. Strange as it may at first sight appear, these socialists and anarchists join their *raison d'être*, the representatives of Mammon, in a confederacy, not of love but of hatred, capture the governments of Christian countries, cut loose the ship

of state from the moorings of Christianity, and then proceed to enjoy their piratical spoil, with Satan at the helm.

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The Christian King, Victor Emmanuel, fired with unholy ambition, accepted the proffered hand of the immoral, vile, God-mocking Garibaldi, whose soul with sin was scarlet as his shirt! They wrested from Jesus Christ, the King of Kings, his one little corner of the earth—the Papal States. To-day the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel's grandson, finds that his hope and that of his people is to array himself on the side of the Vicar of Jesus Christ against the satanic representatives of the Garbaldian cult, who have turned to rend him.

Although all the Popes, following the example of their divine Master, have befriended the Jews, and although the first Jew—Pereoni—ever so distinguished by Christendom, was ennobled by Pope Leo XI., it is a lamentable sign of Mammon's ascendancy when Ernest Nathan, an English Jew, is voted Mayor of Rome. True, the Christian, respectable Roman citizens stayed away from the corrupted polls; but oh, the pity of it all!

A Jew the elected citizen of Rome means that the coming of Jesus Christ, his life, his teaching, the establishing of his Church, his death, is now to count for naught!

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The avowed-infidel French have worthy foes in the infidel Moors of Morocco.

The latest home barbarity perpetrated by the cowardly government of France, is the expulsion of the Augustinian "Hôtel Dieu" nuns from the hospitals of Paris, in which they have labored for twelve hundred years! Exiled from their beloved France, scattered and seeking employment in the four corners of the earth, these nuns are followed by the blessings and prayers of thousands of French men and women, whose dying pillows they smoothed and soothed, and who, for twelve hundred years, have been carrying their petitions before the Great White Throne.

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The latest triumph of Satan's confederates is the assassination of King Carlos and the Crown

Prince Luiz of Portugal. Satan revelled in the scene of disorder which Portugal offered. There were the two parliamentary parties accusing each other of "graft"—as ours in Canada have done—and as figures proved with good reason; whereupon the well-meaning King Carlos gave Dictator-powers to the able, and incorruptible premier, Senhor Franco, whose corrective, stringent measures were an excuse for revolutionary ferment, and the opportunity of the anarchist murderers of the King and Crown Prince.

Senhor Franco, the true patriot, explains the situation masterfully when he says that "the murderers of the King represent neither part nor party of the Portuguese people; they represent only themselves—the enemies of all law and order." These cowardly socialists, anarchists, republicans, or whatever they choose to call themselves, are the product of the times. In them we see embodied the separation of Church and State, of body and soul.

When the Portuguese royal family started on that fatal Saturday for their last drive together, they were unwittingly putting royalty on trial before the world! The Dictator, Senhor Franco, had met them and warned the King of danger, advising him to return to the palace accompanied by a military escort; the King's anxious mother, the dowager Queen Maria Pia, had telephoned her son, imploring him to take suggested precautions. The right kingly King Carlos firmly declined to face his people with a military force; and his dear ones, whose lives he endangered with his own, were courageous as he.

Off they started armed with a bouquet, presented to the Queen, Marie Amélie!

Now come in contact the patrician and the plebeian, the noble and the ignoble, the Christian and the degenerate.

Who could, who would, try to paint the horrors of that moment when the devoted family were suddenly engulfed in that inferno of horror and death! When demons were destroying her brave husband and sons, before attempting her life, Marie Amélie, the worthy daughter of Charlemagne and his race of kings, neither swooned nor betrayed aught of fear, but struggled to shield the King and the Crown Prince with her body and her outspread cloak; and all the while trying to fight off the assassins by dashing her bou-

quet in their faces. One by one the roses fell, bearing from her to the ground the beauty and hope of life, and pointing her agonized flight in a trail of reddest heart-tears. She saw the assassin who had killed her son take deliberate aim at her and she thought her last hour had come; but in that moment he himself was struck down, and the poor Queen spared to weep over her dead, her dying, and her wounded.

* * * * *

From the cradle, the children of royalty are taught to live their lives alone. When they meet with the usual accidents incidental to childhood, they do not run to parents for sympathy and caress; but are taught the heroism of endurance. That they are well schooled in this respect tides them over many later trials and misfortunes; and gives dignity, as well, to the individual man or woman.

* * * * *

King Edward, as his august mother, our beloved Queen Victoria, always does the royal and magnanimous thing when occasion calls.

With what thrills of pride we learned that Britain, mistress of the seas, had hurried her Atlantic fleet south from Vigo, and her Mediterranean fleet north from Gibraltar, to the assistance of Queen Amélie and the boy-king, Manuel II.!

The Emperor of Germany follows his uncle closely in the courtesies of respectability.

What most helped the sorrowing little boy-king to bear up on the day of his father and his brother's funeral, were the letters from King Edward and Emperor William, placed in his hands by the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Eitel Frederick.

* * * * *

Among the nations, the prestige maintained by Britain is that conceded to—dignity. Britons take themselves seriously as did the ancient Romans, whose blood and traditional pride still asserts itself in Albion.

The best type of Englishman bears the Roman physiognomy and features; then, need we wonder that Britons have a consuming passion for out-door sports, and the conquest of empire!

It is to be hoped that the pride and luxury of success may not, as in the case of the Romans,

compass the ruin and downfall of the greatest nation of the present age. Religion and self-sacrifice are the only security from these foes within the stronghold; and this, England has learned from an undesirable experience of four hundred years.

Four centuries ago, there was not a pauper in England; not an unsightly house in the city of London.

Then the King went wrong,—gradually but surely,—to become a sensualist and wife-killer. He would not obey Religion, so sought to make Religion obey him, by deifying himself as "Supreme Head of the Church."

In the name of God the impious "Bluebeard" dissolved the monasteries, appropriated their lands, which had been the support of the poor, and filled the jails with these hated, helpless subjects, and their equally helpless benefactors. This régime bore worthy, perfected fruit, one hundred years later, when barbaric degeneracy had descended to all classes. Then arose, still in the name of God, not a "Supreme Head," but a "Protector." This protector did not bother with his wife's head; there was a royal head which offered better sport,—so off it came!

Here was a king-hater, or rather, a hater of everything that pertained to royalty of thought, word, action, and person.

Bluebeard had torn down all that represented God, leaving only to his people so much of the divine as they could worship in himself!

As if by provoked judgment, the Protector first turned upon royalty; after having beheaded the living king, he entered the abodes of dead royalities,—and robbed the senseless clay of everything that could be sold for a shilling!

Whatever may be said for or against the events of that century, there is one mute and pathetic witness which, putting aside thousands of others, tells to the whole world the humiliating story. This witness is the tomb of our noble young hero—King Henry V., the victor of Agincourt, the *King of France*. How proudly, albeit mournfully, worthy Englishmen had, in 1521, laid the hero to rest, with becoming solemnity and magnificence!

The close of the century of degradation saw not only God's temple, Westminster Abbey, profaned, and its tombs ransacked, but the very



effigy on his tomb, representing Henry V., despoiled of its head for the few pounds of silver and the silver plating of the shield, and the body, torn away and stolen! Now a denuded wooden trunk, still recumbent on the tomb, draws tears of shame to the beholder's eyes; and a glance to the beam above, upon which rests the saddle and helmet of the hero, fills the heart with vain feelings of anger and revenge.

The atrocities perpetrated in Ireland—the Jewry of Britain—by both Bluebeard and Protector, are not out-paralleled in history.

“Bluff King Hal” has no more a champion; and the “pious Protector” is now so well known, that, at a recent preparation, in England, for a pageant, only one man would offer to personate him.

Edward VII. is a king and ruler in the best and fullest sense of the term; it was not in vain that he spent many years in the school of his royal mother, one of the wisest and best of Sovereigns.

England—the head and heart of the Empire—is to-day quietly, earnestly,—I may say, prayerfully—reclaiming the true glories of her past; she is restoring the battered, desecrated temples, erected by our forefathers, a thousand years ago, to the honor and glory of God.

England is fast regaining her old measure of faith: if we love and trust God, with an active faith, neither as a nation nor as individuals need we fear the future of this restless, irreverent, sanguinary century.

IDRIS.

The deepest thoughts are always tranquilizing; the greatest minds are always full of calm; the richest lives have always at heart an unshaken repose.

A society to encourage the mending of our ways in speech—without cultivating pedantic and self-conscious habits, which are worse than the use of slang and bad syntax—would be an admirable substitute for bridge-whist parties, and it would add to the charm of many ladies who have more time than culture. But the best societies for the cultivation of good speech are those organizations that we call families; for most of the habits that we learn are learned in them.

The Visit of Queen Victoria of Spain to Loretto Convent, Castilleja de la Cuesta, Seville, February 7, 1908.

AN event of more than usual interest has occurred, of which, I know, you will wish to have an account.

The King Don Alfonso with Queen Victoria and the Prince of Asturias came to Seville to spend the month of February, as the climate is then rather severe in Madrid. They arrived on the twenty-seventh of January, and were received with great enthusiasm. They went immediately to the Cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung, and thence to the Alcazar—a magnificent palace, built on the ruins of the Roman Praetorium, begun in the time of Pedro the Cruel, and which suffered many vicissitudes. It was restored in 1857, on the model of the Alhambra, and, in many respects, it rivals its famous prototype.

One of the Damas of the Queen, the Condesa de Casa Galinda, is aunt to one of our pupils, and she suggested to Her Majesty to call at Castilleja in the course of one of her drives. The Queen very graciously acquiesced, saying she would give two days' notice of her visit. You may imagine our dismay when, at 9.30, on the seventh, a note came to say that the Queen would be at the convent at 3.30 p. m.!

The Children of Mary were immediately notified, as many of them intended to perform some of the national dances, in costume; and every one in the house helped to decorate the patio and the entrance.

At three o'clock, everything was as perfectly arranged as if there had been a week's notification. The patio was exquisitely garlanded with pimienta plant, which lends itself admirably to light and picturesque decoration.

At 3.30, the bells of the village rang out. The ladies of Seville assembled, and it was certainly a brilliant scene when the Queen's motor drew up. A carpet had been laid from the hall door to the carriage. On this Her Majesty alighted—a splendid figure, very tall, stately, beautiful—an ideal Queen.

M. M. Stanislaus met her at the door and conducted her to the chapel. The Queen, who was accompanied by her lady-in-waiting, the Duquesa San Carlos, and the Duke of Santo Mauro, re-

mained a few moments in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament in prayer, and, on coming out, passed between a double file of nuns, to each of whom she gave her hand to be kissed, smiling sweetly as she passed along. A chair had been prepared for her at one of the doors of the saloon which opens on the patio, in which were assembled the ladies and the pupils.

The band struck up the March Real, then followed the English National Anthem; at this, the Queen seemed moved and repressed her emotion with a visible effort. One of the children now came forward and presented her with a lovely bouquet and then read an address, which gave much pleasure—Her Majesty expressed herself greatly pleased with the sentiments therein contained.

M. M. Stanislaus was seated beside the Queen, and just then the sun came out Andalusian force and shone on M. M. Stanislaus' face. Her Majesty noticed it, and said, smiling, "Take the bouquet," at the same time putting it up in front of our Mother, and afterwards handing it to her to hold herself.

The Queen heartily enjoyed the national dances, which were performed by several young ladies, who looked lovely, one and all, dressed in the picturesque costumes of the peasants, as they danced the "sevillanas" with exquisite grace.

A few selections were then given by the orchestra—the Queen remarked how well the pupils played the harps, violins, &c.

M. M. Stanislaus asked her if she would go among the children. She acquiesced with pleasure, and spoke with some whose parents are known to her. She then went through the gardens, and, on her return to the saloon, had a cup of tea. She took off her gloves, and, sitting near the little table placed for her, said, "This is quite an English tea."

It gave us all such pleasure to see the Queen make herself so much at home in the convent.

M. M. Stanislaus asked Her Majesty to sign some photographs, among them one for "Idris." She sat down quite simply and did so, and offered to send one of her own to M. M. Stanislaus—which she did next day. She also offered to send the baby prince, who arrived in state, the following afternoon, with his Dama, the Marquesa of

Salamanca, and his two nurses. He gave his hand right royally to be kissed.

The Queen, on leaving, extended her hand to each nun, as she passed through, and expressed the pleasure her visit gave her, saying, "I enjoyed myself very much."

The following is a list of the ladies who assembled to receive the Queen at Castilleja:

The Marquesa de Trun and her two daughters; Marquesa de Meritos and two daughters; Marquesa de las Torres and three daughters; the three daughters of the Duquesa de T'Serclaes, the Condesa de St. Claude, with daughter and niece; the daughters of the Condesa de Bagaes, Marquesa de Nervion and her daughter, Señora Alvarez de Vazquez, Señora de Diosdado and her daughters, the daughters of the Conde de Casillas Velasco, Señora de Benjumea and her daughters; Señora Baron de Ureta and her sisters; Marquesa de Villamarte and her daughters; Señora de Pablo and her daughter; the daughters of the Marquesa de Tamarron, Señoritas de Manjon, &c.

M. M. C.

A Notable Scene—King Edward Attends Requiem Mass for the Late King Carlos of Portugal.

NEVER in all the long centuries of our traditional alliance with Portugal has she been nearer to the heart of England than to-day, when Londoners have turned out in their thousands to assist at a Requiem Service for her murdered King and Crown Prince. There was every evidence of a desire to show sorrowing sympathy with the stricken people of a friendly nation, and to witness a scene without parallel in the recent history of this country—the Sovereign of these realms, head of the Protestant Church, attending a Roman Catholic place of worship with the Royal Consort and the members of his family to hear a Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of a Catholic monarch. The act was as gracious and sympathetic as it was unusual, and the people who lined the streets by which their Majesties reached the church, marked their approbation in the most unmistakable fashion. A solemn and almost absolute silence prevailed

while the general members of the congregation were arriving, but the appearance of the King and Queen was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic cheering, such as is rarely heard even in London. The day was splendidly fine, and all the surroundings were strangely at variance with the sadness of the occasion, the funeral day of a monarch and his eldest son, who, but one short week ago, were in the full vigor of life and manhood, but were struck down in the streets of their own capital by the hand of cowardly assassins. The Requiem Service was held at 12.30, in St. James's Church, Spanish Place, the approaches to which were densely crowded for nearly two hours beforehand.

From about 11.30 onwards, there was an almost constant stream of motors and carriages, conveying diplomatists and others to the scene of the solemn observance. Ambassadors and Ministers from all the Embassies and Legations in London attended in full diplomatic uniform. Cabinet Ministers and other prominent politicians came in levee dress, and ladies, of whom there were several, in sombre black. The diversity and brilliancy of the uniforms and the display of jewelled orders and decorations made a striking picture, and, at about midday, a dash of vivid color was added to the scene when a Guard of Honor of the Irish Guards marched to the church and took up a position opposite to the Presbytery entrance by which the Royal mourners were to reach the church. The regimental color was carried, and the full band was in attendance. The Prime Minister was absent, by his doctor's order, but was represented by Mr. Montgomery, his private secretary.

The following are among the more notable members of the congregation who arrived in advance of the Royal party. Mgr. R. Synge—deputy master of ceremonies—the Marquis de Soveral—Portuguese Minister—with his full Staff; Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson—Controller in the Lord Chamberlain's Department—with the members of his Staff; the Hon. Arthur Walsh—master of ceremonies—the Russian Ambassador and Countess Benckendorff, with the full Embassy Staff, the Chilean Minister, the Servian Legation Staff, General Sir Godfrey Clerk—groom-in-waiting to the King—Admiral Sir Reginald Henderson, the Belgian, Roumanian, and Greek Min-

isters; Sir Francis and Lady Laking, the French and Spanish Ambassadors, Mr. Harcourt, Lord Blyth, Major Childers, with Major Darrell Brown and Captain Wood—as a deputation from King Carlos's English regiment, the Oxfordshire Light Infantry—the Hon. D. Keppel—Equerry to the Prince of Wales—and Mrs. Keppel.

The German and Japanese Ambassadors were also present, as were Admiral Sir W. May, General Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Admiral Sir John and Lady Fisher, the Danish Minister, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Suffield, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the American Embassy Staff, the Hon. Sydney Greville—private secretary to the Queen—Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Londonderry, the Postmaster-General, Lord Ripon, Lord Fitzmaurice, Sir Dighton Probyn, Lord Knollys—King's private secretary—Lady Knollys, General Sir John French, the Earl of Crewe, Sir Henry Knollys, the Crown Equerry and Lady Ewart, Earl de Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, Sir Arthur Bigge, Lord Roseberry, Mr. Haldane, Lord Farquhar, the Earl of Granard, and a host of state and household officials.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Lady Mary Forbes-Trefusis, and Captain Godfrey Faussett in attendance, arrived at 12.30—the Prince in naval dress—and were saluted by the Guard of Honor. At about the same time, Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and Prince and Princess Christian drove to the church. Punctually at 12.30, the King and Queen arrived, vociferously cheered as they drove through the crowded streets. An escort of Life Guards was in attendance, and scarlet-coated outriders preceded the Royal carriages. As their Majesties alighted, the Guard of Honor saluted, and the band played the National Anthem. King Edward wore the uniform of a Portuguese Colonel, which suited him to perfection. Queen Alexandra wore sombre black, relieved by the ribbon of a Portuguese order, worn across the breast. Princess Victoria was in black. In attendance were Earl Howe, Major Ponsonby, Captain Fortescue, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Alice Stanley, and the Hon. Charlotte Knollys. The Portuguese Minister, Sir Douglas Dawson, and the Master of the Horse, received their Majesties. Canon Gildea

and the priests made low obeisance as the King stepped from his carriage, and escorted His Majesty and the Queen and Princess Victoria to within the vestibule, where they were received by the Archbishop. The procession was then formed. Monsignor Butt and Dr. Jackman led, the Archbishop being immediately in front of their Majesties. Their Majesties' suite, consisting of Lord Colebrook, Sir A. Condie Stephen, Captain the Hon. Seymour Fortescue and Major Ponsonby, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, walked behind.

The solemn scene within the church will not soon be effaced from the memory of those who were privileged to witness it. The nave and the north and south aisles were thronged with representative personages in many walks of life, and the sombre costumes of the ladies acted as a foil to the brilliant uniforms of the Diplomatic Corps and of the representatives of the services. His Majesty's Ministers and the leading members of the Opposition were also in official dress, the Lord Chamberlain assisting in conducting visitors to their seats. The sanctuary, richly decorated by Bentley, and with its high altar suitably draped, contained a prie-dieu and a chair, upholstered in crimson, for the use of His Majesty the King. On the Gospel side, a similar chair was placed for the Queen. The prie-dieu for the Archbishop of Westminster faced these, on the Epistle side.

Amongst those occupying seats below the sanctuary were—Lord William Cecil, representing Princess Henry of Battenberg; Major Murray Mount, on behalf of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; Earl Crewe, Lord Carrington, and the Austrian Ambassador. The members of the Royal House who preceded their Majesties, were conducted to places on the south side of the nave.

While the congregation awaited the arrival of King Edward and his Consort, the organist played Beethoven's "Funeral March," followed by the "Dead March" from Saul. The notes of the National Anthem from outside mingled with the organ music of the "Dead March," and, as their Majesties ascended the steps of the sanctuary, led by Archbishop Bourne, the unaccompanied choir chanted, with thrilling effect, Men-

delssohn's "Beati Mortui." The Marquis de Soveral, bearing traces of his recent terrible experience of the Lisbon tragedy, stood in the sanctuary, practically in attendance on the King, and Canon Gildea discharged a similar office by the side of Queen Alexandra.

The Service was a Low Mass, sung in harmonized tones, contrasting somewhat strongly with the more massive setting of the Gregorian, so commonly used for Requiem purposes. Bishop Brindle wore a chasuble of black and gold. The "Requiem Aeternam" was unaccompanied. Both the King and the Queen knelt devoutly at the Consecration. The rendering of the "Libera" was profoundly impressive, the great congregation joining in the plaintive petition, with bowed heads.

After the last Gospel, came some selections from the "Dies Irae," followed by the "Requiescat," the choir reverting to the "Libera" at intervals. Chopin's "Funeral March" was played as a recessional, the Archbishop conducting their Majesties to the western door. The Marquis followed, remaining at the church door to bid farewell to the great company that had assembled to do honor to his murdered King.

Thus ended a Service, destitute, of course, of some of the more stately ritual of the Catholic Church, but characterized by a simple dignity, and no less expressive of Christian faith and hope.

It was an interesting fact that the "Introit," the "Requiem," the "Sanctus," and the "Libera," were sung to music composed by the Reverend Richard Sankey, for many years musical director at the Spanish Palace.

As soon as the many hundreds of waiting carriages could be summoned, the brilliant assemblage dispersed, and one of the most magnificent occasions of modern days was over.

S. I.

Circumstances govern us all. We never know actually what we would do until we are placed in a similar position. Therefore, do let us be kind, let us govern our tongues, if not our thoughts, and in this way save a world of trouble to others, and twinges of conscience for ourselves.

I Thought of You.

THE brightly-uniformed officers, as they marched the floor in time to the soul-stirring music of a regimental band, indicated a military ball.

The V—— in Paris, took on its grandest festive array, for to-day, was celebrated the centennial of Napoleon's conquest of Portugal. Surely, if ever a ball-room was a model of the decorator's skill, this was a perfect one. The flags of different nations, festooning the walls, the crossed swords, surmounting magnificent archways; the glare of lights and the blare of trumpets impressed upon those present, the nature of the event.

The beginning of the evening passed off—a great success. Then came a grand two-step to the strains of "Vive L'Amérique." If the music of the evening excited patriotism, this, to us, was the signal for a full display. It was a medley of our American National Airs. I danced this with a grand American officer, from Fortrèss Monroe. We were so delighted at finding countrymen at the same assembly in a foreign land, that we retired from the merry scene for some time, to talk over matters of mutual interest. He spoke with such a pronounced American accent and had such a characteristic little style about his conversation, that I tried to remember who it was that I had heard speak like that before. However, as the answer was not forthcoming in my mind, I let it pass for a while. But, moments of social triumph, like moments of joy, are short-lived, and soon, all too soon, it seemed, the uniformed gallants and the beautifully-gowned ladies were hurrying homeward in their carriages. The music had ceased, and the V—— was in darkness.

During our stay in Paris, General Van Lear, for such was my American friend's name, joined our party as we attended a Representative National drill on the Place D'Armes. Detachments from each country performed drills to their own military music.

In the party next to us was a young girl of about sixteen. She was very pretty and, at a glance, one would know her to be a typical American. This young person was greatly interested in the different regiments, but, once the United States troops came on the field, her proverbial

American patriotism seemed let loose. She was greatly excited, and but for the interference of the others of her party, it would be difficult to tell what "Wild-Western" manoeuvres the punctilious Parisians would not have witnessed.

I perceived that she bore a striking resemblance to some one I had known and, strange to say, it seemed to be the same person of whom Gen. Van Lear reminded me.

Our journey was continued to Spain, and while in Madrid, we visited one of its convents. Having a letter of introduction, we were received right royally, and the Lady Superior most cordially invited us to be present at a little concert to be given the following Thursday, in honor of one of the Mothers. Assuredly, we were greatly pleased to be able to assist at such an event as a Spanish Concert, given by sweet convent girls.

Needless to say, we were there in good time and greatly enjoyed the singing and instrumental music of the juvenile performers. In one, particularly, was most of my interest centered. She was a young girl of about seventeen, with a beautiful contralto voice. By the way, she was of American parents. This, probably, had something to do with my interest in her. The strain of the quaint melodies which she sang, echoed ever in my ears. It was not so much the songs that appealed to me, but ah! the voice. I had heard its mate somewhere: but where? That was the question. Think as I would I could not bring it to mind. I could remember having somewhere heard the same soft trills and sweet cadenzas.

That voice, Gen. Van Lear's accent and characteristic little conversation, and our young friend in Paris, reminded me of some one connected with my past life. Some one seemed ever trying to come through the tangled mesh of old memories and stand before me. So many things reminded me, but none solved the puzzling question, "Who?"

As we journeyed over Europe, ever so many little reminders came to me; but of whom were they? Here was a little newsboy with his "Ex-tri-oih-Extri." While feeling for a coin, I remarked those lustrous brown eyes. There was another little incident, saying, "Think of Her," "Think of Her." Oh! who was it that was striving so to enter my mind?

We visited a Zoo. We watched the monkeys in the cages. One was standing at a mirror in the end of the cage. In one paw it had straw. This it was placing on its head, evidently trying to imitate a hat. First, it would place the straw in one position, then turn sideways and admire the effect, from that point of vantage. To imitate a woman it was certainly trying. The result was most laughable. I have seen women dress their hair, or put on a hat and contemplate, after the fashion of Mr. Monkey, the effect. Something seems to tell me that this same person of whom I was so constantly reminded, used to do that.

I hope the dear one will take no offence at such a reminder. I did not mean it in any other way than that the mere action turned my thoughts once more to her. It was by no means the monkey himself, it was simply the action that so elicited from me another thought of some one dear to me in the past.

This may seem a rapid transition from the ridiculous to the sublime, but, the next time I was reminded of this non-materializing pursuer of my memory, was in the grand cathedral of Vienna.

At Benediction, Gounod's Ave Maria was sung. It was then, dear Alice, that "I thought of you." Like a flash it dawned upon me. I returned to my school days when you and I were boarders in the same convent in Canada. How well I remember how your American spirit would rise at the slightest insinuation against your flag or country. You come now before my mind, surrounded by all those little incidents of school life. That sweet Ave Maria, which you sang so beautifully, brought a picture of you before my mind. It was you, of whom I had been so often reminded. You seemed to be struggling, with the aid of little incidents, to come to me, to bring me back to those happy hours of school days. Since that golden past, a decade and a half has glided by.

But now that I have found out who you are, I must once more ask to be forgiven if I have thought of you when watching the monkey. I know you will understand me. I thought only of that dear little way in which you regarded those wayward locks, as they strayed down from their appointed place.

What a perfect picture of you comes to me now, you dear little American, with those lus-

trous brown eyes, that sweet voice, especially as you sang the Ave Maria, and your patriotic "Wild-Western spirit." And all this tipped off with that little accent, so charming in you, but which others would call an American twang.

And, as the metal seven times fired, comes out pure gold, so, through these many little firings of memory, the pure golden metal came out, and it was you.

Thus the evolution of all this was, that "I thought of You."

BEATRICE H. FRAWLEY.

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Synopsis of Lecture, Given at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, by Rev. Robert Schwickerath, S. J., February 18th.

DEAR Sisters—dear Young Ladies:—This is the first time I have spoken on Canadian soil, and I think the best subject on which to speak is the Higher Education, or the Modern Movement of Women, especially the Catholic idea of it. It is important we should know why the Higher Education should be given to women. I have heard Catholics and non-Catholics speak of the "Modern Woman's Movement" as a notion of certain women who do not wish to do housework, and which will bring on a war between the sexes. Matters have changed exceedingly during the last twenty-five or fifty years. Now, women occupy positions which, twenty-five years ago, were occupied by men only, when women had few occupations outside the household. Now, we have women not only as teachers, dentists, nurses, etc., but as lawyers, doctors, artists, architects, and journalists; even some churches have women clergymen or rather clergywomen.

An American woman, recently addressing the members of a certain club, remarked: "Women have made more progress in twenty-five or fifty years than men have in ten, nay, fifteen hundred. The discovery of America was made in the fifteenth century, but, it was reserved for the nineteenth to discover women."

We can show that there are two tendencies in the Modern Woman's Movement; two different kinds of emancipation. The word emancipation

means liberating from slavery, and woman's position was something very like a slave's. The extreme emancipation claims absolute equality of men with women in every sphere of life, even in matrimony. At a wedding ceremony, not long ago, a minister asked the question of the woman, if she was ready to love, honor, and obey. She said, "I obey no man! To-day we have organized a business firm and I have as much share in the firm as my husband. I am not going to be bossed by any one." Those who do not wish to be "bossed" usually want to "boss" everybody else, but there is a kind of emancipation not so absolute.

The atmosphere of "Freedom" is particularly noticeable in this country, and some seem to think that God subscribed the Declaration of Independence, and abolished the Ten Commandments for America. He did neither. The Ten Commandments were made for every nation, and especially the fourth, which is applicable to many American young girls.

There are many who have done great harm to the Woman's Movement; those who advance too much freedom, such as divorces and laxity of morals, in general. However, there is much in the Woman's Movement to recommend it. The Modern emancipation claims for every woman the Higher Education, and there is nothing in the Catholic Church which opposes this. It does not discourage it, on the contrary, the Modern Woman's Movement is the outcome of distinctly Catholic principles. Woman was not always the Queen she is now, and did not always receive the respect now paid to her. At present, a gentleman is distinguished by the respect he pays to woman. We know that, among the Egyptians, woman did not occupy the position due to her. In Athens, woman was not free, and even among the Jews, the chosen people of God, woman did not enjoy the freedom she now does. Indeed, in one of the prayers said by the Rabbis, they thanked God for various blessings, as health and wealth, and finally, that God had made them men, and not women. They had a saying, too, that was not very flattering to woman. "The best goods in a house is a dead woman." Education was not given to Jewish women. It was considered wicked to educate them. Jesus, when He met the woman of Samaria, explained to her His truths. His apostles wondered exceedingly that He

should speak to a woman, because women were despised, and no Jewish Rabbi had been known to instruct a woman.

All this has been changed through the example of Christ. The dealing of Christ with women, even those who had done least to deserve consideration, to say nothing of the inspiration of His own Mother, gave rise to the principles proclaimed later, that, "in Christ there is neither man nor woman." From this dates the Magna Charta of woman's liberties—the first assertion of her rights, for, in the eyes of God, woman is the equal of man. The greatest of the Ancients, even Plato and Aristotle, did not recognize this; to them, woman was a slave, and as such did not possess a soul like man. Therefore, the Modern Woman's Movement can truly be said to be the outcome of Christian principles. But I say more, I say it is the outcome of Catholic principles. How can that be proved? Until the time of Christ, woman was regarded valuable only as she was wife and mother. This was changed in the Christian era, and it is manifested in the Catholic Church where non-married women are as highly honored as men, and here we have for the first time the distinct recognition of the individuality of woman. During the Middle Ages, at a Council in Germany, there were not only nobles and bishops present, but also the abbesses of convents of women. It was a spectacle which would have been impossible in the Pagan countries of old. A Protestant woman writes beautifully regarding the Catholic Church's providing homes for those, who, from virtuous motives, do not marry. Here we show the application of those principles to which may be attributed the development of woman. The Modern Woman's Movement, then, is not only tolerated in the Catholic Church, but encouraged, as far as woman is considered individually. Now, we must consider her position in the family. Non-Catholics have said that the Catholic Church degrades womanhood by raising virginity above wifehood and motherhood. In honoring virginity, the Church does but follow the teaching and example of Christ and innumerable saints, notably, Saint Paul, but, it is entirely false to say that she frowns upon married life. Have you ever reflected that, among the seven sacraments, there is not one for the consecrated virgin? While, for that union between man and woman, there is a special one,

and this because the married state will always be the state for the majority of human beings. The Church does not, therefore, despise it, nay, the Church puts on her calendar not only virgins, but wives and mothers who have been sanctified in their state of life. The Church shows that married life is not necessarily an obstacle to the perfect life, and it has given, and always will give, woman the place of dignity in the family.

Next, we must consider woman's position as regards society in general. Here are some of the objections we hear to woman's entering on a professional career. "Women have the care of the home." Is this their sole duty? Must we say that woman's sphere is confined to the home? There are many places in the universe for which she has a special aptitude, for example, teaching and nursing. God has given woman a tenderer hand, a warmer heart to comfort and console, which indicate a special fitness for certain vocations that will benefit the world at large. There are many organizations to which women should belong, places where it is impossible to have the sisterhood; then, there are duties which cannot be done by Sisters, yet, which women alone can do, and where it will be more appreciated than if done by the sterner sex. Such work has a special value. Women make excellent physicians for women and children, and many are doing splendid work in our own days in that capacity, and why not?

Why should women not take their share in business? It is evident that many women must work. A very large number do not marry, and this for various reasons. Many are not asked, not all women take advantage of a Leap Year, and there is everywhere a surplus of women. In former days they remained in the homes of their married brothers and sisters, and too often went about gossiping and drinking tea. It is, surely, more worthy to spend the time in useful work. Some women do not marry—if they do not find a person suitable, they are wise to remain single. Some women sacrifice their own hearts by remaining with an aged father, or a sickly mother. The record of women's sacrifices for their brothers and sisters is one of the brightest chapters of history. And, shall these women, who have sacrificed all, support themselves by being servants, or, at best, salesladies? It is reasonable to admit women to business if they have the fitness for it,

and this is not only the Catholic view, but the view of a great many non-Catholics.

President Roosevelt has said that woman's first duty in life is to be wife and mother, and many Catholics have repeated the saying. We cannot accept this statement without some modifications. Woman's first duty in life is to bring out her personality, her individuality, in other words, to save her soul. It is, likewise, the first duty of man. All things should aim towards this end; any vocation whatsoever, is only a means towards it. The ideal education is that which fits woman for the position she is to take in life. The education, though, must be an all-round education, consisting of three parts; first the Domestic, then the Moral, and thirdly the Intellectual education.

In regard to Domestic education, there are two distinct views. Some say it is the only education, and the housewife is the ideal of these people. She is an ideal, but not the only ideal. She is an ideal expressed by three "c's," Cooking, Children, and Church. But, is this the true ideal? On the other hand, some despise domestic occupations as below their dignity. They forget that some one must do them. Who? The Man? They forget that it is beneficial to them; that if they would do some housework for two or three hours daily, they would have no need for breathing exercises and other health fads. It is quite necessary, at the present day, to have a knowledge of domestic affairs; women are at the mercy of their servants, and the Servant Problem is the great question of the day—the most important of all topics to women.

"How to retain the affections of the husband" was the subject of an essay given for competition at a certain Southern Woman's Club. Many essays were handed in by the members, and many were excellent, but there was one, consisting of one line, "Feed the brute well." It was not complimentary to man, but it won the prize. If women knew how to cook, most domestic troubles would disappear, but, if they be deficient in this department, their education is imperfect.

The second part is character education, which is greater than the intellectual. It is also more necessary for women than for men. Women of the extreme reform type do not wish to be more devout than men, and therefore, do not like the appellation of "devout sex," or "weaker sex";—suppose we leave out the "fair sex" also?

Women especially need devotion. Religion is the expression of man to God. Women need more religious training because they are the teachers of the children, and women, in order to teach, must receive moral training themselves.

We have schools everywhere nowadays, but there is a school more ancient than all the others, the greatest college, the greatest university that has ever existed, the school instituted by God in Paradise. It is the family, and it is the woman God depends upon as teacher.

The third, the intellectual training, presents the greatest difficulty, and it is here that men object. They say it will harm the women themselves, and it certainly harms the men. Yet, why should not women have the Higher Education? It has been said that the Catholic Church encourages ignorance in her members, but everything in the Church is the mother of devotion. The Church, indeed, has canonized ignorant men, not on account of their ignorance, but for their sanctity. She has canonized learned men, too, not on account of their learning, but for their sanctity. The higher kind of knowledge perfects the image of God on the soul. Now, look at the practical side of it, as given by women who have received the Higher Education. Woman's place is to be a mother, not always, but generally. The Higher Education is very valuable in relation to the child. How much a child reads nowadays which is not good for it! We are careful about the physical health of the child and give it good food, while all medicines must be labeled, particularly poisons. How many books should likewise be labeled? The mother sees the books, but does not know that they are poison. Then, there are so many magazines which do great harm, and even undermine the faith—if the mother is educated, she can direct the child in its reading.

Again, there are advantages in the Higher Education, with regard to woman as a wife. The ideal wife of an educated man is an ideal woman. Man and wife must be congenial, and how can an educated man be happy with an uneducated wife? The Higher Education is beneficial to young ladies; it is absolutely indispensable in the higher circles, and this the Catholic Church has taught at all times. In the earliest ages of Christianity, the Church could not have schools on account of the persecutions, but later, in the convents, first the novices were taught, and then the

daughters of the noblemen. In the fourteenth century, we see schools for girls, and we know down through the centuries how many convents and schools have been founded by holy men and women for the education of young ladies. The Church always approved of her most talented members devoting themselves to the noble work of educating the young. Before the Reformation, we find in the Spanish universities, women of noble families engaged in teaching. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find not only teachers in literature, but also in law, philosophy, medicine, and other departments of learning. A lady of Vienna, a prominent promoter of women's suffrage, lately obtained an audience with the Holy Father, and asked him if he approved of the Modern Woman's Movement. "Why, certainly," he replied, "I have to work, and why should not women work?" There are certain occupations in which women have not done enough. These are philanthropical and social work.

Do we approve of woman's suffrage? Well, we may assert that whether they vote or not, they may exert, and indeed, often do exert, an immense influence in the matter of politics; they can direct their sons to vote well, and likewise their husbands. Is not this a glorious destiny for woman? To be a true helpmate to man; an inspiration to all, in treading the upward path to that Blessed Land where strife is unknown, and equal rights for man and woman exist in the all-embracing love and justice of their CREATOR.

Selfishness is the root sin of human nature, the living of one's own life at the expense of another. It is the sin by which some acquire colossal fortunes through the sweat and the unrequited toil of multitudes of people. Luxury on one hand and squalor on the other.

There are some intensely selfish women; they are the thoughtless, egotistical, proud and vain; they are supercilious, haughty, and regardless of the rights of others; they are the pampered spendthrifts of fashion, dawdlers, social parasites—and yet, woman as woman means supreme self-sacrifice, for has she not scaled the heights, and sounded the depths of an unselfishness of which man knows absolutely nothing?

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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APRIL, 1908.

Easter lilies are in bloom again, and Easter, with its cornucopia of blessings; Easter, with its floods of unnumbered graces; Easter, with its bright days, purified hearts, and beautified risen souls; has come at last.

During forty days had the members of Christ's Church been preparing for the glorious Easter-tide, around whose hallowed days and precious hours the most sacred memories of Christianity cluster, and now the exultant cry, *Resurrexit sicut dixit*, is heard. To many of us, perhaps, there may have been a Good Friday of humiliation and sorrow—to all of us may there be an Easter morn of resurrection from the gloom of life's greatest misery into the light of life's truest peace.

*

From a *Correspondent* we learn that "gossips in Continental circles are much exercised about what is happening in the inner circles at the Vati-

can. Cardinal Merry del Val is the youngest Cardinal, and, in the Italian sense, is a new man. He was singled out by the Pope for his general ability and extensive knowledge of men and things to be his friend and adviser, and earnestly and well does he perform the arduous duty.

Cardinal Merry is a *charmeur*, esteemed by everybody who is not envious of him, not only for his brilliant qualities, but for his sincere desire to do his duty, at any cost. His mother being an Englishwoman, English is his mother-tongue, but his French, Spanish, and Italian, are equally fluent. He is a slightly-built man, with grace in every feature of his delicate Spanish head, and in his finely-shaped hands.

For his young Cardinal, Pius X. has the deepest affection—he is not unlike himself in his decision of character. One great grievance against the Cardinal is his passion for work. Till early in the morning people are accustomed to see his light burning, and know that the Cardinal Secretary of State has not yet retired to rest. It is a very great privilege to see him and also to visit his room, situated in the oldest and most beautiful part of the Vatican. Visitors wait in a large frescoed ante-room, with carved armchairs and stools of the same period. The room in which he receives is equally spacious. In one corner of it, next the window overlooking the room, sits the Cardinal's private secretary, who rises when guests enter, and, according to circumstances, retires or remains to transcribe what the Cardinal has just dictated. In the course of the morning he dictates in five or more different languages. Cardinal Merry conducts his visitor to the remotest corner of the room, and there conversation takes place in an undertone, as is traditional at the Vatican. The greetings, and partings have a quaint old-world character. The bow before shaking hands on meeting, and after shaking hands on parting, belongs to another age, and stands out in strong contrast to the unmannerly bustle of the twentieth century."

Among the most treasured of our Christmas-tide gifts is an autograph copy of "Lisheen," by Very Reverend P. A. Sheehan, D. D.; on the fly-leaf of which is inscribed the following interesting legend from the pen of the author:

Why did you write "Lisheen?"

To show

The claims of brotherhood and kin;
The deep, broad streams of love that flow
In peers' and peasants' hearts,—the sin
Of broken, plighted vows,—the Fate
That follows over land and sea
On wheel and rudder, them that flee
The boundless bounds of the estate
Of Right and Law inviolate!
If Nemesis relentless be,
And Fate has seals of certainty,
The Spirit that has borne the test
Of Spirits ranks amongst the best,—
The bravest who aspire to be
The Bayards of Humanity!

P. A. SHEEHAN, D. D., P. P.,
Doneraile, Feb. 10, 1908.

*

In the Prize List of the Department of Public Instruction for the Higher Education of Girls, Mauritius, we note, with pleasure, the unprecedented success of the pupils of the three Loretto Convents there.

Among the successful competitors at the Cambridge Local Examinations, were Miss Albine Pilot and Miss Emily Brownrigg—Juniors—and Miss Françoise Loumeau—Senior—from Loretto Convent, Curepipe.

In Standard VII., a Gold Medal was obtained by Miss Elda Talary; in Standard V., a Silver Medal, by Miss Elizabeth Larcher; and in Standard II., a Bronze Medal, by Miss Geneviève Tank-Wen—Loretto Convent, Port Louis.

Two of the pupils of Loretto Convent, Curepipe—Miss Madeleine Bouffé and Miss Jeanne Desjardins—obtained, respectively, a Silver and a Bronze Medal.

Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Hélène de Lalande, Bianca Ducasse, Suzanne Du-

vivier, Odette Tank-Wen, Yvette Ducasse, Geneviève Tank-Wen, Odette Dupont, Clémence Bathfield, Agaritha Ducasse, Marthe Vallet, Léa Chery, Simone Guerandel, Elizabeth Larcher, Léa Régina Quirin, J. A. Touchard, Edith Bathfield, Simone de St. Pern, Lucienne Gautray, Elda Talary; and Pass Certificates, by Miss Léa Bruneau, Hilda Frappier, Anne Marie, and Emilie Péril—Loretto Convent, Port Louis.

Honor Certificates were also obtained by Miss Thérèse Lagasse, Olga Icery, Léa Tostée, Anne Marie Chauvin, Marie de Robillard, Jeanne Desjardins, Valentine Foiret, Cécile Labat, Sabine Letellier, Céline de Palmas, Geneviève d'Emmerez de Charmoy, Renée Langlois, Frances Bennett, Geneviève Desenne, Hélène Foiret, Julie Hardy, Madeleine Bouffé, Louise Morau, Fernande Béranger, Emily Brownrigg, Marie Laure, Louise Mercier, Albine Pilot; and Pass Certificates, by Miss Hélène Corson, Simone Pougnet, Madeleine Leclézio, Marie Hardy, and Odette Dauban—pupils of Loretto Convent, Curepipe.

The students of Loretto Convent, Quatre-Bornes—the last foundation—made a most creditable record, Honor Certificates having been obtained by Miss Olga Latour, Marguerite de Petray, Hélène Duhamel, Lydia Cantal, Claire Couve, Madeleine de Petray, Françoise Fleurié, Marie Harel, Aimée Herchenroder, Marguerite Bechard, Edmée Couve, Emma de Petray, Laurence Loumeau, Clémence Pasquet, Mathilda Rouge, and Hortense Gebert; and a Pass Certificate, by Miss Jeanne Bouquet.

*

Referring to the Life of Mary Ward, a Foundress of the Seventeenth Century, by Mother Salome, Introduction by the Bishop of Newport, the *Catholic World* says:

It seems quite impossible that any one could read M. Salome's life of Mary Ward without developing a firm conviction that this foundress of the seventeenth century was truly a saint. It

is even possible that her office will some day be found in the Roman Breviary. Her type of sanctity is well calculated to attract the love and admiration of this age, for the modern character is not naturally in sympathy with that cast of spirituality which proceeds by over-cautious steps, making sure of all byways and approaches in the circuitous advance towards the great citadel of religious perfection. This age loves to attain its ends with a Napoleonic swiftness and directness of action. And when this modern spirit is sanctified and turned to religious channels, it finds in the old Benedictine Mysticism that directness of spiritual activity which it craves. As Bishop Hedley remarks in his preface, Mary Ward came "under the spell of that seventeenth century Mysticism of which we have Catholic and English examples in Baker and Southwell."

At the same time that the spirit of true independence finds a sanctified example in Mary Ward, licentious liberty is rebuked. She was a devoted child of the Church and completely submissive to the discipline of Rome—even when its rigors were imposed by narrow-minded men, with cruel injustice. It is frequently a duty meekly to suffer persecution though we know it is entirely unmerited, and proceeds from those who are bound to befriend us. Mary Ward understood this. When the Congregation of Cardinals ordered the suppression of the order she had founded, and her own imprisonment as a heretic, she submitted to this unjust persecution, not only with silence and meekness but with joy, although she knew perfectly well that the Roman authorities had been misled by the calumnies of her unscrupulous enemies. Considering the natural temperament of this noble English Lady, we must own that her quick, easy, and complete submission on this occasion, and her subsequent conduct, evince a conquest of self, thorough enough to place her among the saints.

Following their usual policy, the Roman authorities did not rescind their decree suppressing the Institute, but pursued a more dignified course. The Pope, after disowning the order for Mary's imprisonment, allowed her nuns to continue, in a limited way, their noble work of educating young girls. And then, when time had dissipated the clouds of prejudice, the Institute of English Virgins—almost identical with the old founda-

tion—received Papal sanction, first, from Clement XI. in 1703, and finally and fully, from Pius IX. in 1877.

Mother Salome has an easy, simple, style. She has given us an intensely interesting biography. There is not a dull chapter in the whole book. We see Mary Ward as she really was in the sunshine of her daily life, and not an idealized portrait, surrounded by the halo of the past. We earnestly recommend this book to every class of readers; for the example of a vigorous, free-minded Englishwoman leading the life of a saint, will be edifying to all, and most especially to Catholics of her own sex and race.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers and Booksellers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "A Pilgrim from Ireland," by Reverend Maurus Carnot, O. S. B.

Translated by Mary E. Mannix. 16mo. Cloth, \$0.45.

The charm of this delightful tale for children lies principally in its quaint and beautiful simplicity, as well as the reality with which the writer invests its every incident. The snow-capped mountains, the grassy valleys, the streams with their mossy banks—we see them all—the venerable Sigisbert, the sturdy Rätus, the gentle Columbin, the man who fell among robbers—we seem to know them, every one. We share their labors and their repose, we sit beside them at the hospitable fireside, we rest with them in the dense and silent forest, the compassionate moon and faithful stars watching our tired sleep. To the reader, whether child or adult, the fascinating tale will be both profitable and interesting.

*

From the same publishers has come "Round the World," volume IV.

A Series of Interesting Articles on a Great Variety of Subjects of Much Educational Value.

12mo. cloth, profusely illustrated, \$0.85.

This volume contains The Esquimaux—Canada's El Dorado — Curious Farming — The



NEAR THE SPRING, ON GOAT ISLAND.



BRIDGE TO SISTER ISLANDS.

Schoolship—Orchids—Artificial Ice—Fox-Hunting in America—Wonders of America's Proudest Waterway—The Porcelain of Saxony—Sixty Days of Wonders—The California Bungalow.

"Sheer Pluck and Other Stories of the Bright Ages," by Reverend David Bearne, S. J., 12mo. cloth, \$0.85.

Bright, witty, and entertaining—equal to anything Father Bearne has written—and his boys always pulsate with life and healthy fun.

"My Lady Beatrice," by Frances Coke. \$1.25.
A dainty volume, attractively bound, and interesting from cover to cover.

There is only one stimulant that never fails and yet never intoxicates, and that is duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, it may be—through which the skylark, Happiness, always goes singing.

He who dreams is always wiser than he who despairs, provided the stuff of which his dreams are made consists of a prophet's visions dealing with the sublime truths of God. It is said of Linnaeus, the famous Swedish botanist, who, during his life, classified all the then known plants of the earth, that he acknowledged that all his success he owed to the assistance of God. His whole life, we are told, was crowded with great thoughts. While investigating the marvels of Nature, he felt the force of supernature, pursuing his labors in a study over whose door was to be read the motto: "Live innocently; God is present."

In a similar spirit, though at a long remove, intellectually, from the distinguished botanist, the humble Greenlander asks, when he arrives at a new house, "Is God in the house?" entering only the home where the Creator's name is honored. The lesson is the same for the savant and for the peasant, for king and for pauper, namely, that life is ideal and worthy and beautiful only when it is lived in the white light of the Great Presence, whose pure thoughts and idealizing truths meanwhile imperishably imprint themselves upon the sensitive film of the soul.

Synopsis of Lecture Given by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

SISTERS and Young Ladies — Reverend Mother has given me full permission to talk of anything I wish, and I am going to avail myself of that permission. There are many things which I might say on education that will interest you; the subject is one supposed to be of interest at all times.

Now, that I think of it, being here to talk on education reminds me of a joke I heard about Niagara Falls. A New Yorker had been away for several weeks' rest, and, when asked where he had spent his vacation, replied, "Niagara Falls." "What! is that old place running yet?" exclaimed the other.

In such a manner the history of education still runs on; one of the most interesting topics of to-day is the "Higher Education of Women," which we think is something the world never had before. At last women are getting the opportunity to develop their minds. But, understand that this is not the first time women have had education. Whenever women have wanted education, they have asked for and obtained the privilege of getting it. Now, they have wanted education a number of times and they have always got it.

When women bemoan the deterioration of the theatres in our day, I think how foolish it is for them to complain, as they have the making of the theatres in their own hands. A great per cent. of the men go to the theatres merely because the women go, and no manager would attempt to offer what might not please his audience. Do not blame the age for the theatres of the present day; it is the fault of the women, and just in the same way, when they do not get education, it is because they do not want it.

In my book on the 13th. century, I class that as the most interesting century, which is curious. It is a good deal to say, too. The reason why I do so, is because the things people did during that century had more influence than in any other. We only imitate the things they did. For instance, take architecture. In New York, the beautiful buildings, as the cathedral, university, etc., are copied from those in the Old World. No architecture, now, is original. We call the Middle Ages

"dark," but in comparison with the edifices of those ages, many of the dwellings, and nearly all the business places of New York, are hideous, and when one can stand hideous things there is a dark—a sad—lack of intellect. An Irish poet, speaking on the question of culture, said: "No nation can call itself cultured until the utensils of the kitchen are beautiful as well as useful." When they are not, something is the matter with the people around. When we have an age like ours, caring for the useful only, something is wrong.

At present, in New York, there is much talk of Ben Jonson, whose three comedies appeared on the stage of London the year Shakespeare's three great comedies were played. In those days, London was a town of 40,000 inhabitants, and very dirty. The streets were but twenty feet wide, and each succeeding story of the houses extended two feet, leaving a space of about twelve feet at the top. There were no sewers; the refuse was thrown out of the windows, making the streets so filthy that the safest way to pass through them was on horseback: thus came into vogue the custom of ladies, on the street, taking the inside.

Carpets were unknown, and rushes covered the floors. Knives were used, but they believed in the saying that "fingers were made before forks." When they had finished with a roast, the bones were thrown down among the rushes. This was the London of Elizabeth's time; yet they supported Shakespeare and Ben Jonson's comedies for one whole winter. This but shows the difference between mere external refinement and real education. In these days we affect an abhorrence of certain things, but beneath the surface is that taste for vaudeville, French plays, etc.—The wonderful difference between bad manners and good morals!

We are to say something about education. The training and development of character mean more than the mere veneering that, too often, passes for culture.

In 1850, it occurred to some people to introduce certain sciences, especially the social sciences, as logic, metaphysics, chemistry, physics, and music, into the universities. Women asked, then, for the privilege of getting education, and obtained it. In the old universities, the same sciences were taught, and in a higher degree than now.

After the fall of Constantinople, Greek scholars wandered into Italy, bringing their own literature and introducing the classics as the foundation of education. At first, the universities demurred, but, finally, accepted the new order of things. In the private schools, the poor as well as the rich, and girls as well as boys, were given every opportunity.

Still other women had the advantage of learning during the Renaissance. Some were so well acquainted with Greek that they taught it; girls took part in Greek plays at the age of fourteen. Do not think that, during the Renaissance, this curious development happened only in Italy. It spread to other countries, and led to a revival of female education. In France there was the celebrated Anne of Brittany, and the distinguished Margaret of Navarre. Also, in England, Lady Jane Grey, and many other women who remained from the hunt, we are told, to study the Greek that they loved. St. Teresa is the greatest of all intellectual women, and yet, for some strange reason, we give little thought to this fact, and dwell only on her wondrous sanctity.

And then, that is not the only time, besides ours, when education was sought by women. Back in the 13th. century, when the great universities were founded, they adopted the same methods of training the human mind now used. They taught logic, metaphysics, music, etc., until the boy or girl reached the age of seventeen or eighteen. We are only beginning to let boys have three years' college work before they commence their professional studies. In the 13th. century, if one were to be a physician, there were required three years' college work, three years for the study of medicine, and one year of practice with a physician. The same for law, while theology required five years' study. We now have the under-graduate class for the sciences, and teach surveying and engineering in the higher departments. In the old universities, these subjects were not considered educational, but practical. True, they taught architecture—and, I assure you, they knew how to teach it, but not in the universities. Our own universities are beginning to realize that this course is not relative to university work.

In Italy, down the centuries, there has always been, at least one woman professor in the uni-

versities, and they have filled professorships in all the secular studies. It is related that one Maria di Novella, owing to her youth and beauty, delivered her lectures from behind a curtain—out of consideration of the gentlemen students. Bologna, the greatest of ancient universities, had women, both as students and professors. We can not tell from the names on the register the number of female students, as every Italian had Maria Giovanni at the beginning of his or her name; but we can find the number of professors.

In the 14th. century, Charlemagne made it a rule that women should receive the same education as men. His celebrated school always went with him, and thus, the professors as well as the students, though inconvenienced, were given all the advantages of travel.

The temptation of the higher education for women is to teach, and this means the desertion of the home. At the present time, less than one woman in seven is marrying, and a generation of spinsters is not interesting. The women compete with men, and now, as both may hold the same position, all receive lower wages. Consequently, a man and a woman together receive what formerly the man alone received.

The president of Smith College says, that the preparatory department must be shortened, and that women must be prepared for what they are going to do in life. It takes three or four generations of women to realize that the best place is home. We are beginning to learn that higher education is not suited to women, but people must have their own experience.

History teaches by example, therefore, we read in history that a certain thing happened, and something did not happen, and as one of our humorists has put it, "it is not so much the ignorance of mankind that makes him ridiculous as the knowing so many things that 'ain't so'." We have all learned so many things that we must afterwards unlearn, as in the case of false histories. As it is better to buy a lot without a building than one with a useless one on it, so is it better to begin without any information than with false information.

At the beginning of the 14th. century, a Pope sent a messenger to Giotto, the painter, for a specimen of his drawing. He sat down, and with one stroke of his arm drew a perfect circle. No

further proof was required. In the University of Dublin, they have the Book of Kells, consisting of a vulgate edition of the Scriptures. It is very beautifully illuminated, and the initial letters are wonderful. There are many perfect circles, which, when examined by a magnifying glass, appear faultless, from which fact we may conclude that there were artists—and those quite indefatigable—toiling in their quiet cells, in those far-off days. This Book is preserved at Trinity, Dublin, of which duplicates, taken from photographs, may be found in all large libraries.

The use of the hands for making beautiful things was known three centuries before Charlemagne. St. Brigid, of that old-fashioned name, was the first woman mentioned in history as a teacher. The school of Kildare is not tradition, but authentic. The invention of Irish lace, also, began under the patronage of St. Brigid. It is related that this holy saint attended her flocks to give a good example to the poor, who are always sincere at heart. Yes, she was the first woman educator, the first to realize how much could be done without book knowledge. And then rhyme and alliteration, unlike other points of literature, come to us from Ireland—not the East.

We read useless things, and teach useless things. People read the newspaper, and on Sunday, read the Sunday paper, learning all the scandals of the world. Rather do anything than read worthless or bad novels, using the mind, the highest gift, to fritter away precious time; letting something in on one side that runs out on the other. Concentration and discipline of mind are necessary, but reading newspapers and light literature has a baneful effect, ruining our powers of concentration.

That the Pope is opposed to science is untrue, because it has always been fostered in Rome. Steno, the Dane, came all the way from his Northern home to attend the university in Rome. Here he made the great discovery that the heart is a muscle, not a secretor of the emotions, as till then, generally believed; became a convert to the Catholic faith, and returned as an Apostle to his native country. The great University of Bologna was in the Papal States. The greatest medical discoveries were made in Rome, also the greatest medical schools for centuries were to be found there. The greatest men taught in Rome. The

list of papal physicians—the most eminent of scientists—is exceedingly lengthy, and what better proof exists that the Popes have ever been the patrons of science! Those who hold that the Church is opposed to science are ignorant, but times are changing.

Reverend Mother gave me permission to talk about anything I liked, and I think I have spoken of almost everything under the sun.

ANNA STALEY.

Queen Victoria Eugénie in Her Adopted Country.

KING ALFONSO and his beautiful English Queen, during their stay in Seville, have created an absolute furore of enthusiasm among their subjects in this ancient city. Glorious weather and a wealth of flowers and verdure which have sprung up under the vivifying influence of an unusually wet autumn, are making Seville a kind of earthly paradise just now, to which the presence of "Los Reyes" has put the finishing touch. Wherever the King and Queen appear, enthusiastic crowds gather around them, and the air is rent with "Vivas."

Their young Majesties appear to be in radiant health and spirits, and they are permitting their poorer subjects a singular freedom of approach. The whole note of this first visit to their southern capital is, "Los Reyes for the people, and the people for Los Reyes." This appeals beyond everything to the Andalusians, who are the most truly democratic people in the world, and yet have always had such a deep-rooted affection for the monarchy as to have earned for their capital the official title of "The very loyal city of Seville," and the motto, "It has not forsaken me," bestowed by King Alfonso XI., in the thirteenth century, and never yet betrayed.

The King and Queen seem to delight in taking their people unawares. Quite early on the morning after their arrival, the Queen drove with the baby Prince to the church of San Gil in the Macarena, one of the humblest quarters of the city, where the image of the Virgin of Hope is the favorite object of veneration of poor mothers. The church is of great historic interest, apart from its especial attraction to Andalusian women.

A panting policeman arrived at the door of the church, hardly able to speak.

"Where is the priest?"

"Not here."

"The assistant priest?"

"Gone home."

"The organist?"

"Gone to the market to buy his lunch."

Then the breathless official gasped out, "It is the Queen! She is coming to San Gil! She is almost here!"

The sacristan turned faint.

"Caramba!" he shrieked. "The Queen is coming, and there is no one to play the Royal March!"

But the Macarena women did not trouble themselves at all about that, and it is credibly reported that the Queen did not miss the familiar strains, such roars and shouts of delight greeted her from the hundreds of mothers and infants who collected outside the church, as by magic, when word went round that their lovely young Queen was visiting "la Virgen de la Macarena."

The next day, her Majesty started for a drive to the charming river-side village of San Juan de Aznalfarache, but, owing to the recent rains, the road, always rough, soon proved impracticable for her carriage. The Queen only laughed. She got down with the Duchess of San Carlos, and the two ladies tried to walk to their destination. But, half a mile farther, the road became worse still. "It seems that we cannot get there even on foot!" said the Queen, and she turned back to her carriage, still smiling. The immediate result of her Majesty's *paseo* will be the repair of the road, a very great benefit to all the villages on that side of the river.

Meanwhile, Don Alfonso was exploring the narrow, winding streets of the Moorish quarter with Prince Arthur of Connaught and two of his suite. So unexpected was the expedition that, for a considerable time, the King was unrecognized, and some small boys were even misled enough to shout, "Just look at these Englishmen!" He called at the convent of San Leandro, famed for the sweetmeats, named "yemas," made by the nuns, and asked for a box of them "to take to my wife and child." The porter looked askance, and remarked that "foreigners" require an order for admission. When the Mother Superior recog-

nized her visitor, she prepared such a huge box of sweets that a special messenger had to be requisitioned to carry it to the Alcazar.

By this time, his Majesty's identity had leaked out, and a crowd of his admiring subjects proceeded to dog his footsteps, while outside the royal entrance to the palace another crowd waited to cheer and to snapshot him on his return. But Don Alfonso quietly went in by a back door, and was next seen at a window, laughing heartily at the disappointment of the would-be photographers.

The truth is that his Majesty is far too well beloved to be able to pass far unknown, and each day that goes by impresses his charming personality more strongly on the Sevillians. There are, however, one or two officials who fail to recognize him. A few days ago, he went with Prince Arthur and the Marquis of Viana to see the famous rag fair, where all the picturesque riff-raff in the town congregate to sell old iron and penny toys. Of course, he was very soon completely surrounded by his ragged lieges, and, as he forbade the police to interfere, progress through the crowd was rather slow. Presently, a busy policeman, hearing "Vivas," behind him, began energetically pushing and shoving the people round in order to open a way for the King. But, in his zeal, he unfortunately hustled his Majesty himself with the imperative order, "Stand back! You can't pass this way."

The King passed on notwithstanding, highly amused at being ordered to stand back for his own convenience. But he forbade any interference with the people, and said they were to be allowed to come as close to him as they chose—which order, being overheard, sent the whole concourse into an ecstasy of loyal enthusiasm.

Seville, once the most important city in Spain, has long been out of fashion, although many great nobles have magnificent palaces here. But it is now semi-officially announced that Don Alfonso is contemplating such additions and restorations to the Alcazar as shall render it suitable to be once more, as it was for many centuries, the winter residence of the Court. And Sevillians say that this is due to the young Queen's being so charmed with their city of sunshine.

Meanwhile we are all as happy as the day is long, and the air is full of joy-bells and military

music and the ever-recurring echo of "Vivas" from poor quarters where the King or the Queen, or both together, have been suddenly and unexpectedly seen. And so popular is her Majesty that, yesterday, "Vivas" were started for one of the few English ladies residing in Seville, on the ground that she belonged to the same country as the Queen! D. M.

St. Mary's Convent School, York, England.

BY A VISITOR-PARENT.

THE historic St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate Bar, York, has been the scene of picturesque and stirring incidents, this week. Some happy thought moved the Religious of the Community to signalize the feast-day of their beloved Reverend Mother by a dramatic performance, which was carried out entirely by the pupils of the school—and a remarkably intelligent performance it was.

The piece chosen was an adaptation of "Fabiola," that masterly historical tableau, or series of tableaux, depicted with such power and sublimity by Cardinal Wiseman, in his portrayal of the trials and triumphs of the Church, during the terrible persecutions of Pagan Rome.

The good nuns, supremely gifted as well as good, the mistresses of studies, the instructress responsible for the presentation of this stirring drama of the Church of the Catacombs, are themselves splendid types of the womanhood that elevated the Rome of Paganism to be the Alma Mater of the Bride of Christ—types of the womanhood that has been the inspiration of all that is noblest in the British Empire.

More than ever, the convent schoolroom is today the final battle-ground of Belief, as it has ever been the foster-mother of Faith and Hope and Charity; and with such a school and such mistresses, parents came away from the great Hall of St. Mary's profoundly thankful that, over and above their thorough secular instruction, they will preserve the faith that inspired the "Imitation."

There were several moving scenes throughout the performance, notably, the intellectual duel between Fabiola and Syra, one of her waiting-maids, high-born as her mistress, yet brought by

force of circumstances to be her slave. All the icy pride of Pagan philosophy and the imperious habits of the Pagan patrician found admirable expression in the acting of Miss P. Simpson, whose histrionic talents are astonishing. The acting of Miss M. Oberhoffer, as Syra, the Christian slave of Fabiola, was very well done. The instruction she had received in her earlier years, before being sold into slavery, stood her in good stead while withstanding the subtle metaphysics and haughty arrogance of her mistress. Fabiola, her pride goaded to fury by Syra's fine defence of her Faith, wounds her with a stiletto, but the noble woman within her quickly asserts itself, and she bitterly regrets her exhibition of passion.

Another fine scene was provided in the prison cell of Agnes, her repeated rejection of her suitor, and her touching interview with her cousin Fabiola. The part of Agnes was portrayed by Miss Mary Scott-Allen, with rare insight and sweetness.

Some excellent impersonations were witnessed in the Forum scene, depicting the martyrdom of Agnes, the vehement declamation of Fabiola, and the demands of Corvinus, admirably played by Miss G. Brown; also in the boudoir scene, where Fabiola, alone with her thoughts after the death of her kinswoman, finely debates with herself the strange power of the Christian religion, which enables youths and maidens to face the rack and the stake with more than Pagan composure. The sudden and uninvited entrance into her apartment of Corvinus, and subsequently of Fulvius—acted from beginning to end, with care and force, by Miss D. Blackledge—was exceedingly well done, as was the timely interposition of Syra, who received the assassin's dagger intended for her adored mistress.

The acting of this fine drama was maintained at such a high level of excellence throughout, that it is difficult to single out any one or two among the remainder for special mention. Miss D. Rockcliff did her part admirably as Lucina, and the same may be said of Miss L. Dunn as Pancratius, Miss A. Rankin as Sebastian, Miss N. Murphy in a double part as the Prefect Tertullus and as Afra, the black slave; Miss D. Curtis as Fabius, Miss B. Dunn in a double part, as Diogenes and as Grala, the Greek slave; Miss M. Hildyard as Quadratus, and Miss M. Sinclair as Sentinel.

A Love That Was More Than Love.

BY M. L. HEWITT.

(Continued.)

“**B**UT the house, ma mie,” said I, “we started out to talk about the house, ma mie.”

“Why, that is a new name you call me,” said she, “what does it mean?”

“Well, I read it in an old French ballad, and I couldn't find it in my dictionary, but, I concluded that it must be something very tender; and since no one has called you it before, it must be an epithet most rare.

Since you know the language of fair France—‘the chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance’—I'll speak my poem for you—just for you.

Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris, sa grande ville,
Et qu'il me fallut quitter
L'amour de ma mie—
Je dirai au roi Henri,
Reprenez votre Paris,
J'aime mieux ma mie, O gey!
J'aime mieux ma mie.

Now, may I call you ma mie, at times? You notice I can say it without opening my mouth. The words seem to be ready winged, on my lips, as they move from me to you—almost as easily as untethered thoughts.”

“But the house,” said she, being wonderfully practical at inopportune moments.

“Let us plan our house, since there is no question of King Henry offering you Paris for me. Of course, I know you would keep me if you were put to the test of a choice. What in the world would you do with all the houses in a large city? And where could you get another *me*, since God doesn't make duplicates.”

“Oh,” said she suddenly, “I'm trying to talk the way I do not feel, dear heart of mine.”

Then there flashed from her sweet soul to mine the light, which poets tell us was never seen on land or sea—the light that never failed me in sorrow or in joy; the light that is surely shining on me now; but it is I who fail to see it for I am still clothed in what Virgil calls “a clogging vesture of decay.”

Well, after much consulting with each other, we decided to buy an old house for the sake of the level lawn in front, and the ample strip of land behind; and also, indeed, for the splendid old maples here and there, and a beautiful copper beech—a kind of tree that was quite rare in that part of the country.

Then we had the old house rolled away; for I liked not the decaying wood and the roughly-boarded floors; and we moved it out the backyard way, though it cost us the extra length and breadth of a corner lot, rather than injure the velvety lawn where soft shadows loved to hide.

After that, we had planned together, of course—always together—a new house—not too large, but still large enough for kindly hospitality; and quite artistic in its outward appearance.

“Just the kind of house that I shall enjoy making into a home,” said ma mie.

“You know,” she explained, “half the miseries of this life come from living in a house, and not in a home, and I am not going to give you a chance to say with a sigh in after years, should you pick up a piece of music, entitled, ‘There is no place like home’: ‘Thank God, there isn’t!’”

What was I to do with a winsome creature like this, but listen and try to laugh at the right time?

“I’m afraid, ma mie,” said I, after a pause, “that you will have me badly mixed. Just the other day, you told me, in sweetest confidence, that your home was in my heart—that the home of every true wife—well, all right, if you didn’t actually pronounce the word *wife*, you meant it, so don’t look so confused—that the home of every true wife is in her husband’s heart.

Now it would appear that the home of yours is to be a house, and as the house will remain stationary while I am on my sick-calls, how about the home? Is the house to be a home only when I am in it, or how are you going to fix it?”

“How delightfully stupid you are,” she answered. “Isn’t matrimony a sacrament? And what is a sacrament but a visible or outward sign of some inward grace or blessing? Each sacrament has two parts—one we see and one we do not see. You will *see* home in our house, and you will *feel* home in your heart—one just as real as the other.”

“Since you have introduced the word matrimony,” said I, mischievously, “may I ask whether you have duly reflected on the vow of obedience which you will be required to make when you take me? I have heard some girls say they would never make such a promise—that they would be married as the Quakers are; for, their simple formality quite ignores the word obey.

You will have to use the word, ma mie, for you are not a Quakeress; so now tell me what are your thoughts on being the slave of a man, as I have heard some persons term it? I just ask in order to keep the conversation alive and to give you a chance to practise talking.”

“Now you are teasing me—I’ll practise the eloquence of silence for the rest of the drive.”

I managed to change that decision by an ancient process, then she continued:

“Why, even the word slave wouldn’t disturb me,” and she tilted those lines of Procter:

“Love is a slave who dreads freedom as life dreads the grave.”

“But, seriously,” said she, “our Lord arranged about the subjection of a wife to her husband, and in the true interpretation of His words I understand nothing to be humiliating. You are to love me as you love yourself. I am to be animated by your will—to be moved by it as your own hands are, for example.

Whoever heard of a man ill-treating his own hands or feet or ears or eyes? And does the head think less of the right hand, for example, because it is not another head?

And who ever heard of sound and healthy hands and feet refusing to serve the head? ‘Non serviam,’ as the ancient writers put it—‘I will not serve’—that is what they tell us Lucifer said before he was hurled below.

You called me a preacher the other day when I fitted a verse from Holy Scripture into something you were telling me. Something comes to my mind now that is apropos, but I am shy of being thought a preacher.”

“Ah! now ma mie, go on with your scripture,” I urged.

“I wonder,” she said meditatively, “whether I can make myself understood. Not that I mean to insinuate that you are psychologically dense, my lord, but it is sometimes hard to adjust wings

to my thoughts, and to present them to you in the form of words.

We were talking about that word 'obey.' Well, I think that our Lord has a soft spot in His Heart for women."

"Indeed," said I, "really, I would like to know by what mental process you reached that conclusion."

"Well, you see, obedience is the grandest and most meritorious of all the virtues that can adorn a human soul, and our Lord laid it upon women as an obligation."

"But who told you, ma mie, or how can you prove to me that obedience is the most meritorious of all virtues?"

"Why, one day I read in a curious old volume that St. Gregory said that obedience is the only virtue that plants all other virtues in the heart and preserves them therein when once they have taken root. Now, I don't know anything about St. Gregory, beyond the fact that he was one of the learned fathers; but I thought so often on those words that I used to wish he were near enough to explain himself.

Then one day there flashed into my mind the Scriptural lines: 'Obedience is better than sacrifice,' and those others, 'Christ was obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross, for which reason God hath exalted Him and given Him a name above all names'—the name Jesus, which signifies Saviour.

Somehow it came home to me that each act of obedience is an undoing of the 'Non serviam' of Lucifer, and the disobedience of our first parents. And this is, probably, all that St. Gregory must have had in his mind when he wrote so grandly of obedience."

"But, my darling," said I, "you are away behind the times. You ought to go and hear our advocates on *Women's Rights* and *Man's Tyranny*. You will soon see how far back you are living."

"No," she answered quietly, "I'm away ahead of it. A whole head over all that nonsense. It goes without saying that a husband should not be a tyrant, but I would far rather meet my Creator as a victim of tyranny than as a 'non serviam' woman.

If the angel overseer drove Adam and Eve off the place of Paradise—to borrow a darkey's

mode of expression—for one act of disobedience, it is not at all likely that the same angel or any of his winged companions will hold the gates of heaven open for a rebellious-hearted woman to pass in."

"I'm afraid, ma mie," said I, "that our engagement will have to be broken off. I'm altogether unfitted to mate with such a treasure-house of hallowed thoughts."

"Nonsense," said she, nestling close to me. "You must let me think aloud in your presence. And it is only since your love has flooded my heart that I have assimilated these thoughts.

Why, it has been high thinking and plain living straight along. Besides, like the Scotch lassie, Barrie writes of, 'I wudna let ye gang, for though I'm gey gleg at the uptak' I might never get anither man'."

In course of time our house was completed, and everything in the line of rubbish carried off. All was so sweet and clean, with just the smell of the plaster. My helpmate decided that the walls should remain as they were; saying she liked the rough finish.

Then came the furnishing question when—would you believe it?—she insisted on leaving the parlor and some of the up-stairs rooms empty, explaining, that since we were in debt for the property and house, we should leave that hint to our relatives and friends.

"It will save them from giving us useless things, and, of course, each one will want to give us something. The kitchen, dining-room and sitting-room, we shall make as snug as possible."

As the fall was advancing, and also the date of our marriage approached, the most unexpected gifts reached our—the doctor's new house.

One farmer whom I had attended during a severe illness, drove up the back way, and just asked my man to help unload the hay in honor of the wedding. Several others brought bags of potatoes, barrels of apples, kegs of cider, bacon, butter, glass jars of canned and preserved fruits. Such a store of provisions! It kept my sweet wife in a state of *bussyness* for many an hour, after we took up our abode within its walls.

One day when I called on our friend, who is blind, she said:

"So the day is drawing near. Just pull out that old chest from under the bed. In the right-hand



SMALL ISLANDS JUST ABOVE THE BRINK OF THE AMERICAN FALL.



NEW STONE ARCH BRIDGE, AS SEEN FROM THE MAINLAND.

corner, under the old flannel shirts, you will find a little box. Let me feel it. Aye, that is it.

My poor Barney—God rest his soul!—brought me that when he returned from his first voyage. Sandalwood, he said, it was called; and he wrote some words inside the lid—not his own make-up. He told me a poet wrote them after smelling the edge of an axe with which the woodman had been cutting down sandal-trees. You might read them to me, doctor, once again.”

So I read slowly:

The sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,
The axe that laid it low;
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.

“Ah, yes; these are the words. Now, there is a bit of a shawl inside. Sure you would think it a few yards of mist folded within, but they tell me the grand ladies wear the like. You’ll put it in her hands on the day, and say that a round on my beads will travel after the two of you until you come back to me.”

“The few yards of mist,” as our dear friend called the shawl, proved to be a present worthy of a crowned head—by far the most valuable of all our gifts, and with this fact my bride and I made her twice glad when we called on our way home from church to ask her to add a new “Amen” to our nuptial blessing.

God and His angels, ma mie and I, know about those first days of our united lives, but no one else must hear.

“They who in such a way receive matrimony as to shut out God, over such the devil hath power,” said the angel Raphael to the young Tobias, in the long ago, and it is good to remember now, in connection with those words, how deeply we two realized the abiding presence of our Creator in ourselves and in all about us.

Our wedding trip was, also, my first real holiday. During my college life, of course, vacation was given, but it was harvest-time at home, and so, that season was for me simply a change of work—a relaxation.

This was, in very truth, a foretaste of Paradise, but, of course, only a foretaste; for this is earth, not heaven, and, as Faber says very aptly: “Joy is life looking like what it is not. Sorrow is life with an honest face.” But no one has worded

the position and the responsibilities of earthlings better than our own Longfellow, when he says:

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

“Farther” on the road of daily duties, nobly done, and nearer that lost Paradise for which our primeval parents disqualified all their children.

But, really, it is very mean of me, or of any of us who have ever sinned, to be constantly casting up that original sin, when the poor old couple endured the exercise of their temporal punishment for over nine hundred years.

They must have learned, in all that time, how to say “I am sorry.” If they had only had sense to say that, in the beginning of their fall, instead of blaming each other, how different it might have been!

But there I am again, God help me! I’m a lineal descendant, for sure.

I have heard that many young wives grow morbid from loneliness, when first they leave the home of their childhood. I have known some myself, who must needs be on the go each day. They go to this place and that, and are ever restless.

I remember that I thought of all and more; and I was quite prepared to be “found wanting,” as time went by. Now, I must take my glasses off and wipe the mist away. Such a humiliation was never mine.

The retina of my wife’s eye was ever in our home, though it gradually adapted itself to meet a widening focus.

My profession took me from home often, and for many hours, at a stretch, but, at my home-coming, the warmth of her welcome was ever the same.

Then, again, during the healthy time, I was around the house a great deal. At such times I was treated to a sort of practical honeymoon. Every little chore required two. This sweet wife of mine had a way of flinging scraps of old rhymes at me, saying the same ones so often that the very repetition made merriment.

If, in the interest of physical culture, I took a spade and turned over the sods in our vegetable

garden, she would trip up to me with a look that seemed to say she could not keep away; and repeat:

"One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, didn't want to be richer,
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented."

And if, on a cold day, I came in with a cheery word for my darling, I would get something like this, as she glided around to make ready the meal:

"Though cold was the weather, or drear was the food,

John never was found in a murmuring mood,
For this he was constantly heard to declare:
'What I cannot prevent, I must cheerfully bear.
For why should I grumble and murmur,' he said,
'If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It can never cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.'"

Portraits in Words.

Here mingle perfumed breezes of the East
And whispers sweet from Southern sunny heights,
With zephyr breathings of the golden West
And voices from the glow of Northern Lights.

LOOK at that young girl on the veranda which runs along the first-floor windows, lightly resting her clasped hands upon the rail and gazing with the divergent eye of reverie into the blue distance.

If she is not fair, she is very beautiful, and there is a delicacy in her regular features that any artist would say is matchless. The mouth, not small but generous and clear-cut, shows perhaps more strength, more determination, than most people like to see; the lips are expressive and convey to the observer the impression that their owner is the possessor of strong will power; the lofty brow is eloquent of the noble thoughts within—and that so often speak from the depths of the splendid eyes—in a word, no cheeks of such a warm olive tint as hers, no tresses of such raven hue, are found in her sunny southern home.

She is not a scornful beauty, though her face could express scorn well enough. Where another would show disdain, she needs but to look grave, and her silence does the rest. Her repose of manner is not mere vacuity—far from it—for her mind is a treasure-house of varied knowledge, acquired by frequent communing with her famous friends in bookland, of whose company she never grows tired.

The plain black costume, relieved only by an edging of white lace at the throat and wrists, though not particularly fashionable, suits her marvellously—what a diplomat Dame Fashion is in her kindly compromise with the convent!

Society has little charm for my friend, who, when not at school, prefers to devote her leisure moments to the poor of the city, relieving their wants and bringing joy to their lonely hearts and desolate homes with the sunshine of her presence. She is known by all and pronounced by one accord a "grand character," one, in every respect, worthy of the incomparable title of "Christian maiden."

EDNA TRACY.

* * * * *

A slip, a slide, a graceful glide, and I behold the beloved heroine of my dreams seated—upon the ice! One small foot is far extended, as though seeking the opposite side of our spacious grounds, while those precious hands are frantically employed in vainly endeavoring to balance her majestic form. Truly, here is an admirable study for an artist. A fascinating little toque crowns that graceful head—no, I am mistaken, it is either fastened on her ribbon or her ear, anywhere but on her head—and waves harmoniously in the wind. With an impatient frown on her scholastic brow and a vague murmur of disgust, she rises—I avert my gaze to conceal a smile that might betray the unexpressed—and the picture fades.

Again I see her—but how different is the vision. That tiny silver—I had almost said brazen—bell, the destroyer of so many joys, has rung an hour of duty, and all are hastening from their various occupations to the study hall and class rooms, when lo! my heroine, destitute of books—and apparently of thoughts—appears with—her music!

Standing at an open window, in admiration of a game on the campus, I catch a glimpse of this embodiment of youth tripping toward the outer gate on her way to the city, and ere I have time to realize her good fortune, she vanishes from sight. Not many moments elapse before a sound from without reaches my ears—alas, back she has come.

“Are you going on a shopping expedition?” I ask.

Without a moment’s hesitation, she replies, “Just to have my gloves stretched.”

“What is the matter, then?” I cry, vainly endeavoring to believe that nothing is wrong.

“I forgot the gloves!”

It is evening. The hour for prayer has rung. While anxiously awaiting the arrival of my belated companion I discover, at the last moment, that she has become invisible. Suddenly, an unusual disturbance in the corridor draws my attention to the fact that the luckless maiden’s veil is not in its accustomed place—and without it, she cannot “enter in.” After many inquiries, a fruitless search, and amid a ripple of subdued laughter, it is found. Where? Well, you could scarcely imagine—hanging in graceful folds from her shoulders.

What a decided aversion those pretty curls have to pins, bows, hats, and—veils!

One last sweet vision of my friend, seated—as is oft her wont when all have retired—on her cosy little couch, in the enjoyment of perfect solitude—writing Limericks?—No, thinking—well, thinking old, old thoughts. She is absolutely unconscious of my presence, and I, loath to interrupt her dream, with difficulty retrace my steps in the darkness to which the guardian of our slumbers has consigned us.

FRANCES DANIELLS.

* * * * *

When looking at the living original of this sketch, one is always forcibly reminded of the photographs of Margharita, the dowager queen of Italy. There are the same finely-chiseled features, and the gracefully-set beautiful eyes with a fund of mirth lurking within their depths. Even in situations which to others would appear very dismal, my Picture sees the bright side, and always has some witty remark to cause a general

burst of merriment, and clear away the dull gray of the atmosphere.

I speak first of the eyes because “the eyes are the windows of the soul.”

Margharita’s eyes may be blue; but those of my Picture are brown.

A brunette?—you will ask. No: for my Picture has beautiful golden hair, and the clearest of pink complexions.

Of what temperament? will be your next query: Mental—Motive—Vital—yes, and Lymphatic, too, as a result of preceding combination. Please, do not laugh at this assertion; for any man or woman well entered upon life, and voted a success, possesses either naturally or acquiredly a combination of the temperaments.

My Picture evinces the Vital temperament in splendid physique, and fullest life of body and mind; the Motive temperament—obedient to mental and vital—in the fullest and most orderly discharge of her daily duties; the mental temperament in her extreme love of books, and all that makes for the intellectual life; the lymphatic temperament in the dislike of disorder and all peace-disturbing influences, and the love and enjoyment of that rest and ease which follow the timely discharge of duty.

My Picture never missed a train; and was never late at a friendly or business appointment.

What of her home?—Ah, we are coming to the heart of things! Her home would be extremely well-ordered, even if it did not comprise the worldly goods with which it is well blessed; in that home meals are not movable feasts,—they are determined by the minute-hand, not by the hour-hand, of the clock.

My Picture, a convent graduate, has never been at the mercy of hired help: she can cook better, and do general housework better, than any cook or housemaid she ever employed; and once when at the beginning of a hard day’s work, a maid over the wash-tub gave her impertinence, she stopped her on these words—“You take out your hands and—go! I will finish this washing!”

Many times during the day, as well as the evening, my Picture delights in sitting down to the quiet and quieting pleasure of a book or paper; for although there are thousands of books in her library, they are there to read, and not to ornament the shelves.

Her reading is as systematically and faithfully done as her housekeeping.

My picture has naturally a lofty disdain of petty, mischievous gossip; her neighbors' private affairs are a sacred, sealed book to her.

She does not forget her music, vocal and instrumental; but does not give to the piano the time that her friends could wish.

My Picture has only to accept the admiration of husband and sons; she has no daughters to worry over to the exclusion of self, and to inform her that some comfortable appointment of her wardrobe is not the "very latest."

To the outside, favored friend, my Picture is a splendid example of all that is enjoyable in the old-time and present-time cordial hostess. Her invitations do not come "From — to —." When she invites a guest, it is whole-heartedly; and the welcome is a sure one.

In her presence is realized that at-home feeling which is so elusive to the traditional visitor,—as well as to the visited, during the season of entertainment!

With a girl visitor, my Picture is a girl again,—with all a dear, merry companion's congeniality.

Is it wonder that I have chosen to portray my Picture?

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

* * * * *

That pensive maiden yonder, seated demurely in the shade of a spreading maple, I call a wonder—one whom any girl might well rejoice to number among her friends.

Not very tall, but graceful and slender, owing perhaps, in part, to her genuine enthusiasm and love for outdoor sports, there is something impressively attractive in the unique personality of the original of my sketch, which never fails to win admiration, and elevate the standards of those who come within the charmed circle of her acquaintance.

A perfect athlete, Boreas in his stormiest moods has no terrors for her, nor can he force this indefatigable skater to relinquish one moment of the exhilarating exercise as long as the Snow King's frosty mantle enfolds the land. An adept in snow-building, she has initiated the little ones in the art. As a result, a mimic castle, such

as no Aladdin ever yet beheld, raises its castellated turrets and battlements close by, and here upon his royal throne, all decked and trapped with ice and snow, the King is carved, and reigns in regal, frozen state.

And in the class room? you ask. There you can always distinguish her by a thoughtful, dreamy expression in the dark eyes, and a pose and profile that invariably remind one of a "Gibson Girl." When called upon to give her opinion on certain much-discussed topics, or when debates are a little protracted, and not always without heat, you soon become aware that she is wide-awake as she proceeds on her course of argument, whether it be to settle some philosophical question, or to defend an unfortunate *Jacques* whom posterity has denounced,—it matters not, she maintains her point firmly and well in the face of all opposition. It is sometimes amusing to watch her perturbed feelings struggling with politeness, until in an I-think-you-must-be-mistaken sort of a way, and with a prescient glance like an up-to-date Sybil, she beams a definite finality.

Yet, not in this does her chief attraction lie, but rather in her sterling worth and true womanly instincts. Always ready to act as ministering angel, she is unselfish, sympathetic, and never too much engaged or busied about her own affairs to listen patiently to a tale of woe and soothe the aching spirit. Ever careful to defend a reputation which has been attacked, she is equally bent on making better and brighter some corner of our dark world.

"As the girl is, so shall the woman be"—if so, we have reason to believe that she of whom I write will shine in society—and elsewhere—as one of God's noblest works—"a woman perfected."

RITA TRACY.

* * * * *

From early morn till the shades of even fall, my Picture is ever ready to convert every free moment into laughter. Even during the silent hours of the night, her musical voice is often heard in ringing, mellifluous laughter—to the intense amusement of some—to the untold annoyance of others—and when the siren voice of the morning bell woos us from sweet slumber, we become aware that this merry maiden has returned from dreamland to cold reality, by the

prolonged yawns and yearning sighs which issue from her alcove.

The last bell, which announces that the time for dressing has expired, finds her still before a mirror, perfecting the latest style of coiffure which she has invented, pinning a bow here, a ribbon there, for she conscientiously believes that she owes it to herself to look her best, and values the share of beauty which has fallen to her lot as a talent she should improve. No sooner has the finishing touch been given than she turns, with characteristic impulsiveness to dart a glance at the disappearing faces, significant of her desire to know if she "looks all right."

Later, we see this elusive young mortal gaily tripping through the corridors, deliciously unconscious of observation, "my philosophy"—think of it!—fondly clasped in her hands, while every one she meets bestows upon her a hat pin, a book, or a bow—for which she has a decided weakness—with the oft-repeated query—"Is this yours?" "Picked it up in the 'Den'." "It must belong to you." With unaffected good-humor and an unsubdued twinkle in her blue eyes, she disclaims the ownership, and proceeds to the recreation hall where her marvellous gift of mimicry and ability to make us see ourselves "as others see us," proclaim her a reigning favorite.

With an amiability all her own, my friend contributes from her extensive repertory many of the artistic gems which adorn our programmes, and which never fail to elicit genuine admiration from delighted audiences. To her ardent, buoyant spirit the world is all dew sparkle and morning-glory, as she presses forward exulting in blissful aspirations. May the dewdrops never exhale nor the garlands lie shattered on her path, but rather may her sky be ever as unflecked with even a passing cloud as it is to-day, and her brow as clear as we love to see it.

HILDA MURRAY.

* * * * *

"All in a garden fair" amidst the roses of which she was the fairest, the first glimpse of this beautiful daughter of the South, whom I would fain portray, was vouchsafed me. Before my mental vision she now stands in the corridor of Memory, a type of her race—cultured, graceful, elegant. Were it not for that wealth of raven

tresses, I should have thought her a rose spirit strayed from some Eastern clime, so like was she in her pale pink silken robe to the beauties that clustered around her, or rested in her delicately-moulded arms. Ah! there is a touching pathos in the radiant look of a girl just crossing the limits of maidenhood, and commencing her journey through the chequered sphere of life, for there are marahts hidden in every path, no matter whether the draught is taken in jewelled goblets or unpolished gourds.

Nature had given my friend an intense love of the beautiful, which constantly impelled her to embody in melody or coloring the glorious images which the contemplation of beauty created in her soul. No description could do justice to her magnificent voice, as it swelled deep and full in its organ-like tones, now thrillingly low in its wailing melody, now clear and sweet as silver bells. It was a natural gift like that conferred on birds. Art could not produce it, but practice and culture had improved and perfected it to such a degree that, on hearing her, one instinctively felt—

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

In her warm, loving heart were unfathomable depths of intense tenderness, and one associated the idea of all that is noble and true with her queenly bearing. To her, home was the Eden, the acme of all human hopes and joys; the hearthstone, that holiest of posts, which, too many, alas, have deserted for the doubtful notoriety of a public career or the craze for social splendor and display.

JESSIE TINSLEY.

* * * * *

To bloom, to ripen, and to die, was the heaven-ordained fate of the beautiful, winsome maiden whom it was my inestimable privilege to know in the flower of her sweet girlhood, at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, where we were schoolgirls together for some years.

Would that I could adequately portray all the graces which adorned that predestined soul, the rare association of qualities of mind and heart,

the deep, tender piety which exercised such a beneficial influence on those who came in contact with her, wedded to the indefinable charm, which, for want of a better word, I shall call personality. Sweetly observant of the golden rule of charity, kind and considerate towards all, and ever ready to put a charitable construction on what the more censorious might deem worthy of blame, Eileen was a power for good in the school, where her sympathy, in hours of loneliness and gloom, was balm to the home-sick or disheartened. Her rare knowledge of the world of childhood and her loving skill in guiding those who dwell therein, often led to her being chosen to take the place of the Religious in charge when some unforeseen happening required her presence elsewhere. And oh, the joy of the little ones on these occasions!—for “no young lady can tell such nice stories as Eileen, she is never cross, and she always asks Sister to forgive us whenever we do wrong.” What an eloquent tribute to sterling worth from the lips of those who are conceded to be our keenest critics!

Habitually bright and happy, ever actuated by the supernatural in motive and thus possessing a power over the merely natural, impossible not to recognize, Eileen seemed a creature of another world sent amongst us to make the universe better by her presence—and well did she fulfil her heavenly mission. During the few short years that elapsed after her Graduation, and while she was still the sunshine of the home she loved so well, the dawning grace of a call to a higher, holier sphere was felt, and He who loves to feed among the lilies made known to the object of His divine favor the way wherein He would have her walk.

How little we dreamed that, with her pilgrim steps on the threshold of the cloister for which she had so ardently yearned, her gentle spirit was destined to wing its happy flight from the hushed stillness of the death-chamber to its one Desire.

Eileen has gone—but the fragrant memory of her presence remains. May her rest be sweet.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

* * * * *

How seldom we find our ideal of perfect beauty in actual life among the many types so frequently encountered in our intercourse with the

world. Is it that the vague longings, the striving after what eludes us, the seeking for what we cannot find, are God's ways of alluring us to the home where all is transcendently beautiful?

She who has aroused my admiration is slightly above medium height, but her queenly bearing gives one the impression that she is much taller—and unswerving in her loyalty to the family motto—*Noblesse Oblige*. Her features may not be exquisitely moulded, but so perfect a reflex are they of the beauty of the soul within—the soul unstained as yet by sin—that we gaze in wonderment at their expression—at the indescribable something beyond beauty.

Her attitude, as I see her, is one of expectancy, for it is visiting-day at the convent. A vagrant breeze has touched the trees and a shower of yellow leaves has lighted all around like golden butterflies on the remaining bloom of the garden, lavish in its autumnal glory. Suddenly a soft, well-known step is heard—the step that, in the rosy years of childhood, had helped the little toddler to chase the sunbeams on the floor and made home resound with gladdest laughter. A thrill of unspeakable joy heightens the color on the naturally pale face,—and, in the encircling arms of a loving mother, the vision fades.

The glorious twilight of the autumn evening lingers yet a while as though loath to depart from so fair a scene, and, unconscious of my admiring gaze, maid and matron pass into an outer court, where a gold and crimson screen of maples hides them from view.

GLADYS WILKINS.

* * * * *

Like a wondrous shrine to Nature's gods, Central Park lay suffused in a golden flood of afternoon sun—"autumn in everything." The trees had assumed their warmest hues, all was wrapped in the enamoring roseate splendor of a September day. The season had attained its maturity, and the world was drowsily glad. Squirrels scampered slyly in the branches, children shouted lustily in their favorite playground, while the gorgeous equipages of Fortune's favorites rolled majestically past. A meditative languor seemed to assail the wandering visitors, all were enjoying the calm serenity which prevailed, when my truant interest was arrested by a solitary figure

framed against a background of vines, whose now variegated tendrils formed a sort of arbor. Pursuing the direction of my glance, I drew nearer and seated myself at close range. I cannot analyze the attraction which drew me to the spot, I only know that a subtle something in the woman's face touched a responding chord in my nature, and drew me irresistibly.

At first, I thought it was her eyes—they were so remarkable—of the softest shade of brown—and I longed to gaze down—down into their depths, for I knew I should find a hidden wealth of feeling there. I watched her warily, fearing to offend with my scrutiny, but she gazed steadily forward, as though mentally bridging the great gulf of years. Perhaps it was the straight, slightly-curved mouth with its wistful expression, or again, the high brow, which seemed a fitting screen for noble thoughts; however, I longed to know her, and, meanwhile, contented myself with speculations. The most remarkable feature of her appearance was that the delightful countenance was crowned with an abundance of hair, silvery white about the temples.

I call it divine intervention, some may call it fate, others, animal instinct, but, ere long, the squirrels came to her, and I watched her long, slender hand, white and jewelled, extended in entreaty toward them. There was a warmth of kindness in the clear outlines of her classical features, and her present attitude accentuated the grace and charm of her manner. That distinguishing characteristic, termed individuality, was very marked—even the pose of her head betokened a superior nature. At length her playmates left her and scampered nimbly in my direction. It relieved the situation somewhat, and proved to be the desired link, for we were soon exchanging commonplaces.

There is, perhaps, no medium by which the inner recesses of a human heart are bared as by the voice—its intonation and quality reveal many secrets. The voice of the woman standing before me was soft and deep, tremulous with a subtle feeling, and possessing that wondrous power by which a great orator thrills his audience.

The radiant beauty of the day, the interest she awakened—all tended to make me communicative, and soon we were enjoying an absorbed conversation. Never for one moment did I forget the

unconventionality of the meeting, her reticent dignity kept the fact ever before me, and I feared at each pause that she would not speak again. But the low, liquid voice continued, now dwelling on the beauty of the season and the park, now touching on current topics of wide-spread interest, and only once referring to herself.

"The Angel of death," she said, "has hushed most of my loved ones in the long, long sleep, that is why I am alone to-day." I understood many things then. She was a woman over whom the great flood of years had swept, leaving her nobler, grander for their passing. She had known much of the sweetness of life, and had tasted also of its sorrows, and now Pandora had shared generously with her the treasure of her box. I wished to remember many of the sentiments she had expressed—her most trivial remark seemed worthy of consideration, and not until the shadows were lengthened to their utmost did we note the flight of time.

She drew herself up quickly, and a sweet smile played about her sad mouth, as she held out her hand.

"The parting of the ways," she said softly.

"The parting of the ways," I reiterated.

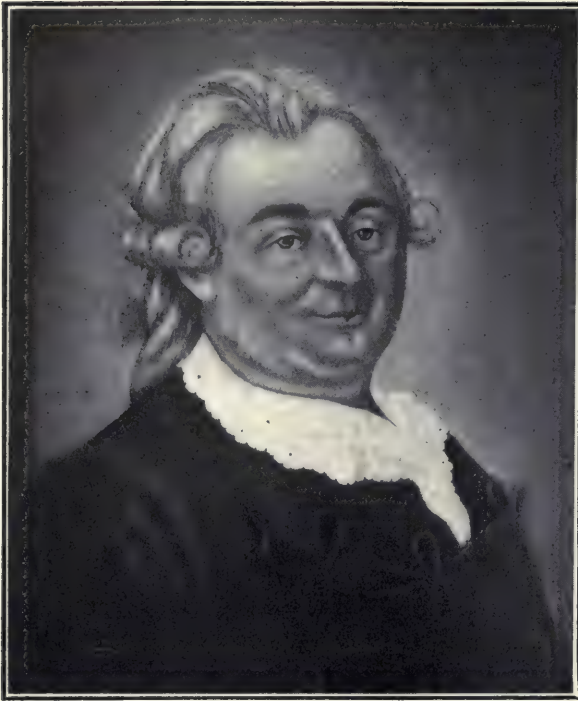
"There are many cross-roads," she repined.

"I hope our paths shall intersect again," I said heartily.

But they never did.

EDNA MCGUIRE.

The spirit of compromise does not mean a continuous performance in the way of self-surrender and self-sacrifice; it does not mean ceasing to be a voice and becoming an echo; it does not imply or justify the loss of individuality; it means simply the instinctive recognition of the best way out of a difficulty, the quickest tacking to avoid a collision, the kindly view of tolerance in the presence of the weakness and errors of another, the courage to meet an explanation half-way, the generosity to be first to apologize for a discord, the largeness of mind that does not fear a sacrifice of dignity in surrendering in the interests of the highest harmony of the two rather than the personal vanity of one.



SEIGNEUR LOUIS D'ESCHAMBEAULT DE VAUDREUIL,

Page at Court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; Friend of Queen Victoria's Father.

De Vaudreuil.

In England, France and Canada, his fateful
countries three,
By Yule-tide hearth the story's told of valiant
Vaudreuil;

Born 'neath the Lily flag of France, no knight
e'er buckled sword,
More loyal to its emblem sweet, in thought, and
deed, and word!

O'er France and all her colonies his noble house
was known—
The pride of high intelligence, the safeguard of
the throne.

King Louis sixteenth's 'namesake young, at court
for years was met;
Where Vaudreuil was faithful page to Marie An-
toinette.

And his to tell, that martyred pair lived for their
country's good;
How kept their covenant with Heaven, and sealed
it with their blood.

He shared, in splendor of their power, their
happy days, and when
'Twas death to aid, still at their side, he served
them to ²Varennes!

Thro' dangers dread, with charmed life, he strove
release to bring,
Till, with the noblest sons of France, the scaf-
fold claimed his King.

It passed her tortured orphans, but the ravening
guillotine
Beheld its choicest victim in the broken-hearted
Queen.

When hope was gone, brave Vaudreuil, to duty
holding fast,
Resolved his Queen should have a friend beside
her at the last.

Thank God—e'en now—some reparation met her
last sad gaze;
That kind disguise brought to her side her page
of other days!

Thus he to cheer his Queen in death, beside her
scaffold stood
Until the ³torrent to the Seine was richened by
her blood.

Then fast with waiting horses sped, to sail for
England's shore,
And as he fled he bade farewell to France for
ever more!

No stranger he at England's court, where every
heart was stirred,
A royal welcome he received from grand old
George the Third!

As colonel of a British corps some happy years
were spent,—
When Vaudreuil was bosom friend of ⁴Edward
Duke of Kent.

And when to our blest Canada the Prince his
regiment brought,
Upon his staff De Vaudreuil a glad appointment
sought.

The royal father's choice was he; reward went
with consent,—
As aide-de-camp, of valor proved, he shared the
Prince's tent.

Tho' stranger now, on memories dear he based
pathetic claim,—
A gem on Canada's wide breast he found his
family's name!

On these staunch comrades Canada's delights
could never pall—
First Halifax; then old Quebec; then royal
Montreal.

His patrimony now regained in erstwhile trou-
bled France,
De Vaudreuil his golden revenue did straight
advance

Most willing to the outstretched palm of Can-
ada's fair hand,
That with it aided all who would to colonize her
land.

So—be it whispered!—Canada returned the cen-
tury through—
And to this day, of courteous millions—not a
single sou!

This Christian knight, once Britain's guest, and
nobleman of France
Felt that his honor could not name a moneyed
circumstance;

While pleads this crowning loyalty, minds of dis-
honest mood
Would dare deprive of loyal name Canadians of
his blood!

The Prince, as royal princes must, went "home"
at high command,
His aide-de-camp, most human, chose to marry
in the land!—

So true his life and happy,—from Quebec to
Montreal
The great Seigneur de Vaudreuil was known and
loved by all.

But perfect peace is Heaven's own, and may not
be allowed
To Earth, whose summer needs, yet fears, the
shadow of the cloud:—

The Seigneur's son who revered his father's
gentle rule,
Rebellious fled from discipline disliked, enforced
at school.

The father, of whose blameless life obedience
formed a part,
Had yet stern duty to perform, so with a break-
ing heart

To that historic Company, who circle Hudson
Bay,
He bound the future of his son, and sent him
thus away.

Then forest, river, lake, and years, but formed a
lengthening chain.
That, tugging at the father's heart, increased the
longing pain:

He yearned, 'mid consolations all, to see his son's
dear face;
To tell him of his love unchanged; receive the
old embrace.

But wilful ⁶George was happiest when privileged
to endure
Privations new and hardships, with the sturdiest
voyageur.

He dared their savage denizens, and loved the
mighty woods;
He traced the soul's nobility to glorious soli-
tudes!

The duties of his new-found life his energies en-
grossed,
On merit's record speedily he rose from post to
post.

The way that many years before led from his
father's door
Was lengthened now, by journey long, to thou-
sand leagues and more.

As factor proud he northward fared, with any ill
to cope,
Within the Arctic Circle to the Old Fort of Good
Hope!

Where prosperous and beloved he led an upright,
spotless life;
And here, from nation of the Crees, he took an
Indian wife.

To him but dearer and more dear her goodness
could become,
While children thro' the years were sent to bless
that Christian home.

Time changes all:—The good Seigneur was
grown infirm and old
And speaking from his bed of death, this vision
wondrous told:—

"My land of France, my father's halls, my child-
hood's joys I've seen,"
"The King, the court, the happy days, the scaf-
fold of my Queen"

"Who joyful said—'All comfort sweet thou
wouldst have brought to me'"
'At risk of life,—now death is near kind Heaven
sends to thee.'"

"By portage, river long, and lake, I've seen him
hurrying come,"
"His good canoes have wingèd speed; and
George will soon be home!"

None shared his hopes; fast waned his strength;
and gathered round his bed,
The prayers for a soul departing mournfully they
said;

Then entered one, who silent knelt, but ere the
prayers were done,
The Seigneur cried "I know that kneeling
stranger is my son!"

"Yes, father dear, your prodigal most humbly
comes at last;
"T'd give remainder of my life, but to undo the
past!"

"When as my children grew, I found their due
obedience sweet,"
"I longed to see my father, wronged; and, kneel-
ing at your feet,"

"To pour the fulness of my heart in penitence
and tears,"
"And beg forgiveness for the faults of wayward,
boyhood years!"

"Oh, blessings on your head, my son, I, too, for-
giveness claim,"
"My conscience to my aching heart has answered
but in blame!"

"Tho' banished from the courtly world, you've
led a noble life;"
"So, blessings on your children dear, and duteous
Indian wife!"

Too brief the hours!—'Twas happy sigh that told
his latest breath,
And left this noble, loving heart, in calm repose
of death. IDRIS.

1. Louis d'Eschambault de Vaudreuil was nephew of Marquis de Vaudreuil, the last French Governor of Canada, and grandson of the former Canadian Governor of that name.

2. In disguise, and attempting to escape from France, the Royal Family was captured at Varennes. Vaudreuil, who was in attendance, managed to elude the police.

3. A sewer led from the guillotine to the Seine.

4. Edward, Duke of Kent, was son of George III., father of Queen Victoria, and grandfather of King Edward VII.

5. The County "Vaudreuil."

6. Named in honor of George III.

The effort to be always kind, considerate and gentle, no matter what may be rankling in the heart, has a great influence in transforming life. Learn the power of the smile—not the smile that never comes off—but the welcoming, encouraging, winning smile; because it makes friends for you, and is an immeasurable power.

Childhood's Tragedies.

"A kiss when I wake in the morning,—

A kiss when I go to bed,—


A kiss when I burn my finger,—

A kiss when I bump my head.

* * * *

And she covered me over with kisses,

The day I fell from the stairs."

" H horror!—Baby has fallen down stairs!" There is a general rush, sundry frightened ejaculations, half-whispered prayers, but mother is the first to reach the tiny wailing bundle and gather it safely within the shelter of her arms. It was in the days of your first steps,—when mother held out her arms and made you take two of the tiniest and most piteously-wavering steps imaginable, and after, she would catch you to her heart and shower kisses on your golden head.

And those little steps and mother's unerring clasp made you rather fearless. Perhaps 'twas the sound of Jenny's voice from the kitchen, from which region arose aromatic odors whose name is legion,—or was it mother's silvery lullaby that made you feel it was pretty nearly "coddle" time? Anyway, you reached the great front stairs, unaided, and then,—bump!—bump!—a volume of healthy and rather reassuring wails, and then the kisses. Ah! 'twas worth almost the accident to reap the reward, if reward it might be called. You were a little martyr *that* day, and for many days to come you were fêted and kissed and laughed and wept over. Father looked with great frightened eyes at the ugly red bruise disfiguring his darling's forehead, and said it was a marvel that his baby wasn't killed.

It was just a few days after that mother was obliged to go on a shopping expedition, and you were, of course, consigned to Jenny's care. I know mother really disliked leaving you, for your trouble had assumed gigantic proportions in her mind's eye, more especially, since every caller had evinced mild surprise at your surviving the downfall.

"You don't mean to say baby fell the whole way down!" gasped Mrs. Carveth, mother's most intimate and, at the same time—let me whisper it!—most voluble friend. "The whole way down and nothing but a paltry bruise—"

Mother drew herself up with dignity.

"A bruise was quite enough. Just think, Alice, we had to apply hot cloths and raw beefsteak and—"

"Yes—I know,—I know all you should do in a case like that," was the rather business-like reply. "But, my dear, if he had broken a limb or his neck—or"

"His neck!" wailed mother. "Don't, Alice, don't—oh! I'll never let my precious boy out of my sight again,—never! never!"

Mrs. Carveth smiled condescendingly. Perhaps she herself had come through that phase and knew just how such resolutions were speedily broken. Anyway, mother did hate to leave you, but, she did not without leaving Jenny such explicit instructions that the poor girl sat half the day holding you on her knee, afraid to let you go for an instant. But, the recollection of a rather scanty larder recalled her to her duty, and, dropping you rather unceremoniously, she proceeded to bake. Because you were "so good," Jenny gave you a "lovely" piece of dough, which you presently decided could be improved by a little cooking. The stove door was ajar, and a bed of luminous coals met your fascinated gaze. You felt they must taste good and, well, the result was a badly-burned hand. Jenny was trying to alleviate the pain with all sorts of healing lotions, and the kitchen was a veritable chaos when mother returned.

That was your last experience with fire, for a "burnt child," etc. You know the proverb, of course. For weeks you almost screamed yourself into hysterics when the grate was lighted, and mother had to immediately obscure it with a screen. Ah! that was—to your mind—the beautiful screen, all gold and black with funny-looking men and great impossible birds and beasts, wrought in the most trying and hideous colors! Nobody could ever tell whence it came, but, Agnes declared she knew whither it was going. But, you liked it so well that mother kept it and often used to amuse you with stories from her own fertile imagination about the creatures depicted thereon.

"The big broad one?" you would lisp.

And mother would repeat the different names of the tropical animals, but 'twas the giraffe that pleased you most.

And after mother's explanation, you would fall into a profound study.

"Say, mother."

"Yes, dear."

"Giraffes couldn't live in houses, could they?"

"No, dear,—why?"

"Because they couldn't get in the doors," you explain solemnly; whereat there is a chorus of laughter, during which you pull the screen clear over on top of you and scratch your nose. And so the screen, giraffe and all, was ignominiously banished and relegated to the unromantic region of the attic, to keep company with the marauding forces of rats which, Jenny declares, hold nightly councils there. Poor old screen! It was years after when you saw it again, nevertheless, when your eyes lighted upon it you sat down on the floor amid the dust and cobwebs and laughed with the genuine freeheartedness of youth. Was it the giraffe in the hideous yellow or the tiny bruised nose that tickled your fancy? I wonder which.

And you remember you always brought your little griefs to daddy, and sometimes, how you found him immured in his endless books and papers, for, no doubt, you all have dear daddies at home, and know how engrossed they can become in their books and papers. And you would ply him with questions—and such questions:

"What keeps the stars from falling?
What makes the earth go round?
How can flies walk on the ceiling,
Just as they do on the ground?
Where do the bees get their honey?
Who finds the balloons that are lost?
What makes people baldheaded?
And how much do elephants cost?"

"Do run away, child," father says, at last, then brightening, "Go and talk to Jenny!"

Jenny, indeed! And she deep in the mystery of lemon tarts—which you will sample presently—so you go disconsolately out on the veranda. It is a lonesome old day and everybody so busy—mother upstairs sewing, daddy reading, and Jenny baking, which task, you aver, is the most unselfish and the most beneficent to the human race in general. You were despised and neglected and—and—yes, you would run away to where people were kinder and more considerate and not

so self-centered. Perhaps you would meet little Jack Horner, or Bo-Peep, or—oh! delightful!—maybe, Santa Claus himself! and he would gather you into his trim little sled and whirl you away over the housetops to his home in the far north, and you could see his queer little helpers making toy trains and boats, and perhaps he might give you a great Parisian doll for little sister. And you strayed on and on, past familiar streets and avenues, through crowded highways and byways where pedestrians tried to stop and question the tiny chap with eager face and tired eyes. And then the sun went down and it grew dark; lights began to twinkle along the streets, all seemed homeward bound, and you grew afraid. Great sobs choked your voice as you tried to cry out, "Daddy, daddy," and then a strong hand clasped your shoulder and a deep kindly voice sang out, "Why, what have we here—a little strayaway?" And then,—

"I've lost! Could you find me, please?"

Poor little frightened baby!

The wind had tossed his golden fleece,
The stones had scratched his dimpled knees.
He stooped and lifted him with ease,
And softly whispered 'Maybe'."

And you were found, and, not long after, mother was tucking you in your snowy bed and father had even left his endless books to promise you a street-car ride to-morrow.

And a momentous day, at last, arrived,—the day when you set forth to the barber's to have your golden locks shorn. You left mother at the door with tears in her eyes,—her baby, and you would return daddy's little man. Ah! that hair-cutting process was a tragedy to mother. You would be no longer her baby boy, for, somehow, the little cropped head seemed to acquire a new dignity. You would no longer run weeping to have her bind up a little bruised finger, and again, it behooved you not to climb her knee and allow her pretty ditties to lull you to sleep. Little sister would be her only baby now, for, anyway, you were starting to school to-morrow, and there, dear little chap, on the threshold of an undiscovered country, we will leave you with,—

"Clean shirt and new breeches, proud lip and bold tread,

A manly sweet toss of the curly brown head,

A bun and an apple, a book and a slate,
Good-bye at the door, and a kiss at the gate.
Dear lad of the green world, the sweet world
and cool,
A book and a pencil,—he's starting to school."

KATE C. ADAMS.

TORONTO.

A Gala Celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Loretto Convent, Hamilton.

LECTURE ON "SOME PHASES OF IRISH CHARACTER," BY MR. J. DOWNEY, M. L. A.

HONORED BY THE PRESENCE OF HIS LORDSHIP
RIGHT REVEREND T. J. DOWLING, D. D.

THE celebration, last evening, in honor of Erin's Patron Saint, was of a character calculated to make the heart of every true son and daughter of the land of the shamrock throb with fond emotion or thrill with joy, hearing the traits and character of its people described by a brilliant speaker, or listening to the sweet melody of old Ireland's native music, so near and dear to the Hibernian heart.

Everything in connection with this entertainment of rare excellence, from the dainty hand-painted souvenir programme, displaying the four-leafed shamrock, and tied with a bow of green ribbon, to the flower-banked platform, resplendent with its Irish decorations, awakened cherished memories of the little Isle over which the spirit of beauty hovers and touches to living loveliness every point.

Mr. Downey was introduced by Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, as "a talented journalist, an able statesman, and eloquent orator, a type of Canadian spirit, who, by honesty, ability, and industry, has risen to a noble position in the country."

Mr. Downey chose as his topic "Some Phases of Irish Character," and, for a full hour, held his audience spell-bound with an eloquent address; bristling with patriotism, and brilliant with sparkling wit. After a brief reference to this festive occasion, when the thoughts of Erin's sons the world over—on the plains of India, in Southern Australia, in the northernmost parts of Canada, even to the Arctic Circle—turn longingly and

lovingly to the land of their birth, of their forefathers—dear old Ireland—he dealt with the Irish character, complex, many-sided, and contradictory; a character that many men of great learning, knowledge, and insight, had, up to the present, been unable to understand, but for which Ireland's severest critics had only words of praise. John Wesley, Mr. Downey said, had observed that in no place in the world was there such courtesy, such hospitality, such chivalry, as that displayed by the people of Ireland, and that he received more courtesy in the humble homes of Erin than in the royal homes of England. One has to demonstrate one's honesty to an Englishman before he will extend a welcome; with the Irishman, a welcome is extended until a person is found unworthy of it. The speaker said that he had searched for a reason for the Irish variability of temperament, and that, probably, the checked history of the country is responsible for it.

Mr. Downey touched briefly on the invasion and strife "that culminated when Henry II. set his desecrated foot on Ireland," the misery and tribulations that followed, illuminated now and then by the most brilliant flashes of genius the world had ever known, and by glorious heroic acts of devotion to principle, to nationality, to faith, such as no nation on God's green earth had ever shown.

The intense patriotism and devotion to country of Ireland's people was another phase touched on by the speaker, who emphasized the many striking incidents in the history of Ireland and England, which show that Irish patriotism had been tested and not found wanting.

Critics there were who found fault with such men as Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet, who sacrificed their lives for their country, and others who rose in arms to resist conditions in their native land. It is true that they were rebels. They rebelled against a condition of affairs which any man who appreciated the title of liberty would rebel against. He referred to D'Arcy McGee, who, when taunted in the Canadian Parliament with being a rebel, rose, emphasized his loyalty, and declared that if the conditions in Ireland continued as they had been, he would again rebel against them.

"It would be well," declared Mr. Downey, "if in these mercenary days, in this young Canada of

ours, there were more men of this stamp who would rebel against wrong and stand for principle, whatever it might be, and step aside from the chase after the almighty dollar, the mercenary motive that is crowding us on and on, and our brothers off the track."

Mr. Downey spoke of Protestant noblemen who had fought for Ireland's rights, and, no matter what any man's opinion might be about these great defenders of Ireland's cause, he did not think any apology necessary, for it must be admitted that they were noble characters.

The speaker told of the part Ireland took in the Empire's battles down to the South African campaign, when the Irish Fusiliers, with a ringing cheer, charged the trenches, and Erin's slain lay side by side with the flower of Britain's troops. "We can say we have done our duty and our whole duty to the British flag," he added.

Mr. Downey described in eloquent words the condition of the Irish at different periods, and told of the golden days of the country, when its schools and colleges were scattered broadcast, and the gospel message was carried to other lands. Ireland had had its dark days, but they had been brightened by flashes of genius and by the deeply religious nature of the race. The extent to which the Irish have suffered for their faith is well known, and it is something to be grateful for that the sons and daughters of Erin have shown such adherence to the faith which was implanted on its shores by St. Patrick. No country has given so many eminent men to the Church, no country has been called upon to constantly make so many sacrifices for its religion.

Mr. Downey referred to those who picture the Irishman as simple-minded, green, and easily imposed upon. The caricaturists and comic papers fasten on him every blunder, and make him the butt of every ludicrous situation created by their imaginative brains. "This," he said, "is not the case." His wit is proverbial. In literature, poetry, &c., he might elaborate did time permit. But, by way of illustrating his points, he related many amusing anecdotes, at which the audience manifested its enjoyment by hearty laughter; and recalled a number of humorous incidents which had happened to famous Englishmen, as examples of the Irishman's unfailing wit, urbanity, and courtesy.

In closing, Mr. Downey made appropriate reference to the changes that have taken place in the Old Land, and the good conditions that exist in Canada. Commenting on this striking contrast with the troublous times of old, he thanked God that a man now regards his fellow man as a brother, even though they do not worship at the same altar.

In Canada we have reason to be grateful for this spirit. "There should be no use of the word toleration, in the sense in which it is generally used," he said. "We have reason to feel thankful that, in this country the barriers that existed have been broken down." This is largely due to such men as the immortal D'Arcy McGee, Lord Dufferin, and others.

Mr. Downey hopes that this may continue, and that Canadians may go on adding story after story to the great national edifice they are building, a happy, peaceful, prosperous, contented people, challenging the admiration of the civilized world.

At the close of the address, a vote of thanks was moved by Col. A. H. Moore, and seconded by Mayor Stewart. It was presented by His Lordship, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, and acknowledged by Mr. Downey.

His Lordship, in tendering it, expressed his pleasure at the eloquent address. "It is well," he said, "that the rising generation should know something of the characteristics of their forefathers. Sometimes they see only one side of Irish history, I am glad that they have, to-night, heard of its bright side." His Lordship then indulged in personal reminiscences of celebrated men whom he had met, notably, Lord Dufferin, Cardinal Manning, D'Arcy McGee, &c., and told of an amusing experience he had had with a lad at a certain college, where he had once taught—the lad is now one of the leading men in the Government of his country!

When the laughter had subsided, His Lordship remarked that he had not often prayed for a man at a public gathering, but he had done so once, and had hoped that the doors of heaven would be enlarged to admit a very big non-Catholic doctor who had done good work. He would not hesitate to pray for Mayor Stewart, who, as chief magistrate of the city, has accomplished so much good.

A programme of appropriate music and song was then rendered. Mrs. Martin-Murphy's glorious voice never appeared to greater advantage than in the singing of the tuneful ballads, into which she infused a tender pathos and feeling that brought tears to the eyes of the audience, and elicited unstinted praise from His Lordship. Loretto's halls have often echoed the bird-like notes of this sweet singer, but never, it would seem, more acceptably than on this memorable occasion.

Miss Hunter's orchestra—a pleasing feature of the programme—gave a splendid rendition of some of Ireland's most stirring and martial airs, as the guests entered the hall, and aroused the patriotic enthusiasm of those among them to whom the melodies and memories of the Old Land are dear.

PROGRAMME.

- Irish Overture, "Colleen Bawn" *E. Boettger*
MISS HUNTER'S ORCHESTRA.
- Solo, The Irish Emigrant's Lament.
..... *Lady Dufferin*
MRS. MARTIN-MURPHY.
- Piano, Whispers from Erin. *Rockstro*
JESSIE TINSLEY.
- Song, Killarney *Balfe*
ELIZABETH MACSLOY.
- Intermezzo, Cavalleria Rusticana *Mascagni*
MISS HUNTER'S ORCHESTRA.
- Duet, Steer My Bark to Erin's Isle. *Bayley*
MRS. MARTIN-MURPHY AND FRANCES DANIELLS.
- Vocal Quartet, The Harp That Once
Through Tara's Halls
ELIZABETH MACSLOY, FRANCES DANIELLS, RITA
TRACY, JESSIE TINSLEY.
- Song, There's a Dear Spot in Ireland. *Pratt*
MRS. MARTIN-MURPHY.
- Semi-Chorus, Hymn to St. Patrick. . *H. G. Ganss*

There are chains which, when one looks at them, seem made of gold; when one wears them, of lead; and when one tries to break them, of steel.

Letter Box.

FINISTÈRE, FRANCE.

DEAR ANNIE:

Here we are at Morlaix, a most delightful old town, situated in a very large valley, crossed by a huge viaduct for trains. There are streets of beautiful old houses—centuries old—narrow, and very high, each story projecting two feet farther than the one underneath, so that the highest almost meets its opposite neighbor. The fronts look quite ornamental, with their timber beams and plaster. There are two large and very old churches, but not to be compared to the two at Dinan. Another beautiful one, built in 1237, is now used for storing lumber—but, the lovely east window is intact. The houses remind me of "God's Providence Houses" at Chester. Do you remember them?

The Finistère people are quite different from those of the Côtes-du-Nord. The men look Spanish. They wear blue and white scarfs, wound many times around their hips, white sleeves, and sleeveless short black coats, broad-brimmed hats with black velvet ribbon around the crown and crossed at the back, mother-of-pearl and long ends hanging down.

The women's coiffes are very ugly—thick calico material, worn tight around the head, so that not a hair shows, back or front of a very ugly type of face.

Board is marvellously cheap here—eight francs a day—and extremely good. Yesterday, we began déjeuner with lobsters, shrimps and winkles, new peas and potatoes. Last night, at dinner, the proprietor's wife came up with something hidden under a napkin, and deposited it on our table—small plates of strawberries and cherries, the first of the season. Nearly fifty guests were present, and no one else had any! She is particularly nice to us and sends us lovely flowers for our room and big bunches of pink honeysuckle to wear. The flowers are beautiful—all shades of purple lilac and huge white lilac, purple and white wisteria, May Banksia roses and clematis; and, in the markets, quantities of lilies of the valley and Maréchal Niel roses for a few sous.

We left at 8.30 for St. Pol de Léon, a lovely place containing some exquisite old houses with little Norman turrets. The church of St. Kristier has a superb tower, very lofty and all open-work like lace, and a west door that takes your breath away, it is so beautiful. The magnificent cathedral, with its double side transepts and interior resembling Westminster Abbey, is only a few yards away. Think of these two grand churches in such an out-of-the-way place!

We drove to Roscoff, where Mary Stuart landed, in 1548. Her house is still there—a miserable shanty. Roscoff is a great place for lobsters and shrimps. The tide rises fifty feet.

At Thégonnec, where we went on Wednesday, there is a beautiful cathedral, many centuries old, and full of glorious carving. Outside in the churchyard is a large Calvary, with hundreds of figures grouped around, all in stone, and another smaller chapel with a crypt, and in it a life-size figure of the dead Christ and several figures carved in wood and painted. They date from 1626.

After luncheon, we caught a train to Guimiléon, where there is a fine old church—a different style from the others—and only about one dozen stone cottages with mud floors. We went into them and saw the closed-in beds, with their perfectly clean linen, set in the kitchen wall, with meat, &c., hanging from the ceiling.

Our next excursion was to Huelgoat, remarkable for its trout rivers, large lake, and pretty scenery. It reminded me of Canada. There are, also, Roman remains, dolmans and menhirs.

Dol attracted our attention because of its cathedral, built in the twelfth century. P. says it is more like Westminster Abbey than anything he has seen—only, of course, much smaller. Around the churches here, there are no flowers, banners, or gilded things, to take away from the grandeur of the buildings. Dol looked as if it were built of lace instead of granite. We remained there a half an hour, and then went on to Mont St. Michel, through a most picturesque country. We saw the fortifications and were shown all the openings through which oil used to be poured on the heads of invaders! Then we had lunch, to fortify us for the ascent of the six hundred and sixty-two steps. This high, pointed rock is a most wonderful place. In 1000, A. D.,

the building of the lower halls and refectories was begun. The rock was used for the inner walls until all the chapels and halls, one over the other, were on a level with the top, and on this the abbey was built. You can imagine the size of the columns to bear the weight of these spacious rooms, which are of great height and have beautiful groined ceilings. The abbey is really superb, and, from the top, the view is glorious.

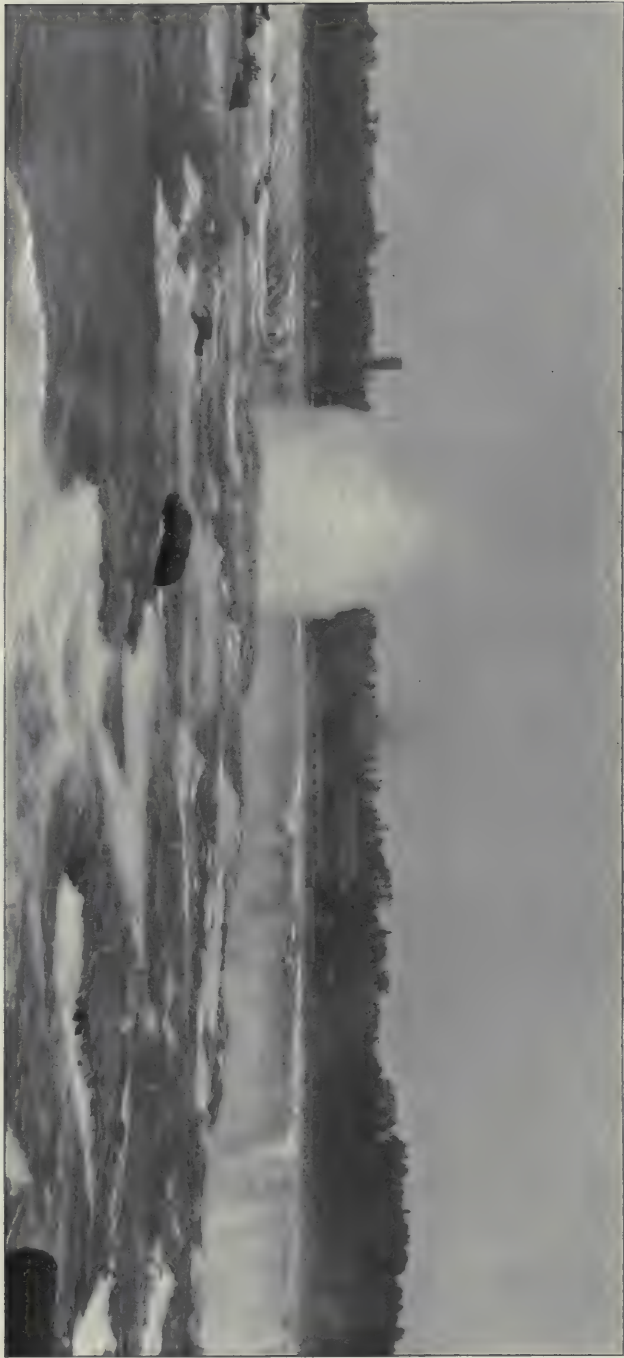
Quimper is a charming place, and has a most comfortable hotel, looking toward the river. Between the hotel and the river is a long avenue of pink horse-chestnut trees in full bloom—a lovely sight. Quimper is a cathedral town and has a bishop. The cathedral, built in the thirteenth century, has some magnificent porches. The high altar, all silver and gilt, like a restaurant—unlike any other we had seen—I did not admire.

The shops are most fascinating. One day, we went by train to Pont L'Abbé, just to see the costumes, which are smarter than in any other part of Brittany. The women wear black skirts, very full, with a broad band of black velvet around the hem. In front, the bodice is entirely covered with bright orange silk embroidery; the sleeves, large and turned up, have embroidery from wrist to shoulder. The coiffe is wonderful—a narrow band of black velvet, crossed above the forehead, and a high coronet of white lace; above each ear—or, rather behind—a piece of bright-colored velvet, shaped like blinkers, and embroidered all over in silver; over the right ear a big bunch of lace ends, and over the left, two long ends of wide sash ribbon, hanging below the waist.

Two maids waited on us at déjeuner. One had orange velvet "blinkers," and the other, bright scarlet.

In the town, all, even the children playing in the gutter, had every kind of color, and always embroidered in silver or gold. This is the everyday dress. The fête dresses of the Brittany women are gorgeous—a skirt of black, faced cloth, embroidered to the knees in gold and silver, with pale-colored satins underneath, a white satin or moiré apron, embroidered quite solid with gold and silver. Of course, these garments are handed down from mother to daughter.

From Quimper we went to Quimperlé, where there are two beautiful old churches, and the most charming old houses, built of wood and plaster.



HORSESHOE FALL AS SEEN FROM TERRAPIN POINT.

The church of St. Croix, Romanesque in style, is certainly peculiar and unlike any other. The main building is perfectly round, with chapels built out—no seating accommodation whatever. Towards the centre are four enormous pillars, and, raised on a platform, are the high altar, pulpit, and prie-dieus, to which ten high steps lead. From the raised part, one can see all around the church.

Pont Aven has been over-estimated, it seems to me. Vachell wrote a book about it, called "The Face of Day." With the exception of one or two views of the river, which are rather pretty, I could see nothing to admire. There was not even any fishing—a great disappointment—so we went to Auray, took a carriage for the day and drove to Carnac to see the druidical remains, which are most weird—hundreds and thousands of these huge stones in ten straight lines, some of them very high. After having looked about, we drove through La Trinité, where I saw pepper-trees in blossom; thence to Locmariaquer, remarkable for its very large druid tombs. Does it not seem wonderful how such immense stones could be moved, thousands of years ago?

Ploërmel, a flourishing place, at one time, is a rather dirty little spot now. Two years ago, there were three exceedingly large religious houses—a seminary, a convent, and a third containing eleven hundred inmates. All were expelled, at four days' notice. Such cloisters and such a profusion of azaleas and camellias, all in full bloom, I never saw. The church has the best old glass in Brittany, and beautiful carving.

We saw a fine old château belonging to the Duc de Rohan—the original castle—destroyed in 1060—was magnificent. This one—built in 1150—is superb inside, but, it was frequently besieged, and three parts of it were pulled down. In the museum are several interesting relics—Marie Antoinette's opera glasses—gold, with "M. A." in diamonds; Napoleon's telescope, in gold, with "N." in diamonds; a whole case of gold and jewelled swords, given to the de Rohans by various Kings of France; and beautiful pictures, priceless, I should think.

On my return, I saw a very interesting sight—the Fête-Dieu. The streets through which the procession passed were decorated, and, to the

height of about eight feet, each side of the street was lined with white—each house or shop did its own frontage. Linen sheets were used all along, for I saw the monograms and names on them. Where they were pinned together, a trail of ivy or fern covered, full wreaths of green edged the upper and lower parts, and bouquets of flowers, or designs like stars and crosses, were pinned on. This was very pretty and effective. Two shrines were erected, one with an altar and a large statue of the Blessed Virgin, around which were flowers, plants and dozens of candles; the other represented the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, with myriads of lights and a fountain playing. The path over which the procession moved was covered, for a long distance, with the petals of flowers, designs of crosses, crowns, a chalice, &c., done in white carnation petals, outlined in brown leaves; a large I. H. S., formed with the yellow centres of marguerites on the carnation ground, and edged with brown leaves. You have no idea how pretty it was.

The procession started from the church of St. Lawrence, passing through part of the town, to the first shrine, then, for a quarter of a mile, along the Petit Fossé—which is the old moat filled in and a double row of huge trees meeting across—down to the second shrine, where there were quite long devotions; then on to the cathedral.

In the first part of the procession were tiny children in white, wearing wreaths of flowers, and six together carrying small platforms, on each of which rested the statue of a saint. Next came taller little girls in their First-Communion dresses, laden with flowers. These were followed by older ones, bearing candles. Then the various schools and their bands, a number of acolytes in scarlet and white, others in purple—but, before them came about thirty nuns—all that are left here. After the acolytes, came ten men—not priests—then the priests, followed by four men carrying a canopy, under which three priests walked, one of them bearing the Host. There were some very handsome banners, and the ceremony was most impressive.

This letter is sufficiently long, so I shall say *au revoir*.

Ever yours,

MÁDELEINE.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR JOSEPHINE:

Despite all our plans and hopes for taking this trip together, it seems that I am here alone, so, while it would, indeed, take a poet's pen and skill to tell of the beauties which meet the eye at every turn, I shall do my poor best to "describe the indescribable," and give you some faint idea of the grandeur of it all.

Los Angeles itself is a beautiful city; it is well lighted, marvellously clean, and charmingly picturesque. Stately mountains guard it; beautiful buildings and busy thoroughfares mark it as the habitat of prosperity; verdant lawns, palm-trees and brilliant flowers render the magnificent residences home-like; and the quaint old Spanish Missions, together with the numerous modern churches, show that the love of their Maker still reigns in the hearts of its people.

Nature and man have, indeed, leagued resources to make this a wonderful pleasure resort, for besides the city's ten lovely parks, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Ocean Park and Venice—all delightful little places by the seaside, may be reached by an hour's ride on the cars, as also may the little Spanish town, Casa Verduga, and the celebrated Mt. Lowe, if we turn our faces inland towards the majestic mountains.

East Lake Park is one of the prettiest in the city, I think. Nature has bestowed her gifts upon it so lavishly that it seems a perfect little paradise, while man has done his part to make it, at the same time, a veritable wonderland. One of the most interesting features in connection with it is the ostrich-farm, where one has an opportunity of becoming more familiar with the habits and life history of these immense birds—that is if she keep beyond the reach of the ostrich's none-too-gentle peck. There is, also, a wonderful Indian Exhibit, and the different tribes are represented, each in its own peculiar wigwam. In visiting the park, we even ran across an old Indian from Alaska. He was indeed "a noble red man" in his beaded buckskin and many-colored quills, one who is spending his life's evening in this mild southern climate.

The zoo is, also, very interesting, but the green-houses are the loveliest of all. Frail and beautiful flowers and ferns of every description were

exhibited there, such as we northerners had never seen before. There is, also, a collection of over a hundred varieties of cacti.

Venice, indeed, carries our thoughts across the seas to Europe, so true is it to all accounts we have heard of the beautiful and once-powerful city, built upon the sandy isles on the northeastern coast of Italy. St. Mark's, which is a copy of that noted church, one of the most interesting features of the Italian Venice, together with the airy gondolas flitting under numerous nondescript bridges, make the picture complete. The turreted buildings, also, remind one of the representations we have seen of Constantinople, from which city Venice received suggestions for her architectural masterpieces, during the Middle Ages.

The old Pacific, also, presents a grand appearance, both when it lies rippling and sparkling in the sunlight, as it appeared to Magellan when he gave it its name, and when—the storm fiends having taken possession of its waters—it rages and fumes and fills one's heart with awe, as it brings to mind the thousands of its hapless victims, whose number we shall never know till we pass to the great Hereafter, for the rough waters tell no tales.

And now, lastly, I must tell you of the charms of a trip to Mt. Lowe. The cars whizz one through the business streets, on to a factory district in the suburbs, and thence out into the quiet country-like atmosphere, through Sycamore Grove, whose every tree is a fitting object for an artist's pencil; and a residential portion of the country, where the fine homesteads—villa-like—are surrounded by palm-trees, flowers, and groves of orange, lemon and apricot trees.

Still farther on, a most beautiful scene bursts into view, many different mountains play their parts in guarding the valley through which the car line threads its way, and the arroyo adds to the splendor of the scene. Then, passing through South Pass by Hotel Raymond on its great crested hill, we enter Pasadena, an ideal little city, which has been described as "The Village of Millionaires, where captains of industry come while they live, as a substitute for going to heaven when they die"; which would seem to intimate that they, realizing the truth of the parable of the camel and the eye of a needle, have resolved to make the most of this fleeting earthly existence.

From here, as the car begins to climb the steeper gradients, we sweep out into the open, where the poppy fields look like a cloth of gold, and the air has the freshness of high hills. Then the track winds about the great shoulders of the mountain, and skirts the precipitous sides of the canyon, while the car works its way laboriously upward, until suddenly it plunges into the cool, green depths of the Rubic, where it stops before a pavilion, and we step out to look up a long incline.

Here the two cars, "Rubic" and "Echo," are going up and down the steep incline to Mt. Echo. The incline itself is over three thousand feet long, while, in direct ascent, it is fourteen hundred feet. At the summit is located the observatory, from which the great World's-Fair search-light throws a light of three million candle-power, which can even be seen from the coast, thirty miles distant. Here, also, is the machinery for operating the electric railway; and this is the starting-point of the winding road to Mt. Lowe.

The diversity of view is wonderful, but, drinking in the beauties of surrounding Nature, one is awed by the daring and skill exhibited in the construction of this remarkable portion of the railway. At one point, by glancing up and down the mountainside, nine different parts of the track may be seen. It is laid upon shelves of solid rock, and, as it climbs gradually upward, skirting the vast depths of Millard and Grand Canyon, and passing through Granite Gate, it reveals ever-changing pictures of grand scope—now to the south, west, or north.

Then entering a woody glen of gnarled oaks and great rugged pines, we come, at last, to "Ye Alpine Tavern," a rare bit of Swiss architecture nestling among the trees, in which innumerable birds and squirrels make their homes. These little creatures are very tame, for tourists, however mischievous they may be naturally, having reached this point of their journey, seem so permeated by the beauty of Nature on every side, that it never occurs to them to molest these, her tiny productions of the kingdom Animalia.

The three-mile trail to the summit commences; the journey is made on burros, and is said to be very thrilling. We did not go up, however, but contented ourselves with a walk to "Inspiration Point," which is reached by a trail in the opposite

direction from that taken by the burros. From here we watched the climbers winding in and out on the gray trail, and even when the white dresses of the ladies and linen dusters of the men looked like specks against the dark rocks, their voices could be distinctly heard calling down to their friends, so rare is the atmosphere at this altitude. We gathered many odd flowers, among them the lovely yucca blossoms, on our way back to the little tavern.

Mounting the low steps and crossing the spacious veranda, we entered a large and delightfully-cool room, which was furnished in mission style, and to which an open fireplace and the handsome Navajo rugs gave a home-like appearance. Here we rested long enough to write some postals to the dear ones at home.

We spent the remainder of the time of waiting for the return of the climbers, in admiring the beauty of the scenery, watching the gambols of the frisky squirrels and of the two bear cubs, which are there kept in captivity. Presently, the others returned, bearing trophies of their trip. Among these were many yucca blossoms, and even the stalk of one plant, which was then sawed into convenient lengths for pin-cushions, and distributed, that everyone might have a little souvenir.

This yucca is really one of the finest of flowering shrubs. Specimens of it shoot up on every hillside, and grow from eight to twenty feet in height. They are hung with plume-shaped clusters of thousands of cream-colored balls, which, as they gleam out in the twilight against the dark green hillsides, call to mind the appropriateness of the musical Spanish name given to them—"La Lampara de Dios."

Soon it was time to return, and we retraced our way over that five miles of wondrous road, which crosses twenty-seven bridges, many seemingly hung in mid-air. After an invigorating spin back to town, we were at home again, tired, it is true, but well pleased with our delightful outing, every minute of which we had thoroughly enjoyed.

Well, dear, my letter is growing lengthy and, as I am unwilling to wear out your patience by my poor penmanship—and poorer composition—I must close, for the present.

As ever, yours, MARGARET O'BRIEN.

LISBON, Saturday Night.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Of the appalling tragedy, unprecedented in history, and which has shocked the world at large, especially this city of lamentation, you have already heard, but the confusion and consternation which arose when the news of the assassination of the Sovereign and Heir to the Throne was first spread abroad, baffles description. As you may well imagine, the people of Lisbon are in a state of the most intense excitement. On every side are indications that the perpetrators of yesterday's terrible and abominable crime are held in the utmost abhorrence, the inhabitants, indeed, being so exasperated against the assassins that they threaten to tear them limb from limb should opportunity arise. It is beyond the least doubt, too, that the great majority of the people of the country are hostile to the revolutionaries and their methods.

The magnificent courage of the Queen is the theme of every pen—is rehearsed in every home of her desolate people. Although she screamed aloud in passionate horror and protest, she showed no fear. Springing to her feet, she repeatedly struck at the murderers, as though she, a weak woman, could drive them away from their victims. It was quite evident Her Majesty gave not a moment's thought to her own safety, and eye-witnesses declare that she actually struck one of the assassins in the face with a bouquet of flowers which she carried in her right hand. Seeing that her Royal husband was beyond mortal help—a third bullet had struck His Majesty in the throat, inflicting another ghastly wound—she threw her arms round the Crown Prince Luiz, in the vain hope of saving his life. Several bullets narrowly missing the mother, struck the son, one in the heart, causing His Royal Highness to fall dead in the arms of the Queen. Covered with the blood of her murdered husband and son, and overcome by the unspeakable horror of the situation, this heroic descendant of a kingly race was driven to the Naval Arsenal, where the bodies of the Royal victims were temporarily deposited.

It is narrated that the last words uttered by King Carlos, as he fell back in the carriage, wounded to death, were, "The Queen," spoken in tones of anxiety and alarm. How little he

thought as he gallantly assisted his beautiful Consort into the carriage, a few moments before, and took his accustomed place by her side, that the hand of the foul regicide was already uplifted with murderous intent!

All night, the desolate Queen, bereaved in one moment of husband and of son, sat between their dead bodies, her right hand resting on the King's face, her left on that of the Crown Prince.

King Manuel, whose charming and sympathetic nature has always been the delight of those about him, preserves a demeanor of the utmost dignity. His Majesty wears his arm in a sling, but protests that he is free from pain, and that he would have preferred the assassins to have taken his own life rather than that of his father and brother.

Last night was particularly propitious for obtaining information and full details for the page of history which recounts the last honors paid to the King and the Prince, who were snatched from the world of the living in such a premature and sanguinary manner. I had the privilege of joining the guests after dinner, at the Spanish Legation, and I spoke for a long time with Prince Ferdinand, who described to me the deep impression which the tragedy had made on him, and the touching scenes of the grief of King Manuel and Queen Amélie and Queen Maria Pia. He mentioned that King Manuel is a highly-educated young man, and much devoted to study, so much so that, when a student, he would spend even his play hours in reading.

The Duc de Guise and Prince Charles of Bourbon came last night, and immediately after arriving at the Necessidades Palace, went to the Chapelle Ardente, where they spent a quarter of an hour in prayer. They were accompanied by the Infante Affonso, Duke of Oporto, who, as you know, has become Heir Presumptive to the Portuguese Throne, and who, according to Portuguese tradition, will live in Palacio das Necessidades, as it is prescribed that the presumed successor to the crown shall always live under the same roof as the reigning monarch. Hitherto the Duke of Oporto has lived with his mother, in the Ajuda Palace.

When the Princes had finished their devotions, they withdrew to their private apartments and had a long conversation, despite the lateness of

the hour, with the Duke of Oporto, who gave them a detailed description of the tragedy, at which he was present.

At half-past two in the morning, the Necessidades Palace was in absolute silence, only disturbed by the boom of guns, every half hour, from the ships anchored in the Tagus near the Palace; by the tolling and carillons of the bells, and by the prayers of the Sisters of Charity, who, in company with gentlemen of the Palace, kept watch over the eternal sleep of the departed Sovereign and his son. Through the half-opened lattice-work blinds of the windows and the balconies of the Palace, and through the half-closed doors, one saw rays of light, which were projected on the white walls opposite. Inside the Palace, all through the night and the early morning hours, prayers were being said for the repose of the souls of the departed. The sight from the outside, and the thought of what was proceeding within, inspired feelings of reverence.

At seven o'clock this morning I went to the Palace and noticed no change. Gentlemen of the Court, Royal Archers of the Guard, with halberds pointing downwards, and Sisters of Charity, stood or knelt before the coffins, presenting a statuesque appearance. The fingers of the Sisters telling their beads, alone gave life to the scene. Lisbon awoke, and a sun like that of July shed its rays over the city. Troops began to move, carriages went and came, and ever increasing was the number of wreaths sent from all quarters of the globe. So many were they that an order was given to have them transferred to the church of São Vicente. Thus, numerous picturesque loads of wreaths, tributes from all nations, could be seen early this morning traversing the streets of Lisbon, quite an unusual scene.

Since dawn, Masses had been said in the *Chapelle Ardente*—five bishops were among the celebrants. The ladies-in-waiting to the Queen and the Corps Diplomatique assisted at them. The ladies wore costumes similar to that of the Queen. No one was allowed to approach the Palace without a pass, specially provided by the police. As soon as I arrived, two porters, with crêpe-banded arm, barred my way and asked me to show my credentials. I immediately did so, and they opened the way. "Pass, Your Excellency," I was told. It is curious that Portuguese mourning eti-

quette prescribes the wearing of a white tie, but the gloves and shirt studs must be black. I ascended by the staircase on the left and was soon on the first landing. In the Archers' room, fifteen halberdiers were on guard. A porter opened the ante-chamber, covered with costly carpets and furnished with eighteenth-century chairs, the walls adorned with paintings representing historical scenes—all of them priceless. I passed through another ante-chamber, having two doors, one opening on the saloon, where King Manuel, clad in blue and wearing Portuguese military orders, received the princes and members of special missions. His Majesty stood in one corner of the room, surrounded by Princes. Conversation with him was general, and many were the expressions of sympathy, but, on this occasion, more was said with the heart than with the tongue. A warm hand-clasp and silence expressed volumes which the lips could not utter. The whole scene was supremely pathetic.

The Princes were next received by Queen Amélie in the adjoining room. Her Majesty was dressed in a crêpe costume and mantilla of the same material, so arranged that it did not cover her countenance, whose beauty the world already knows, but whose pains and sorrows few can tell. She looked pale, her eyes were no longer full of expression, but were dimmed by the grief she has so nobly borne. She looked a veritable statue of the Goddess of Tears and Sorrow. Despite etiquette, she was not mistress of her emotions, and the tears that rolled down her cheeks, tears that welled up from a heart that seemed rent by woe, she calmly dried with her handkerchief.

The reception ended, I hastened out into the courtyard. The spectacle of a weeping mother and wife, a sobbing grandmother, and a young king entering in the midst of mourning upon the first phase of his reign, and discharging so bravely the duties of his high office, is certainly one that cannot fail to test the heart-strings of humanity. After the reception at the Palace, the Princes and diplomatists assisted at Mass in the Royal Chapel, said by the Patriarch of Lisbon, in the presence of King Manuel, Queen Amélie, Queen Maria Pia, the Duke of Oporto, the ladies-in-waiting on the two Queens, and the high personnel of the Palace.

At 10.30 began the sad ceremony of transporting the coffins from the Chapelle Ardente to the funeral cars. The work was carried out slowly and with difficulty, and lasted over an hour. The bells of the Chapel Royal sounded the knell. The doors were opened, and disclosed the chief Court Chaplain, surrounded by the clergy, chanting the Psalms ordained to be sung by the ritual, on the removal of the body.

At the conclusion of the prayers, the coffins were raised by the chief military officers of the Royal Household, assisted by officers of the Royal Wardrobe, and were taken to the steps of the edifice. The troops presented arms, and a trumpet-call was sounded. The King, wearing the uniform of a naval cadet, followed the body, accompanied by his uncle, both carrying candles. Queen Amélie and Queen Maria Pia followed at some distance, carrying large lighted candles, draped in black.

At the moment when the members of the Royal Family finally bade adieu to the mortal remains of those who had been so cruelly torn from them, a feeling of sympathetic grief came over all present as they watched the anguished leave-taking of mother and son, on the steps of the Necessidades Palace, where they said their last heart-broken farewells, and then turned back into the house of desolation.

The young King Manuel did not follow the coffins to the church of São Vicente. His ministers had begged him not to face the ordeal which the long, slow journey through the narrow streets of Lisbon would impose upon him, and he reluctantly gave way to their entreaties and those of his mother, though his high courage would, no doubt, have enabled him to endure even that nervous strain.

Everything was done under the direction of the Duke of Oporto, who was looking deathly-pale and very tired. When the coffins had, at last, been placed in the coaches everybody wept, and I could see Princes, Ambassadors, Generals, Admirals, and high dignitaries, with tears coursing down their cheeks. The Duke of Oporto summoned all his energy and seemed to stifle his sorrow.

It was a truly solemn and pathetic moment when the coaches containing the coffins of the King and the Prince began to move, thus depriving

the stricken family of their beloved ones. Church bells, minute guns, the syrens of steamers on the river—all gave forth their last tribute and lent further solemnity to a ceremony which was already sad enough. The guns boomed twenty-one times; seven times when the bodies were taken from the chapel, seven when they reached the church, and seven at the termination of the ceremony.

It would take hundreds of pages to describe the magnificence of the funeral procession, which was very slow, as the road was uphill almost all the time; the arrival at the church when the coffins were removed from the carriages; the solemn Requiem Mass, celebrated at three o'clock, by Canon Monsignor Diniz de Carvalho; the choir with its two full orchestras, numerous choristers and soloists; the church of São Vicente de Fora, twenty feet above the level of the ground, with its superb altar covered with very ancient embroidered hangings, antique crucifix—one of the finest works of art in Portugal, dating back to the fifteenth century—its predella—a noticeable feature of which is a large hanging lamp, with seven lights, immediately before the high altar, suspended by silver chains, about seven yards in length, which are to-day draped in black.

The public lying-in-state has now begun, and all Lisbon is flocking to the church.

D. T.

Let the uninspiring, the depressing and weakening grievance go. Hold the memories that cheer and brighten. There is not room for both. Wipe out resentments. Write instead the things that are pure and just and lovely.

Dispel that prophetic gloom which dives into futurity, to extract sorrow from days and years to come, and which considers its own unhappy visions as the decrees of Providence. We know nothing of to-morrow, our business is to be good and happy to-day.

Humanity is weak even in its most perfect form, and even though we may go about feeling ourselves very high and mighty, one day there will be a great fall that will prove to us that we are as fallible as those whom we have regarded as weak and foolish.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

"And so welcome to the beautiful New Year; and may we welcome all it may bring us of joy or sorrow and learn the lesson hidden in each."—C. Fox.

January eighth—After the happiest of holidays, here we are back at school. Welcome studies! Welcome the numerous joys of school-life; and welcome those yet to come, detained by the prevalent evil—"La Grippe."

Too late to be chronicled in the Christmas number, was the "Whittier Evening," given by the Literary Society, in honor of the poet's centennial. Though an impromptu affair, it was quite a success. Of special mention, the closing number, Miss Harvey's song, is worthy. Doubtless all are familiar with the closing lines of this beautiful hymn—"I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air, I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care."

PROGRAMME.

1. Life of Whittier....Miss Iona McLaughlin
2. Sketch of Poet's Home..Miss Helen Harvey
3. Essay on "Snowbound".....
.....Miss Kathleen Ridout
4. Incidents of Whittier's Life.....
.....Miss Anna Staley
5. Recitation, "Selling the Bees".....
.....Miss Margaret Burchill
6. Class Recitation, "The Angels of Buena Vista".....
Solo parts by Miss Florilla Webb, Elinore Lilly and Frances Coffey.
7. Song, "The Eternal Goodness".....
.....Miss Helen Harvey

January nineteenth—To-day, the Feast of the Holy Name, Reverend G. Eckhardt, C. M., offered Mass, and delivered a beautiful sermon on the power and influence of the Holy Name.

February second—The familiar strains of the "Ave Regina" remind us that the Church has again changed her Office. The "Gaude Virgo gloriosa" of the second verse makes us feel rather

joyful, as it seems an anticipation of the glorious "Regina Coeli."

The Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C., commenced a series of lectures on Holy Communion, this A. M. In the evening, the Reverend E. Walsh, C. M., from Niagara University, gave a very delightful talk on "Modernism." It is needless to say how very enjoyable a lecture always is when delivered by Father Walsh, but, as we were quite au courant with this much-discussed topic—thanks to the able course of instructions that have been given by the Rev. S. Quigley, O. C. C.,—we were able to appreciate every word that fell from the lips of the eloquent speaker, and such terms as "vital immanence," "sub-consciousness," "symbolism," etc., were not "unknown quantities" to us. It may be of interest to some to have a faint idea of how this subject was treated, so we shall quote a few of the remarks.

When the King of a particular country sends out a document, it is interesting to the people of that country only; it is a message from a ruler to his subjects. The Encyclical on "Modernism" is of particular interest because the ruler from whom it proceeds is the spiritual ruler of all nations, and so the message is to the world, to every one who calls himself a Christian; indeed, it is a message to every human being that lives. No documents receive the attention that is accorded to those that proceed from the ruler of religion, and that ruler is the Pope, who governs the Church of Rome, the successor of St. Peter. There is veneration attached when the Father of Christendom speaks, the world is at his feet.

There are many false notions in regard to Modernism, not only among non-Catholics, but among the very people of the Church. These were explained, and it was shown that the Encyclical is addressed to Catholics, and has to do only with religion.

Modernism is not new; it is as old as Christianity, but the doctrines are summed up into the system called Modernism. What is Modernism? It cannot be defined in a sentence. It is a series of errors. It is the doctrine of subjectivism in religion—subjectivism run riot. Here was explained the difference between subjective and objective truth, and the principles were applied to the errors condemned.

Modernism does away with all religion, not only the Catholic, but all natural and revealed religion, thus it strikes all religions; indeed, it makes all religions the same, for religion is but a matter of sentiment. The logical outcome of Modernism is that which is taking place in France at the present day. France put Christ from the family, then from the school, then from the nation. Fiske was quoted as having said that the idea of a personal God must give way in the march of science.

We may lay down the statement that we are all influenced by our thoughts. If you want to know what a man is, find out what he thinks. Then we are influenced by our beliefs. If we can convince ourselves that religion is subjective, we can readily see that it will have a marked influence on our conduct and on our life.

Whatever is new is interesting. It is an instinct in us all to seek novelty. The heresies have always tried to give something new, some new idea which is characteristic of every error. From the very beginning we have had the denial of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity—the divinity of Christ. This is no new heresy. It is as old as Christianity. "Our little systems have their day, they have their day and cease to be." So with Modernistic errors. They have had their day, but they will not cease to be. It is the old story repeated, and the causes are simply the history that could be attached to every error in the Church—the spirit of pride and of unrest.

Our age is not more advanced than any other age. What we have gained in some things we have lost in others. No nation or age has ever had a monopoly of knowledge. There are more chances of education in these days, but, in other ages, the subjects were more deeply considered. We lose in depth if we gain in diversity.

The errors that were spoken of in the Encyclical are the outcome of the superficial tendencies of the present day.

In the Encyclical the Pope says that the errors exist in the very bosom and heart of the Church. In fact, the Modernists claim to be reformers of the Church, yet they assail things that are most sacred. They make Christ a mere man, thus striking at the very root of Christian religion.

Attention was then called to the Modernists' idea of the Sacred Scriptures as being nothing but a collection of personal experiences. Inspiration is distinguished only by its vehemence from that impulse which stimulates the writer to reveal the faith that is in him by words or writing. It is something like that which happens in poetic inspirations.

"'Vital immanence' is a certain inner sentiment, which originates from a need of the divine."

These are but a few notes. Father Walsh's able defence of the saintly and learned Cardinal Newman, by whom the cowardly Modernists seek to shield themselves; and his interesting references to other heresies, &c., I pass over, as my feeble pen could never do justice to them nor to the magnificent climax by which the lecture was brought to a close.

February fourth—A visit from the celebrated Father Charles McKenna, O. P., from New York City, who utilized his visit in a spiritual way by giving us a very beautiful address on prayer—warning us against the snares of the world and telling us to make a constant use of what was always at our disposal—prayer and the sacraments. There are three classes that are always in need of God's assistance, the dependent, the tempted, and the imperfect. We, as creatures, may range ourselves in the ranks of the three. Father McKenna has just established the Society of the Holy Name at St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y. He was accompanied on the occasion of his visit here by the pastor of that church, the Reverend F. Scullin.

February tenth—So much has been said and written about the wonderful ice-bridge here, that we could scarcely wait to don our outward apparel to witness the wonderful formation, when word came that we were to be allowed this privilege. We had a better view of the Great Cataract than ever before. It is on occasions of this sort that we begin to realize something of the stupendous Omnipotence of the great Creator.

February eleventh—Celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Apparition of Our Lady at Lourdes. The day itself was anticipated by a triduum. Hymns, appropriate to the occasion,

were sung at Mass, and, in the evening, all assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Reverend D. Donovan, S. J., of Guelph, accompanied by Reverend F. Hayes, S. J., of San Francisco, Cal., paid a passing visit.

February twelfth—In the death of Mrs. Joseph F. Cottringer—née Anna McMahon—a former pupil of this Loretto—the Niagara locality has lost a woman who possessed a friendship that was international in its extent and character.

Mrs. Cottringer was a member of the Church of the Sacred Heart, and, for nearly a quarter of a century, was a member of the choir, part of the time as organist. She had also sung in St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, Ont., and from this city came expressions of grief that were most impressive.

In promoting church fairs, events for charity and hospital benefit, &c., Mrs. Cottringer was a leading factor because of the help she afforded, the work she accomplished, and the inspiration she imparted. Only those who had for years worked with her, encouraged by her effort and direction, can tell of the loss sustained by her demise, and how sincerely she will be missed. All denominations were alike to her. It was sufficient for her to know that one was in distress or needed assistance, to arouse her to do all she could to alleviate the suffering.

Reverend J. Roche, Pastor of the church, paid a high tribute to the life work of the deceased, speaking in terms of praise of what she had done, and of the example she had set for others.

Many beautiful floral gifts told plainly of the love with which Mrs. Cottringer had been surrounded in life, and of the deep mourning at her death.

The RAINBOW tenders sincere sympathy to Mr. Cottringer and to all the members of this estimable family.

February twenty-second—The customary holiday, in honor of the Father of Our Country. The minims gave a very delightful patriotic concert, which was honored by the presence of the Reverend F. Murphy, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery, Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C., and Reverend S. Quigley, O. C. C. A sumptuous repast was given in the evening, the

refectory was very tastefully decorated, and likewise the tables.

February twenty-seventh—The Reverend M. Rosa, C. M., gave a lecture and an exhibition of magnificent stereopticon views, principally of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. Everything in the New World seems to be on such a large scale. Attention was called to the fact that, if Switzerland, with its immense mountains, were dropped into the canyon, it would take a guide some weeks to find it.

March third—The Mardi-Gras festivities of this year were carried out on a very elaborate scale. Of course, the most interesting part of all centres in the masquerade, when each one is vying with the other in novelty and originality of costume. Probably, the scene would have slightly upset the conscientious historian—for here was "Sappho"—Frances Coffey—hobnobbing with "Hiawatha"—Cecilia Merle—and "Joan of Arc"—Elinore Lilly—exchanging glances with "Minnehaha"—Isabel Elliott—while "Xantippe"—Agnes Robinson—was pirouetting with "Molly Bawn"—F. O'Farrell—evidently forgetting her squabbles with Socrates. The dignified "Cornelia"—Mildred Decker—seemed to have a strong leaning to the classical (?) "Judy"—Ruby Cuttles—"Kathleen Mavourneen"—Irene Dolan—was completely overshadowed by "Night"—Beatrice Benson—but the "Queen of Flowers"—Rosina Merle—looked radiantly beautiful with the "Jack of Hearts"—Lillice Mathews—"The Colonial Dame"—Bertha Marsh—bestowed her prettiest smiles on "Dolly Varden"—Lillian McChesney—"Little Bo-Peep"—Charlotte Allen—"Kitty Clover"—Stella Talbot—"Mother Goose"—Mary Lundy—"Red Riding-Hood"—Dorothy Rochford—"Monday"—Hazel Freeman—"Blue Bell"—Helen Lundy—all formed a charming colony among the less pretentious characters. "The Dutch Girls"—Louise Clarke and Vivian Spence—looked very solemn, but occasionally condescended to smile at "The Bride"—Minnie Eagan—and the chubby little "Milk Maids"—Kathleen Ridout and Alice Ramsay—the two "Japanese Maids"—Grace Sears and Anna Staley—made friendly overtures to "America"—Angela Burns. "Volumnia"—Margaret Brayshaw—evidently approved of the

trim little "Florence Nightingale"—Agnes Buddles; "Madame de Staël"—Rita Coffey—and "Madame d'Acier"—M. Dolan—flitted in and out among the dancers, quite unconscious of their learned appearance. The "French Baby"—Mildred Bricka—did not receive the usual amount of attention which is accorded that special type of humanity. "Priscilla" was doubly represented by Helen Harvey and Margaret Burchill. "Marguerite"—Florilla Webb—was the embodiment of youth and simplicity, and we were extremely grateful that "Mephisto" did not appear on the scene. One dignified Spanish lady—Edna Duffy—forgot her mantilla, but such a slight omission did not detract from her many charms. The sweet tinkle of a well-known bell told us that our pleasures were at an end, and Morpheus was awaiting a tired band of merry masqueraders.

March sixteenth—An invitation was extended to us, in the afternoon, to attend an entertainment in honor of St. Patrick, to be given by the tots of the Holy Angels' School. Needless to say, "The little Angelicals" acquitted themselves in a truly ethereal manner. Miss Alice Duignan, as the chaperone of Miss Margaret Flynn, afforded an unusual amount of amusement to the audience. Evidently, the first-named little sprite is a strong adherent of muscular training, judging from her efforts to pilot her charge through the difficult mazes of the various drills. Mr. A. Munro Grier—whose little niece, Kathleen Chapman, took part in the programme—addressed the children at the close of the concert, in a most delightful manner. In the evening we Seniors had our concert, which was, perhaps, the success of the year. The recitations and solos were splendidly rendered, the general opinion being, that there is a great deal of high-class material in both these departments. Miss Elinore Lilley's interpretation of "The Mother's Joy" was so highly applauded that she was forced to respond by reciting "King Connor McNessa." The music seemed to be enjoyed by all. "The Last Rose of Summer," sung a capella in four parts, being one of the most acceptable offerings. During the singing of those patriotic choruses, many were very forcibly reminded of the eulogy of a recent writer on Irish music, who says: "Few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk

music is, on the whole, the finest that exists; it ranges with wonderful ease over the whole gamut of human emotion, from the cradle to the battlefield, and is unsurpassed in poetical and artistic charm. If musical composition meant nothing more than tunes 16 bars long, Ireland could claim some of the greatest composers that have ever lived; for in their miniature form the best Irish folk tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre, and though, of course, some of them are relatively undistinctive, it is very rare to meet with one entirely lacking in character. Nearly all Irish tunes show a peculiar sensitiveness of feeling. After all, for sheer beauty of melody, the works of Mozart, Schubert and the Irish folk composers, form a triad that is unchallenged in the whole range of art; deeper tunes have been written by still greater men, but these particular inspirations show a flawless spontaneity of utterance, an instinctive feeling for loveliness, and a dignity of phrase as such, that we do not find elsewhere in anything like the same profusion."

We had a large and appreciative audience. Among the clergy were Reverend A. M. Murphy, O. C. C., Prior of Carmelite Monastery; Very Reverend D. Morris, Dean, St. Catharines; Reverend F. Smyth, Merritton; Reverend J. Dawson, C. M.; Reverend J. Corcoran, C. M.; Reverend G. Eckhardt, C. M.; Reverend J. Churchill, C. M.; and our esteemed Chaplain, Reverend S. Quigley, O. C. C.

Dean Morris congratulated the pupils on the success of their entertainment, and the many privileges they enjoy in this ideal spot.

The following is the programme:

Hibernia's Champion Saint.....	
	FULL CHORUS.
Recitation—	
Erin	
	MISS M. EAGAN.
Columbia	
	MISS M. BURCHILL.
Spirit of Erin.....	
	MISS F. WEBB.
Come Back to Erin.....	
	SEMI-CHORUS.

Recitation, The Emerald Gate.....	MISS A. STALEY, MISS F. O'FARRELL.
Erin, Home of My Childhood.....	SEMI-CHORUS.
MISS LEARY, M. SEARS, D. ROCHFORD, F. COFFEY AND A. BURNS.	
Recitation, The Dying Emigrant.....	MISS F. WEBB.
Oft in the Stilly Night.....	SEMI-CHORUS.
Recitation, Incident of '98.....	MISS A. STALEY.
Vocal solo, Molly.....	<i>Hastings</i> MISS M. BRAYSHAW.
Recitation, A Mother's Joy.....	MISS E. LILLEY.
Vocal solo, The Four-Leafed Shamrock.....	MISS H. HARVEY.
The Last Rose of Summer.....	SEMI-CHORUS (a cappella).
All Hail to Saint Patrick.....	FULL CHORUS.

March seventeenth—Saint Patrick's Day, and a holiday, passed in the usual way. This morning, hymns were sung at Mass in honor of the day's saint. These were accompanied on the violin by Miss Isabelle Coste and Cecilia Merle. Miss Anna Seaton Schmidt, of Washington, spoke to us in the afternoon of her work, and some of her experiences in England and France. She gave us many interesting details of the work Mrs. Humphrey Ward and the Duchess of Newcastle—the latter a convert to the faith—are doing in London to benefit and cheer the lives of the working girls in the slum districts. Miss Schmidt's motto is, "Be happy and you'll be good." She closed with the remark that if one among the audience should take her words to heart and take up the work she is doing, she would be satisfied to have accomplished that much in her life. As many of us have "Excelsior" for our motto, our hopes for the benefit of the world at large, like all the roseate ideas of youth, are rather colossal in their proportions. May their shadows never grow less!

IONA McLAUGHLIN.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

The holidays had fled, with startling rapidity, and, no sooner had we returned to bookland than the echo of wedding-bells reached us, and we were bidden to the bridal of Miss P. E. Lion, St. Marys, Pa.—now Mrs. F. Cameron, Hornell, N. Y.

From the Monumental City, on January twenty-fifth, came the announcement of the marriage of Miss Nora O'Brien to Mr. Whidden Graham, of New York City.

One of the brides is my sister, and both are Graduates of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, where they have many friends among teachers and pupils, who unite with me in wishing that these dear convent brides may find only happiness in the untrodden paths that lie before them, and divine grace and help for the grave responsibilities of their new life.

January sixteenth—One of the most enjoyable sleigh-rides of the season, for which we are indebted to the kind thoughtfulness of Reverend J. H. Coty, St. Patrick's, City. Every face fairly beamed with delight when the announcement of the good Father's remembrance of us was made, and for the next few moments it was amusing to see us in various stages of gleeful frenzy—all awaiting the word to start.

Of all red-letter days, perhaps that which is, to most people, particularly, satisfyingly, red, is the day when something one has wished very much to have has become one's own, suddenly. Well, if merry words, faces aglow with pleasure, and brisk, eager steps are an indication of happiness, then there was certainly more of that rare gold crowded into these few hours than into all the rest of the week together. Never did a sleighing party of schoolgirls, given unexpected freedom for an indefinite period, enter more gleefully the Frost King's realm. Ours was the joy of living, that afternoon, and it found expression in such humorous ways that I wish I could chronicle all. A picturesque note was lent by the varied costumes, and a musical one, by the laughter which rose above the jingle of sleigh-bells and snatches of song.

On every side, fantastic forms of trees and shrubs were lifting their white arms to the sky, as if Nature had lavished fresh designs on these models for man's art. Meanwhile, on we sped through the powdery snow, invigorated by the crisp air. We would fain have remained out long and late, but the gales began to sigh too deep for our enjoyment, when we reached the "valley city," with its ornamentation of countless icicles, and, although réveling in its wondrous beauty, we were not averse to seeing our prancing steeds turn in the direction of home.

January twentieth—Such a batch of lovely post-cards from the land of the Southern Cross! My friend, Miss Nora Lynch, has made us acquainted with many lovely Australian scenes, including Ocean Beach, Manly; Double Bay, Sydney Harbor by moonlight, the Middle Harbor—"one of the prettiest views that could be seen"; and the Government House, overlooking the harbor, and very picturesquely situated.

January twenty-second—A more perfect day for a sleigh-ride could not be imagined—was it the sparkling snow and bright sunshine, or the natural goodness of her motherly heart, that prompted dear Mrs. Carroll to give us such a pleasant surprise?—a sleighing party, followed by an oyster supper, ice cream, and numberless dainties of every description! How can we ever sufficiently thank our generous friend for the unalloyed pleasure which she gave us! The RAINBOW offers a vote of thanks and the assurance of our deep gratitude.

February second—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D. What a happy privilege for us to see our beloved Bishop at the altar, on the feast of our blessed Lady's Purification, to receive Holy Communion from his hand, and the blessing we prize so highly, and which spiritualizes the tenor of our lives.

February eleventh—The sweetest note was lent to our celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Apparition of our Lady at Lourdes by the singing of the little children, whose voices came like a whiff of the perfume of wild flowers. So radiant and joyous were their faces that each one

might have been a Bernadette, as she hymned the praises of the Immaculate Queen—praises which must have reached her throne in heaven.

February eighteenth—Elocution Recital. To the artistically-rendered programme the following young ladies contributed numbers—Elizabeth Robinson, Helen Turner, Angela Halloran, Marguerite Gordon, Frances Daniells, Elizabeth MacSloy, Hilda Murray, Edna McGuire. Rita Tracy, Jessie Tinsley and Frances Daniells contributed the musical selections with which the recital was interspersed.

Miss Irving, the teacher in the Elocution Department, gave four recitations, beginning with "Thanatopsis," which secured the close interest and admiration of the audience. The merit of a lucid, unaffected elocution came nobly here to the assistance of poetic rhetoric, and it was greatly to the credit of the reader's talent and taste that she could rescue from partial neglect this impressive masterpiece.

Miss Irving possesses a beautiful voice, whose modulations meet the requirements of the most difficult selections; her enunciation is remarkably distinct; and she has the ability and power to represent many characters with almost the vividness of individual representation.

February twenty-second—The Opening of the new rink—for which we are gratefully indebted to Mr. J. MacSloy, St. Catharines, Ont.; and to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. W. Turner of this city, who braved the inclemency of the very severe weather which we have had, and day after day, late and early, superintended the work. Both of these gentlemen have given tangible proof of their interest in the Mount and the well-being of its pupils—an interest which is thoroughly appreciated by teachers and students alike—and both evidently understand the exhilarating effect of this favorite outdoor sport, with clear skies and sunshine.

Just now there is practically one enjoyment—skating—although our second winter has been journeying zero-ward. Every afternoon, the moment studies are over, there is a general stampede for the rink, and it is certainly delightful to mark the ease and grace with which these expert skaters buoyantly glide over the polished

surface of the ice, their spirits rising with the exhilarating motion.

February twenty-seventh—Again they ring—these wedding-bells—to-day for the marriage of Miss Gertrude Josephine Nagle and Mr. Chester Jay Bishop, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The RAINBOW extends warmest congratulations and many good wishes for years of happy, golden days, unclouded to their close.

February twenty-sixth—The pleasure of attending the matinée performance of the "Merry Musical Spectacle, Queen Zephra," under the direction and management of Mr. H. J. Booth; in the Grand Opera House.

Referring to this splendid production for the benefit of the orphans of St. Joseph's Convent, the *Times* says: "*Queen Zephra* was an entertainment quite out of the ordinary, and one of the most enjoyable that has ever been given in this city by amateurs—the talent was all local. The occasion was a banner one for the orphans, as there was something for every one to enjoy, and the spectacle was presented in such an efficient manner as to call for the enthusiastic plaudits of the large audience that packed the commodious theatre to its utmost capacity. It was quite elaborately staged, the scenery being unusually good. The costumes, too, were very pretty, and the work of the performers, at times, savored of professional ability. All those who took part—among them many convent pupils, who were glad to afford assistance to the praiseworthy undertaking—displayed not only enthusiasm, but considerable musical and dramatic talent. The songs given were tuneful, and the choruses evidenced careful training and an appreciation of it on the part of the performers.

Miss May Piggott, as "Queen Zephra," played her part with the regal grace and dignity suited to the character. There was an aloofness and withal a charming simplicity and condescension, characteristic of royalty, in her response to the different claims made upon her attention. She was made the recipient of a beautiful basket of flowers.

Miss Laura Byrne, whose impersonation of "Princess Neyera" made her one of the favorites in the cast, and whose rôle called for a display of

both histrionic and vocal ability, surpassed the hopes of her many friends in her splendid rendition of the part. She, also, received a bouquet, at the close of her first number.

The part of Neyera's friend, "Princess Flora," was ably taken by Miss Edna McGuire. Her acting in the third scene, when she denounced King Decius, was carried to a climax in a natural and forceful manner, with a fine display of elocutionary ability, which won unstinted applause from the enthusiastic audience, and led to the happy dénouement of the play.

Miss Bessie MacSloy made a dainty "Miss Commodore," and entered piquantly into the spirit of the song, as she danced with the other maidens, beneath a shower of forty thousand yards of Serpentine confetti, in the grand Transformation Scene, which fairly brought down the house—and was said to be worth the price of admission alone.

She was presented with an exquisite bouquet of white roses.

The stage settings for the "Home of the Fairy Queen" and the "Grotto of the Golden Ferns" were sumptuous, while the tableaux showed originality of conception and good taste in organization and presentation.

February twenty-ninth—Affectionate sympathy goes out to our dear companions—Helen, Marie and Teresa Coughlan—whom death has to-day bereaved of a beloved father and an aunt. This is a grief to which many hearts respond, for Dr. Coughlan was a sympathizer with his fellow men, and his tender heart was always stirred to its depths when, in the exercise of his professional duties, he encountered, as he frequently did, the heart-rending spectacle of disease and misery, to which his skill could bring but scant relief.

We can only bow, without questioning, to the inscrutable decree which has removed this devoted husband and affectionate father, and whose loss will make such a void in the lives of his desolate widow and daughters, and assure them that prayer from Loretto will daily ascend to the throne of the Most High for the eternal repose of the soul of the deceased.

March third—Mardi-Gras Masquerade. The bustle and gladness of preparation filled the air

during the afternoon, and, when the goodly assemblage of ancient and historic personages marched into the gayly-decked hall, it was evident that a blithesome company had come for an evening of merriment and fantastic display.

With serious and exalted mien, Britannia approached, to the strains of the National Anthem, surrounded by a group of courtiers, dazzling in their uniforms; in her train, Mary Queen of Scots with her retinue of picturesque knights, Scotch lads and lassies; and Erin, arrayed in all her verdant glory, accompanied by the loveliest bevy of maidens to be found outside of the Emerald Isle—a vision of delight to those bound by special ties to the beautiful isle of the sea.

In the great pageant of Masqueraders could be distinguished demure "Japanese Girls," vying with one another in their efforts to outdo the "summer girls" in representing most appropriately that favorite season; "Colonial Dames," in gowns which bespoke the art of America's best modistes; bewitching "Señoritas" with fluttering fans; gay "Neapolitan Flower Girls," "Court Ladies" of the early Victorian period; "Swiss Peasant Maids," the "Queen of Hearts," "Mistress Mary," an "Empire Maid," "Red Riding-Hood," "Cherry Ripe," "A German Empress," "Liberty," "A Skating Girl," "Military Maids," "Priscilla," and "The Baby"—who got the prize.

Then came "Night"—attended by the "Moon" and "Stars"—followed by a band of "Gypsies," presumably out for a moonlight frolic, judging from the gay laugh that danced in their sparkling eyes, and the graceful repartee that accompanied their art, and added to the effectiveness of the spectacle.

And so the evening passed, as we were borne to the Utopian regions of Fancy, but, when the hour for supper came we were glad to return to reality, for a glance at the exquisitely-decorated tables showed that the fondest illusions of a dream could not be compared to what had been prepared for us; and the merriment and laughter which followed caused all our air-castles to crumble or dwindle into insignificance—never, it would appear, to rise again!

March thirteenth — Wafted on southern breezes, comes the pleasing announcement of the appearance of our little friend and school com-

panion, Phyllis McIntyre, at a Fancy Dress Ball, at Hotel Hamilton, Bermuda, where she has been spending the winter months, with her mother. She is reported as looking very dainty in her Flower Girl's costume, and as acquitting herself uncommonly well in this picturesque rôle.

We are glad to know that although Phyllis was unable to take part in the Mardi-Gras festivities at Mount St. Mary, she was somewhat indemnified by attending the brilliant celebration of Washington's birthday in lovely Bermuda.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

"Cross-Roads"

I HAD come to the Cross-roads, which way should I turn? Before me loomed two posters, on one read, "This way to Calvary." The path looked rough and stony, even perilous, leading along jagged foot-hills by turbulent rivers, sometimes seeming to lose itself in the density of the underbrush, only to continue on a plain above. People were passing and repassing, and, of the multitude, the majority seemed to be beggars and infirm; the wind blew and howled, and the pedestrians, drawing their scanty covering closer around them, continued their way.

Turning from this dismal scene, I looked down the other path, marked by the poster, "To the World." What an alluring sign! The lights glimmered and twinkled like myriads of stars.

Along the path, flowers grew in profusion, tiny rivulets babbled noisily, a fountain played here, nymphs and fairies wonderfully beautiful, smiled and beckoned me on; the mystic music was enchanting, and the sound of laughter and merriment was borne to me on the gentle breeze.

Surely, this was the path, I would no longer hesitate. Over in the air were sounds of vespers, bells, and the anthems of the monks. The sun sank; I looked again, but my illusion was gone. The lights and flowers looked artificial, and the faces before so beautiful, appeared hard and haggard, the music rang with an air of hopelessness, the very laughter seemed harsh and forced. Turning, I picked up my staff, crossed the

"Cross-road" to the rough path, my face towards the great light shining in the East.

MARY FRASER.

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Personals.

"Yesterday was 1907, to-day is 1908. We must have slept a whole year last night."

"We got extra recreation after that oral exam."

"Oh, you must have been brilliant. What did you do?"

"What did we do? Sat there and *shook* for a whole hour!"

"Back from your trip? Well, how did you find New York?"

"Why, you can't miss it if you take the right train."

"If I stood on my head, the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face."

"Yes."

"Then, why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position, the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

"Because your feet aren't empty."

"We saw a mad dog to-day. Oh, he was mad! mad!—he was furious!"

"When is your birthday?"

"I haven't any now. The last one I had went away about three weeks ago."

"You don't seem to have made any new resolutions for this year."

"No, I've got a bunch of them that I made last year, and never used."

"Charon was a man who *fried soles* over the sticks."

"I have acquired spectacles and will soon get nervous prostration and other things—if I can afford them."

"Why did you do that?"

"Oh, just for fun."

"But, didn't you know it is against the rules?"

"That's where the fun comes in."

"*Cigarnet Wolseley* was the first man to introduce tobacco into England."

"I suppose you had a great struggle with the *Nibelungenlied*?"

"Oh, yes; I had an awful siege of that a few years ago. I had to take all kinds of medicines before I got it out of my system."

Fanny has been indulging in lemons of late—and just listen to what she says: "I do so to counteract my natural sweetness and amiability."—Ye Gods!

"I nearly lost my temper over that old lesson."

"A precious trifle which, no doubt, you would have quickly found again."

"She's going to have her voice trained in Europe."

"Why not Asia? That's farther away."

"What! You really mean to tell me that you have never read Dante's *Inferno*?"

"Well, you see, I have not felt—that—I required to read it."

Laura says, "The *chapel man* must come to the Mardi-Gras Masquerade."

All aboard for Mars, Venus, and the Milky Way!

Be slow to take offence and be slower yet to give offence; for it is a fact worth remembering that it does not take half as long to make a wound as to heal one.

Are we as courteous in all our relations of life as well-disposed visitors occasionally think us? Do we not sometimes confound issues, confuse disinterestedness with politeness, and believe that, because good-breeding comes from the heart, all good-hearted people are consequently well-bred? Yet there are men and women who stand ever ready to help their fellow creatures, and who are seldom or never polite to them. Dr. Johnson was one of the kindest of men, but, of that courtesy which respects the feelings as well as the rights of others, he had not the faintest perception. "Now what harm does it do a man to contradict him," he used to say; and contradiction was the guiding principle of his talk. It is a guiding principle with people of much less intelligence to-day, and it gives to conversation a rough acerbity, destructive alike of pleasure and persuasiveness. It is supposed to be a masculine prerogative, but, like other masculine prerogatives, has been usurped by an advance-guard of women.

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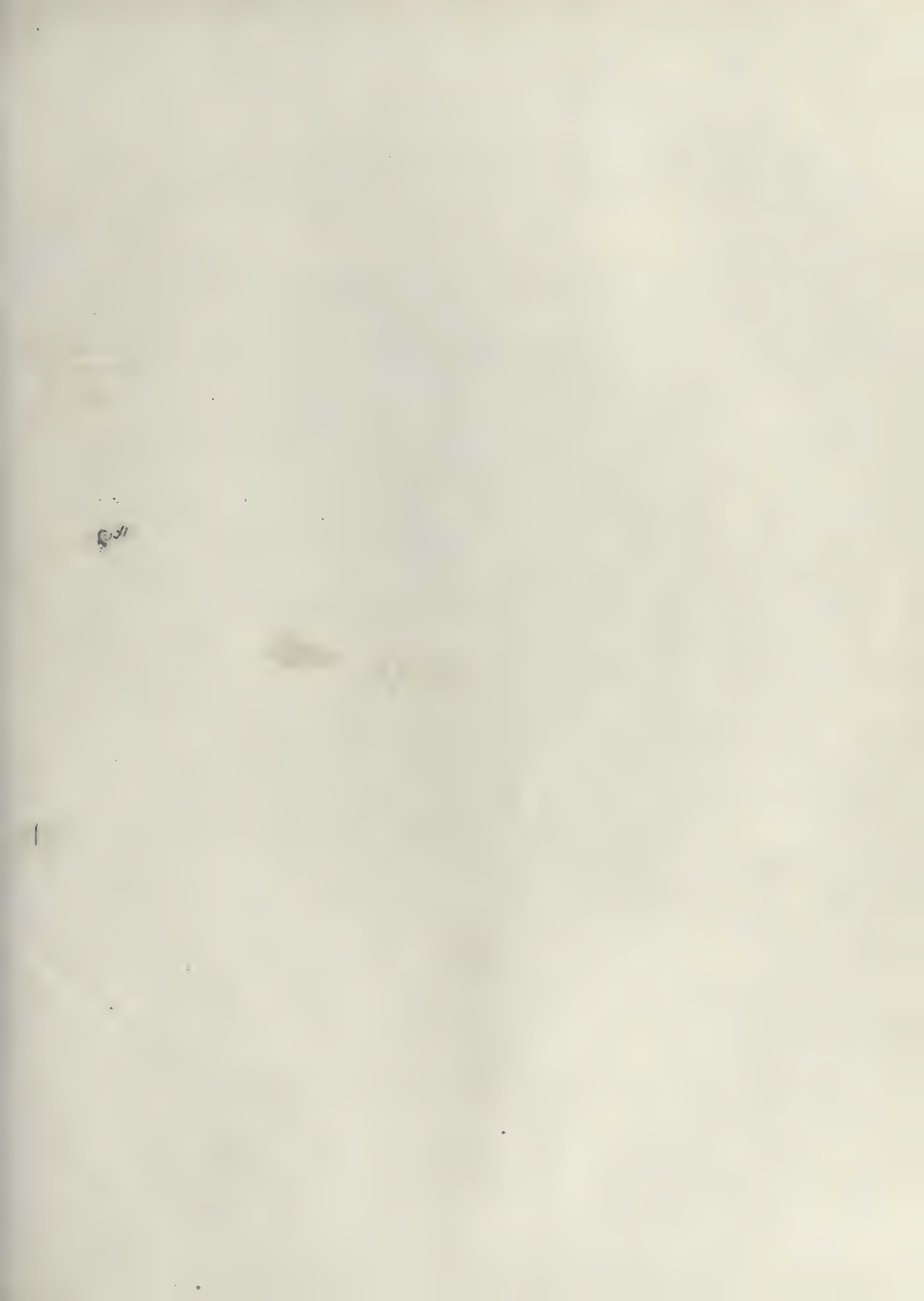
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RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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Corpus Christi



The author, "Alba," has graciously permitted the RAINBOW to print these lines from her book, now in the hands of the publishers

ALL hail, my Sacramental God,
To Thy dear Presence lo! I flee
And clinging to the altar-stone
Which serves Thee for an earthly throne,
And gazing on the narrow cell
Where in Thy love Thou deignst to dwell,
Bow'd 'neath affliction's heavy rod
I pour my spirit forth to Thee.

Thou art Creation's hallow'd crown,
Its pattern in eternity;
Heaven and its choirs for Thee were made,
For Thee were earth's foundations laid;
And fires of everlasting death
Were kindled by God's angry breath
'Gainst those whom He from Heaven cast down
For that they would not worship Thee.

For Thy sweet sake God's mercy flows
Forth in a bright and boundless sea.
The Virgin without sin conceived
For Thee this peerless grace received,
And souls redeemed Thy trophies shine.
All but the reprobate are Thine.
Nought save despair's dark region knows
End or beginning but in Thee.

Thou art the Lamb for ever slain,
From spot or blemish pure and free;
The one, the only Sacrifice
Whose sweetly smelling odors rise
From earth to heav'n by night, by day,
Turning God's vengeful sword away.
Penance were fruitless, hope were vain,
Oh blest oblation! but for Thee.

Thou art the great High Priest of God
Whom kings and prophets long'd to see.
Unstained by blood of slaughtered beasts,
(The shadow given to Judah's priests),
Thou bearest in Thy Hand Divine
Melchisedech's pure Bread and Wine
Changed to Thy Sacred Flesh and Blood
By one almighty word from Thee.

Thou art the Presence whose dread light
May well Ecclesia's glory be;
She needs no sun to cheer her day,
No moon to lend a silvery ray,
For glory, beauty, life and grace
Are shining in her Holy Place.
She knows no darkness, fears no night,
Illumined forevermore by Thee.

Oh, Word made Flesh, Incarnate Lord,
 Heart of the Holy Trinity,
 Thy hidden life's divine eclipse,
 The lessons of Thy sacred lips,
 The Benedictions Thou didst give
 All in this wondrous mystery live.
 Thy life, Thy miracles, Thy word,
 All have I here, for I have Thee!

Ah, Jesu, Bethlehem's Infant blest,
 Jesu, the boy of Galilee,
 Jesu, baptized in Jordan's tide,
 By fasting and temptation tried,
 Jesu, the multitudes who fed,
 Who healed the sick, who raised the dead,
 Who cleansed the lepers,—Jesu, now
 Transfigured on Mount Thabor's brow,
 Now bathed in streams of bloody sweat
 'Neath the sad shades of Olivet;
 Jesu, betrayed and crucified,
 Jesu, arisen and glorified,—
 Here in this mystery last and best,
 Let me forever worship Thee!

Light of the world! without Thy ray
 Where should Thy darkened creatures be?
 Oh, sadder than the grave the lot
 Of those, alas! who know Thee not;
 Who deem Thee far as Heaven away,
 Nor know Thee by their doors to stay.
 Whatever joys the world may give,
 Whatever gains—in death they live
 Whose spirit dwells not night and day,
 O Blessed Sacrament, with Thee!

From this, Thy love's sweet hiding-place,
 Spouse of my soul, look forth on me;
 Give me salvation's armor bright,
 Courage to stand and strength to fight;
 Give me Thy Holy Cross to bear,
 Give me Thy Crown of Thorns to wear;
 Let scorn my exaltation be,
 My wealth Thy holy poverty;
 Be Thou my friend in joy, in woe,
 And ever be the world my foe.
 This be my portion, this my grace,—
A stranger upon earth with Thee.

ALBA.

**May-Day, Nineteen Hundred and Eight,
 The Twenty-First Anniversary of the
 Consecration of Right Reverend
 C. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop
 of Hamilton.**

WHAT sweet memories, associations, and hopes, are suggested by the mention of May-day! Redolent with the breath of many-colored flowers, exulting in sunny life's young hope, each May-day returns, bringing with it "new songs from the throat of every bird and the heart of every man"—and, to us, pupils of Loretto, Mount St. Mary, the joy of welcoming our beloved Bishop, who graciously and encouragingly honors us, annually, with his presence on this occasion, thus affording the coveted opportunity to tender our united and heartfelt congratulations—our soul-offerings—to the kind father, from whose path we would gladly banish every shadow of care by our faithful diligence in cultivating the precious seed of virtue, sown in our young hearts by his words of kindly counsel.

An all-wise, beneficent Providence bestows upon the year its May, and, upon the spiritual life, its Mary—flowers perishable, and flowers imperishable!

His Lordship, twenty-one years ago, requested that his Consecration might take place on the first of May, as he wished to place his diocese under the special care and protection of Mary the Immaculate. He would have every home a model of the "house of Nazareth," for, when Eden—endless May—was lost through our mother, Eve, our merciful Lord promised and sent to our aid Mary, the second Eve, who was to retrieve the prestige of womanhood, and to be to the world all that our first mother should have been.

This May-day was an ideal one—the weather most beautiful—a gentle spring breeze whispering amongst the blossoming trees and shrubs. The preparations for a concert-reception having been completed, at four o'clock, our beloved Bishop was announced.

From a stage profusely decorated with ferns and carnations, the pupils, arrayed in white, greeted His Lordship in the strains of "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," after which I was privileged

to read the following address, and then present a bouquet of roses.

May it please Your Lordship—

Blest privilege is ours to-day,
To greet thy presence—ushering in the May—
Not half our grateful hearts would say
Can tongue or pen express!
Beloved Bishop, Pastor, Friend,
May Heaven all solace sweet thy vigils lend;
All blessings bounteous to thee send,—
The measure ne'er grow less!

May has not always led thy years!—
If consolations failed, and many fears
Awaited harvest sown with tears;
If laborers seemed few;
For every contradiction known
A loyal diocese would glad atone,
And would not see thee burdened lone,
Where hearts and hands are true!

Thy prayers beseech for us the grace—
To merit 'mong the lilies glorious place;
That naught of earth may e'er efface
Our one supremest good;—
That minds and hearts may on her wait,—
Learn from our Mother dear Immaculate,
That Christian life of highest state
Is perfect womanhood!

When home the harvest thou wouldst know;
When Heaven has no more favors to bestow
On faithful service here below;
And thou art called away
To crown, with virtues many starred,—
The prize of heavenly High Priest's fond regard;
Loretto's faith sees thy reward—
Heaven's everlasting May!

After the program of music, song and recitation, had been rendered, His Lordship thanked the performers for the pleasure they had given him, adding a few well-chosen words of advice for all, especially for those who were spending their "last May" in the convent, and were soon to pass through the gateway to freedom. His Lordship said that, like the Master's, his predilection is for children—"Suffer the little ones to come unto me"—that May brings sunshine, flowers, and the song of birds; but, that Loretto's greet-

ings are always the sweetest notes and brightest sunshine for him, and the flowers in Loretto's garden—the pupils—the dearest. Continuing, His Lordship affirmed that of all the institutions in his diocese, Loretto is his favorite, and that he would follow the career of each pupil long after she had left its protection.

Not the least enjoyable feature of the evening was the informal hour, after tea, when His Lordship sent for all—seniors, minims, tots—and we sat—many of us on the carpet—and, like children around a dear father, listened to anecdote after anecdote from lips to which the golden gift of oratory is second nature. Laughter and merriment winged the hours, and, at the close, we felt that the day had been one of those rare ones, drifted down from Eden; and that, with God's help, we would try to realize our good Bishop's ideal of Christian womanhood.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

Past and Present.

PART I.—GIBRALTAR, 1805.

BOOM! Boom! Boom! There was no mistake. It was the distant sound of cannon. The clouds were dark, telling of a coming storm. A strong westerly wind was blowing. People stopped in the streets, and some one muttered: "Nelson has them at last."

It is now a matter of history, how the gallant Villeneuve was forced by the peremptory command of Napoleon to leave his safe shelter in Cadiz Bay, and, with a crippled fleet, to meet the great armament commanded by Nelson and Collingwood—that armament destined to deal a deadly blow to Napoleon's ambition at Trafalgar.

For hours the booming continued. Many an anxious eye was turned towards the Straits, for those were not the days of the telegram, or the Marconigram, and, with a hostile country lying between Gibraltar and Cadiz, it was nearly impossible to get news. At last, on the 22nd October, a huge ship was seen approaching from the west. A terrific storm was raging, but the gallant ship kept bravely on. It brought to Gibraltar the first detachment of the wounded heroes of Trafalgar, but it brought glorious

news—the despatch of Collingwood telling of the victory, and alas, telling of the great commander's death.

The Trafalgar cemetery, situated just outside the Alameda, reminds the Gibraltarian of the present day of the connection between the famous naval victory and his own historic fortress. Many a gallant sailor who had escaped entombment in the dark waters of the Straits, found a peaceful grave in this little corner of Greater England.

One of the naval officers in that memorable battle was a certain Captain Charles Crooke. He was wounded in the engagement, but there are no records to show that he was among those who came to regain health and strength in Gibraltar. Perhaps he recovered sufficiently to form part of the Convoy which brought back Nelson's body to his sorrowing country. We may safely assume, however, that at some time he visited the fortress, and whether he did or not, he was destined to have a posthumous connection with Gibraltar.

PART II.—SIENA.

Situated on the three spurs of a hill, overlooking a beautiful plain, is Siena, now a provincial city, once one of the great republics of Italy, the sister and rival of Florence, famous for its saints and sages, its painters and cathedral builders.

Its magnificent Duomo, dating from the thirteenth century, still attracts the traveller. More than two hundred years ago, it wooed Addison from his allegiance to classic architecture.

But the glory of the Sieneze has departed. A long series of internal disputes, succeeded by the Napoleonic wars, brought many a noble family to the verge of ruin. The old palaces were closed, the frescoes were neglected, the priceless tapestry and unrivalled paintings, in many instances, changed hands.

The wars, engendered by the ambition of the first Napoleon, which spread ruin and devastation over Europe, and raised the National Debt of England to the enormous sum of nine hundred million pounds, were not without beneficial results to that country.

One of the most important of these was the growth of a more friendly feeling towards for-

eigners, and the breaking down of insular prejudices, which still existed even among the cultured classes. Knowledge had been gained of Spain, France, and Italy, during the long bivouacs, or on the battle-fields, where Englishman and foreigner fought bravely, side by side, or faced each other proudly, as gallant foes should do. So it is not surprising that, when peace was finally concluded, many Englishmen sought recreation in foreign travel—some to revisit old scenes, others to experience the wonderful fascination of new ones, and among those who visited Italy was Captain Crooke.

The student who desires to acquire the musical language of Italy could find no better place to do so than Siena. As spoken here, it is singularly free from provincialisms, and the clear enunciation of the syllables facilitates its study. This motive drew Captain Crooke to Siena. The charm of the grand old city, the blue Italian skies, the soft voices of the people, wove their spell around the gallant officer, tired, perhaps, of scenes of war and strife. He made up his mind to stay in Siena.

The soldierly figure of the English stranger soon became familiar to the Sieneze, as he toiled up the steep brick-paved streets, or wandered in the Banchi. It was whispered that he gave alms abundantly. This was true. He was never known to refuse any of the numerous beggars of Siena, so that his appearance usually coincided with the arrival of a crowd of mendicants. On Christmas Day, it was his custom, for years, to invite them to share his Yule-tide-cheer. The table laden, as in far-off days in England, with roast beef, turkey, and plum pudding was surrounded by these stranger guests.

Although Captain Crooke lived on terms of close friendship with the cultivated Sieneze, at first, no thought of embracing their religion entered his mind. He looked with the easy tolerance of a well-bred Englishman on practices which he did not understand. He admired the magnificent churches, and often visited them, but, he did not worship there. Yet, he was a deeply-religious man. He had implicit faith in the doctrines of the Anglican Communion, in which he had been born and reared. Every Sunday he read his Protestant Bible devoutly, and always on bended knees. He owed his con-

version to the true Church to a providential circumstance. Among his special friends in Siena, was the family of Barbieri. From his first arrival there, when the doors of the Palazzo Barbieri had been hospitably opened to him, no cloud had dimmed their friendship. Madame Barbieri, like most of her countrywomen, was a devout Catholic. On one occasion, before going to Mass, she received a visit from Captain Crooke. Seeing her missal on the table, he took it up to look through it. The lady playfully told him such books were not for a heretic like him, but his quick eye had perceived that its contents were largely drawn from scripture, so he obtained permission to carry it off, in order to study it. The Roman Missal was, under God, the means of his conversion. In a short time he was received into the Catholic Church, and this event was followed by his happy marriage to Madame Barbieri, now a widow.

The remainder of Captain Crooke's life was peacefully spent in the city of his adoption. Engrossed in his library, the cultivation of his spacious and beautiful gardens, and in his charitable works, he desired no other pastime. Once only, during his residence in Italy, he revisited his native land. It was on the occasion of the opening of the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851. Queen Victoria, then in the bloom of womanhood, surrounded by domestic happiness and public prosperity, desired to do special honor to the old companion of Nelson. He was received in private audience with every mark of royal favor. In 1858, more than fifty years after Trafalgar, Captain Crooke passed away, his last hours soothed by the ministrations of that Church which had received him into her fold.

His death was the signal for deep and general mourning throughout Siena. His remains rest in the Franciscan Church of the Observance, where a marble slab records his name and his virtues.

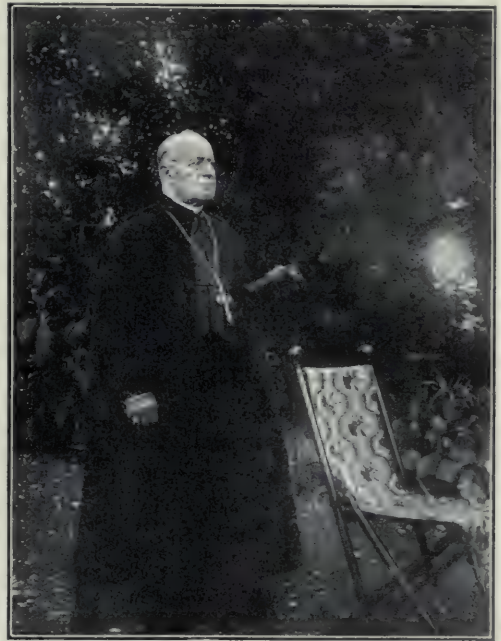
More than half a century has now elapsed since the British Captain was laid in his foreign grave. Many events have happened since then. Empires have risen and fallen. Revolution after revolution has swept over Europe. The House of Savoy, once champions of the Church, have become its oppressors. Even the soil of Siena has changed hands, yet Captain Crooke is not

forgotten there, though the Sieneze speak of him, not as of a "Hero of Trafalgar," but as of a "Friend of the Poor."

PART III.—A SON OF SIENA.

The family of Barbieri was of Venetian origin. A noble and wealthy branch, whose head bears the title of count, still exists at Vicenza.

In the sixteenth century, Domenico Barbieri, a Florentine, was celebrated as a painter.



THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR BARBIERI, BISHOP
OF THEODOSIOPOLIS, VICAR APOSTOLIC
OF GIBRALTAR.

Francesco Barbieri, better known as Guercino, was so noted for his sweetness in blending colours and his consummate art in relief, that he is frequently called the Magician of Italy. His matchless picture of Saint Francis of Assisi receiving the Stigmata, may be seen in the church of Santa Maria, in Genoa.

His brother was likewise a painter, but his fame has been eclipsed by Guercino's.

Guiseppe Barbieri, who flourished in the last century, was one of the greatest pulpit orators of the age. He was a native of Bassano, and a member of the great order of St. Benedict, but was driven from his monastery by the wars of

the French Revolution. His sermons are written with great elegance, and he has left many works in prose and poetry.

The Tuscan branch of the family was a rich one. This branch had great possessions in Valdichiana, and owned a palace at Siena.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was represented by Pier Antonio Barbieri. He had a large family. One of his sons became a Canon of the beautiful Cathedral of his native city. Another entered the order of Mount Carmel. The other sons embraced the learned professions. They had the misfortune to lose their good father, at an early age, and the troubles of the period in Italy, joined to other causes, soon reduced their fine inheritance. Lorenzo, the second son, partially retrieved the family fortunes by a brilliant marriage.

Guido, the fourth of the family, was a physician, but did not practise his profession. He married Teresa Lippi, a descendant of the Blessed Franco Lippi, inscribed by the learned Guiseppe Gigli in his calendar of the three hundred and sixty-five Beati of Siena.

A strange legend is related of this holy man. In his youth he had led an evil life. On one occasion, travelling in the country near Siena, with some wild companions, he called at an inn for dinner. While waiting, something provoked his anger and he uttered terrible blasphemies. Even his companions, wicked as they were, were horrified by his words. They adjured him to remember that he must one day ask mercy of that God whom he now blasphemed. The wretched man was seized by a fit of despair. He pointed to the table, on which two fowls had been placed for dinner, saying that he expected mercy from God as much as he expected the dead fowls to arise and crow. At these words the dead fowls arose and began to crow. Overcome by this wonderful condescension on the part of Almighty God, Franco immediately forsook his sinful ways. He retired to a neighboring wood, where he lived as a hermit, practising great austerities until his death. In the course of time he was beatified.

Teresa Lippi was a worthy descendant of the saints. Her marriage with Guido Barbieri was a happy one. On the 5th. September, 1836, a son was born to them. He was baptized in the beautiful old Baptistry underneath the Cathedral

of Siena, and received the name of Guido. Shortly after this event, the family removed to Florence, where the elder Guido died, in 1843. Teresa Lippi was now a widow. Her one desire was to see her only son a saint and a scholar. The boy gave early proof of his love of piety and learning. He knew how to read at the age of four. His first books were "Leggende delle Sante Vergini," and, later on, "La Vita di San Antonio de Padua."

The youthful Guido soon began to attend school at Florence, where he made rapid progress in classic and Italian literature. He also studied French, German, Spanish, English and Hebrew, with success, but his special attraction was for science in all its branches. His scientific attainments excited the admiration of his professors, among whom were the savants, Barsottini Cecchi and Zargioni.

Much as the youth loved his beautiful Florence, he looked forward eagerly to vacation, which he spent in Siena.

He delighted to listen to the legends of the former greatness of the old Republic, to tread the streets hallowed by the footsteps of so many saints, or to take long walks into the country.

His companion, on these occasions, was Captain Crooke, who had married his aunt. The old captain was a great walker, notwithstanding the wound which he had received at Trafalgar, which caused him to limp slightly. He was also an excellent story-teller. The boy listened eagerly to his tales of his early home in Devonshire, to his anecdotes of Nelson, or to the recital of his stirring adventures on sea. It was at this period Guido Barbieri acquired that love of the great English nation which he never lost.

In 1853, the young Guido experienced his first great sorrow; his saintly mother died. Nearly half a century later he could not speak of this loss without emotion.

He had long desired to become a priest, but, after his mother's death, he felt himself called to the monastic life; accordingly, in 1855, he entered the holy order of St. Benedict, at the famous Badia of Florence. Here he was immediately employed as Professor of Rhetoric, and, later on, of Philosophy. He made his simple vows in 1859. The same year, by the death of his cousin, he succeeded to the property of the Tuscan branch of the Barbieri family.

Dom Guido had not yet irrevocably bound himself to the Benedictine order, and there were sad presages of the future of the religious orders in Italy, yet he made no use of his inheritance except to renounce it, in favor of a distant cousin. He then made his solemn profession at Florence, on the 17th. December, 1861. A short time afterwards, he was admitted to the ranks of the priesthood.

Every Benedictine, on pronouncing his solemn vows, obtains the right of choosing the monastery in which he will henceforth dwell. For this reason, Dom Guido now proceeded to St. Dominic's, Siena, the ancient Abbey in which St. Catherine's head is preserved. His desire was to devote himself to prayer and study, yet he had only arrived when he was appointed a Professor of the Tolomei College.

The revolutionary wave, which, assuming the name of liberty, was fast sweeping over Italy, at last reached Tuscany. By a so-called plebiscite the ancient dominions of the Medici and Lovenieri were added to the Kingdom of Sardinia. In 1864, followed the proscription of the religious orders. One of the first houses to fall was Saint Dominic's. The monastery was suppressed and the monks dispersed. At the desire of the Abbot, Dom Guido accepted the post of tutor to the young members of the princely house of Strozzi, a house one of the greatest of Italy, and so old that its history coincides with the history even of Florence. It was with deep sorrow he left his monastic home, but, in this noble family, he met with those social and domestic virtues, which only religion united with high birth can produce.

At this time, Dom Guido travelled with his pupils over Europe, making a prolonged stay at Munich, where he frequented the University, then illuminated by the genius and learning of the Professor Abbot Hanneberg, O. S. B. For twenty years, his career as preceptor to the noble youth of Florence, continued. During this period he made many friends and gained the esteem and affection of his pupils.

In the Palazzo Strozzi and in the other splendid mansions in which he dwelt, he observed with the utmost rigor the austere rule of St. Benedict. The money gained by his labours was put aside for the use of his order, for his dream was to revive that order in Siena. With this object in view, he built, in 1885, the Monastery of St.

Benedict all' Acqua Calda, near Siena. Though small, it was perfectly suited for monastic purposes. Through the generosity of the devoted monk, it possessed a fine library, many valuable pictures and a large collection of rare and ancient coins. In this holy retreat Dom Guido believed he should spend the remainder of his life. The Abbot of St. Dominic's and the monks of that monastery were, alas, dead, but he hoped to see grow up around him a new monastic family, which would perpetuate the spirit of the old. God had other work for his servant. In 1888, he received an order from Pope Leo XIII. to go to Monte Cassino, as Rector and Director of Studies. He remained two years at Monte Cassino. While there his thoughts often turned to the little monastery of Saint Benedict, and it was with joy he received from the Sovereign Pontiff permission to return there. The erudition and piety of the holy monk left a deep impression on his brethren. Many years afterwards, an eminent Anglican divine, who visited Monte Cassino, was entertained by the recital of his virtues.

He was not to remain long at Siena. Leo XIII. had not forgotten him. In 1895, he was appointed Abbot of Perugia. He quitted St. Benedict's with deep sorrow. Indeed, that beloved little monastery, commenced with such high hopes, and completed with pious care, was not to be his home again. In 1906, the Benedictines of Brazil, desiring to establish a novitiate in Italy, appealed to Monsignor Barbieri, then Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar, to make over St. Benedict's to them. The Bishop, ever watchful of the least indication of God's will, granted their request, and the monastery passed out of the hands of the Italian Cassinese Congregation. The munificent gift was cheerfully made and fully appreciated, yet, few even of Monsignor Barbieri's most intimate friends, knew the full pathos of the sacrifice.

At Perugia, Abbot Barbieri governed with wisdom and prudence, justifying the high opinion formed of him by Pope Leo XIII. In 1900, the Centenary of the election of Pius VII., one of the thirty-two Benedictines who have sat in the Chair of Peter, was celebrated with civil and religious pomp in the monastery of St. George, in Venice. In this monastery the Conclave had been held in 1800, owing to the distracted state of Italy. Six panegyrics of this much-persecuted

pope were preached. The first by one whose name is now dear to every Catholic heart, Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice; the second by Abbot Barbieri of Perugia, representing the Benedictine order. At the close of the august ceremonial, a trivial incident occurred, which, however, is not without interest. Abbot Barbieri suggested to Cardinal Sarto that he should send a telegram of sympathy to the illustrious Prisoner of the Vatican. His Eminence at once assented, but found he had no pencil. Of course, the Abbot presented his, and, with some premonition of the future, he preserved this pencil. Three years later, doing homage to Pius X., he showed it and recalled this incident. The venerable Pontiff was overcome with emotion, remembering his beloved Venice.

Abbot Barbieri had ruled the Benedictines of Perugia for five years, when he was summoned to Rome. Leo XIII. had selected him for the difficult post of Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar. Thus the lines of life had converged, and the nephew of the gallant captain, who had fought so bravely at Trafalgar, was to wear the Roman mitre in a British Colonial Settlement, not far distant from the scene of that famous victory.

In vain the abbot pleaded his age, his scholastic education, his religious profession. The Pope showed many marks of esteem—even of affection. On one point only he was inexorable—Abbot Barbieri must go to Gibraltar. The solemn ceremony of consecration as Bishop of Theodosiopolis was performed by Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli in the Basilica of Saint Paul at Rome, on the 10th. November, 1901, and, on the 29th. of that month, the Lord Bishop took possession of his Vicariate. The Governor of Gibraltar and other officials received him with the respect due to his dignity and personal character, and there, as elsewhere, he has earned the esteem, not only of his flock, but also of those who differ from him in faith.

And so, as years roll on, the glorious promise uttered more than eighteen centuries ago, and echoing still in many a human heart, becomes more real. "Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting."

Laura Bennett.

In Memoriam.

Right Reverend Mgr. Heenan, Died April Fourteenth,
Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

"Learn of Me; for I am meek and humble of heart."

To one whose gentle soul divinely meek,
Could neither blame resent, nor praises seek,
Our tribute poor no worthy meed affords,
Memorial most fit were deeds, not words!

In holy zeal for souls, this worthy priest
To imitate his Master never ceased.

Exalted state but proved him; all could see
His heart had home in deep humility.

While all impersonal and self-denied,

As world of want his charity was wide.

He asked no respite, ever onward pressed,

Till Heaven imposed the needed day of rest.

"Most precious in the sight of God"—thro'
plaints

Of grieving hearts,—“is passing of His saints.”

That “blessed are the meek,” from every hand
Come mourning notes,—“for they possess the
land.”

We would not testimony dreaded raise,

Or vex his gentle spirit with our praise;

But may the works our grateful hearts could
name,

Before his God be now his praise or blame!

LORETTO.

The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its Foundation to its Secularization, 1626-1809.

BY REVEREND MOTHER ELIZABETH BLUME, GENERAL OF THE GERMAN BRANCH OF THE ENGLISH INSTITUTE.

COMMEMORATIVE OF HER GOLDEN JUBILEE.

CHAPTER III.

THE CENTRAL INSTITUTE AT MUNICH, FROM 1626-1697.

Winefrid Bedingfield; 1626-1666—Foundation of an Orphan Asylum—Barbara Constable, 1667-1689—Anna Barbara Babthorpe, 1689-1697. Donation from the Prince Elector, Max Emanuel.

After the foundation of the house in Munich, the Superior General, Barbara Babthorpe, who



THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND MGR. E. HEENAN.

had been busy in Luttich, was there to strengthen the new Institute with necessary aids, particularly, with members who were already firmly established in the spirit of the Institute, and who had proved themselves to be both clever and careful teachers.

Mary Poyntz seemed to have been entrusted with the first guidance of the house, and Cecilia Morgan was given to her as an assistant, who also fulfilled the office of mistress of novices, since the house in Munich had been named as a centre for receiving and instructing new members. The direction and organization of teaching in the schools was in charge of Winefrid Bedingfield. It appears from the chronicle that Mary Poyntz was soon called away, and Winefrid Bedingfield succeeded her as Superior. She was a Bedingfield! In those days, that said all. She possessed the greatest courage and the most incomparable strength, interwoven with a touching delicacy of conscience. Her talents and her knowledge far exceeded what is usually attributed to her sex. Through the ever-rising storm-waves of thirty long years, she governed the community with an unswerving trust in God, with wisdom and foresight, displaying a ceaseless activity for both school and house. In spite of princely protection, they had a thousand troubles to combat. The hard war times and, particularly, the downfall of Sweden, reduced them to the bitterest need, so that one of the members, Anna Röhr, the first native of Bavaria who had been received into the English Institute, set forth to collect provisions in order to prevent the actual starvation of her religious sisters and the helpless orphans under their care. Besides storms from without, there were also storms within, taking the form of enmities and contradictions of all kinds, which increased the calamities of the Institute to the highest degree and greatly shook its foundations. Before the grain of mustard-seed grows to a majestic tree, it is necessary for the tender plant to experience the severity of mighty winds. And so of this foundation. All that is great and noble and beautiful on the earth wavers and falls and comes to naught unless it is rooted in the cross.

The Institute of the English Ladies, as already stated, was an institution out of touch with the

spirit of the time. A religious teaching Institute without canonical enclosure and under the domestic guidance of one general head, was not yet in existence.

What has been observed in the history of nations is true also in a small way of any number of persons living together with common ends and aims. What the present generation enjoys and regards as glorious had to be won in the past through struggles and contradictions.

The new Institute, so singular in its aim and object for those times, encountered severe contradictions and various hampering restraints. Earlier foundations in Belgium and Germany were closed. Yet this external evil was for the Munich house a gratefully-cleansing fire, which kept afar all inharmonious elements. Through the mercy of God and the mildness of the noble Elector, the Munich house remained as the strong tree which sent forth, in after years, sturdy branches with fresh and living twigs.

The young community was beloved by the dwellers of Munich. The schools were quickly filled. No explicit accounts of the mode of instruction have been handed down to us, but the short life sketches, still extant, of many members who were educated in the English Institute bear comprehensive witness to the thorough course of instruction that was received there. They were taught Latin, German, French, English, and Italian, so that they could read, write and speak each of these languages, also the beautiful arts of music and painting and embroidery. Yet, high above all these accomplishments, was the careful development of character.

The first member of the Institute from Bavaria was the already-mentioned Anna Röhr, a model of deeply-rooted piety and self-sacrifice, who died in the year 1660, aged 62. She it was who, during the Swedish war, gathered together the orphans of the fallen and placed them under the care of Mother Winefrid Bedingfield in the house of the English Ladies at Munich, a work which God richly blessed. From this small beginning, there came with time and through generous help, a flourishing orphans' home, which passed into the hands of the State, at the time

of the secularization, but which, since 1840, has been again in the hands of the English Ladies.

Kathrine Köch, from Augsburg, was the second Bavarian member. She was in no way inferior to the first, but was taken from the community by a ravaging pestilence, in the year 1634.

Ursula Troll, from Zorneding, was given to the care of the English Ladies by the Elector himself on account of her great beauty of body and soul. Besides being rich in knowledge, she had a most beautiful handwriting, an accomplishment quite rare in those days. In spite of glowing promises and predictions for her future in the world, she entered the Institute, in 1631, and worked therein for the instruction of youth amid unceasing sacrifices and privations till her death, in the year 1682.

Winefrid Bedingfield died December 26, 1666. Trouble and work had sapped her strength at the age of 56. No words could tell how deeply she was mourned.

Mary Poyntz, at that time General Superior, took charge of the work of the departed Winefrid Bedingfield at Munich; but, her residence there could be only temporary, for which reason the chronicle mentions Katharine Dawson as Vicaress until the latter, after Mary Poyntz's death, was herself chosen as a chief Superior, when she placed Barbara Constable as local Superior in the Munich house. During her term of office, 1667-1689, the celebrated Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreux, visited the English Ladies in the Paradeiser house, preached in their chapel, and described their edifying life and work in a letter which he wrote to an Ursuline, descriptive of his travels in Germany.

At that time, 1671, the Elector, Ferdinand Maria, presented some land to the English Ladies, which was exchanged some ten years later for a better site. Nevertheless, the house was still in great financial difficulties, as there was no reserved fund for its maintenance.

More favorable were the relations under the succeeding Superior, Anna Barbara, Countess Babthorpe, who was held in high esteem by the Elector and his family, and from them received

substantial support for the continuance and increase of the Institute. It is related in the annals of old Munich what a magnificent court festival the splendor-loving Elector Max Emanuel had held in the carnival days of 1690, in honor of Emperor Leopold, his wife, and his son, Joseph I., King of Rome—how, afterwards, Ash Wednesday was spent in quiet devotion—how their Royal Highnesses the Emperor and the Elector received the ashes, and, in the afternoon, betook themselves to the Convent of the English Ladies, called at that time U. L. Frauen Gruft, because it was at that time situated on Grotto St.

On February 22, 1691, the Elector Max Emanuel made over to the English Ladies the Paradeiser house as their property forever. Since it was quite out of repair, however, and much too small for their purpose, he undertook, in greatest generosity, the remodelling and rebuilding of it at a cost of 42,000 florins. In spite of this, there was for the English Ladies a heavy debt in consequence of the great-minded plans of the Elector's architect, from which they could only free themselves gradually by planning and economizing.

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

WELL may it be called a glorious one, for in no other play did Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, handle his theme in a more masterly manner than in this tale of the Scottish Lord Macbeth and his "fiend-like queen."

Macbeth belongs to the third period of Shakespeare development.

Previous to this when, in "the schoolroom, and workshop" of his art, he wrote of light, pleasant, even joyful things, a great sorrow came into his life, the death of his only son who was to carry down his name to posterity, and for whom Shakespeare had labored unceasingly that he might immortalize that name, and, above all, that he might have "gentleman" written after it in the great book of records.

He was heart-broken, and when he came "out of the depths" of his sorrow and recommenced his writing, he wrote, as his mind and feelings dictated, of grave, solemn things, of the temptations and passions of man and of his sorrows as well as his joys.

At the time of the writing of *Macbeth*, James of Scotland was on the English throne, and, as his sympathies were with the land of his birth, it was only natural that Scotland should become of more importance in the eyes of all Englishmen.

Old Scottish legends and lyrics were translated; the deeds of old Scotch heroes were woven into poetry and song; and, it became quite the fad for Englishmen of quality to lay claim to being of Scotch descent.

James was a very vain man, and as he had written a history of the witches of the North, his courtiers, wishing to flatter him, spoke much of it; so it soon became the fashion of the Court to talk of the supernatural.

Shakespeare in his wonderful tragedy wove in the three themes that were nearest to James' heart; Scotland, witches, and himself, for Banquo was supposed to be "the root and father" of James' line, and thus did Shakespeare win favor at Court, both for himself and for his drama.

The history of Scotland at this time is the history of *Macbeth*.

A kinsman of the King, a valiant general in the army, the lord of one of the finest castles in Scotland, and honored alike by King and country, he seems to be one of those few men who have reached the heights of prosperity.

And yet, withal, he is not satisfied. Lady *Macbeth* says to him, "thou wouldst be great," and to him greatness seems to lie only in the possession of the golden round of sovereignty.

Not even to himself will he acknowledge this desire, but still it lies buried in the inmost recess of his heart, until called forth by the magic words of the weird sisters. They meet him in the "day of success," and hail him as "Thane of Glamis," which title he inherited from his father, then, as "Thane of Cawdor," with which title he is invested that same day; and lastly as "thou who shalt be king hereafter." The thought now takes firm hold of him, in fact, becomes part of himself, and when Malcolm is created Prince of Cumberland, we get the first glimpse into his mind.

"Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies."

Oh! the tragic irony of the first two acts. Duncan, the good and gracious, loading the house

of the *Macbeths* with "honors deep and broad," loud in his praises of *Macbeth*—"O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!"—and high in his commendations of the castle at Inverness, little does he dream how these honors will be repaid, how the "worthy gentleman" will turn murderer and carry the knife 'gainst his cousin, his guest, and his King, or how the air of the castle, which "nimble and sweetly recommends itself unto his gentle senses," will be the last he will ever breathe.

And the inconsistency of *Macbeth*! It is he who suggests that "they catch the nearest way" to "the golden round," and yet when all arrangements are completed, and he is about to do the deed, he who faced death before an invading army and a rebel host, stands quaking at the thought of the judgment that may come after the deed. But, when the crime is committed, he regains much of his courage, and Malcolm and Donalbain having fled, the ambitions of *Macbeth* are, at last, attained, and he is crowned King of Scotland at Scone.

When the weird sisters met *Macbeth* with such fair promises, they also told Banquo that, although he would not be a king himself, "yet he should beget kings."

Banquo noticed the effect of the witches' words upon *Macbeth*, and, as one event followed on another, and *Macbeth*, at last, attained the "golden round," he could not but suspect his "noble partner."

"Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
And, I fear, thou play'st most foully for't."

And *Macbeth* returned this suspicion, but, in a different sense.

"Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much
he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Marc Antony's was by Cæsar."

He lets this thought prey upon his mind until it seems to him compulsory that Banquo be got

out of the way. This time he does not do the deed in person, but, as Banquo is on his way to a banquet, given by the King, he is set upon by professional murderers, and basely slaughtered,

"Now safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

'The least a death to nature"

but—and from this dates Macbeth's fall—
Fleance escapes.

Again we see Macbeth's courage fail him. When he enters the banquet hall, he beholds the ghost of Banquo sitting in his place, and this sight quite unmans him.

Lady Macbeth tries to bring him to his senses, and explains his strange conduct to the guests by saying that "this is a malady that has troubled my lord from his youth." But, when Macbeth still continues to ramble on, for fear of his making some serious disclosure, she dismisses the company with "a kind good night to all." Again we see the wonderful control which Lady Macbeth has over herself. A woman of an iron will, she bends every human feeling and womanly impulse to that indomitable will. She calls upon those spirits that

"Tend on mortal thoughts," to unsex her here,
And fill her from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty!

and with this almost inhuman cruelty she goads Macbeth on to his first murder—

—"bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under't."

But, after the murder, when the strain is over and Macbeth's "false face is hiding what his false heart doth know," she faints. We hear nothing more of her until the night of the banquet, and here again while Macbeth's guilty fears are making him reckless, she is calm and cool, and dismisses the company with many apologies for Macbeth's peculiar conduct. But the strain is telling on her, and when, for the last time, we see her, her wonderful will no longer dominates her actions. Her ambition was not for herself, it was for her husband, and that being satisfied, she looked upon that one act as the "be-all and end-all" of their crimes, and as Macbeth goes on from one foul murder to another, her mind be-

comes deranged and "she is troubled with thick-coming fancies." And as her life blinks out, we cannot but feel that her soul fled to its Maker with a pitiful cry for forgiveness, for, underneath her "fiend-like" exterior there was hidden a woman with all the frailties of nature.

After this second murder, Macbeth has no peace of mind.

"For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo
kings!"

And the desire to know who will succeed him becomes so great that he goes again to the weird sisters. They call up three apparitions, the first tells him: "Beware Macduff; beware the thane of Fife." The second:

"Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth."

And the third:

"Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

And when he seeks to know more, a show of eight kings passes before him, followed by Banquo's ghost.

From this on Macbeth becomes a veritable butcher. Macduff having fled to England, he surprises his castle and grossly murders Macduff's wife and children.

Once launched on this sea of blood, Macbeth's crimes know no bounds:

"I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Scotland is one open grave:

"The dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken."

In striking contrast to this tyrant king of Scotland is the saintly Edward, king of England, going among his subjects, healing them by his mere touch.

Relying on the promises of the weird sisters, Macbeth becomes reckless even when he hears that the English army, headed by Malcolm and Macduff, is in Scotland, and hastening on to the castle.

We can find no trace of the man we first met, returning victorious from the battle-field, in the brute who, when told of his wife's death, dismisses the subject with "she should have died hereafter."

At the very last, when Birnam wood has come to Dunsinane, and Macduff, with the fire of revenge in his veins, confronts him, one faint gleam seems to quiver across the black page of Macbeth's life, and for one moment we see again the man who was:

"I will not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet."

Yet, for all this, his is a soul that goes out in utter darkness, for did he himself not say:

"That lest this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'll jump the life to come."

LORETTO ABBEY.

GERTRUDE KELLY.

Diamond Jubilee of the Emperor of Austria.

Homage of Kings and Princes.

ASSEMBLED in the Schoenbrunn Palace to-day—May the eighth—are two Emperors, two Kings, three reigning Princes, five reigning Grand Dukes, and numerous members of the Austrian Imperial Family. The gathering includes:

The Emperor Francis Joseph, the German Emperor and Empress, Prince August William of Prussia, Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, the King of Saxony, the King of Württemberg, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Oldenburg, Saxe-Weimar, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the reigning Princes of Schaumburg-Lippe and Lippe-Detmold, the Duke of Anhalt, the Mayor of Hamburg, repre-

senting the Hanseatic cities, the Austrian Archdukes Franz Ferdinand, Leopold Salvator, Friedrich Joseph Ferdinand, Joseph, and the Archduchesses.

Heavy drops of rain fell as the German Emperor's train arrived. The Austrian Royal ladies, waiting on the platform, were clad in light summer toilettes, ill-suited to the piercing wind which came with the threatened downpour. The aged Emperor was the first to welcome the chief of his guests, with whom came the German Empress and her son and daughter, Prince August William and Princess Victoria Louise. The last-named shivered visibly as she faced the cold air after the warmth of the Royal train.

The Royal party drove to the Schoenbrunn Palace in open carriages. Shortly before noon, all the Royal visitors assembled in the large crimson drawing-room, and were conducted by the Court Chamberlain to the Marie Antoinette room, where the Emperor Francis Joseph awaited them. The Chamberlain closed the folding doors—no one being permitted to witness the ceremony of congratulating the aged monarch, upon attaining the sixtieth year of his reign.

The Emperor William, addressing the Emperor Francis Joseph, spoke as follows:

"Your Majesty, it is by the high decree of divine grace and providence that we are assembled to-day around the person of Your Imperial, Royal and Apostolic Majesty. Sixty years, two generations of men, Your Majesty has devoted, in never-tiring zeal and most faithful and noble fulfilment of duty, to the welfare and prosperity of your peoples. Far and wide, beyond the borders of the Monarchy, the world bows in respect and admiration before the venerable form of Your Majesty.

Your Majesty sees here three generations of German Princes gathered about you, and among them none to whom Your Majesty has not been an exemplar before he was himself called to the discharge of the duties of his high office. We, then, the true friends and allies of Your Majesty, have hastened thither, and with us Her Majesty the Empress-Queen, my consort, to bear testimony to the deep feelings of close friendship and devotion which we entertain for Your Majesty.

With overflowing hearts we offer our homage to the noble ruler, the true ally, the mighty guar-

dian of peace, on whose head we invoke the richest blessings of God's providence."

The Emperor Francis Joseph replied:

"Your Majesty, this proof of a friendship which I hold most dear, which will be one of the most precious recollections of my life, has touched my heart most joyfully, and I beg you to accept my deepest and warmest thanks for it. In this act of cordial attachment, which affords me the utmost gratification, I may, I think, discern a solemn manifestation of the monarchical principle, to which Germany owes her power and greatness. Austria-Hungary's strength also lies in this principle, and from the true and unchanging love of my people I have always derived fresh confidence to do justice to the arduous duties incumbent upon me."

In the afternoon, the Kaiser made an extraordinary number of calls, leaving cards only. With the Empress he visited the Kapuciner vault and placed a bouquet of white roses on the tomb of the late Empress Elizabeth, as well as a wreath of lilac and roses on the tomb of the Crown Prince Rudolf, a friend of his youth. The flowers were brought from the Achilleion at Corfu, the favorite resort of the murdered Empress.

As the evening wore on and night came, clear, bright weather prevailed for the serenade at Schoenbrunn Palace. Over eight hundred people, representing the whole of the aristocracy, were in the Royal park to listen to the seven thousand singers. The Imperial party surveyed the scene from the Palace, but, owing to the cold, were unable to step into the open. The singers defiled past the front of the Palace to a March specially composed for the occasion.

The most picturesque of all the Austrian Emperor's Diamond Jubilee celebrations took place on the twenty-first of May, when a vast army of eighty-two thousand children, drilled and disciplined, marched to the Schoenbrunn Palace to pay homage to their revered Sovereign.

The ceremony was splendidly organized and most impressive. The Emperor appeared on the Palace balcony, before which the army of his young admirers was drawn up, and was cheered with an enthusiasm which deeply touched him. Finally, the Emperor descended and walked among the children, and the ceremony closed with the singing of Haydn's stirring National Anthem by eighty-two thousand clear young

voices, tears standing in His Majesty's eyes as he listened to the familiar words.

After the ceremony, the Emperor said:

"Children are for me the most beautiful and lovable things in the world. The older I get the more I love them."

For many weeks, preparations had been in progress for the great day. Most careful arrangements were made for the conveyance of the countless cohorts of the small people to the grounds of the Palace, where all were assembled at ten o'clock. Children living within a mile, came on foot, the remainder were carried by tramway, train or omnibus.

Three thousand teachers and officials, employed at the Vienna schools, were in charge of the various detachments of children, and marshalled them through the streets. All traffic in the neighborhood of the Palace was suspended in order to avoid any kind of risk. A number of doctors were attached to each party of children, and an ambulance service was established within the grounds of the Palace.

Each child was provided with a card, bearing the name and address of its parents, and was given a light breakfast before starting. Provision was made for supplying with refreshments those who were hungry or faint with the exertion of standing for such a long time.

After the grouping of the children in the grounds and on the terrace that stretch in front of the Palace windows, Frau Ritzinger, of the Vienna Burgtheater, recited the poem composed for the occasion. A group of little girls, none more than three feet, four inches, in height, dressed in Empire costume, performed a special dance, which elicited unbounded admiration.

DAS VATERLAND.

The Character of Henry Bolingbroke.

THERE are few subjects which entail so many complications, which require such penetrating scrutiny, as the analysis of a character, and especially is this true of the children of Shakespeare's genius.

Known as the wizard of the human heart, he has portrayed all the petty irregularities, and sounded all the complex subtleties, which constitute that wondrous enigma—character.

In the historical play, Richard II., he has concentrated all the massive power and penetrative skill of his art upon the two most striking characters. He has handled a complex situation with consummate skill, and, by a series of fine characteristic strokes, delineated the monarch who fell, and the king who rose, until they stand before us human and complete.

The fate of these two is so fantastically interwoven that it is impossible to consider them apart. Richard, abandoned to self-indulgence, possessing no discriminating convictions, and no grasp of consequence, was a man to whom "action was as painful as stately words were pleasant." And, in strong contrast to the king, who was too weak to rule, stands the king who took his place.

Henry Bolingbroke possessed those traits of character so conspicuously absent in the weaker man, he utters few words in the play, nor does he expend any superfluous energy save in the direct advancement of his end. He was a quiet man, possessing that unostentatious diplomacy which marks the successful statesman. We know little of his policy until the time of action, and then his course is premeditated and secure.

Bolingbroke is the true hero of the play, and, despite his attitude, he creates an atmosphere of affability and reserve, which must arrest our sympathies. He is introduced at the court scene in the First Act, where his vehement denunciation of Mowbray readily convinces us that he is supported by the strength and earnestness of his own convictions. He was mentally armed against the stern decree of exile, bearing no personal hostility toward the king, but, meanwhile, cherishing a hidden ambition. Not even to John of Gaunt does he unburden his heart, and we find him prepared to cope with the most difficult problems with propriety and grace.

He was conscious of his strength for he realized the power of his indomitable will, and England is described as—

"A bleeding land
Gasp for life under great Bolingbroke."

Added to the strength of purpose which characterized him, was a sense of moderation and a patience, which were the stepping-stones to his success. He wished to augment his power by clemency, as evinced on the occasion of his par-

doning Aumerle, yet he was conscientious, and possessed a strenuous resolution to attain his end. Still, underlying his stern demeanor, there lurked a secret desire to win men's hearts. Richard says of him:

"Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of
smiles."

He acted his part on the stage of life well, and yet, on every occasion, he was infinitely human, and so we see Richard's power waning and the advent of Bolingbroke casting into shadow, as it were, God's appointed king.

The question eventually arises whether his action to supplant Richard may be justified, and the answer depends entirely upon the circumstances of the case. Considering the despotism and hypocritical attitude of Richard, it was most natural that he should offer some retaliation. Richard had seized his rightful patrimony and the nation was groaning under an insolent ruler, and if Bolingbroke's sole motive was to better the condition of his countrymen, then, his action and cunningly-devised schemes were based upon plausible grounds.

Before either vindicating or condemning Bolingbroke, there are three or four considerations which lend weight to the situation—the weakness of the king, whose abuse of power had severed the ties of loyalty and allegiance which should have bound subjects to the ruler: and, again, the injustice of Bolingbroke's banishment and dispossession. All the innate instincts of manhood would naturally revolt at such treatment, yet, we find no insulting triumph, no action or word unworthy of the dignity of a king.

Environment and prevailing circumstances are ever potent considerations in the estimate of character. The condition of England, the troubled times, together with the personality of the king, lend color and significance to the situation.

Amid the brilliant court, the clamor of martial arms, the resplendent display and extravagance which prevailed in England, stands the melancholy figure of God's anointed king. The lights which were wont to play about him had flickered

and gone out 'neath the harsh breath of adversity, and Richard, King of England, stretches forth his royal hand to find no responding clasp of friendship, he hears no voice of kindness, no heart throbs with sympathy for him.

Silhouetted against the weakness and poetic disability of Richard stands his rival, calm in the security of success, strong with the knowledge of his own capabilities, a man of action and vigor. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The bubbles which Richard's fancy had created broke and the birth of new realities was proclaimed throughout old England—the reign of the "white rose" was ended, yesterday's shadows vanished before the light which radiated from the newly-appointed king, heralding a new era. The blood of Richard did not cry for retribution, such sounds were stilled by memories of past wrongs. The rightful king, who was "as full of valor as of royal blood," had forfeited his kingly sway, the man of action conquered the man of speech. Grace, dignity, and poetry had paled before the sterner, stronger attributes of manhood. Bolingbroke was supreme.

EDNA MCGUIRE.

Shakespeare Recital.

TORONTO has been favored with many representations of the plays of the immortal Shakespeare; there have been magnificent stagings that a Henry Irving alone could conceive, and the beautiful pastoral setting of a Ben Greet Company, yet, never have I been more spell-bound by the lines of the great dramatist than when listening in the Distribution Hall of the Abbey to the interpretation of Mr. William Griffith.

Entering the hall the stage presented the simplest appearance, a small table covered with a heavy green cloth, and, sitting in a chair conveniently near the table, the great Shakespearian student—Mr. William Griffith—a handsome, fair, clean-shaven, powerful-looking man, somewhere between thirty and forty years of age, I should judge. His first words were of appreciation of the Institute, and of gratitude that, under God, to a member of the Institute he owed the great grace of the Catholic faith. Then followed an illuminative and unexaggerated appre-

ciation of Shakespeare the dramatist; the most ardent of admirers at the feet of Shakespeare—he is letter-perfect in all Shakespearian plays—the speaker admitted that he would not go to Shakespeare's plays for history, nor for his religion, nor for his morals.

The first play interpreted by him on Wednesday afternoon, the 29th. April, at 3 o'clock, was *Macbeth*; and a marvelous performance it was, when one man without moving from his chair brought before us the weird witches, the tragic remorse of the wife of the cruelly-ambitious and weakly-superstitious *Macbeth*—the magnanimous *Duncan*—the outraged *MacDuff*, and the fierce conflict and bloody confusion of the hard-fought battle. "When Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane."

In the evening of the same day, the *Taming of the Shrew* portrayed the lusty, overbearing *Petruchio*, and the rebellious, sharp-tongued *Katharine*.

The following afternoon, the melancholy Prince of Denmark and the gentle *Ophelia* walked the boards for us, and the magic power of the reciter conjured up a stage filled with the players, who, at *Hamlet's* bidding, enacted before the guilty King and Queen the scene that lay bare the method of the murder of *Hamlet's* father.

The same evening, another recital was given, when specimens of Shakespeare's skill in lyric poetry were given, and such powerful extracts from his drama as the potion scene in *Romeo and Juliet*—the scene between *Cordelia* and *King Lear*, when the old King dies, and, by contrast, such comedy as the changing of the watch when *Dogberry* gives his instructions to his helpers.

It was a great privilege to be allowed to be present at the recital, and it is with pleasurable anticipation that those who heard Mr. Griffith look forward to another recital, which has been promised in the Fall.

ALUMNA.

Ten minutes spent in Christ's society every day, aye, two minutes, if it be face to face, and heart to heart, will make the whole day different. A breath of prayer in the morning, and the morning life is sure. A breath of prayer in the evening, and the evening blessing comes.

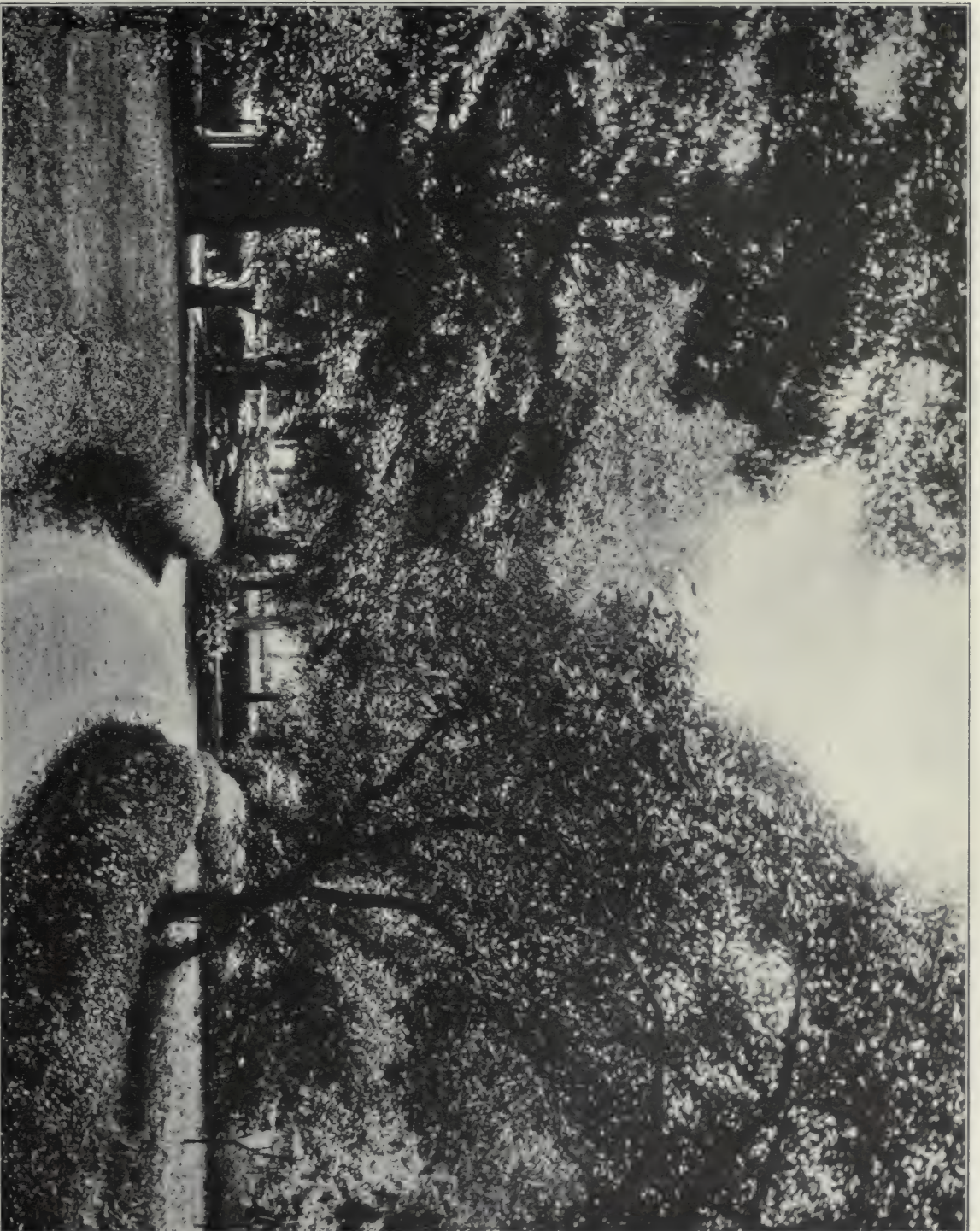


Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

ENTRANCE DRIVE TO LORETTO CONVENT, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton, Ont.

**Visit of Cardinal Logue to Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Canada.**

THE magnificent and far-famed convent at Niagara Falls counts the distinguished visitors that have honored it with their presence by the score, and on the list may be mentioned Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Satolli, etc., among churchmen; and the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the Duke of Veragua, among royalties. The Prince of the Church, Cardinal Logue, who is at present visiting in America, changed his program and cancelled his engagements in order to be able to spend a few hours at this famous convent. The change of plan, no doubt, may be attributed to the high esteem in which the Loretto nuns are held in Ireland, and His Eminence would have considered his visit to America incomplete were he to return to Ireland without having so much as caught a glimpse of Loretto of the Blessed Sacrament, at Niagara Falls.

His Eminence and party arrived at the convent about twelve o'clock, where he was accorded a warm welcome by the Superior and Community. Shortly after, the pupils tendered the distinguished guest a short reception. The Study Hall was tastefully decorated with the Papal colors and flags of different nations, conspicuous above all being that of Erin. The students, attired in their school costume, each one wearing a bow of cardinal ribbon, contributed to the gayety of the scene, while the immense palms formed a pretty background to the festive gathering.

The program opened with a Welcome Chorus, suitable to the occasion.

"Loretto greets you with gladsome pleasure,
And bids you welcome to her halls to-day.
Now all nature in beauty is robed,
Sunshine, flowers bright, in numbers unfold."

At the conclusion of this chorus, three of the minims—Miss Louise Cunningham, Edna Decker, and Florence Burns—stepped forward and presented bouquets of flowers to His Eminence and the attendant bishops, Bishop Browne of Cloyne, and Bishop Colton of Buffalo.

The following address was beautifully read by one of this year's graduates, Miss Florilla

Webb. It was written for the occasion by a member of the Community.

"With the first sweet notes of the birds, chirping out their glee, for being among us again, came a new melody that mingled very harmoniously with Nature's Spring Song and found a responsive echo in every heart that beats within Loretto's walls. As this glad echo "rolled from soul to soul," the happy tidings soon spread within our precincts that we were to be honored with a visit from Your Eminence, and pleasant expectancy has filled every moment up to this joyous one which brings the delightful reality.

It seems as if life's brilliant sun
Had stopped in full career
To make this hour its brightest one
And rest in radiance here.

"Would that words of welcome could aptly embody our true emotions, on this occasion, and they would reveal the pleasure, the happiness, the pride that is ours, in greeting Your Eminence in the "Land of the Rainbow." Could far-famed Niagara but speak, she would bid her mighty Cataract proclaim her appreciation of this honor while her spray of incense rises for your homage. But her wondrous torrent, though powerful, is voiceless, and the privilege is reserved for Loretto's children to speak the words of welcome to the distinguished representative of the Emerald Isle—the Isle of Beauty, that we know from her bards, her patriots and her saints,—and knowing her, means loving her.

Welcome to the esteemed guest, who so graciously favors us to-day! Welcome to the Prince of God's Church, whose very presence is a benediction to our convent home!

"You're welcome as the stream's free bent
After ice-bound imprisonment,
While dancing sunbeams gayly glide
Adown its current loathe to hide
Their merriment. And so are we
With streamlet just in sympathy.
All unrestrained our joys we show,
Pleased that our honored guest should know
What pleasure ours, what happiness
Loretto's welcome to express."

A half-chorus, one of Moore's immortal melodies, was exquisitely rendered, a capella, in four

parts. This was followed by a recitation, "King Connor Mac Nessa." It would be impossible to imagine a more delightful interpretation of this classic than the one so ably given by Miss Elinore Lilley, who is also on the list of this year's graduates.

The short program was brought to a close by the Choral Class singing their School Song, "Ave Maria Loreto."



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL LOGUE, ARCHBISHOP
OF ARMAGH.

Very Reverend P. Conroy, C. M., President of Niagara University, after making some very complimentary remarks on the perfection of the program, referred in a particular manner to the well-chosen address, adding that despite the gloom of the weather—the day was rather dark—there was always a rainbow at Niagara, owing to the reflection of happiness in the bright faces of all. He then, in a very dignified manner, introduced Cardinal Logue. As may be expected, there was a breathless hush when the distinguished visitor arose. After thanking the pupils for the gracious manner in which they

acquitted themselves of the different numbers of the program, His Eminence, with true Celtic wit, assured all of his firm belief of Niagara's being conducive to the development of the poetical and the imaginative faculties, since even Father Conroy could make an excursion into the land of romance, by bringing out the sun on this dark day, and creating a rainbow in the sky. Continuing in this happy strain, the great churchman declared he was unable to locate himself owing to the different flags that were in evidence, that if praise were given to the Americans, the English would be offended, and vice versa, and that if Ireland did not receive her meed of praise, it would be unsafe to return to the Emerald Isle. So a compromise was made by lauding all the nations to the skies.

His Eminence expressed his deep appreciation of the recitation of "King Connor." The poem was particularly interesting to the Cardinal, owing to the fact, that the ruins of King Connor's Castle are within a stone's throw of his residence in Armagh. Being of a sympathetic temperament, the Cardinal thought that the teachers sometimes inflicted too much work on the students, and, as an offset to such cruelty, three days' holidays were granted, with the suggestion that a little candy might not prove altogether unpalatable to the austere(?) Americans.

Father Conroy then introduced Bishop Browne of Cloyne, who proved himself to be a very logical and interesting speaker, and the possessor of a charming personality. As the Loretto nuns are in his diocese in Ireland, His Lordship seemed rather timid about giving too much praise to the colonial pupils. Nevertheless, he was obliged to admit that he had never heard anything *better* in song or recitation, even in the dear country across the sea.

Bishop Colton was then called on to defend the Americans. His Lordship, in his usually happy manner, said that they are quite capable of defending themselves, that he was broad-minded enough to see the good in all countries, and that we are able to learn something from one another. The fact that several pupils are from his own diocese, met with the approbation of the distinguished prelate, as a testimonial of his belief in the selection of schools being left to the choice of the individual. Attention was called to the great honor that was conferred on

the institution, this day, for, while there are some hundreds of bishops in the Church, the Cardinals do not number more than fifty-five; and that it was our privilege to entertain one of so high a rank.

Monsignor Hayes, the representative of Archbishop Farley of New York, paid a glowing tribute to the great city from which he comes. The compliment which followed the assertion, was, therefore, all the more appreciated, namely,



RT. REVEREND HENRY BROWNE, D. D.,
BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

that he had assisted at many entertainments in the great metropolis, but that he had never witnessed a more elegant or finished programme than the one tendered the Prince of the Church on this occasion. He assured the pupils that he was not a "learned man," but that he was interested in the rock formation in this vicinity, and that some years ago, he had made a very close study of the same. Hereafter his interest will not be in mere rocks, but in happy memories, which, as a bright bond, he will tie in the cluster of pleasant recollections of Niagara University and Loretto Academy.

The day's proceedings were brought to a close by the Cardinal's giving his blessing to all present. Among the clergymen were Reverend Wm. F. Browne of Queenstown, Reverend E. Quinn of Armagh, Reverend M. Rosa, C. M., Reverend H. Piper, C. M., Very Reverend A. Murphy, Prior of Carmelite Monastery, Reverend B. Fink, O. C. C., Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C., Reverend F. Scullin, Reverend M. Kelly, Rev. J. Roche, Reverend M. Moynihan of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Reverend T. Sullivan of Thorold, Reverend T. E. Burke, C. S. P., and Reverend J. J. Hughes, C. S. P., of New York.

His Eminence left that evening for Montreal.

The students have just terminated their annual retreat, which was conducted by the Rev. J. Burke, Paulist, Editor of the *Catholic World*, N. Y.

They have been particularly favored in the number of distinguished lecturers who addressed them, prominent among them being—Mr. James Monaghan, the recipient of the Laetare Medal this year, James Walsh, M. D., LL. D., Ph. D., Reverend R. Schwickerath, S. J., Reverend M. Rosa, C. M., Reverend E. Walsh, C. M., Mr. Griffith, the renowned Shakesperian interpreter, and Anna Seton Schmidt.

The visit of Cardinal Logue was a fitting culmination to such a galaxy of visitors.

When the Birds Go North Again.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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How timely are the words of William Winter on the "Ancient Glories of the Catholic Church:"

"To think of the Roman Catholic Church is to think of the oldest, the most venerable, and the most powerful religious institution existing among men. I am not a churchman, of any kind: that, possibly, is my misfortune: but I am conscious of a profound obligation of gratitude to that wise, august, austere, yet tenderly human ecclesiastical power which, self-centered amid the vicissitudes of human affairs, and provident for men of learning, imagination, and sensibility, throughout the world, has preserved the literature and art of all the centuries, has made architecture the living symbol of celestial aspiration, and, in poetry and in music, has heard, and has transmitted, the authentic voice of God.

I say that I am not a churchman; but I would also say that the best hours of my life have been hours of meditation passed in the glorious cathedrals and among the sublime ecclesiastical

ruins of England. I have worshipped in Canterbury and York; in Winchester and Salisbury; in Lincoln and Durham; in Ely and in Wells. I have stood in Tintern, when the green grass and the white daisies were waving in the summer wind, and have looked upon those gray and russet walls and upon those lovely arched casements,—among the most graceful ever devised by human art,—round which the sheeted ivy droops, and through which the winds of heaven sing a perpetual requiem.

I have seen the shadows of evening slowly gather and softly fall over the gaunt tower, the roofless nave, the giant pillars, and the shattered arcades of Fountains Abbey, in its sequestered and melancholy solitude, where ancient Ripon dreams, in the spacious and verdant valley of the Skell. I have mused upon Netley, and Kirkstall, and Newstead, and Bolton, and Melrose, and Dryburgh: and, at a midnight hour, I have stood in the grim and gloomy chancel of St. Columba's Cathedral, remote in the storm-swept Hebrides, and looked upward to the cold stars, and heard the voices of the birds at night, mingled with the desolate moaning of the sea.

With awe, with reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts, I have lingered and pondered in those haunted, holy places; but one remembrance was always present,—the remembrance that it was the Roman Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty, and breathed into them the breath of divine life, and hallowed them forever; and, thus thinking, I have felt the unspeakable pathos of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor raised."

*

It is rare that such extraordinary charity comes to light as that of Bishop Spalding. For years, no collection had been taken up in the diocese of Peoria for the orphans. This year one was announced, and it developed that the gifted Bishop had been supporting by his literary efforts all the

orphans in his diocese. Bishop Spalding's books make interesting reading; but, every word he wrote will be sweetened by the memory of his wonderful charity to the orphans. His writings have now a new meaning for every human heart.

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From our *Foreign Correspondent* we learn that much enthusiasm prevailed in Madrid on the second of May, Spain's National Fête, during the solemn ceremonies in celebration of the centenary of the "Dos de Mayo." King Alfonso walked all the way in the long procession of civic dignitaries, and was vociferously cheered. From eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, His Majesty was out of doors. The cheering was particularly enthusiastic while King Alfonso was passing the house in the Calle Mayor, whence the bomb was thrown on his wedding-day.

A remarkable act on His Majesty's part gave rise to intense emotion. The artillery had organized a school fête at the Arco de Monteleon, formerly known as the Artillery Park, where the War of Independence started, and where Daoiz and Velarde, two of the first heroes of the struggle, were found dead. All the school children in Madrid were to pass through the arch, the artillery presenting to each a book on the war.

Early in the morning, King Alfonso advised the Infantes Carlos and Ferdinand to bring their children to the arch, and, at ten o'clock, His Majesty arrived there with the Prince of Asturias. Taking the Royal infant in his arms, King Alfonso passed under the arch, and, holding the national flag, brought it to the boy's lips to be kissed. At this moment an enthusiastic ovation greeted both father and son. The Infantes followed suit with their children.

Never before, it is said, has such a demonstration of affection been accorded the Royal Family. Thousands of people surrounded the Royal carriage, shouting "Long life to our gallant King!"

And thus, amidst deafening ovations, His Majesty was escorted by his people to the Palace. After he had entered, he was obliged to show himself several times on the balcony.

It must be noticed that, up to the last moment, the Government tried to dissuade His Majesty from taking part in the procession, but he brushed aside all opposition, with the result that now he is more popular than ever. Even the Republican papers acknowledge that his conduct merits the applause of everybody.

*

The reign of the well-dressed and the good-looking is upon us. It sometimes seems as though there were no room on the face of the earth for any other. And yet, many of our finest souls have been carelessly—as it would seem—placed by Providence in awkward and homely bodies, and are so poor or so unobservant or unskilful that they cannot dress well.

It is proper enough that there should be a general aim for a fine appearance; but, we plead for that golden mean which will not raise the outside quite above the higher qualities of mind and soul; and especially for that training which may somewhat restrain the young from depreciating those who cannot afford to garb themselves exactly as Dame Fashion prescribes; and, above all, from making merciless fun of excellent people just because they may be plain—or even uncouth—in their appearance.

"'Old-fashioned' is accounted a fearsome phrase by the unthinking," says Worth. "Yet, believe me, it would be vastly better for the beauty of the world if women would revert to the spirit of sweet reasonableness that inspired their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and regard dress in an entirely different light from the garish one of the present day."

*

Refinement, modesty, and kindness of heart are the three most essential qualities that go to making a lady. Innate refinement, the kind that

comes from the heart, and is not mere outward show, is inseparable from true ladyhood. It is refinement that keeps a girl neat in her person—fine clothes cannot help her in the smallest degree to act or look like a lady. In fact, the most noticeable feature about a real lady is that she dresses so modestly and appropriately that she is not conspicuous. She never adopts flaring hats or gaudy colors simply because they are the fashion, knowing that it is better to be ladylike than *stylish*, when to be the latter means the wearing of a ridiculous hat or impossible shoes.

No girl can hope to be considered a lady unless she is reserved in manner and conversation, gentle, self-controlled, and thoughtful for the welfare of others. I have known women of great wealth, high social position, and most superior education, whom I have not considered ladies, for the simple reason that they were arrogant and vulgar in mind. At the same time, I know a simple old woman who can write her own name—and that is about all—whom I consider a gentlewoman. She could not do or say a vulgar thing to save her life. Her gentleness and kindness to every one are beautiful to see.

It is not necessary to have money and live in a fine house in order to be a lady, but it is necessary to be refined in our intercourse with all classes. To make distinction between rich and poor is to be a snob, and no snob can be a gentlewoman.

*

As we go to press, cards of the approaching marriage of Miss Beatrice Beck to M. Henri Martin, Edmonton, Alberta, have been received.

It would be difficult to imagine a bridal of more social moment than this, or a more brilliant and highly accomplished bride than the dear Beatrice whom we loved so well in those convent days—which ended for her just two years ago, at Loretto, Niagara Falls, where she was graduated.

The RAINBOW extends warmest congratulations, and unites with Loretto in wishing Mr.

and Mrs. Martin all the blessings that Friendship, in prayerful petition, can obtain at the Great White Throne.

*

The amount of jewelry worn these days is, in many instances, positively vulgar. There is a barbaric element which craves expression in an accumulation of gems, a sort of savage taste in the exploitation of all these gems at one and the same time—the hands are often absolutely disfigured by the number and size of the rings worn. One can only think of the old woman of the nursery rhyme, who had “rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.”

*

The RAINBOW extends heartiest congratulations to Maurice and Gerald Walsh, on their success at the recent Cambridge Examinations.

Many of our readers will remember the two clever lads whose visits to their sisters, Lillian and Florence, occasioned such delight in the school, as we generally prevailed on Maurice to recite for us.

As pupils of St. Vincent's school, both little boys gave promise of the extraordinary talent, which later developed, culminating in their phenomenal success at Cambridge. Referring to the high honors won at the great seat of learning by these youthful prodigies, the Montreal Herald says:

“Maurice F. Walsh, who twelve years ago interested Montreal audiences as a phenomenal boy elocutionist, again comes to the front with a brilliant success as a student in England.

The results of the recent Cambridge local examinations show that M. F. Walsh wins the silver medal offered by the Royal Geographical Society for the best candidate in all the schools throughout England in geography and physical geography combined.

Gerald G. Walsh younger brother of Maurice, wins the silver medal given by the same Society for juniors.

Both medals going to one school in England is unusual, but to one family, is unprecedented.

Only two senior candidates in the whole country succeeded in gaining six marks of distinction. Maurice F. Walsh was one of the two. In mensuration and surveying, M. F. Walsh, was the only senior candidate in the country who gained the coveted mark of distinction, and no other has gained it in four years. In political economy M. F. Walsh was second out of 1,220. In physics M. F. Walsh was eighth out of 488 candidates. In physical geography M. F. Walsh was bracketed second.

For the junior students Gerald Walsh was placed third of 6,671 candidates in history, sixth of 5,924 in French, and first of 1,161 in physical geography."

Synopsis of "Talk on Literature" at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

BY REV. JOHN BURKE, C. S. P., EDITOR OF "THE CATHOLIC WORLD."

"**I** HAVE chosen for my subject, to-night, Literature. Literature, however, is so very wide, so large, so extensive, that I must limit myself to a few points. The aim and object of whatever I say or read to you will be to try, first of all, to succeed in having you see certain beauties in literature, at the same time determining in your own heart and soul to do something in the way of beginning to love reading. There is no one, however unbrilliant or simple she may be, who, so long as she can read, and knows what English words are and what they mean, can not do a great deal for herself in the way of reading; she may not enjoy the highest kinds of literature, but she can enjoy good literature.

In the field of literature, one may take up from the very beginning, even in her school days, something for which she knows she has a taste; there are things she may do of herself, outside of class work, and these may be greatly developed after leaving school. To illustrate my meaning, say, for example, in after life, days come when one has but little to do, and is content to be idle; now, there has been an education to that particular human being, but, after the technical part was passed, she decided on nothing definite in life. She is carried to this pleasure and to that;

she goes to this play and that ball. Do you not see that there is in that very attitude a moral wrong, a moral culpability before her God? God does not give us an education simply for our school days, nor is our work done when we pass an examination. The truth is, our responsibilities are increased. We ought, therefore, to make something of the education we have received. I do not say that all are going to be brilliant—to be authorities, but each, in her own compass, ought to have some work to which she may apply herself. It may be nothing more than keeping up her music; it may be nothing more than continuing her French; it may be nothing more than following out some reading—but that very fact of doing something—of having some object in life, will be of immense benefit, even though there is never a necessity to use it; it will discipline her. She will not only help herself, but others. Here now, in your young years, take that hint and apply it diligently to some branch of learning.

To do a little research work, now, day by day, will be of immense benefit in years to come. Choose any subject you like, for instance, some history, say, of Canada; its early struggles; of the States, the Revolution, the causes of the Civil War; some period of English History. Or you may take the English Novel, and trace its growth from the very beginning. You may take up something in the way of travel, the geographical history of the world. There is an immense field in any thing to which your own taste leads you, and don't for a moment think that this is a matter in which you have to be learned. One of the by-products of Religion is to have something to do, and the best field is literature. The reading of good books will give you hours of contentment, of pleasure, and of profit.

Nowadays, the whole world is being ransacked for books. You would be surprised at the number of books put out upon history, which is being rewritten. New things have been discovered through research, and men are applying themselves, day and night, to the making up of very creditable books upon history. In this progressive age, books are set up by machinery in four or five days, and are, on that account, very easy of access. There is no reason why anybody should not be able to procure almost any book he or she may desire. The world is also being

presented with countless books on religious subjects, which, in many cases, are treated not altogether from the true view-point. Take the character of St. Francis of Assisi, who was, of course, a great man as well as a great saint; a man who reformed Europe, and brought the civilized world back to some idea of Christian living; a man who was beautiful in his character in every respect, sweet, mild, and attractive, and by these powers, he led the world back to Christianity and to God. To-day you will find books published about him, and about another favorite, St. Catherine of Sienna,—books that are wonderfully gotten up and are having a tremendous sale, written by Catholic, infidel, and agnostic alike. All are digging and delving in every possible nook and corner, searching for the works they wrote.

Now, you ought to be prepared to bring to your reading a knowledge of the subject, and that will, in the first place, need something like guidance. The fact that a book is beautifully bound, magnificently decorated, etc., has an appeal for us, and we think that a man with the ability to write in good style and present his book in the best type of binding, will not write anything false. However, we ought to know something either of the man who wrote the book, or of the subject matter of the book in itself. There ought to be in every department of literature, guidance coming from one who is superior, who has an acquaintance with the book and who can tell why the book is commendable, or objectionable. They write of St. Francis of Assisi, and all the idea you will get from that book is that St. Francis was a good and holy man. The true secret of St. Francis' life, his fidelity to the practices of our holy religion, the specific good he accomplished, the life he led, the influence he exerted, you will not get. If we want to know the whole man—the mainspring and the power of his work so that we may imitate it—we will have to find out a true and complete biography of that Christian character. Be prepared always to know that these authors may not be versed in the writing of St. Francis; they may have devoted themselves merely to the human historical side of his life. And this we will find with regard to all literature. You will have to bring to it some knowledge of the work, and this can be obtained only by guidance, by asking advice. The world

is so very large, and there are so many books, we cannot keep up with all of them, therefore, it is not humiliating to ask advice; it is the first proof that we are really anxious to succeed in literature.

Another thing I may suggest to you that will be of benefit is this; when you take up a volume to read, read it thoroughly. There is a saying, "Beware of the man of one book," but it is better to know even one book well than to have read one or two hundred superficially. Usually, these omnivorous readers, to use a common expression, "keep all their goods in the show window." They can talk glibly on this subject and on that, and they can tell you about the latest novel, but theirs is not deep knowledge, it is all on the surface. When you read a book, read it with interest and attention, and do not be afraid to question what it says. Read also by reflex attention, and a good way to do this is to read aloud. You will be surprised if you read a book to yourself and afterwards read it aloud, to find how much you have gained in hearing the words. If it is beautiful, you will know its beauties better than before, and in that way, you will make yourself personally acquainted with the best things English Literature can give you.

If you have to select your own reading, it is more than difficult because of the number of books that are now being put forth. In such a case you must have taste. You will have enough to read if you follow your taste, and those valuable books to whose perusal you have devoted yourself will open up by-paths for you to other subjects, but the first thing to do will be to stick to something definite. A good taste in literature will save you from indiscriminate reading, from reading simply because this book is new, or because people are talking about it. Never hesitate to stand for this truth, which is the greatest in all literature—that good literature means something for the betterment of our life—that takes the simple, the commonplace things, and makes them beautiful and permanent. The genius of a great poet, or prose writer, or artist, is in taking those commonplace things, those things we know, that are the foundation of the home, that appeal to every heart and soul, simple or learned, and making them stand out clear and distinct, in such a beautiful way that the soul is led to a better and purer life. To cite one

instance, the great painter, Millet, in his most famous picture has presented a scene quite common, a simple peasant and his wife saying the "Angelus," and yet how many ennobling thoughts has not that picture inspired?

I say also, that a man's life enters into his books. Do not think that a man can write disreputably and lead a good and pure life. No matter how attractive the style may be, I say no man should use his intellect, his will and all the brain power God has given him, to write or to read books that are unworthy. Balzac, the greatest of French critics, though far from being an ideal Christian, did not take a book on its face value. In every writing there is a soul and Balzac set out to find that soul in the author's life—his habits, his private life—and from that, or in part from that, he wrote his criticisms. In the making of any book, in the writing of any newspaper, there is a soul that expresses itself, yea, in everything that a man says or writes. He may not be willing to do the things that are done by his characters, but he has been unworthy of himself in some way. Therefore, I beg of you, do not be influenced to read a book simply because everybody has read it. It is probably the greatest fallacy in the world to be led by what people say.

These are merely some principles that may prove helpful to you. Take with you the thought that you must follow something in line with your particular taste; that you must always stand for things of honor, as well as for religious principles. You will find that true literature itself stands for them; that when standing for those things which are approved of by the Catholic Church, you are standing for the best things in life. Stand for good taste, and do what you can to promote good reading. Let it be known that you stand for definite principles in literature, and, though you can not always define your position, still the very fact of your standing firmly for them will appeal to everyone and have its effect.

One of the greatest writers of the 19th. century was Cardinal Newman, who began life as a Calvinist, later converted to the Church of England, and, after having, for many years, studied the claims of the Catholic Church, was finally compelled to admit their truth. He became a Catholic in 1843, and was made a Cardinal thirty years later. He gives in his "Idea of a University" the

definition of a gentleman. I do not know if you have ever read it or not, but I am going to read it to you simply to show you that if you read with attention you may find many things in books supposed to be only for the learned, that are of great practical importance.

"Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both defined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than take the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman, in like manner, carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion, or gloom, or resentments; his great concern being to make everyone at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company, he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personality or sharp sayings for argument, or insinuates evil which he dares not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical princi-

ples; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-minded to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound to ridicule religion, or to act against it. He is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion, he even supports institutions, as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion, too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case, his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole

circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind, not otherwise than as a number of deductions."

I shall now read a short selection from "Loss and Gain."

"To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is, not the invocation, merely, but, if I dare to use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of the one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them as he passed the lakes in the days of His flesh, calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heavens to the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as he passed by: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." And, as Moses on the mountain, so we, too, "make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore." So we, all around, each in his place, looking for the great advent, "waiting for the moving of the water," each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayers from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our

part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but, out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic Hymn, and the great action is the measure and scope of it."

From this you will see something of the power of words John Henry Newman had. If you wish to know the best English style, read Newman, and in after years, read more of him. Read "Loss and Gain," read something from Newman's "Second Spring," preached when the Catholic Hierarchy was reestablished in England, at a time when the whole world hated the Catholic Church. So powerful was it that the hearts of all present were deeply moved, while Cardinal Wiseman, who occupied the throne in the sanctuary, was obliged to withdraw to conceal his deep emotion. "The Parting of Friends" was Newman's last sermon preached as a Protestant Minister to his congregation. Macaulay considered it such a masterpiece of English that he memorized it all. A perusal of these will serve to banish the thought that sermons are necessarily dry and uninteresting.

Francis Thompson is a writer not very well known, but he will be read and loved as years go by. His writings are very small in quantity but very large in quality. His little poem for children is particularly beautiful:

"Little Jesus, wast thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of heaven, and just like me?

Didst thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst thou join thy hands this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayers seem very long?

And dost thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands and pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.

And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in tight?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?"

In contrast to the spirit of Thompson, I shall say just a word on Tennyson. One thing to call attention to here is the great objection to Tennyson, viz.: the note of uncertainty found throughout his poetry. He was subject to Catholic influence, and was about to become a Catholic, but he lacked the faith. To him everything is uncertain. It extends through "Locksley Hall," "In Memoriam," "Despair," and all his works. Still he was a man of sublime thought, who raised English writing to a tone far higher than it had been before. It has been said "a modest woman can read Tennyson without a blush."

Father Burke then read in his finished style, two of Tennyson's poems, "The Captain," and "Romney's Remorse." The latter with a view of making us realize that "Art for Art's sake" is not the highest good, and that, without a high and supernatural motive for our deeds, life may prove a subject for regret.

Father Burke's earnest words were listened to with the utmost appreciation, and we trust that, through the years to come, those illuminating words of wisdom presented to our youthful hearts, may serve to guide us "Onward and Upward" till life is done.

ANNA STALEY.

The Connection of the Ancestors of George Washington with Northamptonshire, England.

A VISITOR in Canada from England, at this time, I have pleasure in contributing, by request, to the RAINBOW a few details, etc., of the famous Washington family, some of which may not be known to every American, as they relate more particularly to its connection with England, in days long past.

All my life I have been familiar with the name of Washington as an ancestor of George Washington, owned and lived at the Manor House in the little rural village of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire—the same place being the ancestral home of my father's family. The Manor House afterwards came into the possession of my great uncle. The name was originally Wyssington (Saxon). Sir Francis Herthurn came over from France, in 1183, and bought the Manor of Wys-

sington, in the county of Durham, in the North of England, and was thereafter known as Sir Francis Wyssington; and there the village of Washington ("town on the marshy meadow") still bears his name. Lawrence Washington, gentleman of Norfolk County, or, as some say, of Lancashire—and I am inclined to think the latter is more likely to be correct, as it is adjacent to Durham, and several members of the family had migrated there—went up to London to study law at Gray's Inn, and afterwards came to Northampton, where he became very successful, and was twice elected Mayor of that city. Eventually, in 1530, King Henry VIII. bestowed upon him the Manor of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire. A number of the Washington family were buried in the Church at Sulgrave; sunken brasses in the stone-floored aisles marking their last resting-places. Visitors, prompted more by a desire to collect curios than respect for the ancestors of the Father of their country, wrenched out some of the brass effigies representing the family, and, to prevent further depredation, the remains were reinterred in a corner of the Church, and the whole is now enclosed with an iron grating. It will be of interest to your readers to know that this church, which was originally a Catholic edifice, possesses a "Leper Squint"—a narrow aperture in the south wall, slanting towards the altar, to enable the lepers, standing in the churchyard, to see the priest offering the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Robert Washington, his son and heir conjointly with his eldest son, Lawrence, sold their Manor, in 1610, and retired to the pretty little village of Brington, on the opposite side of the county, about four miles from Northampton, and there he died and was buried in the chancel of the parish church, where is to be seen the sculptured stone of the Washington family. At his feet, are carved the armorial bearings of a Northamptonshire squire, the stars and stripes, which have become the star-spangled banner of the United States; on a narrow white shield are three stars in a row, and below, two red bars. The stone lies above the Washington vault, and it records how this Robert Washington and Elizabeth, his wife, lived lovingly together in this parish and were the parents of eight sons and nine daughters. Not far away in the village, stands the Washington House, a simple building

in the beautiful yellow sandstone of the county, thatched, stone-gabled and with lattice windows. Above the lintel of the door, a square white stone is set in, bearing the somewhat unusual text: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Constructed 1606. The records of the church tell of the death of a child of the Washingtons, in 1606, and legend says it was placed over the door in its memory.

Close to Brington, is Althorp House, the stately home of Earl Spencer, standing in an extensive and beautiful park. More than once the Spencers and Washingtons intermarried, and, in the varying fortunes of the latter, great kindness and generosity were shown to them by the Spencer family; and, no doubt, this was the reason the Washingtons made Brington their home. But, to return to the old Manor House at Sulgrave, which I have personally visited, I would like to say a few words, for, once within its precincts, you feel it is full of Old World reminiscences. Over the porch of the principal entrance is the Washington Coat of Arms, unfortunately, in stucco only, and it is again reproduced on both sides of the interior of the massive porch, which leads into a large hall, with stone floor, heavily wainscoted with dark oak, and thick oaken beams supporting the ceiling. All the heavy woodwork throughout the house is of the same black old oak, including the beautiful staircase and banisters. Half-way up the stair, in a recess in the wall, is a secret closet, concealed by the panelled oak, in which, legend relates, the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King Charles I., was hidden on her white pony during the troublous times of the Civil Wars between the Royalists and Parliamentarians. After traversing the oak corridor and another flight of stairs, you come to the attic, and, upon its massive door, is the most quaint and curious latch I have ever seen, no doubt, coeval with the house itself.

About the middle of the 17th. century, two descendants of the Washington family emigrated to Virginia and became planters at Bridges Creek, and here I may record the following interesting anecdote. Some eight or ten years ago, a relative of mine was in the now nearly deserted town of Dumfries, Virginia, on business, and was most generously and hospitably entertained by an elderly farmer and his wife, who showed

him an old book, in which it was recorded "That George Washington twice borrowed £35 of the owner, his ancestor, promising to repay the loan when he sold his tobacco crop." My friend was most anxious to purchase the book, but its price was above rubies, and money could not change its ownership. This was before the American coinage, when English money was in circulation.

And now I will close this sketch with the hope that it may be of interest to your readers, and that between this new country and the motherland, the two greatest nations in the world, the handclasp of Friendship and Entente Cordiale may be firm and unbroken across the great Atlantic Ocean, for many centuries to come, and that their children's children may live in unity and Godly love, while the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes be recognized throughout the world as emblems of justice, progress, and peace.

FRANCES E. WHITTON.

May 15, 1908.

A Love That Was More Than Love.

BY M. L. HEWITT.

(Concluded.)

THE autumn days came round again, and now, at my home-coming, I often found my sweet wife sewing—the garments were far too small for either of us.

In the beginning of the stitching period, I said: Ma mie, all those wee garments may be bought ready-made—or get a woman in to do the sewing for you. I like it not, sweet wife, that you have all that to do, and in such work I can be only a looker-on. With the birds and bees and the flowers and the vegetables I can bear a hand; here among these complicated strips and bands I am utterly useless."

"Well," she said, "I'll do the stitching while you are away, but the stitching I will do myself, love. I'll not even allow a machine to help me. Why, women who buy these tiny wrap-ups must lose half the joys of motherhood.

It seems so fitting that I should make ready for our little one. And I love to do the sewing quite alone, weaving in with each stitch high hopes and loving thoughts. I could never tire thinking of this blessing, on the way to you and me.

Has it ever struck you this way? The birth of a little child is an every-day occurrence; and, because it is so common, people seldom stop to wonder; and yet, it is a greater miracle than the raising of a dead man to life. 'The man's body is ready-made and the raising to life simply means the recalling of his departed spirit, but the little child is a new creation.'

"You are right," said I, thoughtfully. "I suppose you and I would have marvelled much had we been at the marriage feast of Cana, in Galilee, when Christ changed water into wine.

Yet, following your line of thought, that was not so great a miracle as the one you and I have been watching, day after day, over our trellis-work. Rich clusters of grapes are there now. Where were they last spring? Amid all these wonders of our Creator, you and I, darling, are but children ourselves in a kingdom by the great sea of eternity."

It was another doctor, with snowy hair, who came to tell me that the agony was over, and all was well—that the young mother's first words were inquiries for me, and I remembered some days after that, he had said something about a fine healthy boy, but just then, I thought only of ma mie.

A few minutes later, as I knelt at her bedside, the nurse came in with a wee bundle—much white and some pink here and there. I rose and took it from her and placed it near the heart that was all my own, and while it nestled there, ma mie looked up and said, with a merry smile: "Do you think you are any kin to the Hindoos? I have read that they acknowledge paternity by taking the child in their arms at first sight."

After this speech, I kissed her with gentle pressure and much reverence, and bade her go to sleep, saying aloud: "You are, indeed, quite your own pert self; and in my heart of hearts I thank God, thank God! And ten thousand times I thank God!

And besides this overflow of thanks, dear Lord, take all I may be able to do for Thy poor as a testimony of my gratitude for the new joy Thou hast given me, and the old joy Thou has left me."

You would almost think that our baby knew that his stay with us was to be a short one; for in his waking hours he was a constant delight, and then he would sleep and sleep the whole

night through. Just a tiny visitor, as it were, trying to give as little trouble as possible.

Ma mie said to me, one day: "You know it isn't just one more in our household. There are two. With the baby came its guardian angel and, with the two, it seems to me, more free and open communication with heaven.

You know our Lord said, when trying to impress upon His hearers the responsibility of setting good example to children: 'Their angels always see the face of their Father who is in heaven.'

But, when the happy mother talked like that, she never dreamed that the angel whose presence in our midst she realized so vividly, was so soon to carry her treasure upward, through that free and open communication with the Great White Throne. How could she? The boy was so strong and healthy.

Perhaps, that very fact made me less careful. God knows; but, to this day, I do not. This I know; that of all the cases of diphtheria committed to my charge that springtime, I lost but one—our darling boy.

When all hope was gone, his mother took him in her arms, sat on the low rocking-chair, and, with her soft, sweet voice, sang his sinless spirit into the arms of his waiting angel.

When we reached the little grave, some kind friends had lined it with apple blossoms, and, amid their fragrance and their fairy tints we laid the body of our first-born.

Remembering that "the lightest heart makes sometimes the heaviest mourning," I pondered much on how my beloved wife would live through the lonely days to come. I myself had known young mothers who mourned so inordinately that they made life unhappy for all who came within their hearing.

Others, even those bearing the names of Christians, have waxed rebellious under such a sorrow.

I remember feeling a cold chill run through me, as I heard one say, on her return from the graveyard, where, like us, she had buried her first-born: "It was cruel of God to take my boy away from me."

Next year, a boy was born to that woman, who lived, but he was frightfully disfigured; and, as I turned my eyes from his unpleasant face, I fell to wondering if that same God, whom

she had dared to call cruel, had taken that way of chastising her unresigned spirit.

When I came into the sitting-room, that first evening after we had buried our baby, my darling was standing by the empty cradle. Of course, I went over to her, expecting to spend myself suppressing sobs and drying tears.

But all that seemed to be over; for she turned toward me, and, taking my hands firmly in her own, said: "Now, dearest, is the time for you and me to pray the prayer that is ever on the lips of our friend at the station: 'Welcome be the will of God.'"

Then we rose from our knees and took our supper; and, after that, I was allowed to help with the dishes. Then she said: "You must show me how to get all the baby's things in readiness for fumigation, after which, with your consent, I'll give all away. That is, if you are quite certain there will be no danger to any one. I'll keep nothing to mourn over—not even a little shoe.

Holy Church sings a *Magnificat* when the stainless soul of a child goes to God; and there is strength in being in harmony with her spirit. Then, when we are finished, perhaps you will read me something."

After we had taken the cradle to the nursery above, and piled all the little things together, I made her go to bed, saying I would read her to sleep; all the time doubting whether it would be so, for she seemed so unnaturally wide-awake.

Before leaving the room, I asked what book I should bring back with me.

"If you please, dear, and if you'll promise not to think, I *think* my sorrow worthy to be compared with the martyred mother of seven martyred sons, I would like you to bring up from the library, when you return, 'The Historical Books of the Old Testament, by Kenrick.'"

So, after I had bolted the doors, and made sure that the fire in the hearth was safe, I returned to the bedside with my volume.

"Now," said she, "the second book of Maccabees and the seventh chapter."

Then I read that wondrous story—and it was my first reading—of how a mother, with her seven sons, was arraigned before King Antiochus, charged with the persistent refusal to eat the flesh of swine.

Before that reading, I used to think that scalping was an invention of the American Indians, but, it seems that the servants of Antiochus were well practised in that savage cruelty.

And when I had finished the entire chapter, she asked me to read once again from the twentieth to the end of the twenty-third verse.

"Now the mother was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men, who beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day, and bore it with good courage for the hope which she had in God.

And she bravely exhorted every one of them . . . being filled with wisdom and joining a man's heart to a woman's thought.

She said to them. 'I know not how ye were formed in my womb; for I neither gave you breath nor soul nor life; neither did I frame the limbs of any one of ye.

But the Creator of the world, who formed the nativity of man, will restore to you again in His mercy both breath and life as now you regard not yourselves for of His laws.'

"You see," she explained, "that or anything like it, teaches one how to lean heavily on God, and to trust lovingly that all He does is for the best."

Then we talked far into the night, and it seemed to comfort her when I showed her how her right understanding in all things pertaining to our married life had kept my standard of womanhood as high as my dear mother had left its impress upon me, when I bade her good-bye for college life. And we both agreed, ma mie and I, that it is quite wrong for a woman to shirk pain as it is for a man to shirk labor.

Away back, on the day of Adam's eviction from the paradise of pleasure, our Creator laid toil upon him as a punishment; but, since then, the second Adam has dwelt in our midst "poor and in labor from His youth."

He took not away the command to labor, but, by the strong force of a divine example, He taught us the dignity and the nobility of using it as a means toward the end of our existence.

And woman, created to be the helpmate of man, woman, whom He formed not from the slime of the earth, but from man, after man had become the sanctuary of a divine breath—woman, whom He formed not from the flesh of man, his weaker part, but from the bone, his stronger

—what did Christ for her? With what new dignity did He clothe her? Of a woman, and without man's co-operation, He assumed human nature. The Infant before whom the hillside shepherds knelt, at the bidding of angelic choirs, that first Christmas night, was bone of the bone of a woman and flesh of her flesh.

And so the world received for models a new Adam and a new Eve.

Holy Scripture tells us but little of the new Eve, but from that little, woman may draw much matter for serious meditation.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord"—humility and obedience.

Some one has called silence "the mother country of the strong."

She was practised in silence, and she could keep a secret: for not even Joseph was told of the angel's visit. "Mary kept all those words, pondering them in her heart."

I wish I were rich enough to buy up all the paintings that represent the mother of God in a faint at the foot of the Cross.

What a bonfire the small boys would scamper round!

"Stabat Mater"—"the Mother stood"—says St. John the Evangelist; and he was there.

As the years sped on, our dining-room table had to be exchanged for a larger one; and many happy and healthy faces gathered round the board.

Some of them developed traits quite unlike our own; but the mother and I worked together, keeping nothing from each other.

The dimples in the face of my darling lengthened into lines, but, in my eyes, they were always lines of beauty.

At last, a day came when all our nestlings had built homes for themselves, and we were left alone with each other, as in the first days of our blended lives.

Quiet and restful years they were; and oftentimes we used to talk of the eternal home and wish that we might enter it, hand in hand, as we had entered this earthly one.

But such was not God's holy will; and I think ma mie must have had some hint that she would leave me to finish the journey alone, for, one evening, as the misty veil of twilight enwrapped the land and sea, she nestled close to me and asked whether I thought our dead kept on loving

us. I could only answer that I had thought little about it.

"Well," said she, "memory is a power of the soul. Even that rich man who was buried in hell, thought of the welfare of his brothers on earth, and asked to warn them against that place of torture where he was. And if a lost soul could remember those left on earth, how much more thoughtful would be a soul in the presence of God, and in the enjoyment of happiness!

"To-day," she continued, "I read something in an old letter that was written by St. Paulinus. Of course, you are not acquainted with St. Paulinus. He lived in the early days of Christianity, and, like you, beloved, he was a married man, and, like you, too, he was very fond of his wife."

"Now, he becomes interesting," said I. "If you had told me he was a monk, I would have felt quite out of touch with his life and sayings. Now, I am all attention."

"Here I've written it down for you to slip in your note-book. But first I'll read it to you:

"The last moment which shall free me from this earth will not take away the tenderness I have for thee; for this soul which survives our destroyed organs and sustains itself by its celestial origin, must needs preserve its affections, as it keeps its existence. Full of life and of memory, it can no more forget than it can die."

A few days later, we laid her to rest near our first-born.

It had always been a regret of mine that I had no photograph of her, holding our angel child in her arms. Just before she lost the power of speech, that came to her mind, for she said:

"You will have the picture of me, with our first baby, through all the long eternity. I shall meet you just as you liked to see me, with our darling in my arms. And I shall not be old and grey and wrinkled then, but in the fulness of life. Our other children have formed other ties, but, our baby, that left us while so young, loved only you and me."

And so, with a patient, grateful heart, I await the home call of our heavenly Father, whose goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. 'Tis, after all, but little that I should give Him the sacrifice of my loneliness for a few years, when I remember how long He allowed me the sanctifying companionship of "A love that was more than love."

"Two Gentlemen of Copenhagen."

TALKING this morning in the Bredgade, near the British Legation, were two genial gentlemen in overcoats and bowler hats, strolling leisurely, talking, laughing, and looking into the shop-windows. King Edward and Prince John of Denmark were again taking early exercise in the fresh air. They were quite alone and unattended, and were evidently enjoying the freedom and absence of ceremony.

Not far away, however, were detectives, apparently private persons going about their business, but keeping a sharp lookout all the time. On the day of the King's arrival, a large number of detectives and special police were stationed along the route. This time they were undistinguishable, but, when the Czar comes, all must turn their backs to him and keep watch on the people, as he passes. Now precautions are relaxed, though the detectives are never far off.

Returning to the palace, the King changed his apparel and went to attend a luncheon party which he gave at the British Legation. Both the King and the Queen were in excellent spirits, and admired Sir Alan and Lady Johnstone's arrangement and decoration of the house. Their Majesties stayed some time after luncheon, chatting with their guests and the Legation staff.

Shortly after three o'clock, they again left the palace with the King and Queen of Denmark, and drove to the seaside villa which the Queen and her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, bought for a quiet summer retreat. The King, who had not before seen the villa, was much pleased with the situation and the view across the Sound to the Swedish coast, and greatly approved the billiard-room, which is the only feature differentiating the little white house from other villas along the coast road. The party had afternoon tea at the villa, and then drove back to take dinner with the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. The meal was only just over in time for the gala performance at the opera.

The house was bright with abundance of flowers, with uniforms glittering with gold lace, and with dainty frocks and diamonds. There were only two numbers—"Cavalleria Rusticana," with the Danish tenor, Herr Herold, who is favorably known at Covent Garden; and a ballet.

Between the pieces, supper was served in the foyer, which was transformed into a bright and



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

SUMMER'S FADING.

ENTRANCE TO LORETTO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

COMING SHADES OF EVENING.
GROUNDS, LORETTO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.

pretty room. A curious incident occurred during the ballet—four dancers suddenly advancing and discharging guns. The shots caused the Queen to start, but the King remained unmoved. At the end of the performance, an old gentleman in the audience called for cheers for the royal visitors, which were enthusiastically given.

This afternoon I had a talk with the socialist president of the town council, who was included in the royal dinner-party, on Wednesday, and was presented to the King by King Frederick. I found him in a pleasant suburban villa. He is a doctor by profession, a man of broad mind, and an idealist, but also practical. He cannot talk English, so he spoke with the King in German. The King remarked that Copenhagen is a fine city, well laid out and looked after. His friendly, quiet manner much gratified the socialist, who, later, remarked to me: "Your King is like ours. We are *ganz bürgerlich*—quite bourgeois—and good citizens, we socialists. We have no enmity against such rulers. We are confident that they desire the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Our warfare is only against the capitalists who amass vast wealth, which they cannot use, at the expense of the poor."

The Queen was greatly impressed on visiting the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, now open here by the readiness of the leading Danish artists, to design furniture, ordinary small houses, dinner services, and all kinds of household ornaments. The schemes of decoration resulting do much to raise the standard of public taste and diffuse the love of beauty among all classes. There is evidence of this on every side, especially in the new public buildings and the interiors of private houses of the middle class.

I suppose it was stupid of me to be surprised at finding April in Denmark intensely cold. I had forgotten that Copenhagen is a great deal nearer the North Pole than London. Several people have told me since I arrived that if I had come last week I should have found the weather delightful. It is my invariable experience, wherever I go, that the weather always was better last week! And, as a rule, it is always going to be better next week. It reminds me of Alice in Wonderland's "Jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day."

However, the cold of Copenhagen is a bracing, invigorating cold, which gives one a tremendous

appetite. So, at least, I judge from the fact that in the middle of the afternoon I was invited to sit down at a table covered with cold joints, salads, fish in aspic, smoked salmon, stewed fruits, and other dainties, and to make a hearty meal, as I saw others doing, washing it down with beer and Danish schnapps, drunk at the same time! Perhaps this is why the people of Copenhagen do not feel the cold. They evidently think nothing of such weather as this, for I notice numbers of young women with their walking dresses quite open at the neck, even on this day of piercing, bitter wind.

Here let me remark that one sees an unusual number of pretty faces in the Danish capital—faces with more character and charm than those of the fair-haired German *Fräuleins*. Woman in Scandinavia occupies as high a position as in any country of the world. I fancy one can see evidence of this in her alert, bright charm and self-reliant bearing. Some of the signs, by the way, of women's freedom from conventional shackles are more astonishing. In a crowded hotel restaurant, last evening, I saw an intellectual-looking, grey-haired spinster smoking a cigar!

The Melancholy Dane.

It is well there should be some brightness in the streets of Copenhagen, for the city, though well built and exceedingly clean, is rather grey and sombre in appearance. The Danish male type of countenance, too, is inclined to melancholy. Yet, Denmark is a prosperous little kingdom, and Copenhagen is the centre both of her import and her export trade. Dairy-farming has been the salvation of Denmark. She sends butter abroad in enormous quantities. With our English climate, we ought to do quite as well in this direction; and, as has often been suggested, our farmers might well learn a lesson from the expert methods and the wise co-operative organization of the Danes.

The fact that Copenhagen is a busy port is very quickly impressed upon the visitor as he walks about. He sees constantly the masts and funnels of ships, apparently in the streets. In this, the city reminds one of Rotterdam. There is a great deal of water about. In addition to the docks and canals, and in addition to the sea, or rather the Sound, which divides Denmark from

Sweden, there is a chain of large lakes running right through the busiest quarters, much as the Alster, with its pleasant quays and boulevards, enlivens Hamburg. These, in the summer, are covered with small boats, and the shady alleys along their banks serve as refreshing promenades. Another walk much frequented in the warm months, and even to-day thronged by hardy holiday-makers, runs along the entrance to the harbor, where the shipping entering and leaving provides constant interest.

The two chief centres of life of Copenhagen are the square, near the principal railway station, upon which the town hall stands, an impressive building with a high tower; and the "King's New Market," with the Charlottenburg Palace—not now occupied—the Foreign Office, and the Royal Theatre, as its main features. At present, the Town Council is dominated by the Social Democratic Party, who are very strong here. They own the newspaper which has the largest circulation of any in the capital, and they swept the board at the last municipal elections. The Rathhaus Platz may, therefore, be regarded as representing up-to-date Copenhagen, both from the political and commercial point of view; while the New King's Market has a more official and aristocratic character, and stands for those traditions and institutions which have been handed down from the past.

In the Palace.

Quite near at hand is the Amalienborg Palace, the King's residence. I followed thither, this morning, with a crowd which was marching along with a detachment of Royal Guards, to the cheery tune of their band. The ceremony of changing sentries and handing over the colors of the regiment attracted a big gathering into the palace square, with its four big blocks of royal quarters. One is the King's house, another, the Crown Prince's. The third is set apart for the reception of King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Victoria. The fourth was the palace of the old King. Just outside the gate of the square, is the house in which Queen Alexandra spent her early days.

A Court Chamberlain was gracious enough to take me through the apartments prepared for the royal visitors from England. They are simple, unpretentious suites of rooms, not half so gor-

geous as would be found in a millionaire's hotel, but pleasant and comfortable and home-like, according with their Majesties' quiet tastes. It may please those of their subjects who are interested in furnishing to know that the Queen's bedroom is upholstered in green, with classical panelling on the walls; and her drawing-room, in light blue, while the dressing-room is all white, relieved by curtains and chair coverings of red. The King's bedroom is red also, the walls white with gilt panelling. The same color prevails in the salon set apart for his use. Here the necessary business of State, which cannot be left behind even on a holiday, will be transacted at an elaborate writing-table set in the window, where the crowds filling the square will be able to see his Majesty plainly enough if they have the boldness to peep in.

But they are by no means unduly curious about royalty in Copenhagen. King Frederick goes in and out among his subjects very freely, almost as freely as a private person. In the summer, especially when he is staying at the Palace of Charlottenlund, a few miles along the sea-coast, he observes scarcely any state. Instead of resenting the proximity of holiday-makers, the King often stands with members of his family on a raised platform, just inside the royal park wall, and acknowledges the salutations of all who pass by.

The Villa of Hvidøre.

While I was at Charlottenlund, this afternoon, I went on a mile or so farther to see this pretty villa. When Queen Alexandra and her sister stay here, they desire to be regarded merely as two ladies en villeggiature—a wish which, I am told, is respected by all their neighbors.

The villa is called Hvidøre, or rather that is how it is written. The pronunciation—but I think you had better ask a Dane to pronounce it for you. Danish is a puzzling language. At times it seems quite easy if one knows German. "Skomager," for instance, is easy to translate into "shoemaker;" and "Tjener"—a servant—is not so very much unlike "Diener;" and "Dampskib"—steamboat—comes within measurable distance of "Dampfschiff." But as soon as you have come across a few words you can make out, you stumble upon a great many which utterly beat you.

I have found the people and the language and the shops, which are handsome and plentiful, and the general life on the streets, more entertaining than the regular "sights" of Copenhagen. There is a museum full of Thorwaldsen's sculpture for those who care about the plastic art of the early nineteenth century. There are some vast, but not inspiring, churches. There are various palaces and public buildings and art galleries and the like. But these are familiar. It is the unfamiliar that is alone interesting to the true tourist mind.

HAMILTON FYFE.

"As You Like It."

PERHAPS it would have been more correct if Shakespeare had called this delightful comedy "As I Like It," for, undoubtedly, it is Shakespeare's ideal conception of life.

This great poet had practically no precedent and, therefore, had to set his own standards and ideals. He set them high, and, after much labor, attained those heights,—heights never before reached by an English poet.

He was ambitious, and his fondest hope was to dramatize the most important events in the history of the land of his birth—England.

While still a young man he had accomplished this stupendous work, but, not content to rest on his laurels, he set himself the task of writing the tragedies.

But the historic dramas had been heavy work, and he was weary, so before setting in on the tragedies, he looked about him for some theme "free as air" on which to build this comedy.

He had so long been forced to keep to given dates and occurrences in his historic writings, that he wanted something in which he could let his imagination have full sway.

And he found it in his beloved forest of Arden.

Here, under the blue dome of heaven and surrounded by Nature, untarnished by the works of man, he placed his characters where they found "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

* * * * *

"The antique oak whose root peeps out

Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,"

the fleet-footed deer, the rustic peasants with their flocks, the twittering of the birds, and the humming of the bees, all joined in the one great

harmony of nature, seem to accentuate the emptiness of the life at Court. What a striking contrast between the petty jealousies and conventionalities of the court of the usurping Duke and the quiet peacefulness of the rural life of his brother!

The whole story is quiet and peaceful, with no heart-rending scenes nor tragic climaxes. It is a battle of words rather than of swords. There are few actions to follow, but one must be alert to catch the ever-varying witticisms.

Touchstone with his cap and bells, perhaps more of a philosopher than a fool, Jacques, the philosopher who is three parts fool, Rosalind and Celia with their sprightly humor, the forest shepherds with their plain, blunt, but droll speech, and Orlando, of whom Jacques says: "You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atlanta's heels"—all join to make one continuous round of wit and humor.

Rosalind, the heroine, "more than common tall," with chestnut hair, we see first amid the gorgeous surroundings of her usurping uncle's Court. Even here, all her words and actions seem stamped with her strong personality. She is beloved by all,—all save her uncle, who, filled with jealousy of her growing influence over his people, finally banishes her from his Court. For a moment we forget Rosalind in our admiration of Celia. "Stuck to the heart" by her father's unrelenting decision, she goes into voluntary exile with her cousin because she "cannot live without her." Even in exile Rosalind shows that cheerful and thoughtful disposition which won her so many friends, and, unknowingly, confirms her father's words, "sweet are the uses of adversity," uttered in the same forest of Arden, and under similar circumstances.

Shakespeare does not give us very beautiful examples of filial love. To be sure, Celia had but little encouragement to show her affection, for in the one interview between Duke Frederick and his daughter, he calls her "fool" twice. Nevertheless, it rather jars on us when, upon leaving her father for she knows not how long, we hear her say,

"Now go we in content

To liberty, and not to banishment."

But Rosalind has not the excuse of an unloving and unkind father. From all reports he was a

just man, still she seems in no hurry to find him when she arrives in the forest of Arden. Then when by chance she meets him, she speaks to him incognito, and even then hardly in a respectful manner, telling him lightly that she "is of as good parentage as he." However, this may be excused if we remember that the Duke, her father, was banished before Celia was old enough to value her cousin, therefore Rosalind, with the example of her tyrant uncle always before her, had but little opportunity of knowing the love of a true and loving father.

As for brotherly love, Shakespeare gives us the impression that he never knew what it meant.

The only brothers mentioned in the comedy, the two Dukes and the sons of Sir Rowland de Boys, are certainly in not very amicable relations. The hate with which Duke Frederick regarded his brother was so great that he banished his niece with the words, "Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough."

Oliver hated his brother to such an extent that he desired his destruction, and, when Charles failed him, he planned to do away with him by his own hands.

Orlando! "His worth shines forth the brightest who in hope always confides: the abject soul despairs." Even his brother, Oliver, while planning his destruction, feels his worth and confesses to himself that his soul, he knows not why, hates nothing more than he. "Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised."

Orlando has been through a hard school and lived for years with his most unnatural brother, treated no better than his hinds, and yet when Jacques begs him sit and "rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery" he replies, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

We admire him for his tender care of the old servant, Adam, we respect him for his constancy when he replies, upon Jacques telling him that "his worst fault is to be in love," that "'tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue," and we honor him when we see him imperil his own life, a life just grown sweet to him through his love, to save his cruel brother from a dreadful

death. If in this comedy there is one character less faulty than the others, it is Orlando.

And Jacques! Oh, there are many Jacques in this world of ours! Ever experimenting, never satisfied, a veritable rolling stone, putting in his seven ages, seeking for experiences, and in the idle quest forgetful of the real things of life.

This little summary would be quite incomplete if there were not a word of old Adam.

His was a most uneventful life. Living for three score years within the same four walls, doing from day to day the same work—his duty—we are moved almost to tears when, an old white-haired man, we see him give his little hoard, saved from his hire, to his young master, trusting that He who feeds the ravens will support him in his old age. We rejoice that he has, at least, fallen into kind hands.

And when the curtain falls, we rejoice at the reformation of Duke Frederick and Oliver, and in the happiness of Rosalind as she stands between her new-found father and her lover, looking into her future life, made bright by love and happiness.

GERTRUDE KELLY.

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

"My Northern Home."

RIGHT in the centre of many surrounding hills, is our little metropolis, "Sudbury," the "Hub of the North." Coming in to it by any of the eight different ways, you seem to slide in through a little pass between the hills.

As you enter from the East, you travel for some distance along the shore of Lake Ramsay.

Now you pass just at the water's edge and on a level with it. Then a turn, and, from the car, you look down to the water some distance below. Again it is hidden from view by a group of trees or a rocky bluff. As you are a stranger, I must tell you of everything, as we go along.

This lake is Sudbury's beauty-spot; in fact, its only one. It is the camping place of both the residents and non-residents of our town. Many cottages are built along the opposite shore and on the islands, to accommodate the summer tourists.

This farm that stretches to the water is the French Count's, Goat Farm. These suburban farms are less pretentious. Now we are coming

nearer. From the car window you can see the boat-club, the electric and water power-house, and many of our fine residences. This section of the town is called "The Lake." There is Deacon's old castle, and, just near it, is one of our mansions. This one, in particular, commands a grand view of the lake, as it is built on a high bluff. But here we are going under the iron bridge, with its great stone abutments. Look quickly, there you have a glimpse of the grotto of Lourdes on the side of that hill. A fifty-candle-power light is to burn before it night and day. See the outlook of the lake from the grotto!

Now we are almost at the station. The train stops. "I am sorry you are not remaining over, this time, but when you do, just take one of the busses and drive to town." The train pulls out, my friend has gone, but I will tell you a few little things about this dear town.

A short drive brings us to the central part of our "city." Here I am back again. I walk down the Elm, or, as it is commonly called, Main Street, and greet my old acquaintances, turn down a short street, and cross the bridge over the creek.

Sudbury can not boast of a "babbling brook," but it has a "winding creek" that twists and turns through part of the town and is crossed by—no—not half a hundred, but only about fifteen bridges. The name of the creek is "Nolan"—it being so called after Father Nolan, S. J., one of the first residents of the town. Then along by the church I hurry. I am now in what is generally called "Frenchtown." Another block and a half brings me to Notre Dame Ave. Somewhat back from the street is a large white house. In the front of it are large white pillars which give it rather a Colonial effect. It is not what you would call "a rambling old house," but just a large home, which is rather modern, except for its pillars. A long and somewhat sloping lawn stretches before it and both sides of the lawn are bordered by a hedge of lilac trees. This is home. Were I to enter and describe my home life it would be rather long, as I should never end speaking of all its dear associations, so I will leave that until another time. At my approach, a loud deep bark and a tiny shrill one greet me. Then with leaps and bounds they come racing from the side of the house, Bruce, my St. Ber-

nard, and Tiny, my little teeny-tiny Black-and-Tan. Oh! how we used to romp—all three together—and now to think that the pleasure will be resumed is simply lovely! Going out to the back of the house, I see my red rooster strutting about, my hens cackling, as usual, and the little chickens making as much noise as possible. If I come out again towards evening, I will see two cows coming slowly down the lane; giving, occasionally, a gentle "Moo" to let us know they are coming. Following, at some distance, is the young boy, who is evidently not paying much attention to his charges, but then, "Brindle and Bess" know their own gate as well as any other domestic animals.

After dinner, we will take our evening stroll to the lake. It is a mile from home, but we never notice the distance. The walk down is good exercise as we must hurry if we wish to go paddling. This we enjoy for a quiet hour, and then start for home. For some distance the road passes along a bush. If the weather is fine, the dew will have fallen and the air will be filled with a perfume, which almost speaks of green trees, grasses, flowers and all living nature. A slight breeze, sweeping over the bush, will waft this perfume to us, as we stroll along on our homeward way. When our northern moon is full, there is not a grander sight than our lake. Its waters, clear as a mirror, are studded here and there with islands, from which a faint glimmer of light issues, to denote that a cottage is occupied. The moon casts its light on lake, forest, cottages, house-boats, on the land and on the rocks that border the water's edge. To sit on these rocks on such a night is grand. Such a feeling comes over one, gazing out upon the unruffled bosom of water, and letting one's thoughts run on, and on, into the past and future. A light far over on the mainland catches the attention. Probably, it is a camp-fire, and you watch its flickering reflection on the water, as it leaps upwards, upwards. Now it is almost extinct, and again it leaps up. Watching it, what thoughts do not come to you! The light burns lower and lower, and finally dies out, and, with a slight start, you realize where you are. As you sit there thinking, many may be the canoes that will glide quickly past, or, far down the lake, you may hear the faint "Putt, Putt," of a launch, and you watch it coming nearer and nearer, until

it hurries away into the gloom, its pennant floating in the soft breezes.

But, being once brought back to consciousness, you must remember that a mile-walk is ahead of you, and it is best to start towards town.

Although the moments are flying, I hardly think you will resist the temptation of strolling lingeringly, it must be said, home; as the walk is perfectly delightful.

This is not much of a description of the town, but, for that, you must visit the centre of the New Judicial district, the centre of the High School district, and also the centre of the Mining Industry of the North.

Probably, if some people knew more of our wealth, they would not think so little of our town. The deposits of nickel in the Sudbury districts are the greatest in the world. We also have copper mines, deposits of gold, and a mountain of iron ore, all of which mines are working. To work these, foreigners are employed. So, at the mines we have a cosmopolitan population. England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Poland, and "Sunny Italy," being well represented. They seem to keep together in the different parts of the mining section. The Italians have a regular little settlement of their own, calling it, "Little Italy."

Although ours is the largest and best town in the North, we have our own country pleasures. Once a year, "the circus" comes to town. Oh! the joy of the small boy, who for weeks ahead, stands before the sign-boards, hands deep in his pockets, with mouth and eyes wide open, as he gazes in wonderment at the daring feats of the bare-back riders and the terrors of the Zoo! Finally, the great day comes, and from early morning, people stream in from all the surrounding towns, either by train or wagon, for the gala-day of the year,—"*Circus day*." The country cousins are there in full force, barring none,—not even the baby.

In the morning a grand pageant, with brave knights and fair ladies, and steam calliopes, and elephants and camels, and lions and tigers, monkeys and birds, wends its way through the crowded thoroughfares of the business portion of the city.

Then, in the afternoon and evening, the performances take place. I cannot describe these to you, as I do not join the thousands that pour into the great tent, for I find more pleasure sitting

on the balcony watching the people pass on their way to the grounds.

Then, for two weeks, every summer, the "*Merry-go-round*" comes to town. Oh! never can I forget those days when I was among the number of bare-headed boys and girls who waited most impatiently every evening for the first ride, which was always a free one. But, of late years, must I forego the pleasures of even the paid rides!

Of course, in some respects, we are very city-like. We have what we call the "*Cow-By-Law*," which forbids the gentle "*bossies*" to stroll on the main streets, under penalty of being put in pound.

Then, in summer, the huge red "*water wagon*" sprinkles the street, and so keeps down the dust.

We also keep to the practice of Merry England, and, at nine, every evening, the sounds of the curfew are wafted to young people, which means that all under sixteen must seek the paternal roof.

All buildings put up in the business section of the town must be of stone, brick, cement-block, sheet-iron, or other than frame,—as no frame buildings are allowed.

These are mostly summer scenes; but the glory of our northern country is when Frost is Sovereign King. The snow piles in huge drifts, the thermometer falls to about forty-eight below zero, and the lake, creek, rink, every pond, and every available drop of water, even to that in the hydrants, freezes. If it is a fine day, the sun shines brightly; and the people, undaunted by the cold, are out either for business or pleasure. Above the ring of the sleigh-bells, can be heard the glad shouts of "*young Sudbury*." Down on the creek, the juvenile skaters are enjoying youth and health. In and out the creek winds, and on they race over the ice. First over one bridge, then under another, around this turn, then around that one, till they glide through the town, and on for miles in the country. Many of the older people are out walking or driving.

The farmer comes to town, installed on his throne of tamarac and birch. But, before he will have gone very far, he will have a suite of about twenty self-imposed guests, who have clambered up the sides or back of his "*well-patronized bob*." These young enthusiasts are out simply "*to catch sleighs*," as it is called. This is quite an art. As

a sleigh comes down the street, you will make a run for it, and just as it passes, by an artful jump, you can gain the side of the flat sleigh. There you sit with your feet hanging over the side, and you hurry along around town. Then you change from one sleigh to another, just as you will. Many pleasant hours are spent thus, and very few of the children have grown up without indulging in this novel pleasure.

Another amusement greatly indulged in by the small boy, is that of turning "flips." These may be turned from any height; whether from high board fence, roof of woodshed, or even roof of summer kitchen, provided a huge snow-drift lies just below you. You stand on the eminence with your face towards the snow, then make a dive for the snow-drift, but, in descending, you turn a somersault in mid-air. A great amount of pleasure may be had, simply watching this sport, as amateurs very often come face downward in the snow.

I am afraid you will come to the conclusion that ours is quite a country town, but just call to mind how important we are in other respects.

Sudbury owns a fine Hockey team, and it is not often that "our boys" leave the laurels to their opponents.

Hotel accommodation in Sudbury cannot be surpassed anywhere in the north. It has a resident population of about four thousand, and a much larger floating population.

The climate of our northern town is salubrious. Part of this is due to our location, nearness to water, and the sulphur fumes from the mines.

Electric light and water-power are supplied from a natural waterfall, the "Wahnapitae." Telegraph and telephone facilitate rapid communication with all parts of the country.

But the picture of my home that I like to keep in mind is when the snow is deepest, the cold keenest, and the moon brightest. Then I remember our jolly sleighing parties, our long snow-shoe tramps, or our brisk skates on the lake or at the rink. I truly am a "Sudburyite," as I came to town in the midst of winter, when the place boasted of but a few houses, one store, and one horse.

So I have grown up with our town, and I have seen the transformations effected from year to year, and each year I have loved it more.

From this you may have some idea of Sudbury, and can you wonder that I love my "Northern Home?"

BEATRICE H. FRAWLEY.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Robert Burns, the Scottish Bard.

Royal Robin, princely peasant,
O, that thou to-day wert present!
Beauty, Wealth and Rank would greet thee;
English, Irish, Scotch, would meet thee
Rendering, all with one acclaim,
Tribute to thy glorious name.

Boundless Empires own thy sway;
Under every sky to-day
Raptured hosts thy rule obey.
Never while the mountains frown
Shall the star of Burns go down.

W. MURRAY.

IT IS surely permissible to say something, even in the radiant RAINBOW, of a genius who has glorified not only old Scotland, but the whole world, with his wonderful poetical productions. Does he not, indeed, refer to the rainbow in those superb lines of his in "Tam O'Shanter," describing the vain and evanescent character of mere worldly pleasure:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flits ere you can point its place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

Burns was born January 25th., 1759, in a small thatched cottage near the banks of the Doon, about two miles from the town of Ayr, Scotland,—

"Auld Ayr, which ne'er a toon surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses,"—

of poor but upright and intelligent parents. His father had rented a small farm there, on which the future bard held the plough, and attended the cattle from boyhood to manhood; here, also, he composed "Tam O'Shanter," "Bonnie Doon," and many more of his deathless lyrics. Unlike

his great brother, Sir Walter Scott, who received all the advantages of a university education, Burns had to be content with what the simple country school afforded him; but, between his hours of work, he read all the solid works he could contrive to get hold of, such as Shakespeare's plays, Pope's poems, Allan Ramsay's works, Locke on the Human Understanding, and, what perhaps stimulated the poetic fire within him more than all, a select collection of English Songs.

In his seventeenth year, "to give his manners a brush," as he says in an old letter, he went to a country dancing-school, where, doubtless, he came under the control of King Cupid, whose power, to the day of his death, he could never shake off. His earliest love passage, he tells himself, was with "a bewitching young creature" of fourteen or fifteen, who worked with him in the hay-field. In her honor, at the age of fifteen, he wrote his first ditty; and ever after, love and poetry with him went together. However strong his passions, though, Burns rarely, if ever, wrote anything distinctly frivolous, or unworthy of his mighty mind; while such poems as "The Cotter's Saturday Night," in which, after depicting the piety of the Scottish peasant in his humble but happy home, he says:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

Or such sublime and pathetic odes as that "To Mary in Heaven," the best-beloved of all his darlings, whose early death he ever after deplored:

"O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

And, after recounting the many happy meetings he had with her on the bonnie banks of the Ayr, he sings:

"Still, o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

"Auld Lang Syne" and "Annie Laurie" are now indispensable all round the globe, and many a social gathering of either English or Scottish friends would be dreary and dull without them.

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—which was composed by the bard while crossing a bleak Scottish moor, on horseback, in a storm—is admitted to be the grandest war-song in any language, and has been worth millions of men and money to the ever-conquering country whose soldiers it inspired.

Burns' poems are the most musical in the language. His variety of utterances, tragic, grave, or gay, is amazing. What a leap from sweet, pathetic "John Anderson, my Jo," for instance, to "The Jolly Beggars," in which the wild, weird antics of those lawless strollers of other days are described with a humor which unfailingly provokes laughter.

"A man's a man, for a' that" has done much, or more, to teach men to maintain their dignity as the rulers of creation, than any other influence short of the Divine commands themselves. It is said that this noble poem, democratic and demolishing to the lordings though it be, was one of the supreme favorites of the great and good—though always jealous of her prerogatives—Queen Victoria.

Burns, while he was not a strictly religious man, was not a scorner, though he hated unutterably the hypocritical pretender; as witness the castigation he gives to this description of the "unco guid" in "The Holy Fair." The poet's convivial habits, like those of the equally-brilliant Byron, cannot be defended, and beyond all doubt, it was their effect on his highly-strung organization that brought him so soon to his grave. But, we must make all allowance for the loose manners and customs of his day, which prevailed all over Scotland and England.

Burns was about five feet, ten inches in height, and his form indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, expressed uncommon capacity. His eyes were large, dark, and full of ardor and animation. His face was well-formed, and his countenance strikingly interesting. His conversation was extremely fascinating, rich in wit, humor and whim; yet serious enough when occasion called for it." So writes one able to judge, who was often with him.

From a cold, contracted while returning home from a visit to some friends, on a damp, stormy night, acting, doubtless, on a previously enfeebled constitution, this mighty man of genius died at Dumfries, in the south of Scotland; and was buried with military honors in the cemetery of that beautiful town amid the grief and regret of all Scotland.

Well may we add, with one of our Canadian bards:

"Canadians all till in their urns
Will love and reverence Robert Burns!"

HILDA M. MURRAY.

To the Character "Colonel Newcome" in "The Newcomes," by Thackeray.

The book is closed!—a little world with life
Whose days are pages, and the last when
turned

The sod so kindly parting worldly strife
From heart of hero-soul that ever burned
With love whose reflex dignified his race,
And aught like hate there found no resting-
place.

II.

His death, his grave, make fitting end of all;
With characters less worthy we have done.
And such is life,—when friends are past recall,
Tho' we exist, we feel that life is gone:
They live, and in their being blooms the
spring;
They die, and fades the charm of every-
thing!

III.

'Tis ours to muse o'er lesson of the past,
That old, old lesson by this volume taught—
That early, sweetest love to bless will last,
When life with noble aim and deed is fraught;
To birthright due it claims the latest breath,
And other passions give it place in death.

IV.

If books, as mortals, have a mission here,
Those sneering souls, that now superior grown,
See naught, in love so artless, to revere,
Its lasting joy and saving grace disown,—
If to a truth so grand they could attain—
Might here unlearning, learn they've lived
in vain!

IDRIS.

Growing Up.

THE nursery was a small room at the top of the house, with creamy white walls, though, after I had occupied it a short time, they could scarcely have been called white; for I used to delight in pressing my hot, sticky little hands against their cold surface, leaving a perfect impression.

The floor was strewn with toys of every description, mingled with an occasional story-book. Most of the tables and chairs bore a five-finger trade-mark, for I was one of those gluey youngsters that always insisted on handling everything within my reach and never felt sufficiently acquainted with objects unless I could touch them.

High up in the wall were two picturesque little windows, that were evidently intended to be the outlook of a child's play room, but, in order to see beyond these broad window-sills, it was necessary for me to climb up the back of the tallest chair. This was quite a strenuous feat for one so small and chubby, and, usually, when the "explore" was successful, nurse would come running in and catch me with my nose flat against the panes.

Unlike a boy, all trains, tin soldiers and blocks, did not seem to fascinate me the way books did. How I used to love to sit on nurse's lap while she turned over the prettily-colored leaves; explaining to me each picture as she went along. In my mind all these stories had their rank just as people of the world, and I named them according to my affections.

There was "Jack the Giant-killer" and "Bluebeard," both of whom I called my kings, and, as wives for these, I had "Cinderella" and "The Sleeping Beauty," to me as fair and beautiful as queens might be. "Little Red Riding-Hood" made a suitable princess, with "Snow White" and "Red Rose" as her sisters, while "Puss in Boots" received the title of Prince.

These composed my Royal Family, and I delighted in what I used to regard then as studying. I knew them almost off by heart, and, sometimes, when I got up, feeling very happy, I could put them to a tune nurse used to hum. There were, also, those fascinating nursery-rimes, as "Old Mother Hubbard," "Little Jack Horner," "Diddly Diddly Dumpling," and "Three Blind Mice,"—all with a delightful sing-song

rhythm that ran through my little brain from sunrise to sunset.

These charms of babyhood soon faded from existence, and I found myself commencing a more active stage of life when the hard-covered grammar took the place of the king; the dingy old arithmetic, that of my beautiful Fairy Queen; and Latin, geometry, algebra, and history stepped in as substitutes for bygone memories.

The floor of my "used-to-be" nursery was cleared of its childish débris and carpeted, the walls papered, and a sturdy brown bookcase occupied my doll's-house corner. On the walls were hung some favorite pictures, but there still remained one that had rested upon the same spot above my bed since I was first able to observe my surroundings. It was an old-fashioned portrait of a young girl, whose tender brown eyes were never more to look upon the things of this world, in fact, on close inspection, they seemed too loving and spiritual to be earthly, at least, according to my opinion.

How many nights I lay in bed, gazing on the faint outline, indistinctly revealed to me by the moonlight shining through the little glass panes! I had never known the clasp of her loving arms about my neck, never felt the tender care of a mother, and I could only draw pictures of what life might have been.

Many gloomy, as well as happy, hours were spent in my little den, among my books. I used to pore over one of my favorites, "Misunderstood," sometimes imagining myself in little Humphry's place, as he gazed with affectionate eyes at the picture of his mother, who had ceased to exist.

How my little heart filled with ecstasy, as I turned over the last pages of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Sweet Girl Graduate," and several others!

As I advanced in years, five or six volumes of Dickens and Scott occupied the lower part of my book-shelf, and my mind absorbed the contents of these, one by one.

Beneath my window was a large orchard, bordering the clear blue waters of a lake, and, in summer, I used to love to curl up on those broad window-sills, with no one to summon me from my perch, and watch the sunrise, as the fragrant air moved to and fro the beautiful foliage. In

the tree-tops the robins and sparrows merrily chirped their morning greeting.

How often the thought flashed through my mind, that, if I were only a great poet, what a spot this would be to become inspired!

But with all these picturesque surroundings I did not turn out to be a poet. Art took possession of me in later years and my little den was again changed, this time to a studio. Pictures of still higher rank covered the walls. Some copies of Michael Angelo's, others of Raphael's, and a large engraving of Da Vinci's "Last Supper," occupied conspicuous places, in my little room.

Here the happiest days of my life have passed like a shadow—now my grasp has become too feeble to hold the brush.

GLADYS ARMSTRONG.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Whittier.

"Called from dream and song,
Thank God, so early to a strife so long
That, ere it closed, the black abundant hair
Of boyhood rested silver sown and spare
On Manhood's temples."

THE birthplace and early home of Whittier was a lonely farmhouse near Haverhill.

In the near vicinity lies the lovely Lake Kenosha, where Whittier used to fish and boat; it was he who gave it its present name. The valley of the Merrimack, where our Quaker Poet lived, is full of marvellous legends of the supernatural.

Whittier has given us little incidents throughout his works. He tells a whimsical story of a certain "Aunt Morse," who was thought by her neighbors to be a witch.

Once at a husking, a large black bug entered the room and greatly tormented the huskers, but, after a great deal of batting about, it was finally expelled. It was afterwards discovered that the poor Aunt Morse had, at that moment, fallen down stairs, and been severely bruised. This circumstance rather heightened the superstition and one neighbor became so greatly alarmed that, in order to ward off her evil influences, he fastened horseshoes all over her cottage.

But, even after her death, tradition was busy. No will was found, though it was understood,

before her decease, that such a document was in the hands of Squire S——. About two weeks after her departure, one cold winter evening, the squire was sitting in his study, when, hearing some one cough in a familiar way, he looked up and saw before him a little crooked old woman, puffing at a short, black tobacco pipe, in a spiteful manner. Though the squire was a man of some nerve, he was greatly startled. He stared at her open-mouthed for some moments, then jerked out:

"Aunt Morse, for the Lord's sake, get right back to the burying-ground! What on earth are you doing here?" The apparition deliberately took her pipe from her mouth, and informed him that she had come to see justice done with her will; and nobody need think of cheating her, dead or alive.

Concluding her remark with a shrill emphasis, she replaced her pipe and puffed away with renewed vigor. Upon the squire's promising to obey her request, she refilled her pipe, which she asked him to light, and then departed.

Whittier tells another legend of a retired general, who had a curious league with the devil.

The general's house was burned, in revenge, it is said, by the fiend whom the former had outwitted. It seems he had agreed to furnish the general with a bootfull of gold, poured annually down the chimney. The shrewd Yankee cut off, on one occasion, the foot of the boot, and the devil kept pouring down the coin from the chimney's top, in a vain attempt to fill it, until the room was packed with the precious metal. When the general died, it was whispered about on the day of the funeral, that the body was missing. The neighbors came to the charitable conclusion that the devil had got his own, at last.

It was in this superstitious neighborhood that the poet passed his early days.

His ancestor, Thomas Whittier, supposed to be of Huguenot descent, sailed for America, in 1638, and settled in a little log cabin, which he built himself in the valley of the Merrimack. He was a man of gigantic size, weighing more than three hundred pounds, before he was twenty-one.

During the first forty years of the settlement, there was no trouble from the Indians, who fished in the lakes and hunted among the mountains, but, during the next thirty years, they be-

came hostile, and Haverhill suffered all the horrors that accompany savage warfare. But the Whittier family, by their fearlessness and justice in their dealings, had early won the respect and confidence of the savages.

When friendly intercourse between the Pioneers and Indians was broken, several houses of the exposed settlement were fitted up as garri-sons. But, though many of the townspeople were killed, or carried into captivity, Thomas Whittier or his family never availed themselves of the refuges, nor even barred their doors at night, notwithstanding that, occasionally, in all the glory of war-paint, a savage face would appear at the Whittier kitchen window. But the members of his household were never harmed.

Whittier spent the early part of his boyhood on the farm. There were few books in the house and most of them not of the kind to satisfy the literary appetite of a boy in his teens, who found poor picking among the dry journals and papers of Quakerism. But even these he knew by heart. Very early, Whittier had ventured to try his wings. When he was only a little fellow, as the family were gathered around their evening fire, the day's work done, he would fill his slate with verses instead of the prescribed sums. One little rhyme was rescued by his older sister from oblivion. It ran thus:

"And must I always swing the flail,
And help to fill the milking pail?
I wish to go away to school,
I do not wish to be a fool."

In "Snowbound," the poet has beautifully described each member of the family.

John Whittier, his father, was a tall, strongly-built man, who had been famous in his youth for strength, and activity in athletic sports and exercises. He was a man of few words, but prompt and decisive, a devout member of the Society of Friends, and carefully observant of Quaker traditions.

Abigail Whittier, his wife, was esteemed by all who knew her as one of the most saintly of women. For fifty years she was the guide, counsellor and friend of her literary son, who repaid her devotion with a love as deep as her own.

Of the poet's two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, the older possessed many of the characteristics of

her father, while the younger had the milder, sweeter nature of her mother. Whittier had only one brother, Matthew.

There were two older, beloved figures at the family hearth, Aunt Mercy and Uncle Moses, who delighted in hunting, fishing, and story-telling. And it was in Uncle Moses that Whittier found a most sympathetic listener, in his boyhood. But Uncle Moses was fatally wounded by the falling of a tree he had been cutting down, and which, taking an unexpected direction, pinned him to the ground. His faithful dog gave warning at the house. Though he was soon found and extricated, he did not long survive the accident.

Even the quiet life of the gentle Aunt Mercy was not without a tinge of romance. In her youth, according to the family traditions, she had been betrothed to a worthy young man. Late one evening, as she sat musing by the fire in the old kitchen, after the rest of the family had retired, Aunt Mercy suddenly had a strange wish to go to the window, and, on looking out, was greatly surprised at recognizing her lover on horseback, approaching the house, but, on throwing open the door, there was no trace of man or horse to be seen. Bewildered and terrified, she called her sister. "Thee had better go to bed, Mercy, thee has been asleep and dreaming by the fire," said the aroused sister, on hearing her story. But Mercy thought not, though she remembered she had heard no sound of hoofs. This had a great affect on the sensitive girl, and she was not unprepared, after a weary waiting of a few days, to receive the intelligence that he had died in New York, the very day and hour of her vision.

Whittier himself, at nineteen, was a handsome, distinguished-looking young man, tall, slender, and very erect, and though bashful, never awkward. He had a great deal of wit, which was a family characteristic. While his insight into human nature was very keen, he was never conceited nor egotistic, but modest, shrewd and practical.

A dozen years later, the hermit of Amesbury referred to himself in the following terms: "The powers of my own mind, the mysteries of my own spirit, were revealed to myself only, as they were called out by one of those dangerous relations, called cousins, who, with all the glories

upon her, condescended to smile upon my rustic simplicity."

"She was so learned in the to me, more than occult, mysteries of verbs and philosophy, and botany, and mineralogy, and all that, and then she had seen something of society and could talk, an accomplishment, at that time, to which I could lay no claim, that, on the whole, I looked upon her as a being whose good opinions no effort could be too great to obtain."

Although Whittier yearned so much for a classical education, he had no opportunity till he came in contact with Mr. Thayter, the editor of the Haverhill paper to which the boy subscribed his poems. Mr. Thayter finally succeeded in persuading his father to let him attend college on condition that he paid his own expenses. Although this seemed rather hopeless to a lad without a cent, yet, by making sandals, he managed to pay for his first six months' tuition, being taught the trade by a farm-hand.

After leaving college, he took up literary work and wrote articles for the papers, which he often edited himself. His productions, both poetry and prose, were both read and liked, so that he soon became very well known.

Whittier's great indignation, and pity for the helpless condition of the American slave, had early been aroused and all his life he struggled in their cause.

"To render less
The sum of human wretchedness"

was always his steadfast endeavor.

In those days slave-hunters often followed their prey into Pennsylvania, and there were many instances where free colored people were kidnapped and taken into captivity, either without giving them a chance to prove their right to freedom, or by false swearing as to their identity.

In the paper, "The Freeman," Whittier called attention to what he very properly styled "a desecration of Independence Hall." He tells us that the building in which their National Independence was first proclaimed is not infrequently devoted to the vile purpose of trying colored Americans, charged, in the quaint language of a New York mechanic, with being born contrary to the Declaration of 1776, and from the doors of "Liberty Hall" many a poor wretch has been

borne away into helpless, hopeless, bondage.

In the same journal appeared the pathetic "Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother":

"Gone, gone—sold and gone—
To the rice-swamp dark and lone."

In the days of Whittier's anti-slavery life, in 1835-36, the English agitator, George Thompson, first came to America. While on a visit to Whittier, a pressing invitation came to both to speak in the cause of freedom, at Concord. They accepted the call and proceeded on their way to Concord, where the speech was delivered without interruption, but, when they attempted to leave the hall, they found it almost impossible. A crowd followed them with the intention of stoning and killing them. The missiles fell about and upon them like hail. Whittier said, long after, he could remember the sound of the stones when they missed their aim and struck the fence beyond. Although they were made very lame by the blows, they managed to reach a friend's house. The excited crowd with much mocking and jeering, amid the noise of fireworks, burned effigies of the abolitionists.

It was far into the small hours of the morning when the travellers resumed their journey, though, at Plymouth, they were nearly stoned a second time.

Some years after when Whittier was passing through Portland, a man stopped him and asked if he were Mr. Whittier who had been stoned by a mob at Concord. He said he believed he was possessed by a devil that night, for he had no reason to wish ill either to Thompson or Whittier, yet, he was filled with a strange desire to kill them. The crowd were like so many demons, and he knew one man who had mixed a black dye in which they were to be dipped, which would be almost impossible to remove. Then he could be one of the "niggers" of whom he was so fond.

Very different was the reception of Charles Dickens when he came to America to give his famous readings, in 1867. For once Whittier was tempted from his country home. A friend had procured him a seat, but, at the last moment, owing to his ill-health, he was unable to attend.

"Nevertheless," he wrote, "I should so like to see Dickens and shake that creative hand of his! It is well, doubtless, so far as he is concerned, that I cannot; he will have enough and too much

of that, I fear. I dreamed last night I saw him, surrounded by a mob of ladies, each with her scissors snipping at his hair, till he seemed in a fair way of being shaven and shorn like the priest in the 'House That Jack Built'."

Some of Whittier's poems which attracted great attention from their earnestness and vigor, were collected into a volume, entitled, "The Voices of Freedom."

It is seldom that the world has seen such an example of the poetic and devotional temperament, combined with pre-eminent political sagacity and business judgment, as in the case of Whittier.


He was a safe counsellor in every emergency and had the widest charity for every honest difference of opinion. But he had no patience with insincerity or heartlessness, in any form.

Whittier never lost sight of love of God and love of man, and devoted his life to

"Country and Liberty,
Freedom and Victory."

EUGÉNIE DEFOE.

"The Things of a Child."

 ON the fifth anniversary of my birthday, grandfather gave me a story-book, full of the finest stories I had ever heard, and, among them, was "Jack and the Bean Stalk." I imagined the beans Jack planted must have been nice large colored ones, to have grown so high. I did not see how the stalk held him unless he was exceptionally light, for I had tried to climb up the bean vine on our back porch, and the whole thing came down. When the giant's wife hid him in the chest, it gave me the idea that an old chest in our attic would be a capital place to hide in, so I hid in it one day and had to stay for two hours all crouched up, with my head doubled to my knees under the pressure of the lid.

I believed most implicitly in "Jack the Giant-killer," and I had all sorts of feats planned to do, if I could have had his invisible coat and shoes of fleetness. When I heard the part about the beautiful ladies getting hung up by their hair and the giants eating their hearts with salt, pepper, and vinegar, I felt for my own hair and heart to make sure they were there. Of course,

I thought that was all true, for such a thing was possible. I wished Jack had not been so daring, however, as to let the giant chase him round the castle just to show off, for he kept talking all the time, and even if he could not be seen he could be heard, and I was sure the giant would catch him. I heaved a sigh of relief when the story ended in Jack's safe escape.

The story of Hansel and Gretchen always made me hungry, I thought gingerbread was just fine stuff, and often when mother would let me have only one piece, I told her that Hansel and Gretchen ate nearly a whole house of it, and it did not make them talk in their sleep. Then when she said, "You shall have nothing of the kind," I had a sort of a hazy imagination that "nothing of the kind" was some other species of cake. About the only thing I did not believe in the story, was the part where Hansel was caged up to fatten and stuck out a bone instead of his finger. The witch, in my opinion, must have been rather dense, if she could not tell the difference between a bone and a finger.

I had the greatest sympathy for the "Babes in the Wood," and sometimes when I curled up on mother's knee to hear about them, the tears would come to my eyes, and I would hide my face in her big sleeves lest she might see them and stop my reading. Uncle Bob used to tease me because I cried, by telling me that he was the man who left the children in the wood to starve to death, and, then he would wink at mother, and mother would smile and tell me he was only teasing. But, for a long time, I felt a grudge against him, and even now, I am reminded of it every time I see him.

I used to think Tom Thumb would be great fun to play with. I had some doll dresses that I knew would fit him to a "T," I did not suppose he would greatly fancy being robed in dresses, but then he would become accustomed to it. I had made up my mind, if I were ever as small as he, I should be careful and not go peering into custard bowls and fall in, and get cooked. It would not be so bad to wade through the whipped cream on the cake, I should be in only up to my waist, and then I could perch on a nut if I liked, and eat cream to my heart's content.

I had a strong dislike for the stepmother of Snow White. I fancied she looked like a lady who lived on our street, who was always fixed

up and going to some kind of a tea. Uncle Bob said that she was as old as the hills, but to me she seemed quite young and rosy, so I guessed that she must be a make-believe lady. She used to go out every night and leave her little girl with a cross old nurse. One night the little girl stayed at our place, and, when my mother smoothed out her curls and tucked her in bed, she said that no one had ever been so sweet to her before. I knew that Snow White's step-mother must have neglected her in the same way, if she was silly and vain enough to believe in an old looking-glass. I was positive that a mirror could not talk, for I had tested every one in our house, and they were perfectly mute.

When grandfather came to visit us, he was just brimming over with all sorts of the nicest stories that went in rhymes. When I sat on his foot and he danced me up and down, he always said the one about "Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross," and, when he rocked me, he sang "Rock-a-bye Baby on the Tree Top," and, when I bumped my head, he would say, "Humpty Dumpty had a great fall," till I had quite forgotten my injury.

Babyhood days have all passed, and I love to think of how I used to sit in my little rocking-chair before the grate and gaze into the fire, while I listened to "Hi Diddle Dee," "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "The Queen of Hearts," "Little Jack Horner," and all the rest.

HAZEL CROSBY.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

An Alpine Heroine.

Where Alpine grandeurs call to dizzy heights,
And offer climax bold of brave delights,
Whate'er appeal to others there may be,—
From far, by fascination led, I see
But weary height and frowning depth up-piled
In monumental memory of—a child!
Sad, sweet, and short the story; this is all—
She gave her little life to save her doll.

Near Prigel Pass, and o'er the precipice,
As children played, fell into the abyss
A doll,—a child's dear, fondly-cherished doll!
—No woe more startling were the heavens to fall.

True to her trust the little mother-heart
 Down steep precipitous pursued her part.
 Quick o'er the brink; on instant lost to view;—
 Was what they told, was all the children knew:
 While terrifying depths she bravely faced,
 And with unerring sense her treasure traced.
 At length—O joyful sight!—the doll is found:
 What now are bleeding hands; uncertain ground?
 I need no aid,—were story told or read,—
 I listen, and my heart hears what she said;—
 "Sweet Dolly, once more gathered to my heart
 With hugs and kisses, it was death to part!
 You're all the dearer for the dreadful fall,
 But of it you must never think at all!
 And now to mother dear we'll hurry home:
 Won't she be joyful when she sees us come?
 O Dolly dear, I do not mind the pain
 Of bleeding hands; but up the steep again
 I cannot climb! O what, what shall we do?
 —But Dolly, you have me, and I have you!
 We must be home for supper; and I know
 We'll surely find a better way to go.
 How dark and toilsome now our path has grown!
 —And, Dolly dear, 'tis true we're all alone.
 Tho' here may dwell the spirits bad and bold
 Of whom Grimm's fairy tales have frightening
 told;
 Tho' they be lurking in the darkening shade—
 You're with me, Dear; I will not be afraid!
 I'm cold and hungry; sleepy too; we'll rest:
 You're safe, sweet Dolly, nestling on my breast.
 —We're home again!—We've nothing more to
 fear!—
 Here's supper waiting; warmth; and—mother
 dear!"

Twice round the clock the cruel hour-hand turned
 Ere faithful searchers found the darling
 mourned:

In close embrace the little frozen heart
 And doll-adored—nor life nor death could part.
 The cherished doll she gave her life to save,
 Still folded to her heart lies in her grave!

Not they who seek the selfish heights above,
 But she who dared abysses dark for love,
 May wear the aureole to bravery lent,
 And claim the Alps a fitting monument!

IDRIS.

Henrietta Haupt, a child of nine years, lost December 6th,
 found December 7th, 1907,—frozen to death, with her lost doll in her
 arms.—IDRIS.

King Edward's Busy Day in Stockholm.

THE visit to Stockholm being less official in character than the others, the movements of the King and Queen were kept more private, though the Swedish journalists were anxious to gratify the intense interest of the public.

Crowds stood all day on the bridge leading to the Palace, determined to see the coming and going of their Majesties. They first saw King Edward and King Gustaf, between ten and eleven o'clock, driving to the Ridderkirke—Knights' Church—where a wreath of white flowers was laid on the tomb of King Oscar. On the walls, among the scutcheons of dead Knights of the Seraphim, Sweden's principal Order, the King saw, with mournful interest, the coats of arms of the Dukes of Clarence, Edinburgh, and Albany. His Majesty also noticed, as he was leaving, the scutcheon of the late King of Portugal, which has just been hung near the door.

Shortly after the King's visit, I was in the church with a Swedish gentleman, when the Queen, Princess Victoria, the Crown Princess of Sweden—Princess Margaret of Connaught—and Princess Ingeborg, came in, quite unattended, and walked around, the Crown Princess acting as guide. Her Majesty spent a few moments in silent prayer at King Oscar's tomb, and then drove away.

When it became known that their Majesties intended to lunch at the British Legation, hundreds of photographers gathered on the pleasant quay where the house stands, and remained nearly two hours—the duration of the Royal visit. The King and Queen went from the Legation to the new building of the Northern Museum, containing a marvellous collection, illustrating the development of Scandinavian arts, industries, and social life. They were received by the director, Dr. Sahlin, and King Gustaf also pointed out and explained objects of special interest.

Their Majesties were much amused by a collection of toys, and were especially interested in a representation of little lead figures of a procession, in which appeared the late Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, in a state coach, preceded by Life Guards, and followed by Beefeaters. The Queen's attention was also attracted by a nursery

nonsense-rhyme inscribed around the toy-room. The party, which included almost all the Swedish Royal Family, then went out on the roof to see a fine view of the city lying so gracefully on its many islands, the blue waters reflecting the spires of the handsome public buildings and the tall houses on the quays.

The King and Queen went next to take tea in Prince Eugen's studio, and saw the landscapes by which he has made his name as an artist. Rain now fell again, after a fine day, and the Royal party drove back to the Palace to rest before an early dinner, a gala performance at the very fine opera-house, and the night journey to Christiania.

Already, at nine o'clock, crowds were waiting on the route to the station to take farewell. The people were as sorry to part with the visitors as the King and Queen were sorry to leave this delightful city and their charming hosts.

The entire Swedish Royal Family were present at the railway station to bid farewell to the King and Queen; and the train steamed out amid a hurricane of cheers.

While in Christiania, King Edward was evidently determined to lead the "Simple Life," and to adopt the free-and-easy habits of his host and hostess, who walk in the streets like ordinary citizens. I met him and King Haakon, one day, strolling along the principal street, enjoying the sunshine, and looking at the sights of the town.

The Norwegian Court, in fact, is established on a quite democratic basis. King Haakon's household consists of only six persons, and Queen Maud's of three. The number of the servants in the Palace is also much smaller than in many private houses. The Norwegian people wished this. They would willingly pay twice as much for a King of their own as for their "share" in a Swedish ruler, but they have no desire for elaborate Royal state.

Simplicity in the Palace was strongly advised by Mr. Michelsen, the Minister who engineered the separation from Sweden and set Norway's feet on a new path. This remarkable man, still young, is a prominent figure in the present fêtes. He is no longer a Minister, having resigned on account of ill-health, but, he was specially invited by King Haakon from Bergen, where he lives. In conversation, he expressed to me to-

day the great pleasure he had in taking part in the welcome of so good a friend of Norway as King Edward.

The "sights," visited this morning, included viking ships, a thousand years old—vessels dug up at different places in Norway—and the Museum of Paintings and Sculpture. The King was very much interested in the antique predecessors of the Dreadnought and the Lusitania. In the Museum, His Majesty bantered King Haakon on having only one picture of the English school.

The Royal party lunched at the British Legation, which Lady Herbert had filled with charming flowers. The King, who had not seen the house before, congratulated the Minister on its situation on a little hill overlooking the fiord, and said that he envied him the beautiful view. A small party was invited to meet the Royal visitors, and the meal was quite friendly and informal.

In the afternoon, another drive was taken, the warm sunshine being tempting. An early dinner followed, at a quarter to seven, before a gala performance at the National Theatre, of Björnsen's "Maria Stuart" mercifully cut down for the occasion.

HAMILTON FYFE.

Wishes Fain.

SOMETIMES I wish to be "a princess riding in a carriage." It would be such a delight to place jewels at his feet—his poor, old tired-out feet. For, I tell you, he is a very feeble old man, bent and trembling. Yet, you would forget it, as you listened and he spoke of his wonderful fossil collection. Crinoids and ammonites from the ages were as familiar to him as a *Caltha* to the botanist; amethysts sparkled from his mineral selections,—topazes, sapphires, quartz of pretty colors, pink, blue and heliotrope. The kingdom of transparent gold seemed not far away, and you could not remember the man was old, and bent, and feeble, under the transfiguring power of beautiful knowledge. He seemed pleased exceedingly to talk about them, and, when we wished we had some for ourselves, he looked a little sad, they were not his to give.

We passed on to another corridor, thence to the Biological Building, where a huge Rhamphorhynchus in bass-relief held possession of the entire end wall. In cases were various skeleton

fishes, and horrible reptilia, all vertebrae, seemingly, and grudgingly coming to a head—even a snake's head. Likewise birds nondescript stood out, in bony nakedness, from myriad little glass houses. Birds, but no sweet carol, no gay plumage,—nothing, but skeleton bones. "O what a falling off was here!"

"Who killed these birds?" "Audrey!"—came from my bantering companion. And, suddenly, I remembered how unpardonably unscientific it was to be so moved by the slaughter of mere warblers.

A Plesiosaurus, with an equally goblin-looking Ichthyosaurus, decorated another corner. It seemed wonderful to look upon them,—these remains of the Palaeozoic ages. Once upon a time, the boon of life was theirs. They alone roamed the forests of huge palms, or swam the seas of mighty waters. Now they are not, save in the bowels of the earth for the miner or the palaeontologist to rescue at the point of his pickaxe. Here they stand—an unbiased authority, telling in marks of stone the plain truth, and nothing but the truth, the story of the earth. Gruesome, great, old lacertilia! Horrible?—Yes, but God's creatures, let them pass. And we did.

Not so the old man. True, night had followed day through the autumn, and autumn's glory had drifted into winter, and winter's coldness had melted under April's tears ere the old man came again.

"These are the specimens you said you would like."

"Specimens for me?"

"Yes, I collected them for you," and he turned away.

I had not time to say more than, "Oh, I thank you!" He was gone.

Why did he do it?

The flowers and the green grass of the valleys, the crystal waters o'er the pebbled shallows, the brilliants on the sunny-sided, eternal mountains,—these had formed the heart beautiful and great and responsive, even to a neighbor's passing wish. And if I were a princess,—well, my eyes would not have grown so misty, because I had nothing in return to give.

I am ashamed to admit it, but it is true. For miserable spite—or sorrow—I once longed for power and grandeur. At the time, I was ever

far from that admirable stoicism which enables mortals to rise above a slur. It came from the friend of my childhood. We had played together as happy children, 'mid daisies and dandelions and sweet-smelling pine-trees. Home he came with his grand-sounding accent, and "nevah remembwed" the forest and the pine-trees. And I had prayed that God's peace would environ his path over the wide waters. And I had told my new friends, as they spoke of his greatness, that I knew him—so well—and so long—great friends! And while they marvelled at my good fortune, home he came with his accent, and never remembered me. For two weeks, I think it was, jeremiad verses escaped from the point of my pen,—for the flames, thank Heaven! After a time, I believe he was sorry, for he came uninvited, bounding through the halls and the doorways. Dignity!—but you would not expect it in children, for back came the daisies and dandelions and violets and clover. "Had not known my new name, etc., etc."

Well, "learn early how to forgive, and be lowly wise"—so said the excellent and charming Mr. Griffith, and, on the very night, too, when he read for us "King Lear," in his own inimitable style. Foolish!—but, nevertheless, my sublimest conception of happiness was conceived that evening,—to listen on, on, on, while a Griffith-like artist declaimed Shakespearean plays forever and forever. Who has said it,—Goethe?—the human countenance is God's divinest instrument sublimely responding to the unheard harmonies of the mind. What harmonies of pathos, and sorrow, and finer sentiment, found expression in his countenance, exquisitely responsive to the very shades and turns of thought. Of course, I was wishing, wistfully wishing, but I must not tell you, this time, what I wished for. Our Father in Heaven, who measures the sparrow's flight, and takes note of the falling hair, knows all. It is for Him to take, and for Him to give, and all His ways are blessedness wrought out in tender, protecting love.

"Not what God gives, but what He takes,

Uplifts us to the holiest height;

On Truth's rough crags Life's current breaks
To diamond light."

"Give thanks whilst thou art living," and, accordingly, I wanted to go up and lay down my

offering of gratitude. "The good word is better than the gift," but who is so courageous and little prudent as to brave deliberately the inevitable fusilade from the battery of eyes! Few!—ergo turn down the joy. But the wish remains to hear Mr. Griffith again. May it be not of my Wishes Vain.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

A Melle. Aline Le Moyne de Martigny.

MA CHÈRE ALINE :

Ainsi que je vous l'ai promis, je vais vous écrire longuement pour vous faire connaître une partie de mes amusements, pendant mon voyage au sud Algérien, en compagnie de plusieurs familles européennes.

Je vous assure que nous nous sommes amusés excessivement, mais ce n'est pas le même genre d'amusement qu'en Europe.

Figurez-vous que nous arrivons à Blidah, et aussitôt franchie la porte de la ville, voici la joyeuse cohue indigène, plus dense et plus animée qu'à Alger. C'est jour de marché; sur une place carrée, au milieu d'Arabes, debouts, ou accroupis en plein soleil, débattant des affaires menues, les marchandises sont étalées sur des nattes, à même le sol; ici, des petits tas de dattes, là, des oignons, ailleurs, des graines, plus loin, des paquets d'écorce ce qui nous intrigue. Renseignements pris, ces petits paquets servent aux indigènes pour l'usage externe, et jouent le double rôle de dentifrice et de rafraîchissement. Des morceaux de viande s'étalent sur des cordes tendues entre deux piquets; ils ne doivent pas exiger de grands frais de cuisson après une exposition de trois quarts d'heures sous le soleil qui darde. Fraternellement confondus dans les rangs des hommes, les bourricots attendent avec résignation la fin du marché pour emporter emplettes et acheteurs.

Nous reprenons les voitures, et aux portières les marchés commencent. "Achète-moi cette bague, sidi? 50 sous"—"Je t'en donne 5." Nous avons pris l'habitude des sidi, des marchandages, et du tutoiement.

Au galop de nos chevaux arabes nous nous sommes rendus à Sidi-Ferruch. Nous cherchons, en scrutant du regard les environs, un harem dont on nous a parlé, mais nous n'y voyons rien. Sur

la plaine, rien qui attire l'oeil que les vignobles, spectacle peu varié et déjà vu.

Le lendemain nous voilà à Chevagas. Nous contemplons la grande fête mauresque. La scène se passe dans un cadre approprié. Au premier plan, une rangée de danseuses dans des costumes à couleurs vives, cache le long d'une galerie couverte, l'orchestre, composé de tam-tam et de flûtes arabes aux sons perçants—la salle est petite, l'assistance nombreuse, et pour ne pas rester debout, j'ai avisé une chaise libre dans les rangs de l'orchestre. Bientôt, des démangeaisons significatives me rappellent que nous sommes dans un milieu arabe. La première partie du programme—des danses. J'attendais avec plus de curiosité les exercices d'Aisasnas. Je les ai vus, et j'en suis dégoûté. D'abord, au son d'une mélodie lente et triste, où la même note revient comme une obsession, les sujets se balancent en jetant brusquement la tête à droite et à gauche. Au bout d'un moment, ils ont l'air ivre ou fou. Alors le spectacle commence. Les uns prennent de longues épingles et se les enfoncent dans les oreilles, dans les joues; d'autres, des scorpions vivants, qu'ils machent en ouvrant la bouche, toute grande, pour permettre à chacun de voir l'horrible bouillie.

Nous fuyons, et cette journée s'achève sur une impression de dégoût.

La caravane continue, nous devons avant la nuit à Fort National. Le temps fraîchit, on a boutonné successivement gilets, vestons, maintenant on s'enveloppe de manteaux. Nous voilà à Fort National, il est minuit. Ce petit village n'a que six lits à notre disposition, et nous sommes vingt-huit touristes dont dix sont dames. Dans l'air pur, vif, des hauteurs, faudra-t-il coucher à la belle étoile?

Mais enfin tout s'arrange, les dix dames coucheront à l'hôtel. Quand aux hommes, nous dormirons en dortoir dans une salle de la mairie—que notre brave guide a obtenue comme un service tout particulier.

On a dressé pour nous des couvertures par terre, et sur la place une pompe nous servira de lavabo.

Le matin, dans l'unique rue de Fort National, des groupes circulent lentement en prenant le frais.

Un chacal?—non, ce n'est qu'un chat. Les photographes de la bande courent affairés à la

recherche d'une chambre noire. Ils se montrent très prodigues au début, prenant tout se qui se présentait devant leur objectif, maintenant la nécessité les a rendus économes, et on entend ces mots sinistres, "Je n'ai plus que deux plaques. Qui pourrait me prêter des 9 x 12?" Une autre variété de gens très occupés est celle des collectionneurs de cartes postales; qui entretiennent des correspondances. Écrire un bout de lettre, la chose paraît facile. Songez que depuis l'arrivée nous sautons du lit pour bondir dans un train; qu'à peine la dernière bouchée avalée, il faut se précipiter sur la voiture. Les correspondances en style nègre se font sur un bout de table, entre deux plats, ou sur un banc de gare, pendant les cinq ou dix minutes de retard—indispensables à tout train Algérien qui se respecte. Tous sont obligés d'écrire au crayon. C'est pourquoi j'ai préféré être rentré à Alger pour vous faire connaître une toute petite partie de mes amusements.

Bien cordialement à vous.

A. R.

The Tenth Annual Meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at the Abbey, Toronto, on Tuesday afternoon, June the second. The following officers were then elected: Rev. Mother Ignatia, Honorary President; Mrs. James Dwyer, Honorary Vice-President; Mrs. T. P. Phelan, President; Mrs. H. F. Kelly, First Vice-President; Mrs. P. Rooney, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Roesler, Treasurer; Miss Lalor, Recording Secretary; Miss L. Hynes, Corresponding Secretary. Conveners of Committees: Miss A. Gormaly, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. O'Sullivan; Miss Rooney.

The Association had just closed a very successful year, the monthly meetings being attended by a large number of old pupils from the different convents throughout Ontario, including those that attended Loretto in the early sixties, down to the graduates of last year.

The first meeting of the year 1907-8, held on the first Tuesday of October, in the form of a musicale, proved very enjoyable. The programme consisted of violin solo, Miss McMullen; recitation, Miss McLaughlin; 'cello solo, Miss

Evans; violin solo, Miss Connors; vocal solo, Miss A. Foley; recitation, Miss Doherty. At the three following meetings the Association enjoyed a course of readings, with papers from the members, Mrs. Kelly, Miss I. Phelan, Miss Defoe, Mrs. O'Sullivan, and Miss Doherty, on "Early Missionary and Literary Work in Canada."

In February, the members and friends of the Alumnae were entertained at another musicale. A very interesting programme of the following numbers was rendered: Mrs. J. W. Mallon, piano solo; Miss M. George, song, with violin obligato by Miss Smith, Miss Evans, Mrs. Mallon; Miss Mann, violin; Mrs. Haggerty, vocal; Miss Evans, 'cello; Miss Smith, violin; Mrs. McGann, vocal; Mrs. Scott-Raff, reading.

In March, the young ladies of the Abbey gave a very enjoyable Shakespearean afternoon for the Alumnae.

The annual "Tea" took place the first Tuesday in May. A large number of the members were present. They were received in the drawing-room by the President, Miss Phelan, assisted by Mrs. Dwyer and Mrs. Rooney, tea being served in the adjoining rooms. The comforts of the guests were looked after by a bevy of young ladies.

The year closed the first week in June with the annual business meeting and election of officers. The following morning a High Mass was celebrated by Very Reverend Vicar-General McCann in the chapel of "The Abbey." A choir of the former pupils under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Mallon, with Mrs. McGann presiding at the organ, rendered Gounod's Mass, with an "Ave Maria" by Mrs. F. Woods, Miss George, and Miss A. Foley.

During the year, the Loretto Alumnae joined the Canadian Catholic Union on two occasions; the first being on the visit of the Rev. Father Gerald J. McShane, D. D., of Montreal; who gave a Lecture Recital on "The poet of the habitant," and a description of Canadian life in Quebec. The second occasion was at Easter, when Professor E. Kylie, of Toronto University, gave a Lecture on St. Francis Assisi. Both occasions proved interesting and instructive.

The Ladies of the Alumnae beg to tender their most sincere thanks to Reverend Mother Ignatia and all the Religious of the Abbey for their great

kindness in always making the members welcome to the chapel, drawing-room, and hall, and for doing all in their power to advance the interests of the Alumnae.

LUCY HYNES.

Piano Recital at Loretto Convent, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

"Music!—oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well!"

FOR all who attended the musical entertainment, given at Loretto Academy, on Tuesday evening, the rendition of the following programme by the senior grades, was a source of unlimited pleasure. Each individual number was executed with a depth of expression and a perfection of finish rarely displayed by students, who are still mere schoolgirls.

PROGRAMME.

- "Morning Ramble" *Veazie*
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.
- "Arabesque" in B major..... *Meyer-Helmund*
MISS REGINA SHEEDY.
- "Romance Sans Paroles".... *Davidoff-Reinecke*
MISS VIOLA BREEN.
- Chorus and Recitation.....
PREPARATORY MUSIC CLASS.
- (a) "Polish Dance" in E flat minor, *Scharwenka*
(b) "La Sirène," op. 36..... *Thome*
MISS AGNES CLARK.
- "Salut d'Amour," op. 12..... *E. Elgar*
MISS INEZ O'NEILL.
- "Marche Militaire" *Schubert*
MISS A. CLARK AND MISS R. SHEEDY, MISS V.
BREEN AND MISS M. MOHER.
- (a) Romance, op. 3..... *Mlynarski*
(b) Menuet, op. 14, No. 1..... *Paderewski*
(c) Spring Song *Mendelssohn*
MISS MYRTLE FULLER.
- Recitation, "The Vision of Händel".....
MISS BESSIE GANLEY.
- "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"... *Händel*
MISS KLINGLUND.

- (a) Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2..... *Chopin*
(b) Élégie, op. 88..... *Nollet*
(c) Tarantelle in A flat..... *Heller*

MISS LULA BOHN.

Largo from "Xerxès"..... *Händel*
MISSSES MARY AND ANNIE KELLY, MISS BESSIE
GANLEY AND MISS MAMIE FRENCH.

"Sing On" *Denza*
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

- (a) "Allegro" and "Andante" from Sonata
No. 13 *Mozart*
(b) March Grotesque *Sinding*
(c) Murmuring Zephyrs *Jensen-Niemann*
MISS VALMA BUSCHELL.

- (a) Adagio and Rondo from Sonata, op.
13 *Beethoven*
(b) Polonaise, op. 26, No. 1..... *Chopin*
(c) Rustle of Spring..... *Sinding*
MISS SADIE KELLY.

March from Tannhäuser..... *Wagner*
MISS SADIE KELLY AND MISS LULA BOHN, MISS
VALMA BUSCHELL AND MISS M. FULLER.

Ave Maria *Abt*
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Reverend T. Malone, S. J., Reverend J. Brault, S. J., and Reverend L. Champagne, S. J., honored the occasion with their presence. At the close of the entertainment, Father Malone, rising to address the pupils, happily remarked how difficult it was for him to speak, after all had been so fully convinced of the superiority of music as a mode of expression to language; but, he would, at least, congratulate them on being instructed by such capable teachers, and on cooperating so intelligently with the efforts put forth in their behalf, of which they had given ample evidence in the recital.

It really does not count for much what the world thinks or says of us. The world is usually mistaken. Often it is so involved as to feel compelled to bear false witness. It has raised this man or that to some pedestal, and rather than acknowledge its own blindness, it goes on holding him there despite his unfitness for the place. But time always peels off the veneer and shows us what really exists under the shell.



GRADUATES OF 1908, LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

KATHLEEN RIDOUT

ELINORE LILLEY

IONA MC LAUGHLIN

MARGARET BURCHILL

FLORILLA WEBB

FRANCES COFFEY

Commencement Exercises at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Canada.

THE two far-famed educational institutions of Holy Angels' Seminary and Loretto of the Blessed Sacrament held their Commencement Exercises on the same day so that His Lordship Bishop Colton, of Buffalo, could attend both.

The University students acquitted themselves admirably of a very interesting programme. In the afternoon the pupils of the above-named institution presented an exceptionally fine programme of music, song and recitation. A great deal of interest was centred in the drama, which was admirably adapted to the graduates, and which, in point of delivery and interpretation, left nothing to be desired.

The choruses were well sustained and showed careful training. The graduating honors were conferred on Miss Kathleen Ridout, Toronto; Miss Frances Coffey, Montreal; Miss Florilla Webb, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Elinore Lilley, Clarence, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Burchill, New York City, and Miss Iona McLaughlin, Toronto.

At the close of the programme, Bishop Colton complimented the pupils on their delightful concert and addressed himself, in a special manner, to the graduates, calling attention to the noble sentiments so beautifully expressed in the sacred drama. His Lordship also urged on the pupils the necessity of their continuing their studies, that thereby their characters would become stronger, and that, by the brilliancy acquired through the cultivation of the intellect, they would be enabled to carry out the injunction of the Master, "So let your light shine before men that they may glorify your Father who is in Heaven."

Among the clergy present were Very Rev. Monsignor Baker, West Seneca; Very Rev. P. Conroy, C. M., President of Niagara University; Rev. E. Walsh, C. M., Rev. F. O'Brien, C. M., Rev. J. Rosa, C. M., Rev. F. Lynch, C. M., Rev. A. Murphy, O. C. C., Prior of Carmelite Monastery; Rev. F. Smits, O. C. C., Rev. B. Fink, O. C. C., Rev. S. Quigley, O. C. C., Rev. J. Holden, Hamilton; Rev. L. F. Sharkey, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. F. Tynan, Chicago; Rev. F. Bench, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Rev. D. Walsh, Buffalo; Rev. F. Scullin, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Rev. F. Rioux,

C. S. S. R., Montreal, and Rev. F. Coughlan, New York.

A very beautiful ceremony was witnessed in the convent chapel, at the termination of the exercises, whither the pupils repaired in a body, where a hymn was sung to the Sacred Heart, after which Miss Florilla Webb read an act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin. The six graduates then placed the floral wreaths, with which they had been previously crowned, at the foot of Our Lady's statue, while the students sang the evening hymn,

"Gentle, guiding Star of Ocean
Lead Thy children home to Thee."

The honor list follows:

Papal medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Iona McLaughlin. Honorable mention, Miss Frances Coffey.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, obtained by Miss Hazel Freeman. Honorable mention, Miss Minnie Eagen.

Bronze medal for English Literature, presented by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Frances Coffey. Honorable mention, Miss Iona McLaughlin.

Gold medal for Elocution, presented by Miss Wechter, obtained by Miss Anna Staley.

Gold medal for Mathematics, presented by Rev. P. Cauley, obtained by Miss Iona McLaughlin.

Gold medal for Mathematics, presented by a friend, obtained by Miss Kathleen Ridout.

Gold medal for English Prose Composition, presented by Rev. Father Bench, obtained by Miss Frances Coffey. Honorable mention, Miss Iona McLaughlin.

Gold medal for fourth year Latin, presented by a friend of the Community, obtained by Miss Frances Coffey.

Gold medal in Senior University Course of Music, presented by Rev. D. Morris, obtained by Miss Alice Ramsay.

Silver medal in Junior University Course of Music, obtained by Miss Agnes Robinson.

Silver Lyre in Primary University Course of Music, obtained by Jean Sears.

Silver Lyre for Singing, obtained by Miss Loretto O'Connell.

Silver Palettes for Painting, awarded to Miss Minnie Eagen, and Miss Rosina Merle.

The Alice Ridout Silver Medal, presented by Mrs. Milne for proficiency in under-graduating class, obtained by Miss Grace Sears.

Diplomas for Stenography obtained by Miss Anna Staley, Miss Frances O'Farrell, Miss Philomena Stevens, Miss Loretto McCall, Miss Agnes Buddle.

Prize for Fidelity to School Rules, equally merited by Miss Minnie Eagen, Miss Marguerite Brayshaw, Miss Mary Dolan, Miss Agnes Buddle, Miss Agnes Robinson, Miss Angela Burns, and Miss Helen Spillane, obtained by Miss Marguerite Brayshaw.

Prize for Amiability, equally merited by Miss Anna Staley, Miss Helen Harvey, Miss Minnie Eagen, Miss Marguerite Brayshaw, Miss Agnes Buddle, Miss Agnes Robinson, Miss Rita Coffey, Miss Angela Burns, and obtained by Miss Helen Harvey.

Prize for Order, equally merited by Miss Dorothy Rochford, Miss Beatrice Benson, Miss Agnes Buddle, Miss Helen Lundy, Miss Marguerite Brayshaw, Miss Mary Dolan, Miss Helen Spillane, Miss Mildred Bricka, and obtained by Miss Helen Lundy.

Prize for Prompt Return after vacation, equally merited by Miss Jean Sears, Miss Grace Sears, Miss Angela Burns, Miss Helen Harvey, Miss Isabel Elliot, Miss Mildred Decker, Miss Agnes Buddle, Miss Edna Duffey, and obtained by Miss Helen Harvey.

Prize for Drawing, awarded to Miss Mildred Bricka.

Prize for Penmanship, awarded to Miss Mary Dolan.

Prize for Darning, awarded to Miss Rosina Merle.

Prize for Fancy Work, equally merited by Miss Grace Sears, Miss Rosina Merle and Miss Mary Dolan, obtained by Miss Grace Sears.

Prize for English Composition, awarded to Miss Lillian McChesney.

Prize for general satisfaction in class work, awarded to Miss Agnes Flynn, Miss Lucia Olmstead, and Miss Ivy Mamby.

Prize for German, awarded to Miss Helen Harvey.

Prize for French, awarded to Miss Elizabeth Cunningham.

Classes will be resumed the first Tuesday in September.

PROGRAMME.

Full Chorus, Country Fair Dance.....*Abt*
Conferring of Graduating Honors.

Recitation, The Legend of the Robes.....
.....*Eleanor C. Donnelly*

MISS MARGARET A. BURCHILL.

Piano Solo, The Juggleress.....*Moszkowski*
MISS FLORILLA WEBB.

Full Chorus, Sing On.....*Denza*

DRAMA, "THE ENCHANTED ISLE."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Bianca	IONA McLAUGHLIN
Gabriella	VIVIAN SPENCE
Rafaella	ANNA STALEY
Victoria	FANNY COFFEY
Hermione	KATHLEEN RIDOUT
Lucia	MARY EAGEN
Santa Rosalia.....	ELINORE LILLEY
Cornelia	MARGARET BURCHILL
Marie	FLORILLA WEBB

The scene of this drama is Monte Pellegrino, near the city of Palermo. On this mountain there is a rock, called the Rock of Destiny, and, according to the old legends of Palermo, any one who stands on this promontory when the moon's first beams lie on the billows, will see her future mirrored on the water.

Eight noble Christian maidens steal from their homes and sail in the Conca d'Oro or Golden Shell to this mysterious island, and, having reached the enchanted rock, are suddenly confronted by St. Rosalia, a Norman Princess, who, some years previously, had retired from the world and taken up her abode in a grotto of Monte Pellegrino.

The maidens are very much frightened when she appears, but she tells them not to fear, and rebuking them for their disobedience, tells them that, as a punishment for their fault, they shall see the future; but because of their guilelessness and evident remorse, with the cross shall also be revealed the kernel sweet. She then leads them separately to the rock, and each one relates what she sees mirrored on the water. Rosalia then dismisses them with the sage advice and asks them to take for their motto, "Thy will be done," with this prayer on their lips, "Wisdom and Love divine, we trust in Thee."

- Irlanda
 Piano, MISS ELINORE LILLEY; Violin, MISS
 EVELYN BURNS.
 Vocal Solo, An Open Secret.....*Woodman*
 MISS HELEN S. HARVEY.
 Recitation, Milton's Last Poem.....
 MISS FLORILLA WEBB.
 Semi-Chorus, The Golden Days of Summer
 *Marzo*
 Recitation, The Toast.....*Sir Walter Scott*
 MISS ELINORE LILLEY.
 Full Chorus, Estudiantina.....*Lacome*
 Violins, MISS BURNS, MISS CECILIA MERLE;
 Castanets, MISS ALICE RAMSAY; Tambour-
 ines, MISS RITA COFFEY, MISS BEATRICE
 BENSON; Mandolins, MISS MARY EAGEN,
 MISS ANNA STALEY.
 Distribution of Prizes.
 AVE MARIA LORETO.

Farewell Banquet to Class of '08, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, June 9th.

THE banquet to the graduates, this year, was
 a great success. The refectory was
 draped with the school colors, blue and
 white, while the tables looked like a perfect fairy-
 land, decorated with daisies and ferns. The fa-
 vors were forget-me-nots, and dainty hand-painted
 place cards were in evidence. Each graduate
 was the recipient of a beautifully-bound "Imita-
 tion" from her teacher. The menu was an ex-
 cellent one, all those dainties so dear to a school-
 girl's heart, olives, etc., being included thereon.

The following prophecy, composed by Miss
 Grace Sears, and read by her, was most enjoy-
 able

"The Sweet Girl Graduates" of this year are
 so very brilliant that the task that has been as-
 signed the minor lights—that of peering into
 the future of these luminaries—is well-nigh im-
 possible, nevertheless, we shall do our modest
 best.

And, looking into the mystic glass, I see a
 rather tall figure, very severely dressed,—no lace
 and frills about this maiden. As she gazes upon
 me with that vastly-superior air, and when she

speaks, which is very seldom—when she is with
 the poor ignorant people who know nothing of
 the altitude of the mountain peaks or of the revo-
 lutionary movements of the planets—you almost
 wish that kind mother earth would open her ma-
 ternal arms and receive you. She is never seen
 without four or five books—and what is more,
 she studies them. Not even a *U. C. C.* dance is
 able to attract this maiden, but, has she not just
 cause to be proud when she is able to write those
 fascinating letters, B. A., after her name? Sure-
 ly you have no difficulty in recognizing our Iona
 in this lady of letters. We all expect her to do
 great things, as she has done at Loretto, although
 if reports are true, Miss Iona does not entirely
 disdain to notice the TINY things and the Tiny
 with a capital T.

But hush! I hear a gentle footstep approach-
 ing and I see in the distance the familiar form
 of a Loretto nun. Let us follow her. With slow
 and stately tread she passes down the hall and
 enters the boarding-school. We see her take her
 seat at the old desk, and we can almost hear the
 children hold their breath. An ominous silence—
 and then—"Children." The poor children start
 and a shiver runs uncomfortably through them.
 "Children! I really am surprised and grieved
 that you have been bothering poor Sister in the
 refectory again. It is shocking and you shall be
 well punished. When I was at school we never
 thought of such a thing; we took what was given
 and said nothing." I listen and wonder greatly
 for I have a faint recollection of hearing that
 same sweet voice saying: "Oh, now, Sister dear,
 just a little bit of tea and some cookies. There
 are only six of us and we won't bother you
 again," which means that they really will not
 until the next time. I looked with renewed inter-
 est into the face of the nun. Yes, there are the
 same pensive mouth and large, serious eyes. It
 must be, it truly is our Margaret.

The scene changes. I see a ward in a large
 Army Hospital. Not many miles away a battle
 is raging fiercely and the poor wounded soldiers
 are being brought in. A dainty little figure,
 dressed in dark blue, with a snowy apron and
 cap, is passing gently to and fro, bringing com-
 fort and cheer wherever she passes, and we hear
 the rough soldiers mutter "God bless her," as
 she goes by. Two men come bearing between
 them a young man badly wounded. The busy

surgeon follows, and, calling to nurse, together they attend to the wounded man. After he has been made comfortable, the doctor goes out, saying to his companion: "Was there ever such a woman, always ready, always doing the right thing at the right time." But still she appreciates the bright side of life, and, when a poor old woman comes in and declares she is going to have her arrested for allowing her husband to be under the influence of Ann Esthetic, the merry little woman is convulsed with laughter, and when she laughs and the charming dimples appear, we instantly recognize our little Kathleen.

But who enters now, with a great noise and confusion? We can distinguish nothing of the person, through the great number of boxes, etc., she carries. In one hand is a large cage, from which issues the melodious (?) voice of a parrot, as usual saying things it shouldn't. Over one arm hangs a wicker basket, the top of which is always being poked up by the large black cat inside. Three hat-boxes, two large old-fashioned valises, and numerous small parcels, complete the burden. Then, too, we must not forget the little box of peppermints, so dear to the heart of every maiden lady!—more than forty hoary winters have passed over the head of this particular one. She is on her way to one of the many meetings which she attends. One of the most important offices is that of president of the S. P. C. A., and she has built many homes for stray dogs and lost cats. If her tastes were not so fastidious, and confined less to cats and other inferior animals, she might long since have listened to the eloquent pleading conveyed in the sentence of a "Barkis is willin'," but, as it is, she will still have her mail addressed to plain Miss Fanny P. Coffey.

A great social function is being held in the world-renowned metropolis. Madame de Vere, the Queen of Society, is giving her famous ball, at which the Crème de la Crème of Vanity Fair jostle one another to obtain a passing glimpse of the charming hostess. We see something strangely familiar in the withering glance of her haughty eye, and the jaunty twirl of her slippered foot. Now she speaks, and, of course, we recognize that silvery voice, which so often delighted our ears in the dear old school-days, and we hail our Elinore with delight.

A charming home in the New England States,

but inside all is confusion. We ask what it means, and are informed that the lovely eldest daughter is to be married at 9 o'clock that morning. We enter the house and, as we pass through the hall, we note that the clock points to 9.30. Upstairs, the loving mother is putting the finishing touches to the bride's toilet. At last, all is ready and the bride departs in the carriage. It is now ten o'clock. About half way to the church, she discovers that she has forgotten her gloves, and back they go. Let us go to the church in the meantime. The guests are all assembled and, at the altar, the handsome groom is anxiously waiting, humming under his breath that rich old classic, "Waiting at the Church." Half past ten has just struck, all the guests are fidgeting in their seats, when hark! a stir is heard and the grand old wedding-march peals out. Looking towards the door, we see a lovely figure in white, her long tulle veil falling in graceful folds about her. She does not look at all excited, and, to look at her, one would think that she had arrived sharp on time, instead of being two hours late. See! she is kneeling now, and as she throws back her veil, we see our Florilla!

Miss Sears then proposed Miss Anna Staley as Toast-mistress, and, after a few introductory remarks, Miss Iona McLaughlin responded to the toast, "Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X."

"It is difficult to respond to a toast to so great a personage as our Holy Father, Pius X., and I am afraid the task is rather beyond me. Although he has been Pope for only five years, he is acknowledged by all the world as one of the most famous of all the Popes, and one of the foremost men of the time. He is remarkable for his great piety and learning, and his name will always be remembered in connection with his Encyclical on Modernism. I hardly think any of us will forget it, as it has been so fully and clearly explained to us this year, and perhaps in the future when we have pondered at odd moments on such terms as 'Vital Immanence,' 'Sub-consciousness,' and 'Theism,' their full significance may dawn upon us. From the life and example of this great man, we may all, graduates and undergraduates, learn the lesson that, no matter how learned or wise we may become, our knowledge should always go hand in hand with fear and love of God. As Tennyson says:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell."

"To Our Teachers," Miss Florilla Webb responded as follows:

"You accuse me of going around the house with a frown on my face, but is it any wonder that during these last few days of our stay at Loretto, our hearts should feel heavy at the thought of the parting so soon to come?"

"And what stronger feeling should now fill our hearts than that of gratitude to our dear teachers, who, during the past years, have devoted themselves so assiduously to the improvement of our hearts and minds? In the coming years, perhaps, more than at present, we shall fully realize and appreciate all that they have done for us by word and example. In the name of the class, may I thank the dear nuns, one and all, for their unceasing care and labor in our behalf, and may we assure them that the graduates of '08 will always cherish fond remembrances of their sojourn in Loretto. The best proof of our gratitude will be to put in practice these Christian principles which they have instilled into our souls, and this will be the aim of each member of the class of 1908.

Miss Kathleen Ridout's response to "Our School" was given with much feeling.

"The toast that you have given me, is a very comprehensive one, as it would include a reference to all the joys and sorrows of six years' standing, and, as you are not all particularly fond of analysis, I had better not dissect those ingredients of school life. Attention, however, might be called to the pleasures we have all enjoyed during the past year, and a note of thanks given to those among the faculty and students who have made our path so pleasant. The year 1908 has been particularly marked by the number of its intellectual feasts, while, spiritually, we have had nothing of which we may complain. The assiduous care of our beloved teachers, and the zeal of our dear Carmelite and Vincentian Fathers, attending to our spiritual wants, likewise the solid food which came, not as a mere entrée, in the way of our annual retreat, conducted by the renowned Paulist, Father Burke—to all these we gratefully revert. Another cause of happiness in our school is the ideal location.

Wordsworth must have had *our* rainbow in view when he wrote so beautifully:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

"Our Reverend Guest" was the next toast. Rev. E. J. Walsh, C. M., here made a very appropriate speech, from which I shall quote a little:

"Reverend Mother, Sisters, and Young Ladies: In the prophecy of to-night, I thought, as I listened, was there not a place for me? (Yours is assured, Father.) Might I not have been chaplain in that hospital ward, or celebrant at the delightful wedding? But indeed, I must congratulate and thank you for the great pleasure it is to me to be present this evening. In such evenings, it seems to me, what counts for the future is by no means the repast, but rather some little memento, or souvenir, which, in possibly ten or twenty years, may link our thoughts to the past. It might cost a tear to behold the little souvenir, but it will be a valuable tear that would bring you back to this, your commencement. The old thought about commencement is a curious thing, that the close of school life should be called commencement, yet it is very significant,—the Commencement of Life. You are now like the artisan, who has learned the use of his tools. You go forth into life, you know not what Providence has planned for you, whether it will be in that hospital or in that home, or the Humane Society, but we need not care. 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends,' it is a kind, loving Providence who guides our destiny. The circumstances and situations of life are but its accidents. You carry with you the principles that will mould your lives to noble ends. The character and ideals, carried away from our early years, and their development and perfection, are the great end of life. How many a man toils for riches or fame, and meets only failure! How well that our lives are not judged in this way! It was not

so in the olden times, the individual was lost in the mass, but Christianity has changed all that. You speak of gratitude to the Sisters, but even you little know how much you owe them. In the guidance and loving care and instruction of years you see their work, but, perhaps, they have done more for you in a quiet prayer in the little chapel sometimes when you were sleeping, prayers rising from hearts consecrated to God for the success of their work, which is the forming of your hearts and lives.

I can speak in this way, as one who knows. How often have I not seen a young lad come to college with a crude, unformed character, and seen the budding and promise of the young life grow, step by step, till he has perhaps gone forth equipped for life's battle with a character not to be recognized as that of the first years. Before you lie many of life's problems that you can not realize yet. But you will meet them in the life of the principles you have learned here. Your youthful ideals are great and full of promise for the future, and pleasant memories of this evening will link your thoughts with the thoughts and hopes and aspirations of this Commencement time. You will realize the idea of your motto, 'A perfect woman, nobly planned,' you will be the perfection of womanhood, wherever Providence may place you.

As Cardinal Logue said to our young men at the college, 'There is in this country and in this time, a new aristocracy, the aristocracy of talent and character, and the beautiful thing about this aristocracy is that we can all be aristocrats. It is open to all. A man, though he be in rags, may be a prince in character.'

I, too, shall carry pleasant memories of this evening. With this class, perhaps, more than with any other, I have been associated. I know you all, and I shall watch and hear with interest the best that can come to you, the best in everything, and when you are all scattered, and I here still, or not far, I shall often look for news of you and if, in after years, we should meet, the world is very small they say, and you recognize me or I you, let us not fail to greet each other, and let 'Loretto' be our password."

Miss Fanny Coffey responded to "The Day We Celebrate."

"This toast is rather a conundrum, but I suppose it refers to our leaving the school. This day

shall certainly be a historic one in the annals of Loretto, and speaking of history here in Upper Canada, as I come from, not exactly the lower regions, but Lower Canada, I might mention the religious and secular celebration about to take place in that part of the country. Father Campbell, S. J., has written a very charming article on Monsignor Laval, in whose honor the religious ceremonies are to be, and I hope that they will be as well and as successfully conducted as this momentous event. I think my classmates, pensive (?) Iona, giddy (?) Elinore, frivolous (?) Florilla, Kathleen, divinely tall and most divinely fair (?), and the majestic (?) Margaret, will always have a corner in their memories for this, 'The Day We Celebrate.' I know that the dignified (?) ego will always cherish fond recollections of this day and sundry others, as the song says—

'Happy days gone by, happy moments fled,
Ne'er to come again, naught but memory in their
stead.' "

Miss Elinore Lilley responded to "The Graduates."

"Amidst so many kindly words of praise and good cheer, it is but fitting that we should show our gratitude for the high opinion entertained of us by extending a vote of thanks to those who are to follow in our virtuous (?) footsteps. The histrionic efforts of Iona should be imitated by her warm admirers, while the mathematical ability, which your 'Humble Servant' has demonstrated, should be thoughtfully pondered on. The snail-like celerity of Florilla in answering bells, etc., should prove as an example to all, and Fanny's obedience and sweet docility should act as a beacon-light to the minor lights. The lack of sentimentality, as betrayed in the stoic Kathleen, will serve as a useful study to the exuberant affections of the 'Small Fry.' The haughty movements of the prosaic Margaret may be imitated by the lovers of solitude and the exclusive.

Probably a second glance into the future might afford a glimpse of the coming graduate of 1909.

She was versed in Greek and Latin,

She was versed in German, too;

She was versed in all the classics

And the poets old and new.

She had studied art and music,
And in culture she was graced;
But I note her weary husband
Had to button up her waist.

She could talk of bygone heroes,
She could tell offhand their names;
She could tell when Rome was founded,
And the date it fell in flames.
She could tell of styles and fashions,
At a mile a minute rate,
But she had to ask her husband,
If her hat were pinned on straight.

The last toast, "The Past Year," was responded to by Miss Peggy Burchill.

"It is very agreeable for me to respond to this toast, as the past year has been a most happy one, in every respect. We have been 'favored with treats in the way of lectures from the foremost speakers of America, then we have had many entertainments and trips to the historic places in the vicinity of far-famed Niagara.

There have been many pleasant experiences, too pleasant, perhaps, to speak of, but which we, nevertheless, thoroughly enjoyed, and just here, may we extend our sincere thanks to those who made one of these experiences possible. Our class life could not have been more ideal than it has been, and we can look back without the slightest regret on every day of it; even, if at times, we felt like consigning our *bête noire*, a certain distinguished man, etc., etc., of ancient Rome, to the flames.

In conclusion, the greatest happiness I can wish the Class of 1909 is that they may have half as pleasant and as peaceful a year as we have had.

"Be we near or be we far,
May God's blessing, like a star,
Shine upon us everywhere."

The banquet concluded with the entire assembly singing "Auld Lang Syne."

A. STALEY.

It is astonishing how large a part of Christ's precepts is devoted solely to the inculcation of happiness. How much of His life, too, was spent simply in making people happy.

Closing Exercises at Loretto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, June Twenty-third.

"THE best man for the army is the soldier"—was the thought constantly suggested to me at the Commencement Exercises at Hamilton Loretto Academy, when, in company with other deeply-interested parents, I was one of the privileged audience.

The platform of the spacious hall was beautifully decorated; and never did nature's sweet flowers group themselves round sweeter counterparts than on this occasion.

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected," is Loretto's motto; and the unremitting, soldierly drilling of mind, heart, and soul—for years,—was manifested in these pupils of the Ladies of Loretto.

We were, of course, especially interested in the eight graduates, who formed a line at the front of the platform. These 'sweet girl graduates' were, indeed, lovely,—they were beautiful. A lady near me remarked, "Not a common-looking face among them all!"

To inward graces was added the external grace of white gown, extremely becoming and elegant.

Everything in the varied programme was beauty and charm; and the scene is impressed upon my memory forever. From the opening number, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," sung by the pupils in chorus, to Loretto's own inimitable "Ave Maria Loreto," every note, every word, said or sung, seemed that of perfection.

The crowning of the graduates, and the presenting of their medals by His Lordship Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, was particularly touching: we felt that they well merited their laurels.

The presentment of the fascinating drama—"Diana or Christ"—written by the well-known author, Sister M. Gertrude of Stephen's Green Loretto, Dublin, Ireland, deservedly held the audience spell-bound. Exchanged glances of amusement passed between a couple of reverend gentlemen present when 'Aegisthus,' the stern Prefect of Ephesus, walked out in person and habiliments so much at variance with concept of the original. But this was instantly forgotten in the absorbed attention elicited by the histrionic ability of the performers. Every word keyed the mind, the understanding, the sympha-

thy, to the sublimity of Christianity! Ah, it is still "Diana or Christ:" and the saddest part of it is that Diana reigns in the name of Christ.

Here were the charming eight about to step out into the world—and equipped for it. This loveliness and grace had not been nurtured in luxurious idleness, but had been trained to respond to the ring of the bell when duty rang, and duty always rings early! Self-repression, self-sacrifice, had been exacted of them; they had been taught that Christian life means service in the cause of God and neighbor; that while, like the "monks of old," they were to "let no feeling venture forth but charity," they were not to *expect* return of sympathy.

The destinations of the eight describe a line extending from the Lake of the Woods, Canada, to Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A. Two, Frances Daniells and Edna Tracy, remain in Hamilton; Hilda Murray goes to Toronto; Gladys Wilkins to Norwood; Rita Tracy to Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; Edna McGuire to Brooklyn, N. Y.; the two "end men," Elizabeth Robinson and Kathleen O'Brien, who have been four years together at Niagara Falls Loretto and Hamilton Loretto, go, respectively, to Kenora and Baltimore.

May God bless them all!

A PARENT VISITOR.

PROGRAMME.

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus *Beethoven*

Crowning of Graduates.

CORONATION CHORUS—Orchestral Accompaniment *Veazie*

PIANO SOLO—"Kathleen Mavourneen".... *Oury*
Phyllis Leatherdale

Conferring of Graduation Medals.

VOCAL SOLO *Selected*
Elizabeth MacSloy

CANTATA—"Verdict of the Flowers".....
Juniors

VOCAL SOLO—"Good-Bye" *Tosti*
Frances Daniells

DRAMA—"DIANA OR CHRIST."

Dramatis Personæ

Aegisthus, Prefect of Ephesus. Frances Daniells
Virgilia, Wife of Aegisthus.... Edna McGuire

Electra, Daughter of Aegisthus.....

..... Elizabeth MacSloy
Atho, Son of Aegisthus Edna Tracy
Patroclus, Friend of Electra. Elizabeth Robinson
High Priest of Diana Kathleen Sullivan
Court Envoy..... Gladys Wilkins
Herald Phyllis McIntyre
Sempronius Kathleen O'Brien
Mercutio Rita Tracy
Greek Chorus of Virgins, Guards, Attendants,
Etc., Etc.

SCENE I.

Virgilia, a noble Roman lady, wife of Aegisthus, Prefect of Ephesus, worshipper of Diana, recounts to her daughter, Electra, the sad tale of her own apostasy, and her consequent flight to Epirus, to save her child from a similar fate.

Pleadingly she asks: "Electra, will you be Christ's? His in the hour of strife, if strife should come? His if earth woos you, if love's clinging hands, unclasping yours from Christ, teach you their love's soft power? Electra, THEN will you be Christ's?"

Electra answers: "For ever, mother."

PIANO SOLO—"Liebsträume," No. 2..... *Liszt*
Rita Tracy

SCENE II.

Aegisthus, his son Atho, his friend Patroclus.

Aegisthus informs his son, a Pagan, that he is chosen by the Emperor of Rome to lead a valiant legion into Germany to quell an insurrection, and at the same time reveals to him the secret of the Roman blood which the youth feels in his veins. "Your mother was a Roman. She was a Christian, too—the fairest, sweetest flower that e'er blest Grecian home."

Atho asks: "Where is she now?"

Aegisthus replies: "I cannot tell. All traces of her and Electra are gone. Hence my years of loneliness."

Aegisthus exacts from his son the oath which he, fired with revenge, on the morning of his desolation, had taken—never to shield or spare a Christian's life unless that Christian laid a visible pledge of homage on Diana's shrine.

Atho reads the oath and departs.

After the war is gloriously over, a courier comes from Ephesus, bearing a message to Atho



GRADUATES OF 1908, LORETTO CONVENT, MOUNT ST. MARY, HAMILTON.

EDNA MC GUIRE

EDNA TRACY

GLADYS WILKINS

HILDA MURRAY

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

RITA TRACY

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

FRANCES DANIELLS

to rejoin his father there, in order that both might repair to Rome together. Passing through a wood, Atho is wounded, and is brought by his two friends, Sempronius and Mercutio, to the house of Virgilia, whom they ask to shelter him for the night. After a short conversation, Virgilia discovers that he is her son, and dies, "like one grown strong with gazing on the silent close of human hopes and fears."

SEMI-CHORUS—"I Saw from the Beach"...
Orchestral Accompaniment

SCENE III.

Hall of Justice in Ephesus. Aegisthus, High Priest, Herald, Electra, Alcida, her friend, Messenger, &c.

Electra is brought before the Prefect, her father, for refusing to sacrifice to Diana. She is reminded by the High Priest that her mother "stood before this altar once, took the censer, and offered fragrant homage."

In vain does the Prefect threaten, in vain does her brother entreat, Electra calls on her mother to witness from heaven that her child "is not Diana's, she is Christ's." Aegisthus orders the guard to seize her. She is led to the western hill and beheaded.

The High Priest then proclaims: "Let the festival rites give place to mourning, for Diana's sway departs from Ephesus. The oracle has writ:

"When, in the hour of death, a victory
Is given to virgin innocence, that day
Diana's reign is ended, and the Christ,
The Nazarene, hath conquered."

"TWELVE, SANG THE CLOCK"—Orchestral
Accompaniment Lloyd
Senior Choral Class

Distribution of Honor Medals.

PIANO SOLO—"Rustle of Spring".....Sinding
Frances Daniells

Ave Maria Loreto—Orchestral Accompaniment

Politeness has been defined as—love in trifles. Courtesy is said to be love in little things. And the secret of politeness is to love. Love cannot behave itself unseemly.

Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises of Loretto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

Graduating Honors conferred, at the completion of their Academic Course, on Miss Frances Daniells, Hamilton, Ont.; Miss Edna McGuire, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Hilda Murray, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Kathleen O'Brien, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Elizabeth Robinson, Kenora, Ont.; Miss Edna Tracy, Hamilton, Ont.; Miss Rita Tracy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; and Miss Gladys Wilkins, Norwood, Ont.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., obtained by Miss Edna Tracy. Honorable Mention, Miss Mary Gordon and Patricia Doyle.

Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Kathleen O'Brien.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Edna McGuire.

Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean; obtained by Miss Elizabeth Robinson. First-class Honors, Miss Edna McGuire.

Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, presented by Reverend R. Brady, obtained by Miss Clara Doyle.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Col. J. M. Gibson, K. C., obtained by Miss C. Doyle.

The Thurston Gold Medal for English Prose Composition, obtained by Miss Kathleen O'Brien.

Junior Teachers' Certificates from Education Department, Ontario; and Matriculation Standing, Toronto University—Miss Helen Coughlan, Frances Daniells, Camilla Kavanagh and Gladys Wilkins.

Certificates for passing High School Entrance Examination—Miss Patricia Doyle, Florence Filgiano, Pearl Gentle, Angela Halloran, and Georgiana Watson.

Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, presented by Mrs. Mount, Montreal, obtained by Miss Margaret Gordon. Honorable mention, Miss Jean Michael.

Silver Medal in Loretto Literary Circle, obtained by Miss Kathleen O'Brien.

Silver Medal for Music, Toronto University, Junior Grade—Honors—obtained by Miss Phyllis Leatherdale.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Sixth Class, obtained by Miss Blanche Goodrow. Honorable mention, Miss Mary Gordon.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Fifth Class, obtained by Miss Josephine McCabe. Honorable Mention, Miss Angela Halloran.

Silver Medal for proficiency in Fourth Class, obtained by Miss Lorraine Tewksbury.

First Prize for Christian Doctrine, Senior Department, obtained by Miss Mary Gordon.

First Prize for Catechism in Third Class, obtained by Miss Zita Goodrow.

Prize for Vocal Music, merited by Miss Frances Daniells, Elizabeth MacSloy, and Rita Sheedy, obtained by Miss F. Daniells.

Prize for Music—Primary Grade—merited by Miss Irene Carroll, Margaret Gordon, and Cora Patrick, obtained by Miss Irene Carroll.

First Prize in Art Department, obtained by Miss Gladys Wilkins.

Prize for Water Color Painting, obtained by Miss Olive Taylor.

Prize for Elocution, merited by Miss Frances Daniells and Elizabeth MacSloy, obtained by Miss MacSloy.

First Prize for French—Matriculation—obtained by Miss F. Daniells.

First Prize for German—Matriculation—obtained by Miss G. Wilkins.

Prize for French in Third Class, obtained by Miss Aubrey Casey.

Prize for French in Second Class, obtained by Miss Angela Halloran.

Prize for French in First Class, obtained by Miss E. Curtis.

Prize for Needlework, obtained by Miss Inez Tracy. Honorable mention—Miss R. Sheedy, J. Byrne, G. Boyce, and A. Casey.

Prize for Penmanship, in Fourth Class, obtained by Miss Jean Michael.

Prize for Penmanship, in Third Class, obtained by Miss L. Holloran.

Prize for Regular Attendance, obtained by Miss J. McCabe.

First Prize in Third Class English, obtained by Miss Cora Patrick.

Special Prizes in China Painting Department, obtained by Miss Carroll and Miss Hunt.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

An excursion to Algeciras was one of our most delightful outings. We were chaperoned by a lady, a friend of the Superior, and enjoyed every moment that we spent in this picturesque town. As you are aware, Algeciras was the first town in Spain taken by the Moors, in whose possession it remained seven centuries, until it was retaken by Alfonso XI.

Yesterday afternoon, His Excellency the Governor again evinced his affection for children by entertaining a large number of them at a Fancy-Dress Party at the Convent—Government House, which was once a Franciscan Convent, and still retains the name. At four o'clock, crowds of happy children wended their way to the Convent and, judging from the number of people gathered around the porch, the event was of great interest to Gibraltar at large. As the children alighted from their conveyances, cries of delight hailed each little lad and lassie, as he or she entered the building. The guests were received by His Excellency and Mrs. Leach, and were soon regaling themselves at tea in the large supper room on the ground floor. After this, a procession was formed and the children marched around the ball-room—the tout ensemble of many-colored costumes and happy, excited faces, made one of the prettiest spectacles it has ever been my lot to witness. The variety and beauty of design, together with the skilful blending of color in the fancy costumes, spoke well for the artistic taste of all concerned. Here were Moors perfectly apparelled, Spanish and French soldiers in costumes complete in every detail, a galaxy of pretty little Japanese maidens, gay Follies, beautiful representatives of Erin, Valencian, Danish, and Italian peasants in characteristic garb, glittering fairies, exquisitely-dainty little Columbines, Marguerites, Roses, and Forget-me-nots. A gallant Cavalier, an Exquisite in white Empire Court dress, youthful members of the Calpe Hunt, perfectly turned out, a dainty little French Marquise of the fourteenth century, the Empress Josephine, a Sporting Squire of a century ago, in beaver hat and hunting kit, and Jesters in scarlet, in blue and white, and in scarlet and yellow. A pretty little group of Queens of Hearts, Bo-Peeps, Cherry Ripe, Bubbles, an enchanting tiny maiden

attired as Boy Blue, and one diminutive "Nigger," who became less black as the evening wore on, owing to the curiosity of many little fingers seeking to know if the black was permanent, amidst anxious inquiries: "Will he ever get white again?" Amongst the most perfect costumes, were a Toreador, a Brahmin, and a Physician in frock coat and topper, who played the part to perfection.

Soon all were engaged in games suitable to the occasion, in the giddy maze of the Swedish dance, or footing it merrily to the strains of the polka.

The scene was honored by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, the Duke of Fife, and the Princesses Alexandra and Maud.

During a pause in the games, the children again formed in procession, and the stage curtain was raised, disclosing to view a beautiful Japanese house and scene with three Japanese ladies. Each child, as it approached the Japanese house, was presented with toys.

Dances and games were resumed with unflagging energy, and so the time slipped by until the National Anthem brought to a close one of the most delightful children's parties ever held within the Convent walls.

Loreto was represented by the Misses Rodriguez, the Misses Leggett, the Misses Imossi, Miss P. Smith, Miss May Black, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Cooper, Miss Baca, Miss Lane, Miss Horrocks, Miss Ferrary, Miss Buckle, Miss Neville, Miss Cheverton-Smith, Miss Howell-Jones, Miss Dowding, Miss C. Mosley, Miss Cressingham, Miss K. Wholley, Miss Baggetto, and Masters Imossi, Master Vivian Hill, Master J. Jeffery, Master Bradshaw, Masters Woolley, and Masters Howell.

The arrival of the RAINBOW was hailed with delight by the literary portion of the school. The editor and staff are to be congratulated on the very interesting articles which it contains.

To-day the Princess Royal, the Duke of Fife, and the Princess visited the Convent of the Sisters of the Poor. We had a good view of them from our playground, and they seemed to take great interest in us, as they stopped and looked on for some time at our games. The Princess Royal gave each of the old people a colored silk handkerchief, which they waved delightedly from the balcony.

Our Museum is growing rapidly: The latest additions are: Moorish slippers, collarette and coins, cameos of lava from Italy, and an entire Kaffir costume!

The terrible news of the assassination of the King of Portugal and his eldest son made a deep and painful impression on all here. Some of the pupils resided, at one time, in Lisbon, and saw the Royal Family very often. I was there three times, and at Cintra—which is three hours from Lisbon—for a fortnight. The Royal Family have a lovely palace on the top of the highest mountain there, which can be seen by the ships passing by the Atlantic. The older girls remember the Queen of Portugal and her two sons when they visited Gibraltar, some years ago. Who would have thought, on looking at the young Crown Prince, then a handsome boy of about seventeen, that he should have such an early and tragic death?

To-day we said farewell to Colonel Dunne, Mrs. Dunne and Magdalen. They have been here for some years, and are now going to Italy. By special permission, they have attended daily Mass in our chapel, where it edified us schoolgirls very much to see Colonel Dunne saying his rosary devoutly every day. He presided, last year, at the Examinations of the College of Preceptors, held in the convent, and we remember with gratitude, the interest he took in us. Magdalen is a former pupil of the Bar Convent, York.

The seventeenth of March, the Feast of the Patron of Ireland, was celebrated by our having a half-holiday and a soir e.

The principal numbers on the programme at this entertainment, were Tableaux from Irish History and vocal renderings of Moore's Melodies.

On the twenty-third, the results of the Examinations of the R. A. Music, London, were received with great delight. All the pupils who entered for the practical examination, passed, and several obtained Honors. Lourdes Ferrary passed in the Local Centre Advanced Grade, and I obtained Honors in the Intermediate Grade.

Those who had been successful went down to Government House to receive the Certificates, which were distributed by His Excellency Sir Frederick F. Forestier-Walker, the Governor of Gibraltar. We had a very pleasant time there.

I took part in the Concert, and received my Certificate.

In June we shall have the College of Preceptors' Examinations. I am going in for them.

On the sixth of May, the Drill Competition, which is our Annual Fête, took place. *The Gibraltar Chronicle and Official Gazette* gave the following report of it:

Yesterday, the Loreto Convent, Europa, was en fête, on the occasion of the Annual Physical Drill Competition. It was a brilliant success from start to finish. The handsome Study Hall was wreathed with a profusion of lovely boules de neige roses, arum lilies and ivy, and the pleasure-ground was tastefully decorated with flags of all nations.

His Excellency the Governor, with his usual kindness, presided and distributed the medals and distinctions.

The programme this year introduced a novelty, in the form of several Swedish Drill exercises.

These were very interesting. Varied, graceful, and useful, they combined the exercise of all the muscles with a pretty display of the poetry of movement.

The other items in this year's competition were, if anything, more keenly contested than usual. The Juniors showed that they could not allow the Senior Classes to beat them in vigor or exactness, as was evidenced by the free gymnastics and scarf teams. There was only one drawback to all, namely, that the display ended all too soon.

The programme of events and honors conferred were as follows:

Clubs.—1st., Medal, Miss Rodriguez; 2nd., Distinction, Miss Cyrene Novella.

Figure Marching.—1st., Miss Rodriguez and Miss C. Novella, disqualified, having received medals in previous years; 2nd., Medal, Miss Pilar Armero; 3rd., Distinction, Miss Novella.

Swedish Drill.—1st., Medal, Miss Cyrene Novella; 2nd., Distinction, Miss I. Dotto.

Dumb-bells.—1st., Medal, Miss Isabel Dotto; 2nd., Distinction, Miss Lennie Baca; 3rd., Highly Commended, Miss Isabel Peña.

Scarf Team.—1st., Medal, Miss Mary Rose Sagrario; 2nd., Distinction, Miss Adela Russo.

The Junior Class gave an exhibition of free gymnastics and marching and jumping.

After the distribution of medals, His Excellency expressed his pleasure at all he had witnessed. He dwelt on the advantages the pupils derive from the Physical Drill, as well as on the proficiency attained by them in music and the many other subjects that go to complete their education. In each of these branches the Loreto Convent holds a high record, and has done so for the past sixty years.

His Excellency praised Sergt.-Instructor Bisle for his skilful training. He is a very successful Instructor as the execution of yesterday's exercises showed. Captain Curtis kindly acted as umpire.

Among the guests we noticed: The Right Rev. G. Barbieri, V. A., Mrs. Burleigh-Leach, Dr. and Mrs. Baca, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Berryman, Mrs. Brancker, Mrs. Bellamy, Miss Cadell, Mrs. Cardew, Monsignor Chincota, Mr. A. Corsi, Captain and Mrs. Curtis, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dowding, Mr. and Mrs. L. Dotto, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrary, Mr. and Mrs. Frere, Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Howell-Jones, Mrs. H. Imossi, Mrs. V. Imossi, Mrs. Isola, Engr. Lieut and Mrs. Jeffery, Major and Mrs. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. E. Larios, Rev. L. J. Mathews, C. F., Mrs. and Misses Mosley, Mrs. Morrison, Rev. J. O'Reilly, C. R. N., Miss Recano, Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mrs. Sagrario, Mrs. Tuke, and many other friends of the convent.

The guests then partook of tea, which was dispensed at small tables placed here and there in the pleasure-ground; and a very enjoyable hour was passed, during which a notable display of the pupils' needlework was inspected. Several handsome pieces of embroidery in chenille, broderie peinte, ribbon-work, embroidery on silk, on canvas, on muslin, and on other foundations of lovely designs, were admired, the harmonizing of colors in these was so correct that the tout ensemble was charming.

To-day, May twenty-second, M. M. Assumpta and M. M. Ignatius leave for Seville, to be present at M. M. Stanislaus' Jubilee. From St. Francis Xavier's, M. M. Joseph Anne and another Religious will go. It will be a unique celebration, with four Spanish Superiors and two from Gibraltar present at the first Loreto Jubilee in Spain.

CLEMENCIA NOVELLA.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

ANY important items of interest were too late for the Easter School Chronicle, prominent among them were the very able lecture, with stereopticon views, by Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., on Yellowstone Park, which proved a veritable treat. The visit of His Lordship Bishop Colton of Buffalo, was another important event that was unchronicled. We were quite honored in receiving, for the second time this year, a visit from this great dignitary. His Lordship, on this occasion, was accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Bingham, and her husband, from Philadelphia, Pa. The same day brought another welcome visitor, in the person of the Reverend James Gillis, C. S. P., who has been transferred to the House of Studies in Washington, D. C., and now holds the very important office of Master of Novices.

May first—May-day looked on us in rather a chilly manner, and Our Lady's month opened with a snow storm which, even in cold Canada, is most unusual at this season. The "May Bands" have been formed under the patronage of Our Lady of Loreto and Our Lady of Victory, respectively, the leaders being Anna Staley and Iona McLaughlin. In the evening, the first of the magnificent series of Mr. Griffith's Readings was given. The drama selected was "Hamlet," which was greeted with the enthusiastic applause it so justly merited. At seven o'clock, that same evening, it was our happy privilege to listen to this renowned artist's reading of "King Lear." The Reverend W. J. Churchill, C. M., and Reverend A. F. Dawson, C. M., of Niagara University, were present at this last-named play, and expressed themselves as being highly pleased.

The following day, we were entertained with an original talk on Literature, and a programme of miscellaneous readings from such plays as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Othello," etc., which was followed, a few hours after, by that magnificent historical tragedy, Richard III. In it, Mr. Griffith portrayed to the life the cunning treachery, base perfidy, and cruel tyranny of the last Plantagenet. Rev. J. Corcoran, C. M., and Reverend

J. Carman, C. M., honored the occasion by their presence.

An audible smile went around the next morning when it was announced that the play selected was "The Taming of the Shrew," and our risible faculties were thoroughly aroused by the clever recitation of this immortal comedy.

A few scenes from Henry V., and our literary symposium was at an end. We cannot refrain from quoting the tribute paid to Mr. Griffith by the Chicago Shakespeare Club: "Mr. Griffith holds that it is the reader's art to illumine literature: to popularize what is good in modern writing, and to revive the priceless treasures of the classics. Only a few of Shakespeare's plays are presented on the stage, but the reader makes it possible for us to realize, dramatically, all of his mighty literary creations.

Mr. Griffith's artistic renditions are based upon careful and original literary interpretations. He is the only reader in the world who reads, every season, all of Shakespeare's plays, in public. This worthy undertaking is both unique and prodigious. These plays are so abbreviated that nothing offensive to modern taste remains, and yet, so artistically effected that no word is changed, no line corrupted, leaving the performance surrounded by pure Shakespearean atmosphere. Mr. Griffith insists that true art is its own best interpretation, and, therefore, substitutes suggestive expression for the usual pedantic explanations. He reads with great intelligence, colors his rôles with fine emotional shading, and distinguishes them with delicate yet distinctive suggestions of character. He possesses a marvellously flexible voice; an expressive face, strong personal magnetism, and unbounded sympathy, which humanizes all he reads. The distinctive characteristic of his reading is a noble aim to present those great life pictures in such a way as to show the logic of events and the results of action, for the purpose of broadening the mind and ennobling human conduct."

May tenth—The annual Retreat was given by Reverend John Burke, C. S. P., editor of the *Catholic World*, New York. After the usual touching farewells, the first conference was held at 7 p. m., Sunday. Then came three days given entirely to God and ourselves. In his opening conference, Father Burke said that we were to

have nothing awful, but everything was to be bright and beautiful and happy—and so it was.

Thursday morning, after Mass, the retreat closed with the Papal Benediction, followed by the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Father Burke was accompanied by Reverend John Hughes, C. S. P. They left the convent Friday afternoon, to give the Retreat at Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

May sixteenth—The second holiday granted by the Cardinal.

This morning, our much-esteemed friend, Reverend M. Rosa, C. M., sent word that he would take the graduates and under-graduates to Niagara Glen. Of course, there followed much excitement and hurry. Strange to say, every one—and which is marvelous, even Florilla—was ready on time.

After a delightful ride of about an hour, the conductor called out, "All off for Niagara Glen."

Descending the steps to the Rapids, we had a glorious view of those turbulent waters, dashing so madly against the rocks—it makes one feel how little we are, after all. Many pictures were taken, and Hazel—our hair-breadth-escape heroine—while posing for a snapshot, was stranded on a rock and was obliged to wait until the waters receded before she could land in safety.

The glen was at its loveliest. Flowers were in profusion, and very beautiful bouquets were gathered, to be afterwards presented to the object of our heart's devotion.

On our return, we stopped at Niagara Falls and indulged in a refreshing ice-cream soda. To announce our arrival at the convent, we made as much noise as possible by throwing torpedoes, and laughing. Thus ended a most enjoyable afternoon. We were glad to return and rest—and, incidentally, to change our shoes.

Father Rosa has, indeed, been most kind to the girls, and we cannot find words suitable to express our thanks and appreciation.

May seventeenth—Owing to the absence of our chaplain, Reverend S. Quigley, O. C. C., who is, at present, giving a mission at Hoboken, N. J., Reverend G. Eckhardt, C. M., said Mass in the convent chapel and gave a very instructive sermon on the Gospel of the day.

May twenty-third—The great Baseball Match came off at last. After due deliberation of about

three seconds, the classic names selected were "Rabbits" vs. "June Bugs." The game was closely contested, lasting about two hours and a half. Like the fable of the race between Br'er Rabbit and the Turtle, the "Rabbits" were defeated. The "June Bugs," however, owe their dearly-bought victory to the valuable assistance rendered by a diminutive (?) New Yorker—who shall be nameless—and not to any drowsiness on the part of the "Rabbits."

Promptly at 2.30, the game started with the "June Bugs" at the bat. Pitcher Merle was at her best and Fieldman Dolan did excellent work. First baseman Elliott was excited first, but soon settled down to steady work. Cpts. Webb and McLaughlin were amiable throughout the game, and our New York friend rivalled the original "Casey" at the bat, even though there was a narrow escape from strangulation by stepping on her (?) petticoats. Umpire Ridout was mobbed by players and spectators, and the score has not been definitely settled yet. It may appear in the next edition.

May twenty-ninth—The following delightful Recital was given in the school hall this afternoon. The violin Sonata, op. 8, by the late composer, Grieg, is the one that was so much admired by Liszt. Mrs. Harry Burns responded to the warm applause with a beautiful encore. "Salut d'Amour" was much appreciated by the University students, several of whom have it among their numbers.

Mrs. Harry T. Burns, soprano.

Miss Eveleen Burns, violin.

Mr. H. Collier Grounds, piano.

1. Spring Song *Del Riego*
SOPRANO.
2. Sonata, op. 8 *Grieg*
Allegro con brio
Allegretto quasi andantino.
Allegro molte vivace.
PIANO AND VIOLIN.
3. (a) The Night Has a Thousand Eyes.
..... *Metcalf*
(b) My Shadow *Hadley*
(c) I Know Not Why *Bingham*
SOPRANO.

4. Sonata "Pastoral," op. 28.....*Beethoven*
 Allegro.
 Andante.
 Scherzo.
 Rondo.

PIANO.

5. Ave Maria*Bach-Gounod*
 SOPRANO AND VIOLIN.
6. (a) Salut d'Amour*Elgar*
 (b) Sérénité *Vieuxtemps*
 (c) Humoreske *Dvorak*

VIOLIN.

May thirtieth—To-day, in the midst of a pouring rain, the two shorthand examiners from Buffalo arrived. There were three tests, the highest, 120 words a minute. Each member of the class passed very creditably, none getting less than 90 per cent. The examiners complimented the future stenographers on their work which was, indeed, splendid.

May thirty-first—Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the procession in honor of the end of May had to be held indoors. The first hymn was sung in the school, and the Litany of Loreto was chanted during the procession through the corridors to the chapel. After the Act of Consecration, the Leader of "Our Lady of Victory" May Band crowned the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The devotions closed with the beautiful hymn, "Farewell to May."

FLORILLA WEBB.

June fifth—Again we have been honored by a visit from dignitaries of the Church. Archbishop Howley of St. Johns, Newfoundland, and his secretary, Monsignor Riordan, visited the Convent en route to Quebec for the Tercentenary. His Grace is an author, and has promised to present the library with a volume of his poems. Monsignor Riordan favored us with a piano selection of old airs, and a violin solo. After expressing his delight with the Falls, the ideal location of the convent, and with the convent itself, the Archbishop gave his blessing and departed.

June seventh—Pentecost! Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel by Reverend A. Smits, O. C. C. Special music was prepared, prominent among which was Reverend A. Kreidt's hymn to the Sacred Heart, dedicated to Loretto Con-

vent, Niagara Falls. At nine o'clock, all repaired to the chapel, where, after a prayer and hymn, the gifts and fruits of the Holy Ghost were drawn. In the evening, Benediction was given by Reverend A. Murphy, O. C. C.

June eighth—Mr. Climaco Losada, Minister of War, Bogota, Colombia, accompanied by General Carlos M. Sarria, Consul General in New York City, came to the convent to visit his daughters, Marie and Ester, and his sister, Pachita, who are studying English here. Early in the morning, Mr. Losada's little son, Quinilo, and his chum, Eddie Espinosa, walked from the Clifton Hotel to the Academy, so anxious were they to see the Misses Losada. They breakfasted with the young ladies and had quite a pleasant little visit. Mr. Losada had just returned from France, on his way to Bogota. Through our friends from South America, we have become infatuated with the game "Diabolo"

June eleventh—Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, who has been officiating at the ordinations at Niagara University, made a short call. His Lordship was accompanied by Very Reverend P. Conroy, President of Seminary of Our Lady of Angels; Reverend J. Bermingham, pastor of the Holy Rosary Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; and Mayor Douglas of the same city, who kindly placed his automobile at the disposal of the distinguished guest. The pupils gave an informal reception, and after singing their school song, the Bishop expressed his appreciation, praised the work done here, then gave his blessing and departed.

June twelfth—University Musical Examinations—Great excitement throughout the Primary, Junior, and Senior Classes. Mr. Hewlett of Hamilton—one of the best-known musicians of Canada—was appointed examiner for this year. It must have been a terrible ordeal to the poor gentleman to be obliged to listen to all the scales, chords, arpeggios, octaves, etc., etc., of the different grades. Eight pupils came from Jamestown to try the examinations. They were accompanied by their faithful teacher, S. M. Cecilia. There were three candidates from Port Colborne, who came with their teacher, Mrs. Noble—a former graduate of this house, known best to the older pupils as Julia Tupper. The results of the examinations are not yet known.

June thirteenth—After the rehearsal this afternoon, Miss Julia Wechter gave a short elocution recital:

1. A Day *Dickenson*
2. Columbus *Joaquin Miller*
3. The Overworked Elocutionist.....
..... *Carolyn Wells*
4. The Triumph of Failure..... *W. W. Story*
5. High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire
..... *Jean Ingelow*

We close our school chronicle with a notice of another distinguished visitor, His Grace Archbishop McCarthy of Halifax, who was accompanied by his secretary, Reverend F. Hamilton, and Reverend F. Rohleder, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Toronto, and classmate of the eminent dignitary.

As all the pupils had wended their way homewards, with the exception of seven or eight, there were no song-birds in evidence.

It is our earnest hope that we may all meet His Grace some time during the scholastic year.

ANNA STALEY.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

AN unchronicled—though most enjoyable—outing was our visit to Father Brady, which took place after we had gone to press for the April number of the RAINBOW.

At the very announcement, delightful anticipation was depicted on every face, for were we not to be the guests of the genial, cheery Pastor of St. Lawrence's, whose old-time hospitality, enhanced by the warmest of welcomes, is one of the pleasant recollections of every Loretto pupil of the Mount.

A most accommodating trolley brought us, in less than a half an hour, to the church, within whose portals we were soon among the worshippers who had come to assist at the devotion of the Forty Hours, then in progress.

Can you picture the transformation effected in the erstwhile peaceful abode of the good Father by this gleeful invasion of a band of care-free schoolgirls, buoyant with youth and happiness? After a pleasant chat in the drawing-room, Father Brady graciously offered to show us through

the house. The invitation was readily accepted, and, by degrees, we reached the top-floor, temptingly surmounted by a cupola, which affords an unequalled panoramic view of the "ambitious little city." Accordingly, the day being fine—and our curiosity very much on the alert—we availed ourselves of the opportunity for sight-seeing—to the utter discomfiture and anxiety of our host, who had unwittingly placed the coveted height within our reach, and was, in consequence, now suffering the pangs of self-reproach, judging from his look of bewilderment, tinged with latent apprehension. The turret is somewhat higher than the near-lying roof, and the distance from the pavement below, some hundred feet. Imagination thrilled at the possibilities, the situation was delicious, there was an element of the unusual in it, and our spirits soared to the skies, whilst a chorus of surprised exclamations rose at sight of the fair waters of the bay, the wooded heights beyond—the very atmosphere seemed charged with an indefinable, but recognizable, quality that was a positive exhilaration.

Finally—and reluctantly—we heeded the earnest solicitations of Father Brady, and descended to enjoy the delicious luncheon which his forethought and knowledge of schoolgirls' appreciation of dainties had prepared for us. Soon after, Reverend J. O'Reilly, C. SS. R., Toronto; and Reverend E. Walsh, St. Patrick's, Hamilton; joined our circle and added not a little to the pleasure of the hour.

Most assuredly, when the moment for leave-taking came, we were sorry, but we brought away with us a memory which will always linger among the most cherished of the closing days of our school life.

Another unchronicled event was "An Evening with Dickens," charmingly given by Mrs. Sydney Dunne, a well-known figure in the world of elocution. Mrs. Dunne's appearance on a Loretto platform never fails to elicit unbounded enthusiasm from her youthful admirers, who regard this gifted artist's recitals as genuine intellectual treats.

The programme, on this occasion, was entirely removed from the stereotyped kind, and the ability and consummate skill with which the various characters were portrayed so captivated the appreciative audience that the verdict was—unique, delightful, and thoroughly enjoyable.

The loyalty and affectionate remembrance, on the part of Florilla Webb and Margaret Burchill, which prompted a run to Hamilton to visit their friends at the Mount, before resuming studies at Loretto, Niagara Falls, were amply repaid by the warmth and cordiality of the welcome which greeted them on their arrival. But this was only the beginning of the day's enjoyment for visitors and visited. The double attraction that had proved irresistible, gave Florilla and Margaret a "perfectly lovely time." All too soon the happy hours of reunion fled, but our adieux were fraught with mutual good wishes for brilliant success at the approaching Commencements.

Still another unchronicled April event was the marriage of a dear alumna of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls—Margaret Hennessey—of which the *Lynn Daily Evening Item* says: "At the Rectory of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., Miss Margaret Helen Hennessey, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Hennessey, was united in marriage to Lieut. John Allen Murray, one of the best-known of the younger business men of Toronto.

In accordance with the wishes of the bride, who is a young woman of a quiet and retiring disposition, no elaborate accompaniment attended her wedding, and the ceremony, which was performed by Right Reverend Mgr. Arthur J. Teeling, D. D., P. R., was attended only by the immediate families of the young couple.

Miss Hennessey was becomingly attired in a handsome, though simple, gown of white princess satin, trimmed with duchesse and old lace, and she carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Her sister, Miss Mae Hennessey, the bridesmaid, wore a beautiful gown of pink satin, and carried a bouquet of rosebuds.

Following the ceremony, the bridal party were driven to the home of Capt. Hennessey, which was simply, but effectively, decorated with a profusion of greenery and flowers, and the felicitations of the members of both families were showered upon Lieut. Murray and his bride."

May-day, with its sunshine, its flowers, and its promise of fair skies and balmy weather, is again ours! With a most unseemly tardiness winter had lingered in the lap of spring, but to-day, the rich riot of color in hyacinths, tulips, daffodils, jonquils, and the like, bears unmistakable evidence to its departure, and we long to seek the

woods and fields, to live out underneath the blue sky, to drink in the fragrance of the blossoms—to go a-Maying!

But there is a still greater, higher, cause for jubilation than the charms with which Nature decks the earth at this season. Not only by the advent of the lovely month of May is summer assured, but the praises of our Blessed Mother are sung with redoubled ardor by her children, and heaven seems nearer to us as we are devoted to its Queen.

To-day, our Honor Rolls of Mary's Children are inscribed with names, which we trust the angels are guarding, and the "Bands" of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and Our Lady of Loretto, are under the leadership of Elizabeth MacSloy and myself, respectively.

May second—The privilege and joy of a three days' visit to the Abbey for Elizabeth MacSloy, Elizabeth Robinson, Frances Daniells, and Kathleen O'Brien, to attend a series of Shakespearean Recitals, given by Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, America's greatest reader of Shakespeare.

Mr. Griffith's repertory includes thirty-six plays, which he has read in many of the great educational institutions in America. Of him it has truly been said: "The vocation of Mr. Griffith's art does not end with extending an appreciation and love of Shakespeare. Mr. Griffith is an educator. He is uplifting the taste of the people in literature and art. He is proving that the reader's art is something more than that of entertaining. It would seem, after hearing him, that the most potent art in the education of the mind is the cultivation of the heart."

Notwithstanding the rare literary treat and intellectual enjoyment thereby afforded, the pleasure of our sojourn in Toronto was divided—the Abbey and its delightful hospitality claiming a large share. Indeed, seldom did a group of convent girls experience such sweet courtesy and delicate attention as were accorded to us by beloved Reverend Mother—who possesses in the fullest sense of the word what the French so aptly term "courtoisie de coeur"—the Religious and pupils.

In the annals of the school-days that, regretfully, are numbered for some of those who composed the aforesaid party, this visit is recorded as a memory of the heart.

May fourth—Away from the world of books to the quiet, blissful seclusion of Retreat, with Reverend J. O'Reilly, C. SS. R., for our master!

In clear, simple, comprehensive words, this zealous son of St. Alphonsus Liguori, endowed with a grace which charms and a force that brings conviction, exhorted us to think of God, and of God and His eternal truths only, during these priceless days of silence and solitude, when the obstacles that so frequently make the "still, small voice" inaudible are happily removed. The downcast eyes, recollected mien, and edifying bearing of the students, bore witness to the fruit of his impressive words.

Eminently suitable were Father O'Reilly's Conferences on character-building—into which enter, notably, faith, industry, simplicity, and modesty—the beauty and value of the human soul, the joys of a Christian life, a foretaste of the eternal bliss of heaven.

We trust that the spiritual advantages derived from these days of prayerful rest and meditation, may be visible in the future exemplary lives of all those whose happiness it was to attend the very helpful and instructive exercises.

May ninth—What a glad surprise to see dear Bernice Golden to-day!—the same sweet Bernice who won all hearts in her convent days!—charming and simple as of yore!—in her hands a volume of Right Reverend J. L. Spalding's incomparable works—as travelling companion! How well the choice spoke for her convent training!

During an all-too-brief afternoon, bygone days, in the discussion of old school friends, were reviewed, and memories long dormant, awakened. Next morning, Bernice had the happiness of assisting at the Mass, celebrated by Reverend W. Stanton, S. J., Montreal, and of hearing his brief, but most impressive, address to the pupils.

With a heartfelt Godspeed from the lips of her friends, and all good wishes for the realization of her brightest hopes, the dear girl left us, that well-remembered morning.

May tenth—Father Stanton's short stay in the city was a source of deep regret to his friends, who had hoped to hear him recount his experiences and travels, especially in Jamaica, where he happened to be during the late disastrous earthquake in that distant isle.

However, previous arrangements and most lamentable ill-health doomed us to disappointment, still we continue to hope that it will not be long before Father Stanton passes through Hamilton again, in the enjoyment of perfect health.

May fifteenth—The pupils attended the second of a series of illustrated lectures, given in the hall of St. Joseph's Church, by Prof. Robert Turner, of Boston, Mass. The subject was *Ben Hur*. Many colored dissolving views of the Holy Land, its homes and streets, incidents in the life of the hero of the story, the miracles worked by our Lord, etc., added to the interest of this masterpiece of word-painting.

May sixteenth—A letter from a former Abbey pupil, now resident in São Paulo, Brazil, containing many interesting descriptions of her beautiful new home and its surroundings.

Dora writes in glowing terms of Rio de Janeiro, where she spent five days, and describes its harbor as the most beautiful, secure, and spacious in the world—"in fact, there is only one other to compare with it—Sydney Harbor, Australia. The view, presented at night, of the mountains that girdle its blue waters, with lights like stars all the way up, is simply grand. The Botanical Gardens in Rio are among the wonders of the world. You can form no conception of their beauty.

The Aveinda Central in Rio, eight miles long, is most wonderful—palms two by two, immense trees, every four yards apart, the whole way along.

Santos is quite picturesque, and its vicinity and suburbs are beautiful. Of course, you know that it is the greatest coffee port in the world.

São Paulo is a pretty city, situated like a valley between mountains. Our house is on a great hill, from which we can see the whole city."

May nineteenth—The honor of a visit from Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto. It was meet that this Loretto should be the first to be gladdened by the presence of His Grace, for it was at one time the object of his special care, and its inmates remember very gratefully the spiritual ministrations and many kind services of Father McEvay, when Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral.

The pupils were presented, individually, to His Grace, and thus afforded an opportunity to offer

their congratulations on his recent elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto.

Next morning, His Grace celebrated Mass in the convent chapel, at which the Religious and students assisted, and received his blessing.

May twentieth—A garden-party. The shady trees and the smiling lawns are at all times during the warm weather an inviting place for repose when the hedges are starred with roses and the air is laden with the scent of new-mown grass and flowers, in the hush of a perfect afternoon. Combine this with daintily-appointed tables, at which smiling faces and cheerful voices lend animation to the scene, and you have a picture, which for loveliness and enjoyment could not be surpassed. Such a garden-party is not to be found in the annals of this house—nor maidens so deft in appropriating the palatable adornments of the pretty tables!

May thirty-first—With feelings closely akin to sadness we heard the refrain, "Farewell, sweet month, sweet month of flowers," float upon the still air, to-day. Winding our way, processionally, through the grounds, preceded by Kathleen O'Brien, the victorious leader of the "Band of Our Lady of Loreto," attended by flower girls and banner-bearers; in joyous strains came the invocations of the Litany of Loreto until we reached the chapel, where mine was the coveted honor—doubly-appreciated happiness, at the close of my school life—of crowning the statue of our Blessed Mother. The ceremony was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—a lingering look at the dear shrine, ornate with fragrant flowers and luminous with waxen lights—and May, with its sweet and love-inspiring devotions, was formally over.

June first—A visit from Reverend R. Brady, St. Lawrence's, City, accompanied by a friend from Ireland. We were, indeed, interested in Mr. Dawson's description of his travels, and pleased with his favorable opinion of America. Before leaving, Mr. Dawson took a photograph of us—as a souvenir, no doubt. We trust that the result may be worthy of the fair representatives of Canada and compare satisfactorily with the beauties of the Emerald Isle, so renowned in song and story.

June first—The earliest of the June bridals, and one of the most notable, was that of Miss

May Wheaton, of Toronto, who, on Monday, June the first, was married to Mr. Thomas Arthur Doherty—whose brother, Reverend George Doherty, performed the ceremony.

The scene was especially festive, the day ideal, and happy, indeed, was the bride that the sun shone on. That Miss Wheaton's many sterling qualities of mind and heart, and sweet amiability of disposition, had won her many friends, was evidenced by the crowded church, the warmth of the congratulations offered, and the numerous and costly presents.

And now you wish to know what the bride wore? A princess gown of Limerick lace over taffeta and chiffon, beautifully elaborated with seed pearls and raised roses of white satin. The long, graceful veil hung from a coronet of orange blossoms, and the shower bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley.

The bride was attended by her sisters, the Misses Olive and Nanc Wheaton, wearing respectively pale blue and pale corn color costumes, and hats of point d'esprit with ostrich plumes.

After the reception at the home of the bride's parents, the bridal party accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Doherty to the steamer, and sang a tuneful good-bye as the happy couple sailed away for a honeymoon in Washington, New York, Atlantic City, and Philadelphia.

June fourth—All aboard the *Modjeska* for the Queen City! Accompanying the glad advent of June, the prospect of a sail to Toronto loomed in the horizon, and soon merged into a delightful reality.

Everything combined to make the occasion one of rare enjoyment for the bevy of light-hearted maidens who, from the deck of the steamer, revelled in the varied aspects of the water, kaleidoscopic in its rapidity of changing combinations of color, and in the cool, refreshing breeze—for the day on land was a very warm one.

Arrived at our destination, we repaired to the time-honored Mecca of the Loretto world—the Abbey—where the most gracious hospitality awaited us—but there was a minor note of sadness in our joy for it was the last time, during the blissful period of school life that we could hope for such happiness.

The minims returned on the early boat, as they were to be the hostesses of their little friends of

the day-school at a party which was given in reward for their unique celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Apparition of Our Lady at Lourdes.

An hour before this five o'clock tea, the tiny guests began to arrive from the different parts of the city, in costumes befitting the occasion, and the charming grace with which they were received and entertained, added considerably to the very attractive scene.

June sixteenth—A marriage which had been looked forward to with interest by the *staff*—that of Miss Jeanette Powers to Mr. William Henry Herbert—took place this morning in St. Bernard's Church, Chicago.

Reverend B. P. Murray, who was the celebrant of the nuptial Mass, paid a glowing tribute to the purity of life of the bride—and incidentally, to her teachers—the Loretto Nuns—among whose first pupils in Chicago, was Jeanette.

May the future be as bright for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert as our best wishes would make it!

June eighteenth—The Feast of Corpus Christi. Phyllis McIntyre and Jeanette Halloran had the happiness of making their First Communion.

What a picture we were privileged to behold! Who can describe the beauty of a young face when innocence of soul is stamped upon its every lineament. Father Faber speaks of heaven as always like a First Communion Day—surely, earth is heaven when the Creator enters the heart of a little child.

Phyllis had the great pleasure of having her father, mother, and brother present; and Jeanette's aunt and sisters were also in the chapel.

June nineteenth—A visit from Reverend R. Brady, accompanied by his brother, Reverend P. J. Brady, of Montreal, whom we were delighted to welcome.

A very pleasant half hour was spent in the grounds with our reverend guests, and regrets that the time could not be prolonged were mutual.

June twentieth—The Sacrament of Confirmation administered in the convent chapel by Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., to Irene Carroll, Lucille Buchanan, Venita O'Connor, Phyllis McIntyre, and Jeanette Halloran.

The ceremony was most impressive, and His Lordship's inspiring words we shall never forget,

for his is the art of imparting instruction with the supernatural energy of a soul on fire with holy zeal and a desire to elevate and ennoble others.

Many a time during the scholastic year have we learned from His Lordship's lips to know the spiritual power of womanhood as we might otherwise never have known it; many a time has he emphasized the necessity of making our homes centres of spiritual refinement and intellectual strength when we enter a world which has, in great part, broken loose from the moorings of Faith; hence our desire to prove by fidelity to the lessons he has taught us that we have not been quite unworthy of the training we have received.

With His Lordship's parting blessing, we face the future unflinchingly, not as drifting helplessly on an out-going tide, but with calm confidence.

June twenty-second—A visit from Reverend T. O'Donnell, St. Mary's, Toronto.

It was the day before the Closing Exercises, and, as Father O'Donnell could not come for them, the next best thing was spending a very pleasant hour with him in the afternoon. Of course, we were at our best—attired in our Graduation costume, in which we had just been photographed—and radiant with joy at thought of the great coming event.

We trust that Father O'Donnell will retain as happy a memory of the occasion as we shall always have.

June twenty-third—And now the hour of parting has come. All too soon, indeed, must the undesired, aye, dreaded separation take place. One consideration, however, gives us hope—the interest in our welfare which has ever been evinced during the years of our sojourn in the convent, will accompany us into the arena of life, and though we miss the immediate influence of the devoted Religious' watchful care, still the assurance that, daily, our names are wafted heavenward on the wings of prayer, will give us strength to fulfil the missions which God, in His infinite wisdom, may see best to assign us.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

If thou find truth and love in thyself thou shalt be able to find them also in the lives of thy fellows.

Personals.

"Dot Shakspar ist von vaast mysteree. Take der Kink Lear. Now, dot Lear, he say: 'I too, I too, I too.' Vat he do? Ah, meine freunder, das ist von grosse mysteree. He to nodding!"

"Music is a most fascinating study. Do you know, I'd like to sing awfully."

"Oh, you do."

"Yes, dollie, you must go to church for a change. It won't hurt you."

"That song that I sang at the concert just haunts me."

"No wonder, after the way you murdered it."

"Like Falstaff, Marie is sorely afflicted with a conscience!"

"How rude the choir is in Holy Week! The way they contradict the priest is something dreadful. When he says, *Flactamus genua*, they say, *Levate*."

"The Crusades were a wild and savage people until Peter the Hermit preached to them."

"An unknown hand threw a harrow at William Rufus and killed him dead on the spot."

"Janet, do not bite your nails or you'll soon have little balls instead of nice finger-tips."

"Can I play with them? And will they bounce?"

"The modern name for Gaul is vinegar."

"He is a very learned man, but you would not think so, would you?"

"I would. He makes me tired."

"The two races living in the north of Europe are Esquimaux and archangels."

If your cup is small, fill it to the brim. Make the most of your opportunities of honest work and pure pleasure.

Lord Macaulay, in recalling some incidents of his childhood, said: "When a boy, I began to read very earnestly, but, at the foot of every page I read, I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of everything I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind fixed. But I compelled myself to comply with the plan. Now, after I read a book through once, I can almost recite it from beginning to end."

We may fall a thousand times; but as long as we are ashamed of our failure, as long as we do not helplessly acquiesce, as long as we do not try to comfort ourselves for it by a careful parade of our other virtues, we are on the pilgrim's road.

The Chinese have a saying: "If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily." It is not the body alone that needs to be fed. Mind, heart, and soul, grow hungry, and many a time they are famishing when the larder is full. There are many homes where the lilies are entirely crowded out by the loaves; where there is no room for beauty or enjoyment, or even for love, to grow, because of the mad scramble after wealth. Fewer loaves and more lilies—less of the rush after material goods, and more time for the gracious and beautiful things God has placed within reach of us all—would make happier and nobler lives.

What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home?

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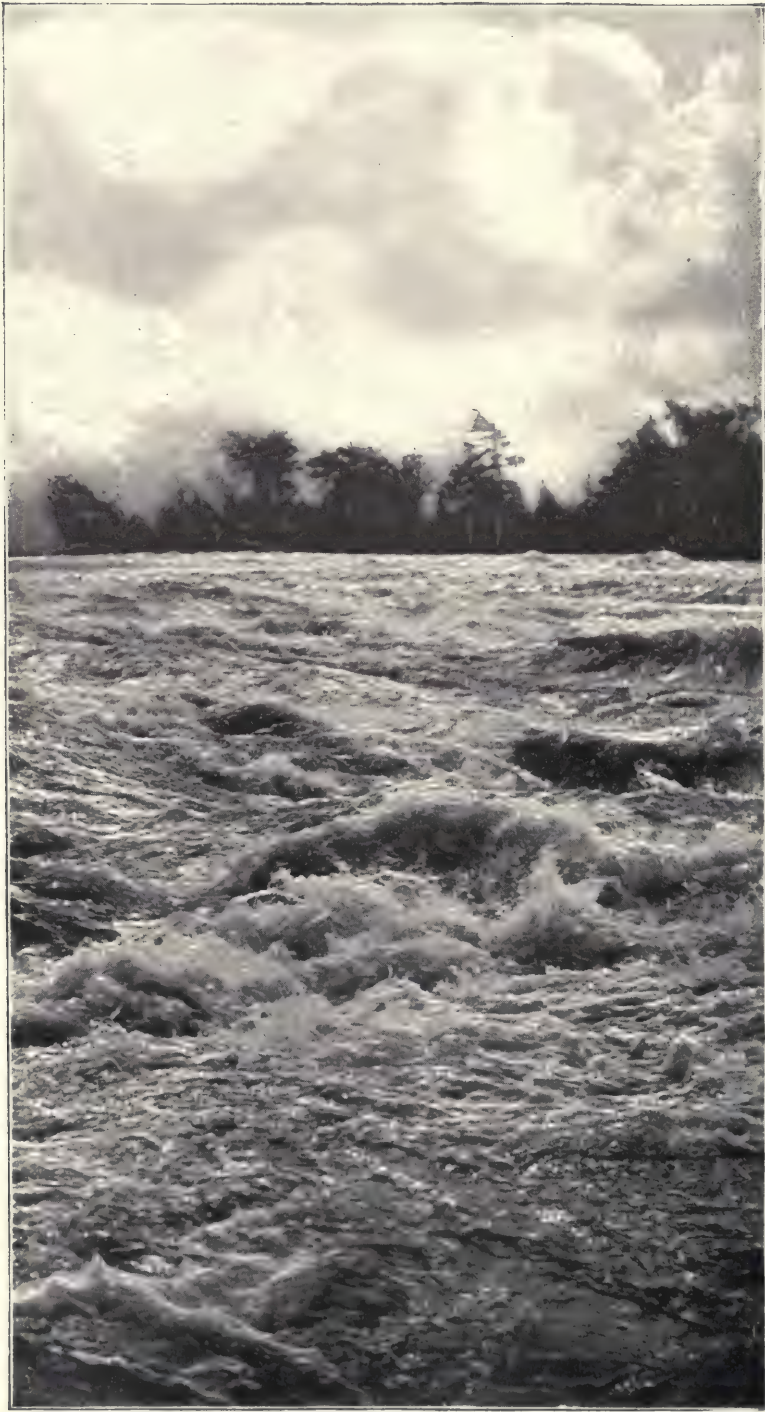
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No. 4.

Autumn Trees.

Beyond where the stubble-fields smile golden—
But never with tempting of greed with gain—
In the happy wealth of the sunshine olden,
And the girdling green of the country lane,
Are friends whose endearments brook no be-
lating,

Ah, but their beauty is boon to see!
They stand heaven-kissed, in a circle waiting,
And beckon in tenderest love to me.

So I come, dear hearts, where no worldlings fol-
low,—

The footprints I meet to the kine belong—
And I hear, well away from all utterings hollow,
But the echoing note of the cricket's song.
Eye could not bring me a fairer vision,
Sense numbers here all delights that please;
For I grateful find, in this scene Elysian,
Heaven's heart and glow in the Autumn trees!

Throng to me now all the memories cherished,
Pleading the grace of the long ago;
And even the fanciful hopes early perished,
That, briefer or longer, a life may know.
Flowers most fragrant, and friends sincerest
Come to me here; for my fancy sees
All that my heart holds as fairest, dearest,
In the gold and glow of the Autumn trees!

IDRIS.

**Golden Jubilee of Rev. Mother Stanislaus,
Provincial of the Institute of the
Blessed Virgin Mary in Spain.**

*Dedit ei Dominus sapientiam et prudentiam multam
nimis, et latitudinem cordis quasi arenam quae est in
littore maris.*

A SKETCH of the career of this venerable Jubilarian will be of interest to every member of the Institute—and, of course, to the readers of the RAINBOW.

Reverend Mother Stanislaus was born in Macroom, Co. Cork, Ireland, in 1840, of an old and illustrious family. While still very young, she was sent to Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, where she won all hearts by her innocent charm as well as by the nobility of character that still attracts the admiration of all who are brought into contact with her. After some years of school life, when her young, impressionable mind had absorbed the pious lessons, given her by word and example, and her brilliant intellect had developed under the cultured training of her early teachers, the time arrived for her to choose a state of life—the world, on the one hand, with its many attractions for one so beautiful and so capable of enjoyment, because of her natural gaiety of disposition and her keen sense of humor—which fifty years of religious life have rather heightened than dulled—and, on the other hand, the cloister, with a life of self-denial and renouncement of all that the human heart holds dear, but which has its compensations in the holy joy which is born of that much-dreaded self-denial, and those pure delights, which those only can know who taste them, and which no human pen can adequately describe.

"She chose the best part, which shall not be taken away from her."

She put aside the crown of roses, accepted the crown our Saviour offers to His loved ones, and, having made her choice, she never relented. She entered the novitiate at Rathfarnham, in 1857, and, in due time, made the holy vows of profession which united her forever to the Spouse of her heart.

Soon after her profession, M. M. Stanislaus was made sub-mistress of novices. When only twenty-eight years of age, she was appointed Superior of Letterkenny, an office for which her ripe intellect and power of governing others particu-

larly fitted her, and which she discharged to the satisfaction of all for six years, during which she raised the standard of education and developed the resources of the house to the utmost.

Her next mission was to Killarney, where she spent six years, increasing the prestige of the school—continuing the work she had so successfully carried on in Letterkenny. The number of pupils increased so considerably that the accommodation afforded by the little chapel was insufficient, and a lovely, spacious church was built—with the slenderest resources—and with superhuman effort!

When the term of her office in Killarney had expired, she went to Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, where she remained for a year, at the end of which time she was sent to a new convent in Kenilworth Square, Rathmines—a day-school for children of both sexes, for the most part too young to go to boarding-schools. Many of the little pupils of those days now hold distinguished positions in the army, navy, and in the learned professions. The wee girls have become nuns, wives, mothers—but, all remember with tender affection the gentle Superior, M. M. Stanislaus, and speak of those school-days in terms of heartfelt pleasure.

In 1887 M. M. Stanislaus was asked to take charge of the convent at Europa Point, Gibraltar. With her usual deference to the wishes of Superiors, she accepted the difficult post, and, severing all the ties which bound her to the friends of her youth and maturer years, she went forth from her native land and launched into the career in which she has done so much for God, and for souls so dear to His Sacred Heart.

After having spent one year in Europa, at the request of Reverend Mother Xaveria, M. M. Stanislaus entered Spain to establish a branch of the Institute there, as the Community had been invited by many persons of rank to this country.

The first foundation was at Puerto de Sta. Maria, and here, in Calle Larga, she formed the nucleus of the numerous family now surrounding her in Castilleja.

It was found, after some time, that Seville would be a better centre for a flourishing boarding-school, so, in 1889, at the request of some influential persons, she left M. M. Stanislaus Ward in charge at Puerto, and came to Seville.

The Marquis of Meritos, a kind personal friend, whose daughter was at school in Puerto,



COLEGIO DE LORETO, MADRID.

ascertained, after many inquiries, that the palace of the late Duke de Montpensier was then unoccupied. With much difficulty, he succeeded in obtaining the consent of the royal owner to let the place. This property was part of the dowry of the late Queen Mercedes, first wife of Don Alfonso XII., and daughter of the Duke de Montpensier. At her death, it reverted to the King, her husband, and, in time, his eldest daughter, the late Princess of Asturias, inherited it. As she was still a minor, great influence was required to induce her guardians to allow the place to be let for a college. However, God's providence was over the matter, the difficulties were overcome, and the work which, to-day, has attained such large dimensions, was begun.

In 1900, the Community in Castilleja had increased sufficiently to warrant the sending forth of the first offshoot. In the October of that year, four nuns and a lay sister left Castilleja for Zalla, a village situated in an enchanting valley not far from Bilbao. The beginnings in Zalla were marked with the usual difficulties that attend new ventures, but, patience and perseverance, founded on confidence in God, soon triumphed, and, in 1902, the stately pile which now adorns the valley of the Nervion, was begun. Right Reverend J. Higgins, Bishop of Ballarat, Australia, and uncle to the Superior, M. M. Evangeline, laid the foundation stone, on the fourth of November, and, in March, 1904, the nuns moved into the new convent, which is now in a flourishing condition.

The house in Paseo Rosales, Madrid, was opened in 1904. This new foundation was, also, marked with the cross, but, the ever-increasing number of pupils attests the popularity of the school our Lord seems to bless, while He afflicts, those who are doing His work.

In 1907, the Jubilee year, the house in Calle Bailen, Seville, was founded. Six nuns and a lay sister began the work there in October. It is intended for day-pupils only, from the age of three to ten—boys and girls. This school has acquired the popularity enjoyed by all the convents of the Institute, everywhere, judging from the attendance. Many of the pupils are the children of former pupils of Castilleja.

On Sundays, about one hundred and fifty poor girls go to Bailen, to be prepared for the sacraments, and to receive instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic. The extern Children of

Mary teach them, and the nuns superintend, and assist in the work. The Children of Mary hold monthly meetings there, and thus the latest foundation has already been found to possess many advantages.

We now come to the culminating point in the long and useful career of Reverend Mother Stanislaus—the Golden Jubilee of her religious life. Having entered religion in November, 1857, the fifty years had run their course last November, but, at that time, it was impossible to celebrate the great event adequately, so, the celebration was postponed until the twenty-sixth of May.

During the week preceding this date, the Superiors of the houses in Spain, with their companions, began to arrive—M. M. Evangeline and M. M. Elizabeth, from Zalla; M. M. Filomena and M. M. C. Maddalen, from Madrid; M. M. J. Anne, M. M. J. Angela, and M. M. J. Xaveria, from St. Francis Xavier's; M. M. Assumpta and M. M. Ignatius, from Europa, Gibraltar. These were joined by the entire community from Bailen, assembled to do homage to the loved Jubilarian. The hospitality of the convent was extended to a large number of former pupils, who came from a distance.

The morning of the twenty-sixth dawned golden and glorious, in a manner befitting the auspicious occasion, and in harmony with the joy that filled all hearts.

At ten o'clock, the Archbishop of Seville, with his brother, the Vicar-General, and fourteen Canons—half the Cathedral Chapter—arrived. His Grace celebrated Pontifical High Mass, with the usual splendor that attends the Divine Service in the Catholic Church. The small chapel at Castilleja being unsuited for such a function, a spacious room was magnificently decorated and fitted up for the occasion. Ample space was allotted for the sanctuary, in which the crowd of Canons, in various vestments, according to rank or the function they fulfilled, made a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle—all so reverent, and intent on the act in which they were engaged—assisting at the Great Sacrifice—doing homage to the Lord of heaven and earth.

A sumptuous breakfast was served at twelve o'clock. At 4 p. m., the Archbishop, again surrounded by the Canons, went in procession to the spot where the foundation-stone of the new church was to be laid. A long awning extended over the place where the assembled spectators

stood—an immense crowd of distinguished personages, who had come to pay their homage to the venerable Jubilarian.

The Archbishop blessed the stone, according to the ritual for that purpose, and then lowered it into its place, putting some mortar on it with a silver trowel, presented for the occasion. This over, all assembled in the chapel for Benediction, at which the singing of the children was really beautiful—as well as at the Mass in the morning. *A Te Deum* concluded the ceremony.

At 6 p. m., all assembled in the concert hall the following address was read, and a most interesting programme rendered:

Beloved Reverend Mother—

The day, the day is breaking in the purple East,
With jubilee of song, with gladness full and high

Hail we the dawning of our dearest Mother's Feast!

Our Mother's blessed Feast! Once more it draweth nigh,

A golden consummation, coronation of that day,
When at her Saviour's Feet, His new-espoused bride she lay!

Ah! Mother dear, belov'd, through years, long years, since then,

Thy high, heroic soul hath calm pursued its way,—

Although thy goal, at times, might seem beyond earth's ken,

Thou, trusting God, wert led triumphant to this day!

Thy Feast, through calms and storms, through stressful day and darkest night

Hath yearly bless'd and strengthen'd thee, and now it crowns thee bright.

Lo! since that hour, when, long ago, thy youthful heart

Pour'd all its costly treasure at thy Spouse's Feet,

The years, the consecrated years, hath Love's own art

Fill'd, full to overflowing, with rich tribute meet.

O Mother, dearest Mother, greet we now thy festal morn,

The day that crowns thy joys, and gilds the crosses thou hast borne!

Long, long and nobly, in thy heav'n-appointed sphere

Thou, toiling late and early, spared'st not pray'r nor tear;

A Mother's sceptre mild thou swayest year by year,

And none but hold thee daily dearer and more dear.

Then hail, all hail, "Our Mother's" feast-day dawn,

The brightest, the most beautiful, that e'er hath for her shone!

Proud let Castilleja's pile magnificent proclaim
The triumph of Our Mother's high, undaunted faith;

Let Zalla, Bailen and Madrid unite, her name
To shrine in glory that shall mock the hand of Death.

Let all thy works, let all the holinesses of thy days

To-day enwreath thy brow, for these thy highest, truest praise!

O holy Ireland, gleaming Jewel of the West,
Well art thou nam'd, in truth, the Isle of Saint and Sage,

And worthily thy name, O Mother dearest, best,
Might shine 'mid theirs that blaze upon her storied page.

O Child of Patrick and of Bridget, leaving all behind

For Christ's dear Sake, therein lo! thou thy feast's best joy shall find.

Then let us raise to God our grateful, joyous hymn,

That sure shall reach His Throne amidst the starry spheres,

For all the love, through cheerful day and night so dim

Wherewith He shrin'd thee, for twice five and twenty years,

Deep in His Heart,—and therefore joy thou, Mother, joy as we

Who celebrate exultant-voic'd thy Golden Jubilee!

God love and bless thee, treasur'd Mother that thou art,

God crown the days to come with ev'ry joy for thee;



COLEGIO DE LORETO, CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA, SEVILLE, SPAIN.
(WEST VIEW)



COLEGIO DE LORETO, CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA, SEVILLE, SPAIN.
(EAST VIEW)

And lo! thy years of toil He storeth in His Heart
As gems against thy Day of endless Jubilee.
One pray'r from all thy children riseth high this
festal day,—
God grant thee length of time yet, Mother dear,
with us to stay!

PROGRAMME OF PUPILS' CONCERT IN CELEBRATION
OF

REV. MOTHER M. STANISLAUS'

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA.

26th May, 1908.

ORCHESTRA—"Cornelius March" ..*Mendelssohn*
OVERTURE—"Barber of Seville"*Rossini*

The Misses Guijarro, Hontoria, Burke,
Fahey, Ysern, Friend.

CHORUS-ORCHESTRA—"Jubilee Hymn"

ORCHESTRA—"Ombre Notturme"*R. Mattini*

PIANO TRIO—"Serenata"

The Misses P. Sangran, Pacheco, P.
Calvi, A. Palacios, L. Guzman, Mateos.

VOCAL SOLO—"Ave Maria"

The Misses Díez, Burke, O'Gorman.

HARPS-ORCHESTRA—"Adagio"

CHORUS—"The Lord is my Shepherd".*Schubert*

PSALM XXIII.

VIOLIN SOLO—"Sonata" Op. 8

Miss O'Gorman.

PIANO DUO—"Impromptu"

The Misses Hontoria, Guijarro.

INSTRUMENTAL TRIO—Ap. 162

CHORUS—Four Part Song

ORCHESTRA—"Ore Liete"

PIANO-ORCHESTRA—Iel Concerto Op. 25 ..

Mendelssohn

CHORUS-ORCHESTRA—"Salve Regina"*Prout*

Members of Orchestra:

The Misses O'Gorman, Burke, A. Díez,
Hontoria, Friend, Guijarro, Maeso, Gon-
zalez de la Vega, A. Palacios, Ruiz, L.
Perez de Guzman, Fahey, Morrissey, Bas-
con.

Members of Choir:

Soprani—The Misses Díez, Burke, Calví,
Friend, Grosso, Núñez, Maeso, González
de la Vega, F. Palacios, Martínez Sola,
Q. Gutiérrez, Martel, Bascón, A. Bascón,

Morrissey, C. Ramírez, Cartagena, Ma-
teos, O'Gorman, Pérez de Guzmán, A.
Ysern.

Alti—The Misses Guijarro, Hontoria, Der-
quí, A. Ysern, Mora, Figueroa, Ruiz.

At night, there was a brilliant display of fire-
works. Among the sentences illuminated, we ob-
served—"Mater Admirabilis," "Long Live Our
Mother," "Jubilantes."

On the twenty-seventh, Missa Cantata by the
ex-Vicar-General. In the afternoon, Benediction,
and, at 5 p. m., a Drama in English—"The Mar-
tyrdom of St. Dorothea"—was splendidly staged
and performed. This was followed by a charm-
ing Cantata, performed entirely by the little ones
—both pieces giving occasion for some magnifi-
cent tableaux vivants.

"THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. DOROTHEA"

A Drama in Five Acts.

CHARACTERS.

St. DorotheaMuriel Burbre
The Prefet-SapritPilar Pemartin
Theophilus (a lawyer)M. Moriny
Fortus (A. Griendos Théophilus)J. Falcey
Lictors, Gaoler, Executioner, Arteudentes, Etc.

"PRINCESS TINY TOT,"

A Nursery Cantata.

CHARACTERS.

Princess Tiny TotPepita Pacheco
Fairy GodmotherT. Barreda
MajordomoP. Guzmán
Jack and JillThe Misses Hidalgo
Little Bo-PeepP. Calví
Humpty-dumptyA. Ruiz
Marjory DawS. Pablo
Jack DawPilar Guzmán
Mistress MaryRita Arias
Ba-Ba-BlackA. Pulin
Little Boy BlueB. Krohn
Little MaidLuz Guzmán
Little Jack HornerC. Palacios
Old Mother HubbardA. Palacios
Little Miss MuffitM. Pulin
Buy A. BroomM. Díez
Red-Riding-HoodP. Sangran
Black Birds

The Misses Hidalgo, Ochoa, Grande,
Cubillo, Corral and Gutiérrez.

ARGUMENT.

It is the Princess Tiny Tot's seventh birthday. She is in the nursery, admiring her presents, while the King and Queen are at dinner. Some disappointment is on her face because the gifts are not alive. Mother Redcap, her godmother, appears suddenly, and, according to a promise made to the Princess at her birth, she offers to give Tiny Tot anything she may ask for. Major-domo, whose business it is to make up the Princess's mind, asks that the folks in the Book of Nursery Rhymes, an aunt has given her, may be brought there "all alive." This Mother Redcap does; and the result is a game at Oranges and Lemons, a thunderclap and departure.

On the twenty-eighth, Missa Cantata again, by the confessor. In the afternoon, the entertainment began with what the Spaniards call a "loa"—a magnificent tableau, in which figured St. Ignatius, St. Teresa, St. Stanislaus, and the guardian angel of the Jubilarian, with our Lady in the centre, and numerous angels standing around, in every possible attitude of grace and devotion. The four first-mentioned related, in really good verse, what she had done for God during the years of her missionary life in Spain, from the point of view of each.

Then followed a Drama—"Un Rasgo Heróico ó Venganza Cristiana." As the entertainment of the third day was carried out in Spanish, the audience was rather larger than on the preceding days.

PROGRAMA.

1.º Alegoría de la fiesta Jubilar precedida por un diálogo explicativo y terminada por un cuadro vivo.

ALUMNAS QUE TOMAN PARTE

Pilar Pemartín, Amalia Calví,
Margarita de la Cortina,
Carmen Friend,
Elenita Barreda, Mercedes Mateo,
Isabel Hinojosa.

2.º Comedia en tres actos, titulada
"Un Rasgo Heróico ó Venganza Cristiana,"
Representada por las alumnas siguientes:
Angeles Díez, Pilar Pemartín,
Carmen Friend,
María Teresa Mora, María Maeso,
Margarita de la Cortina,

Taviera Derquí, Pepita Pacheco,
María Luisa Martínez.

3.º Himno.
Adios á la Stma. Virgen.

In the evening, there was another grand display of fireworks, and thus ended the great event.

Amongst the presents sent by numerous kind friends, was displayed an autograph letter of felicitation and blessing, written on parchment, from His Holiness Pope Pius X.

The kindness of His Holiness in sending this treasured blessing, was only equalled by the pleasure and happiness it gave the Jubilarian to receive it.

L. D. S.

Island Reberies.

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust,
But their souls are with the saints we trust."

BEFORE me is a copy of the "Magna Charta,"—colored true to its original.

How the heart of every Briton thrills at the sight! Here is presented in a protecting circle, the Church, the Throne, and the Barons, around the liberties of Britain!

Here, in the name of God, are Christianity and Christian Knighthood, compelling the recreant King John not to sanction any new code of laws, but to correct the abuses which had grown out of the feudal customs under the despotism of William the Conqueror and his successors,—John, especially!

The Saxons had introduced the Feudal system into England. By that system which attained its fullness during the Norman period, the king "possessed the land"; the earls and barons owed him allegiance and did homage to him for their earldoms or baronies, which were often one or two shires; the vassals were dependents upon the earls and barons; below the vassals were other freemen who, with the serfs, did manual labor.

The king, the earl, the baron, and the vassal, aspired to the dignity of knighthood. The knight was the Christian gentleman in the highest sense of the word; that his oath obliged him to battle for the weak and worthy against the oppressor, made him the ideal Christian soldier.



COLEGIO DE LORETO, CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA, SEVILLE, SPAIN.
FRONT VIEW, SHOWING ON THE RIGHT THE ROOM IN WHICH HERNAN CORTES DIED.

King John had forfeited the allegiance of his nobles and their vassals, and of all his subjects; besides having been guilty of several murders and of all crimes in the catalogue, he insisted upon taking into his cruel keeping, as hostages, the children of the disaffected barons.

Of the murders imputed to King John, we are accustomed to regard that of his nephew, Prince Arthur, as the most cruel; but there was another, that of the De Braose family, which multiplied it sevenfold.

In 1211 the King, having forfeited the allegiance of the noble De Braose, Lord of Bramber in Sussex, sent a messenger to Bramber Castle to demand the eldest little son of De Braose to serve as one of Queen Isabella's pages,—but to be in reality a hostage for his father's allegiance. Lady De Braose, who was a Norman baroness in her own right, replied spiritedly that she would not surrender her dear little son to a man who had murdered his own little nephew. That retort was her darling's doom. She kept her boy; but repenting of her rash answer, to conciliate royalty she sent to Queen Isabella the present of a rare herd of four hundred cattle, every one milk-white with the exception of its ears, which were red. Then to escape the King's malice, the Lord and Lady of Bramber fled to Meath, Ireland, where they were taken by John's hirelings, brought back to England, and imprisoned in a strong room of the old castle at Windsor. There Baron and Baroness de Braose with their five dear little children were deliberately starved to death!

"De Braose" was a name "sternly" mentioned at Runnymede!

The rebellious barons having elected Robert Fitz-Walter as their commander, took the field, proclaiming themselves "The army of God and His Holy Church." They entered London, without opposition. From Oxford, King John commissioned Cardinal Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earls of Pembroke and Warren to go and learn their demands. Fearing for his crown, John agreed to meet the barons at Runnymede, near Windsor.

Let us fancy the scene beneath that wide-spreading oak-tree. On the one side, armed cap-a-pie, stood the majestic Fitz-Walter, and the majority of the barons and nobility of England; on the other, sat the king, encouraged to the good

act by Mgr. Pandulph, the Papal Legate; the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Archbishop of Dublin; Aymeric, Grand Master of the Knights Templars in England; eight bishops, and fifteen knights.

From here "Magna Charta" was given to the realm. To this important document King John affixed his seal, in presence of fifty immediate witnesses; the Archbishop of Dublin and the seven bishops affixed their seals with the King's, as his securities,—on lower margin.

Central in the upper margin and surmounting all others, appear the royal arms; to right and left are those of the Papal Legate; the Archbishop of Canterbury; Aymeric, Master of the Knights Templars in England, and the Earl of Pembroke.

Flanking Magna Charta are the shields and armorial bearings of the barons.

Beneath the royal arms, is the date "A. D. 1215," and beneath that, the heading, "Magna Charta," under which is, in smaller characters, "Regis Johannis." Below is the Latin original of the following translation:

John, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou, to his Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Earls, Barons, Justiciaries, Foresters, Sheriffs, Governors, Officers, and to all Bailiffs, and his lieges, greeting: Know ye, that we, in the presence of God, and for the salvation of our soul, and the souls of all our ancestors and heirs, and unto the honor of God and the advancement of Holy Church, and amendment of our Realm, by advice of our venerable Fathers, Stephen Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Henry, Archbishop of Dublin, William of London, Peter of Winchester, Jocelyn of Bath and Glastonbury, Hugh of Lincoln, Walter of Worcester, William of Coventry, Benedict of Rochester, Bishops; of Master Pandulph, Sub-Deacon and Familiar of our Lord the Pope, Brother Aymeric, Master of the Knights Templars in England; and of the Noble Persons, William Marescall, Earl of Pembroke, William, Earl of Salisbury, William, Earl of Warren, William, Earl of Arundel, Alan de Galloway, Constable of Scotland, Warin Fitz-Gerald, Peter Fitz-Herbert, Thomas Basset, Alan Basset, Philip of Albiney, Robert de Roppell, John Mare-

schall, John Fitz-Hugh, and others our liegemen, have, in the first place, granted to God, and by this our present Charter confirmed, for us and our heirs forever.

1. That the Church of England^e shall be free, and have her whole rights and her liberties inviolable, and we will have them so observed that it may appear thence that the freedom of elections, which is reckoned chief and indispensable to the English Church, and which we granted and confirmed by our Charter, and obtained the confirmation of the same from our Lord the Pope, Innocent III., before the discord between us and our barons, was granted of mere free will, which Charter we shall observe, and we do will it to be faithfully observed by our heirs forever.

2. We also have granted to all the freemen of our kingdom, for us and for our heirs forever, all the underwritten liberties, to be had and holden by them and their heirs, of us and our heirs forever. If any of our earls, or barons, or others, who hold of us in chief by military service, shall die, and at the time of his death his heir shall be of full age, and owes a relief, he shall have his inheritance by the ancient relief, that is to say, the heir or heirs of an earl, for a whole earldom, by a hundred pounds; the heir or heirs of a baron, for a whole barony, by a hundred pounds; the heir or heirs of a knight, for a whole knight's fee, by a hundred shillings at most; and whoever oweth less shall give less, according to the ancient custom of fees.

3. But if the heir of any such shall be under age, and shall be in ward when he comes of age, he shall have his inheritance without relief and without fine.

4. The keeper of the land of such an heir being under age, shall take of the land of the heir none but reasonable issues, reasonable customs, and reasonable services, and that without destruction and waste of his men and goods; and if we commit the custody of any such lands to the sheriff, or any other who is answerable to us for the issues of the land, and he shall make destruction and waste of the lands which he hath in custody, we will take of him amends, and the land shall be committed to two lawful and discreet men of that fee, who shall in like manner answer to us as aforesaid.

5. But the keeper, so long as he shall have the custody of the land, shall keep up the houses,

parks, warrens, ponds, mills, and other things pertaining to the land, out of the issues of the said land; and shall deliver to the heir, when he comes of full age, his whole land, stocked with ploughs and carriages, according as the time of wainage shall require, and the issues of the land can reasonably bear.

6. Heirs shall be married without disparagement, and so that before matrimony can be contracted, those who are near to the heir in blood shall have notice.

7. A widow, after the death of her husband, shall forthwith and without difficulty have her marriage and inheritance; nor shall she give anything for her dower, or her marriage, or her inheritance, which her husband and she held at the day of his death; and she may remain in the mansion house of her husband forty days after his death, within which her dower shall be assigned.

8. No widow shall be distrained to marry herself so long as she hath a mind to live without a husband; but yet she shall give security that she will not marry without our assent, if she hold of us; or without the consent of the lord of whom she holds, if she hold of another.

9. Neither we nor our bailiffs shall seize any land, or rent for any debt, so long as the chattels of the debtor are sufficient to pay the debt; nor shall the sureties of the debtor be distrained so long as the principal of the debtor is sufficient for the payment of the debt; and if the principal debtor shall fail in the payment of the debt, not having wherewithal to pay it, then the sureties shall answer the debt; and if they will, they shall have the lands and rents of the debtor until they shall be satisfied for the debt which they paid for him, unless the principal debtor can show himself acquitted thereof against the said sureties.

10. If any one have borrowed anything of the Jews, more or less, and die before the debt is satisfied, there shall be no interest paid for that debt so long as the heir is under age, or whomsoever he may hold; and if the debt falls into our hands we will only take the chattel mentioned in the deed.

11. And if any one shall die indebted to the Jews, his wife shall have her dower and pay nothing of that debt; and if the deceased left children under age, they shall have necessities provided for them, according to the tenement of



TEMPLE CHURCH.

the deceased; and out of the residue the debt shall be paid, saving, however, the service due to the lords; and in like manner shall it be done touching debts to others than the Jews.

12. No scutage or aid shall be imposed in our kingdom unless by the general council of our kingdom, except for ransoming our person, making our eldest son a knight, and once for marrying our eldest daughter; and for these shall be paid a reasonable aid. In like manner it shall be concerning the aids of the City of London.

13. And the City of London shall have all its ancient liberties and free customs, as well by land as by water. Furthermore, we will and grant that all other cities and boroughs, and towns and ports, shall have all their liberty and free customs.

14. And for holding the general council of the kingdom concerning the assessment of aids, except, in the three cases aforesaid, and for the assessing of scutages we shall cause to be summoned the archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, and greater barons of the realm, singly by our letters. And furthermore we shall cause to be summoned generally by our sheriffs and bailiffs, all others who hold of us in chief, for a certain day, that is to say, forty days before their meeting at least, and to a certain place; and in all letters of such summons we will declare the cause of such summons. And summons being thus made, the business of the day shall proceed on the day appointed, according to the advice of such as shall be present, although all that were summoned come not.

15. We will not for the future grant to any one that he may take aid of his own free tenants, unless to ransom his body, or to make his eldest son a knight, and once to marry his eldest daughter; and for this there shall only be paid a reasonable aid.

16. No man shall be distrained to perform more service for a knight's fee or other free tenement than is due from thence.

17. Common pleas shall not follow our court, but shall be holden in some place certain.

18. Assizes of novel disseisin, and of mort d'ancestor, and of darrein presentment, shall not be taken but in their proper counties, and after this manner: We, or, if we should be out of the realm our chief justiciary shall send two justiciaries through every county four times a year,

who shall hold the said assizes in the county on the day and at the place appointed.

19. And if any matters cannot be determined on the day appointed for holding the assizes in each county, so many of the knights and freeholders as have been at the assizes aforesaid, shall stay to decide them, as is necessary, according as there is more or less business.

20. A freeman shall not be amerced for a small fault, but after the manner of the fault; and for a great crime, according to the heinousness of it, saving to him his contentment; and after the same manner a merchant, saving to him his merchandise; and a villein shall be amerced after the same manner, saving to him his wainage, if he falls under our mercy; and none of the aforesaid amerciements shall be assessed but by the oath of honest men in the neighborhood.

21. Earls and barons shall not be amerced but by their peers, and after the degree of the offence.

22. No ecclesiastical person shall be amerced for his lay tenement, but according to the proportion of the others aforesaid, and not according to the value of his ecclesiastical benefice.

23. Neither a town nor any tenant shall be distrained to build bridges or banks, unless that anciently and of right they are bound to do it.

24. No sheriff, constable, coroner or other our bailiffs shall hold pleas of the crown.

25. All counties, hundreds, wapentakes, and tythings, shall stand at the old rents, without any increase, except in our demesne manors.

26. If any one holding of us a lay-fee die, and the sheriffs or our bailiffs show our letters patent of summons for debt which the dead man did owe to us, it shall be lawful for the sheriff or our bailiff to attach and inroll the chattels of the dead found upon his lay-fee, to the value of the debt, by the view of lawful men, so as no thing be removed until our whole clear debt be paid; and the rest shall be left to the executors to fulfil the testament of the dead, and if there be nothing due from him to us, all the chattels shall go to the use of the dead, saving to his wife and children their reasonable shares.

27. If any freeman shall die intestate, his chattels shall be distributed by the hands of his nearest relations and friends, by view of the Church, saving to every one his debts which the deceased owed to him.

28. No constable or bailiff of ours shall take corn or other chattels of any man unless he presently give him money for it, or hath respite of payment by the good will of the seller.

29. No constable shall distrain any knight to give money for castle guard, if he himself will do it in his person; or by any other able man in case he cannot do it through any reasonable cause. And if we lead him or send him in an army, he shall be free from such guard for the time he shall be in the army by our command.

30. No sheriff or bailiff of ours, or any other, shall take horses or carts of any freeman for carriage but by the good will of said freeman.

31. Neither shall we nor our bailiffs take any man's timber for our castles or other uses, unless by the consent of the owner of the timber.

32. We will retain the lands of those convicted of felony only one year and a day, and then they shall be delivered to the lord of the fee.

33. All weirs for the time to come shall be put down in the rivers of Thames and Medway, and throughout all England, except upon the sea coast.

34. The writ which is called *praecipe*, for the future, shall not be made out to anyone, of any tenement, whereby a freeman may lose his court.

35. There shall be one measure of wine and one of ale through our whole realm; and one measure of corn, that is to say, the London quarter; and one breadth of dyed cloth, and russets, and haberjeets, that is to say, two ells within the lists; and it shall be of weights as it is of measures.

36. Nothing from henceforth shall be given or taken for a writ of inquisition of life or limb, but it shall be granted freely and not denied.

37. If any do hold of us by fee-farm, or by socage, or by burgage, and he holds also lands of any other by knight's service, we will not have the custody of the heir of the land, which is holden of another man's fee by reason of that fee-farm, socage, or burgage; neither will we have the custody of such fee-farm, socage, or burgage, except knight's service was due to us out of the same fee-farm. We will not have the custody of an heir, nor of any kind which he holds of another by knight's service, by reason of any petty serjeanty that holds of us, by the service of paying a knife, an arrow, or the like.

38. No bailiff from henceforth shall put any man to his law upon his own bare saying, without credible witnesses to prove it.

39. No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseised, or outlawed, or banished, or any ways destroyed; nor will he pass upon him, nor will he send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.

40. We will sell to no man, we will not deny to any man, either justice or right.

41. All merchants shall have safe and secure conduct to go out of and to come into England, and to stay there, and to pass as well by land as by water, for buying and selling by the ancient and allowed customs, without any evil toils, except in time of war or when they are of any nation at war with us. And if there be found any such in our land in the beginning of the war, they shall be attached, without damage to their bodies or goods, until it be known to us or our chief justiciary how our merchants be treated in the nation at war with us; and if ours be safe there, the others shall be safe in our dominions.

42. It shall be lawful for the time to come for any one to go out of our kingdom and return safely and securely, by land or by water, saving his allegiance to us; unless, in time of war, by some short space for the common benefit of the realm, except prisoners and outlaws, according to the law of the land, and people in war with us, the merchants who shall be in such condition as is above mentioned.

43. If any man hold of any escheat, as of the honor of Wallingford, Nottingham, Boulogne, Lancaster, or of any escheats which be in our hands, and are baronies, and die, his heir shall give no other relief, and perform no other service to us than he would to the baron if it were in the baron's hand; we will hold it after the same manner as the baron held it.

44. Those men who dwell within the forest, from henceforth shall not come before our justiciaries of the forest upon common summons, but such as are impleaded, or are pledges for any that are attached to something concerning the forest.

45. We will not make any justices, constables, sheriffs, or bailiffs, but of such as know the law of the realm and mean duly to observe it.

46. All barons who have founded abbeys, and have the kings of England's charters of advow-

son, or the ancient tenure thereof, shall have the keeping of them, when vacant, as they ought to have.

47. All forests that have been made forests in our time shall forthwith be disforested; and the same shall be done with the banks that have been fenced in by us in our time.

48. All evil customs concerning forests, warrens, foresters and warreners, sheriffs and their officers, rivers and their keepers, shall forthwith be inquired into in each county by twelve sworn knights of the same shire, chosen by creditable persons of the same county, and within forty days of the said inquest be utterly abolished so as never to be restored; so as we are first acquainted therewith, or our judiciary, if we should not be in England.

49. We will immediately give up all hostages and writings delivered unto us by our English subjects, as securities for their keeping the peace and yielding us faithful service.

50. We will entirely remove from our bailiwicks the relations of Gerard de Atheyses, so that for the future they shall have no bailiwick in England; we will also remove Engelard de Cygony, Andrew, Peter and Gyon from the Chancery; Gyon de Cygony, Geoffrey de Martin and his brothers, Philip Mark and his brothers; and his nephew, Geoffrey, and their whole retinue.

51. As soon as peace is restored, we will send out of the kingdom all foreign soldiers, crossbowmen, and stipendiaries, who are come with their horses and their arms to the prejudice of our people.

52. If anyone has been dispossessed or deprived by us, without the legal judgment of his peers, of his lands, castles, liberties of rights, we will forthwith restore them to him; and if any dispute arise upon his head, let the matter be decided by the five and twenty barons hereafter mentioned for the preservation of the peace.

53. As for all those things of which any person has without the legal judgment of his peers, been dispossessed or deprived, either by King Henry, our father, or our brother, King Richard, and which we have in our hands, or are possessed by others, and we are bound to warrant and make good, we shall have a respite till the term usually allowed to crusaders, excepting those things about which there is a plea depending, or where-

of an inquest hath been made by our order before we undertook the crusade; but when we return from our pilgrimage, or if we tarry at home and do not make our pilgrimage, we will immediately cause full justice to be administered therein.

53. The same respite we shall have (and in the same manner about administering justice, disafforesting the forests, or letting them continue) for disafforesting the forests, which Henry, our father, and our brother Richard have afforested; and for the keeping of the lands which are in another's fee, in the same manner as we have hitherto enjoyed these wardships, by reason of a fee held of us by knight's service; and for the abbeys founded in any other fee than our own, in which the lord of the fee says he has a right; and when we return from our pilgrimage, or if we tarry at home, and do not make our pilgrimage, we will immediately do full justice to all the complainants in this behalf.

54. No man shall be taken or imprisoned upon the appeal of a woman for the death of any other than her husband.

55. All unjust and illegal fines made by us, and all amerciements imposed unjustly and contrary to the law of the land, shall be entirely given up, or else be left to the decision of the five and twenty barons hereafter mentioned for the preservation of peace, or of the major part of them, together with the aforesaid Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, if he can be present, and others whom he shall think fit to take along with him, and if he cannot be present the business shall notwithstanding go on without him; but so that if any one or more of the aforesaid five and twenty barons be plaintiffs in the same cause, they shall be set aside as to what concerns this particular affair, and others be chosen in their room out of the said five and twenty and sworn by the rest to decide the matter.

56. If we have disseised or dispossessed the Welsh of any lands, liberties, or other things without the legal judgment of their peers, either in England or in Wales, they shall be immediately restored to them; and if any dispute arise upon this head the matter shall be determined in the marche by the judgment of their peers; for tenements in England according to the law of England; for tenements in Wales, according to the law of Wales; for tenements of the marche

according to the laws of the marche; the same shall the Welsh do to us and our subjects.

57. As for all those things of which a Welshman hath, without the legal judgment of his peers, been disseised, or deprived of by King Henry, our father, or our brother, King Richard, and which we either have in our hands or others are possessed of, and we are obliged to warrant it, we shall have a respite till the time generally allowed the crusaders, excepting those things about which a suit is depending, or whereof an inquest has been made by our order before we undertook the crusade; but when we return, or if we return without performing our pilgrimage, we will immediately do them full justice according to the laws of the Welsh and of the parts before mentioned.

58. We will without delay dismiss the son of Llwellyn and all the Welsh hostages, and release them from the engagements they have entered into with us for the preservation of the peace.

59. We will treat with Alexander, King of Scots, concerning the restoring his sisters and hostages, and his rights and liberties, in the same form and manner as we shall do to the rest of our barons of England; unless by the charters which we have from his father, William, late King of Scots, it ought to be otherwise; and this shall be left to the determination of his peers in our court.

60. All the aforesaid customs and liberties, which we have granted to be holden in our kingdom, as much as it belongs to us, towards our people of our kingdom, as well clergy as laity, shall observe as far as they are concerned towards their dependents.

61. And whereas, for the honor of God and the amendment of our kingdom, and for the better quieting the discord that has arisen between us and our barons, we have granted all these things aforesaid; willing to render them firm and lasting, we do give and grant our subjects the underwritten security, namely, that the barons may choose five-and-twenty barons of the kingdom, whom they think convenient, who shall take care with all their might, to hold and observe, and cause to be observed, the peace and liberties we have granted them, and by this our present charter confirmed; so that if we, our justiciary, our bailiffs, or any of our officers, shall in any

circumstance fail in the performance of them towards any person, or shall break through any of these articles of peace and security, and the offence be notified to four barons chosen out of the five-and-twenty before mentioned, the said four barons shall repair to us, or our justiciary if we are out of the realm, and laying open the grievance, shall petition to have it redressed without delay; and if it be not redressed by us, or if we should chance to be out of the realm, if it should not be redressed by our justiciary, within forty days, reckoning from the time it has been notified to us or to our justiciary if we should be out of the realm, the four barons aforesaid shall lay the cause before the rest of the five-and-twenty barons, and the said five-and-twenty barons, together with the community of the whole kingdom, shall distrain and distress us in all possible ways, by seizing our castles, lands, possessions, and in any other manner they can, till the grievance is redressed according to their pleasure, saving harmless our own person and the persons of our queen and children; and when it is redressed they shall obey us as before. And any person whatsoever in the kingdom may swear that he will obey the orders of the five-and-twenty barons aforesaid in the execution of the premises, and will distress us jointly with them to the utmost of his power; and we give public and free liberty to anyone that shall please to swear to this, and will never hinder any person from taking the same oath.

62. As for all those of our subjects who will not of their own accord swear to join the five-and-twenty barons in distraining and distressing us, we will issue orders to make them take the same oath as aforesaid. And if any one of the five-and-twenty barons dies, or goes out of the kingdom, or is hindered any other way from carrying the things aforesaid into execution, the rest of the five-and-twenty barons may choose another in his room, at their discretion, who shall be sworn in like manner as the rest. In all things that are committed to the execution of these five-and-twenty barons, if, when they are all assembled together, they should happen to disagree about any matter, and some of them when summoned will not or cannot come, whatever is agreed upon or enjoined by the major part of those present, shall be reputed as firm and valid as if all the five-and-twenty had given their con-



"KNIGHTS' EFFIGIES OVER THEIR TOMBS ON THE FLOOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH."

sent; and the aforesaid five-and-twenty shall swear that all the premises they shall faithfully observe and cause with all their power to be observed. And we will not by ourselves or by any other, procure anything whereby any of these concessions and liberties may be revoked or lessened; and if any such thing be obtained let it be null and void; neither shall we ever make use of it, either by ourselves or any other. And all the ill will, indignations and rancours that have arisen between us and our subjects, of the clergy and laity, from the first breaking out of the dissensions between us, we do fully remit and forgive; moreover all trespassers occasioned by the said dissensions between us, from Easter in the fifteenth year of our reign till the restoration of peace and tranquillity, we hereby entirely remit to all, both clergy and laity, and as far as in us lies do fully forgive. We have, moreover, caused to be made for them the letters patent testimonial of Stephen, lord archbishop of Canterbury, Henry, lord archbishop of Dublin, and the bishops aforesaid, as also of Master Pandulph, for the security and concessions aforesaid.

63. Wherefore we will and firmly enjoin, that the Church of England shall be free, and that all men in our kingdom have and hold all the aforesaid liberties, rights and concessions, truly and peaceably, freely and quietly, fully and wholly, to themselves and their heirs, in all things and places, forever, as is aforesaid. It is also sworn, as well on our part as on the part of the barons, that all the things aforesaid shall be observed bona fide and without evil subtilty.

Given under our hand, in the presence of the witnesses above named, and many others, in the meadow called Runningmede, between Windsor and Staines, the 15th. day of June, in the 17th. year of our reign.

Behold the dignity of the "Army of God and His Holy Church"! Behold Magna Charta with its encircling shields! Behold King John, in the name of God compelled by ecclesiastics and barons to join the circle defending the rights of British subjects!

How interesting is the personal history of these churchmen and barons!

Here is Langton, Cardinal-Archbishop, whose appointment to the See of Canterbury was opposed by the impious John, and whose position was, consequently, beset with difficulties.

Here is Aymeric, half churchman, half baron, Grand Master of the Templars. The Knights Templars were an order of military monks, founded in 1118, A. D., to protect the Holy Sepulchre, and Christian pilgrims from the Turks, on their way to and from Jerusalem. Of the postulant to this order three things were required,—he had to be of noble birth, and neither married nor promised in marriage. He took the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience; in return was promised his "salt, and labor and toil enow (enough)."

He then turned his money or inheritance into the common coffers of the Templars. The Knights Templars had spacious grounds on the banks of the Thames, the Strand, City of London, where they practised horsemanship, and other military exercises. Here they built their famous "Halls," now occupied by the legal fraternity, for nearly six hundred years; and their beautiful "round" church, on the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This is, perhaps, the most fascinating church in London; for while Westminster Abbey speaks only of England, the Temple Church tells us of Jerusalem; and the Christian heart will always yearn towards the Holy City! Over their graves on the floor of the church, are still to be seen nine recumbent effigies of the knights. All knight-hood aspired to a grave among the revered Templars. Many of the signers of the Magna Charta left earthly strife for their long last sleep in the Temple Church.

Of these twenty-five barons, several were connected with the royal families of England and France by marriage and by birth, and whose descendants have again and again intermarried with royalty. Hence the royal lion is the armorial bearing of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke; of Richard de Percy; of William de Mowbray; of Hugh de Bigot; of William de Albiney; and of Henry de Bohun. William Hardley's shield shows the royal lily of France.

Through intermarriage, these barons formed a family compact; for instance, here are Richard de Clare, and Gilbert de Clare, whose sister, Marie de Clare, was the wife of Wm. Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.

Among King John's securities are more lions,—borne by Sir William Longspei; Alan de Galway; Philip de Albini; Robert de Lovell; and

the worthy Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. The latter, warned in vain that he would endanger his life, braved the enraged "Lion-Heart," censured him for his profligacy, and infidelity to Queen Berengaria, for his dishonest exactions from the rich, and his devouring of the provision of the poor! Richard, cowed and penitent, may have conferred, then and there, the two "lions" which we see on the shield of Hugh of Lincoln, as Queen Isabella of Spain conferred on Columbus the privilege of bearing the royal "castle" on his coat of arms.

The family of Earl de Warenne intermarried with royalty.

Some of the names on Magna Charta were gradually lost to current history. De Neville became related to royalty, and De Vere is still mentioned as the "type" of high lineage; Fitz-Gerald, De Vesey, and De Lacy, have become identified with the history of Ireland.

Of the circling shields, none is more interesting than that of the young baron, Robert de Roos; its bearings are three yellow water bougets" or buckets on a red field. De Roos died in early manhood; his effigy, showing his handsome, boyish face and long curls, is over his grave in the Temple Church.

Heading one line of shields is that of Robert Fitz-Walter, the well-chosen leader of the barons.

The case of King John and Fitz-Walter is repeated in that of Henry VIII. and Sir Thomas Boleyn; the latter sold to Henry, first his wife, then his daughter, Mary, lastly, his daughter, Anne.

Fitz-Walter, who was of better, sterner stuff than Boleyn, had a beautiful daughter, named Matilda "the Fair," of whom King John became enamored. In deepest disgust, she repulsed the royal felon, who, besides his queen, had another living wife. Fitz-Walter could not be bought; so John seized "Baynard Castle," the Fitz-Walter home, when Lord Fitz-Walter was absent in France, abducted the fair Matilda, imprisoned her in the Tower, and when she would not yield to his wishes, had her poisoned to death, in the spring of 1215.

Can we wonder that these steel-clad, iron-gloved men, were called the "stern barons"?

John's ignoble life brought an ignoble death; but he apparently sincerely repented, and hum-

bly confessed his sins. He chose to lay his bones in Worcester Cathedral. The knights could not have wished his post-mortem presence! Following the latter to the Temple Church, we find the recumbent tomb-effigies of two of our Magna Charta barons, viz., Wm. Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, and Robert de Roos.

These effigies are numbered. No. 3, of Reigate stone, is that of Pembroke. Besides his Magna-Charta fame, he was Regent of England for the nine-year-old boy King, Henry III., from the death of John, in 1216, to his own (Pembroke's) death, in 1219.

King John's brother, the young Prince Henry, the eldest son of Henry II., on his death-bed gave to Pembroke, as his best friend, his cross to carry to Jerusalem. On his return, he was present at the coronation of Richard I., in 1189, when he bore the royal sceptre.

The head of the effigy rests on an oblong cushion, under an embattled tower; the legs are crossed, in token of Pembroke's having been a crusader. The surcoat is long and flowing. The belts are plain. The right hand is sheathing the sword. The lion rampant on the shield, the bearing of the Pembroke family, is almost obliterated.

No. 4. Cross-legged. Purbeck marble. Said to be William Marshall, eldest son of the great Earl, who succeeded to the earldom. The right hand uplifted rests over the heart. The head, in hood of mail, rests on an oblong cushion. The shield is plain, supported by a narrow, plain belt. The left arm is under the shield, the right hand rests on the sword. This Earl died in 1231.

No. 2. Cross-legged. Reigate stone. Said to be Gilbert Marshall, son of the Great Earl and Regent Pembroke,—killed in 1241, in a tournament, at Hertford, near Ware. The crossed feet rest on a winged dragon.

No. 5. Cross-legged. Sussex marble, represents Geoffrey de Magnaville or Mandeville, Earl of Essex, and Constable of the Tower. He was killed in 1142, in a tournament; his body was found by some Templars, dressed by them in their habit, and carried from the spot. As he died in unwarrantable debt and so in a manner excommunicated, they could not give him Christian burial at the time; so they wrapped his body in lead, and placed it in a tree in the Temple

orchard. When his debts were paid, he was buried among the Templars.

De Mandeville was witness to the Charter of Henry I.; he also fortified the tower.

The right hand is uplifted across the breast. The head rests on a lozenge-shaped cushion, and has an open-faced, tall, cylindrical, flat-topped helmet over a continuous hood of mail, secured by a strap under the chin. The worn device on his shield is said to be the earliest instance in England of sculptured armorial bearings on a monumental effigy.

No. 9. Cross-legged. Stone. Robert de Roos, the youngest of the Magna Charta barons.

Here in stone from his own Westmoreland quarries, are shown the noble features of the smiling young knight. The hood of mail rests upon the shoulders, exposing the finely-formed head, with its clustering, graceful curls.

Gazing upon this semblance of a personage long since turned to dust, in fancy we recall not only that eventful day at Runnymede, but the greatness of the De Roos family, and the extent of their seignury, as painted by Sir Herbert Maxwell in "The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest," in these words: "In such wise, Mistress Challice (de Roos, of Kendal Castle, in Westmoreland) became absolute mistress of a great seignury, with power of life and death over her vassals, right of frank chase and free warren upon her lands, and of fishing in the sea which bounded them on the west, as far as an archer, riding into it at ebb-tide, could shoot an arrow. The estates were so wide, so rich, and so well-peopled, that their owner never found difficulty in meeting the feudal obligation to send to the king's host, whenever need should arise, twenty-two men-at-arms, with attendants and grooms, one hundred and fifty 'hobelars' or light horsemen, and three hundred bowmen under a captain. The dalesmen of Kendal and Fawcett Forest were reckoned among the readiest, the best-equipped and the stoutest of those who mustered, from time to time, before the king's lieutenant. The only fee payable for this great domain, besides the military service, was one soarhawk, rendered annually at Winchester, on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin."

This author also tells us that the De Roos family were proverbial for their beauty: all who

look upon the beauty of this face in stone, will confirm this statement.

The pennon of the De Roos was red-and-yellow; and the liveries of their vassals were in these colors.

On the effigy shield are the three water buckets on a red field, the ensigns armorial of the De Roos.

Robert de Roos has sheathed his sword and lain down to rest; his hands, with palms touching, are reverently uplifted in prayer. He must have become a Knight Templar after the date of Magna Charta.

On the margin or edge of his slab-couch is the almost obliterated inscription—"Hic requiescat Kobti de Roos, quondam visitator generalis ordinis Milicie Templi, in Anglia, et in Francia, et in Italia."

The ancient Barony of De Roos or De Ros, has descended to Lady De Ros, wife of the Honorable Andrew Dawson, youngest brother of the Earl of Dartrey; this beautiful lady, worthy of her line, holds this grand old premier barony of England. No other English peerage has been held by so many heirs-female. The title has been inherited by no fewer than five women, at different times. The present Baroness is a great-granddaughter of that Duchess of Richmond who gave the famous ball on the eve of Waterloo, and who, speeding her guest, buckled on the sword of the Duke of Wellington!

The barons, the knights, the Templars, may well be left with the eulogy upon the effigies, wrung from Froude:

"The effigies are extremely noble figures—pride in every line of their features, in every undulation of their forms—but not personal pride; there is in them the spirit of the soldier, the saint, the feudal ruler, the Catholic Church, and of a soul disdainful of all personal ease and ambition. You see in the lines of these recumbent effigies, the double loftiness of churchmen and warriors; lines fashioned by the habitual tone of their thoughts, and perpetuated in stone by the artist who had seen and known them."

IDRIS.

How many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely characters of those who profess to be inside!

Reverend Mother Teresa's Grave.

High o'er the fast-flowing river,
That leaps from its bed, with a bound,
Nigh where the wild rapids shiver,
There rises a green stately mound,
Whose sides lofty shade trees adorn,
Where willow and mountain-ash wave
Their branches, from bright, sunny morn
To night, o'er a dear mother's grave.

Years have flown by since she left us,
The waters look glad as before,
And echo has not bereft us
The rime of the cataract's roar,
The ruddy sun rises at morn
O'er rocks that the rude waters lave,
And bathes with a brightness new-born
The sod on that sweet, sainted grave.

But gone are the rose tints of dawn,
In haste to the west, sweeps the sun,
Black shadows creep o'er the green lawn,
Since day-star's swift course was begun,
Why follow such fleeting glory
O'er mountain and valley and wave?
More cheering the light of life's story,
Shot back from the cross on that grave.

M. B. C.

Impressions of the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

NEVER was my whole being so lifted into the sublime as when, after sailing on Echo River, 350 feet below the surface of the ground, and hearing the deep and mysterious antiphonies which Nature offers to the human voice, we finally emerged from the cold and cloistral vaults into the warm and genial world—passionate with myriad insect vocalizations, and breathing rhythmically in its dark and solemn dream. The contrast between the cold precincts of the "Stygian cave forlorn" with its underworld tones of sombreness and terror and the warm August night—the enclosing embrace of the giant oaks which surround the mouth of the Cave, the eternal galaxies circling overhead and pouring through the transparent darkness their almost spiritual rays, fell on the heart in the breathless hush like the near touch of the warm hand of God. Do we thus emerge from

the coldness of our mortal tombs into the Heaven of the Grand Reality for which we wait, and which, if it be not, would prove man diviner far than God? Indeed it was like returning to life after death, to rejoice in the re-birth of our earthly life. With what enlightened tenderness and pathos would we not regasp our human affections and cherish our remaining opportunities of life? I had long speculated on the wonderful transformations which natural scenes work upon human relations—how the stiff and stuffy bourgeois formality of city life seems to rob our personal contacts of that large and free scope of joy which they acquire when the enclosing frame is not a parlour but the great Out-of-Doors of pine and oak and sky and grass. Certain it is that the rich complementary colors of our friends need the background of Nature to bring them out.

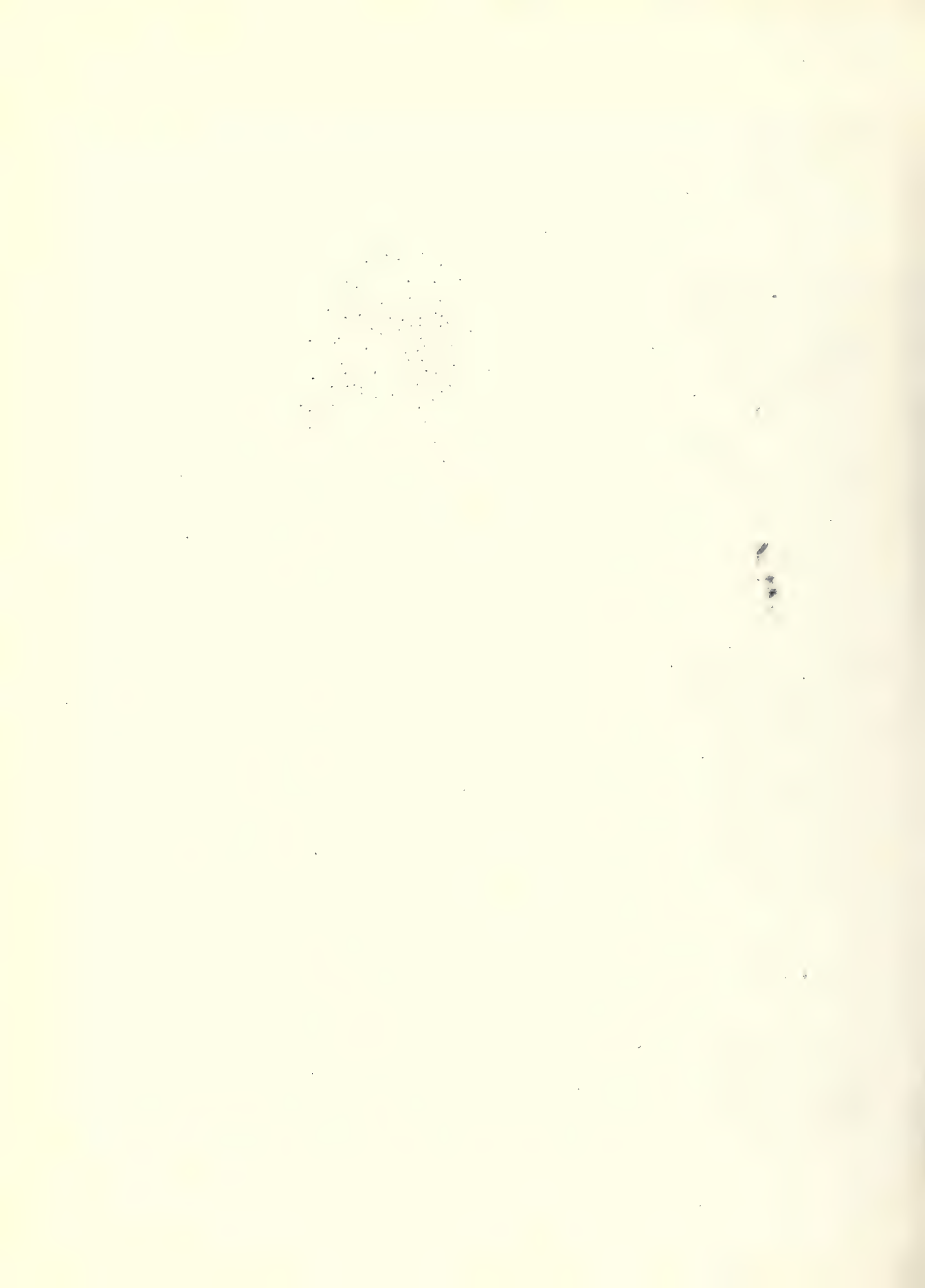
Plato puts mankind in a cave of shadows, but the true Cave of Shadows is Man Himself,—his brain the true labyrinth, and alas! too often no Ariadne to help him find and slay the Minotaur of his own being,—returning to safety by following the thread of affection. There are caves of the being within which need illumination, too. Pre-historic man is there with his rude stylus and the stone hammer with which he will one day learn to philosophise! He is trying to write and make signs, but no man regardeth. Throw a rocket or a Bengal light into the dank gloom, and see the far-flung corridors shine. Slaves are there, manacled to shadows, pawing to be free, yet daring not to burst their gyves and stand erect. Memory and self-consciousness clap us into Reading Gaol, where we moan and whine in our dungeon-keeps, and do not see that we are our own gaolers and unknown lords of unknown manors.

C. B. C.

Manners are not like clothes; it is a bad thing to have two suits of them, one for best, and one for every-day. Wear your best manners all the time; they suffer more by being put away than by constant use. If you keep your best manners for company, they will fit you ill, and your visitors will suspect they were put on for them. Wear your second-best clothes at home, if you will, not your second-best manners. To whom is it worth while to be courteous if not to the people you love best?



THE LATE REVEREND MOTHER TERESA DEASE,
FOUNDRRESS OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY IN AMERICA.



Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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OCTOBER, 1908.

Mgr. Guillebert, Bishop of Fréjus and Toulon, who has recently been in Rome, has written for his people a singularly happy description of the character and policy of the Pontiff.

"Pope Pius," he says, "seeks advice and listens to it, but he governs with the deep consciousness that the responsibility is his own and cannot be communicated to others. He selects for the highest offices men of worth, without troubling himself about customs of the Curia, or alleged claims of priority. His great force lies in the simplicity of his motives: the progress of the Kingdom of God, without anxiety for the things of this world. When you are near him, when you listen to his strong, clear words, and witness his illuminated expression and his decisive gesture, you feel carried away by a sense of conviction, and ready to follow where he leads. He is the leader of Israel, after the fashion of the prophets. Under his vigilance the true doctrine stands in no danger.

"He has shown this recently, and he will continue his work of preservation. On God alone Pius X. bases his supernatural mission and his love for the Church. In vain do political parties, including those that vaunt their religious faith,

endeavor to draw him and the bishops to their side; in vain do reactions of all kinds seek to compromise him in the toils of their old prejudices, on the plea that he has inexorably condemned dangerous novelties. On the contrary, the Pope has taken care to show that, in social as well as in scientific questions, he makes a clear-cut distinction between the aberrations of the modernists and the true needs of the time; and the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the condition of the working classes, continues to be—as we have heard from the most authoritative source—the principle of his social action and the inviolable rule of his counsels."

*

Francis Thompson has been so intelligently seen from the outside, says the *London Tablet*, that it is a great pleasure to give a closer Catholic view of him, expressed in a private letter, from which we are able to quote. It comes from a priest, one whose words are especially precious: "I loved the poet well, as you know; loved not only his undoubted genius, but also his poor self that was so entirely unfitted to battle with life. My poor Francis, how I longed to see and serve him, and yet he always eluded me and shrouded himself in silence. He was one of the few and gradually disappearing personalities whose friendship made one's life, apart from duty, bearable and pleasant. Never will I forget the old happy days we passed together, when my plain philosophy seemed to give him pleasure, when his brilliant thoughts and suggestions used suddenly to light up my whole soul, and over the gorse and threading the rocky hills that showed us the sea, we discussed all things in heaven and on earth, and life seemed worth living. My prayers will follow Francis to the other world; and there will be few in heaven whose conversation I shall more eagerly seek than his."

Another priest, to whom the poet was a stranger, in the sense that they had never met personally, writes: "For many years I have read and quoted him to all who had any ear within the

ear, and many have responded. It was in 1899-1900, when alone on a wild, very poor mission, scattered over a dozen townlands, and too sore and tired on a Sunday night to eat or speak to any one, that Thompson's great Odes used to open to me like clear skies when the sun is gone."

Yet another priest, one by whom Francis Thompson has been quoted in his public addresses—jewels placed in a fine gold setting—has written to a friend: "It was a part of him to die in the month of the dead. All he did was finished. His death was the last resolving harmony of a life of clashing discords. And he has gone to the nursery of heaven to have his voice perfected in the heavenly choir. To me he is a prophet as much as Newman. No one has given such expression to man's true attitude before God. Newman's life and work are a commentary on the 'Credo.' But I can recall no one who has equalled Francis Thompson as a commentator on the 'Confiteor.' Newman is the seer of Faith, Thompson the singer of Contrition. Some day, I hope, fragments of his song may be heard with the 'Stabat Mater' and the 'Dies Irae' in the Church's prayer; and he, on hearing it, will sing a new song, 'Domine, non sum dignus'—his last, and sweetest, and strongest, in the full voice of a soul grown to the stature of Christ."

*

How characteristic were the words of the late François Coppée, "the poet of the poor," when he was about to be elected member of the French Academy, fourteen years ago. The *Figaro* wished to know what diplomas he had obtained in his youth, and here is the letter that Coppée wrote:

"Your question makes me go back to my poverty, when I was a boy and a young man. I went to the Lycée St. Louis for a short time, and that is the extent of my schooling. I am not bachelor of any thing, and you see an ignoramus in me. However, I did what I could to learn something in life. Goethe always wrote "Studiosus" after his name. That is what I am—and shall remain—an old student to the end of my days."

A Tribute to the Genius and Art of Dr. C. E. W. Griffith, America's Great- est Reader of Shakespeare.

FIVE months had sped since those masterful readings of Shakespeare's dramas revealed to us the wondrous powers of voice and heart and mind, possessed by the great British bard's most ardent lover and interpreter—Mr. C. E. W. Griffith—and now, we were to realize, as never before, that Shakespeare lives for all time, and that, to those who bring us into closer acquaintance with the rich products of his mighty intellect, we owe a world of gratitude.

How our hearts beat when the curtain rose and we again beheld the one who was about to unlock to us the vast corridor down which glide, at the enchanter's bidding, a Hamlet, a Lear, a Cordelia, a Portia—names slightly known to us from childhood, but, henceforth, to be names of dear—remembered friends!

Yes, they have all been conjured up and have passed again; but, in memory, that magic voice which summoned them, still sounds for us, with all its magnificent modulations.

Tears and smiles, regrets and holy aspirations, have all been evoked. Will the emotions aroused prove all sterile? Surely not! After contemplating the mysterious, never-failing law of retribution wrought out in unnumbered instances in those dramas, the potent influence there portrayed, of mind upon mind, whether for good or ill, we arise with souls new-tuned for sweeter harmonies, and from the depths of grateful hearts, breathe benisons upon him, who, for the uplifting of his fellowmen—for the guidance of their moral and literary tastes—preaches the gospel of simplicity, while endeavoring, by means of his God-given powers, to show forth what in life and literature, possesses real value, for time, and, too, for the Eternal years beyond.

In that Land, towards which he has directed the thoughts of his hearers, not only by the noble words of Avon's bard, but by his own beautiful reflections on life and art, those words of encouragement and inspiration are recorded even more permanently than in the hearts of his enthusiastic auditors at—

LORETO.

King Manoel II. of Portugal.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

IF young King Manoel continues as he has begun, the stability of the Portuguese monarchy should be assured for some time to come.

It is an undoubted fact that the unskilful policy and retrograde measures, taken during the Dictatorship, had aroused widespread irritation, and produced a considerable increase in Republican ideas in the most cultivated centres of his country, especially Lisbon and Oporto. On the other hand, however, the extreme youth of the new King, the terrible misfortune which has befallen him, the excellent intentions manifested by him since the very first days of his reign, have attracted towards him the good will and sympathies of his people, without exception of class or opinion.

There is no doubt that the task the young monarch has before him is full of difficulties, but, good sense, patriotism, and a constant study of public affairs, allied to a well-balanced and cultivated mind, should stand him in good stead and carry him through the difficulties of a reign full of complications and grave historical responsibilities. King Manoel possesses these qualities. His cultivated mind he owes to the great care and attention bestowed by King Carlos and Queen Amélie on the education of their sons.

The strength of hereditary influences is universally acknowledged, and it is a fact that physical resemblance generally coincides with psychological manifestations. The present case is a singular proof of this. The late Crown Prince, whose tragic end horrified the world, was a true Braganza in appearance and character. A quiet, thoughtful boy, a little cold in manner, although extremely kind-hearted, he gave the impression of reason predominating over impulse, as if the weight of future responsibilities repressed the light-heartedness of youth.

Dom Manoel, on the contrary, shows the blood of the Houses of Orleans and Savoy. His boyish features bear the unmistakable stamp of the two old families to which belong the historic personalities of Louis Philippe, King of France, and Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. These

two famous men were the great-grandfathers of the present King of Portugal, and, in the features of the youthful Sovereign, can plainly be distinguished the eyes and brow of his mother, a Princess of Orleans, and the curving lips, square jaw, and determined chin of the House of Savoy. It is natural that the characteristics of these two races should exist in their descendant: the keen and cultivated spirit, the diplomatic tactfulness and affability of Louis Philippe, with the liberal ideas and almost heroic strength of will of *Il Re Galantuomo*.

Dom Manoel is a bright, good-looking lad, his graceful manners and brilliance of repartee making him a great acquisition to the rather dull Court life. He is intelligent and studious, much devoted to those whom he considers his loyal friends; and his innate amiability of character endears him to all. These qualities have been improved by a methodical and strict education.

As Infante, up to the day on which he inherited the throne of Portugal, he daily began his studies at 6 a. m., continuing them until 7 p. m., and only interrupting them for meals and a short walk or ride. He is principally interested in literature and history. At the age of thirteen, he wrote a diary of his voyage with the Queen to the Mediterranean, full of picturesque details, showing a quick and observant mind. Latterly, he was collecting notes and documents to enable him to write a history of the palace of Villa Vicosa and the House of Braganza.

King Manoel is also enthusiastic on all matters concerning art. Like his grandfather, Louis I. of Portugal, he adores music, and is himself an excellent musician, playing the piano with remarkable execution and feeling. From his great-grandfather, King Ferdinand II., called the Artist-King, he inherits his love for works of art, especially sculpture and painting.

In spite of this, he does not despise scientific pursuits. Before he came to the throne, he was working with great enthusiasm in order to enter, as a simple midshipman, the naval college, and, when at Villa Vicosa, he begged his mother to allow him to return sooner to Lisbon that he might continue his mathematics, not to be behindhand with his future schoolfellows and comrades. This request was made on the occasion of the visit to Villa Vicosa of the Duke of the Abruzzi, and the Infante remarked to the Queen

that when he became a naval officer he would like people to say of him what is said of the Duke and his services to science.

These studious tendencies were always greatly encouraged by his mother, the Queen, whose words to him, when a little boy, he has never forgotten: "My son, it does not suffice to be an Infante of Portugal; that, in itself, is worth nothing. Work and study, that you may acquire a personal value, and thus win the respect of all and be useful to your country."

The young King is skilled in all sports, but, has no special liking for any. Last summer, during an informal fête at the Pena Castle, in Cintra, a gay group from the palace, among whom were his brother and other companions of his own age, came upon the Infante Dom Manoel, reading a scientific work in a shady corner of the park. In answer to the laughing remarks on his extremely studious mood, he replied: "You see, I do not wish people to say of me what is generally said of the second sons of reigning houses."

Although of a nervous temperament, he has great presence of mind and courage when occasion demands them. Two or three years ago, his brother, the late Crown Prince, while at the riding-school, was violently thrown by his horse and stunned by the fall. Dom Manoel leaped upon the horse and galloped off to the palace, where, his parents being absent, he gave rapid and sensible orders. Then he awaited the Queen, who was expected from her afternoon drive, and broke to her the news of the accident with great care so that she should not be alarmed. During the terrible events which placed him on the throne, he also showed astonishing serenity and courage throughout, endeavoring to give support to his mother, whom he adores.

The horror, however, of the tragedy and the consciousness of the deep responsibilities that have fallen on him, so unexpectedly, appear to have utterly transformed his boyish nature. Those who are in contact with him say that the King has aged ten years in appearance and in mind since February the first, and that he gives the impression that it is no longer a boy who is speaking, but a man. His dignified manner, his words, showing careful thought, his grave, pre-occupied expression, denote a deep anxiety to

meet successfully the serious difficulties of the position in which he is placed.

Every day, he orders all the daily newspapers, of every color, to be brought to him, and, shutting himself in his study, he pores over them for hours, in the endeavor—as he himself explains—to judge of the situation of the country he governs and find out the wishes of his people.

A short time ago, some one at the palace, noting the fatigue which is only too visible in the young King, due to excess of work and continual audiences and ministerial conferences, gently remonstrated with his Majesty, urging him to entrust some of the matters of secondary interest to others. Thus, he suggested that perusal of the newspapers might be avoided by a daily report. The young monarch answered quietly: "No, while I have life and strength left me to do so, I will read them myself. One of my chief duties, as King, is to have perfect knowledge of the condition of public opinion in all matters, day by day, and that I can only obtain directly from the newspapers."

A. M. ORAM.

The History of the Family.

"A commonplace life we say and we sigh,—
But why do we sigh as we say?—
The commonplace sun and the commonplace sky
Make up the commonplace day;
And God who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful
whole."

* * *

THE sun had sunk in a sea of roseate splendor; a deep and peaceful silence fell upon the land. The birds had long since ceased their carolling, the fingers of the wind no longer played among the leaves, and even the very flowers,—Nature's chef-d'oeuvre,—bowed their heads for the good-night benediction. Man alone succumbed not to the spell. Anon, from the hills, by the bright light of a camp-fire, the hum of voices arose,—now louder and more insistent, and then sinking into an indistinct murmur, all the more tantalizing because indistinguishable. They were a cosmopolitan group, those men gathered around the fire of a mining-camp. Now a bright light breaks forth and

shows the grizzled head of an old man, side by side with the sweet, sincere face of a youth, as yet untarnished by the world, a youth who, perhaps, left a simple cottage home to seek his fortune. And then the flame flickers and dies, and the figures are shrouded in darkness and the voices alone are heard. Again a stray flame shoots up and reveals a face,—apart from the group,—with startling vividness. It is the face of a youthful friend,—the face of one you knew and loved. It is a good face, too,—broad, serene forehead, firm, capable chin, and eyes at once searching, truthful, and simple. The face is calm now for the mind is at rest. There is a reminiscent light in his eyes that you would fain not disturb, for—

“’Tis said, somewhere, at twilight
A great bell softly swings,—
And a man may listen and harken
To the wondrous music that rings,
If he puts from his heart’s inner chamber
All passion, and pain, and strife,
And heartache, and weary longing,
That throb in the pulse of life.”

And you know where his thoughts are; under the cold, holy beauty of the sky, with a heart free from guile and hatred, he feels the very vibrations of the angels’ wings, as they waft to him “The History of the Family.”

* * *

It is a little ivy-clad cottage,—their home,—with a deep-set tangled garden. She is waiting at the gate for the whistles, at six,—and father. And they come, the sharp, shrill whistles and the broad wreaths of dull black smoke,—and then a troop of pale-faced factory girls and rough men. There is yet another wait,—and then,—father!

* * *

“Heart of my heart, when the day is done,
Homeward I’ll turn to thee,
Knowing full well, at the setting sun,
Love waits to welcome me.
Weary my feet but I haste away,
After the toil is through,—
Eager to see, eager to be,—
Heart of my heart, with you.”

And after they have had tea in the little dimly-lighted dining-room, tea at the miniature round

table, with its bloom of dainty lilacs,—and later, to the gentle dripping of the rain, father reads to mother the beautiful story of “Evangeline.”

They were happy, happy days!

* * *

“Something to live for came to the place,—
Something to die for, maybe,—
For Heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
When it brought there only a baby.”

And the children came, one by one, until there were six, but not for long. Little Daisy, who cared more for mother’s sweet May-day hymns, or an hour before His altar, than for the pandemonium of the playground, sickened, faded, and died! Ah, the loneliness of that home and the desolation of that mother’s heart! Nobody knew of the dull feeling of pain that clutched her as she turned away and murmured: “Thy will, not mine.” Nobody knew of the tugging at her heart-strings as she caressed the remaining five nor how often her thoughts went out to the little mound with its white cross, engraved “Daisy.”

But she put her sorrow away and turned her attention to your first Communion. You and “Lady Belle” were the favored ones of the flock just then. And tears rise in your eyes as your memory turns to her sweet patience and gentle forbearance. You remember the night before your first Communion. Mother comes to you when you are in bed and still awake. You twine your arms about her neck and tell her it is the happiest day of your life. And then she goes away to “Lady Belle”; you sit up in bed, with your chin on your knees, and listen to the frogs holding their nightly concert in the garden below. Anon a sweet, childish voice breaks in on the monotonous croaking,

“Our Father, who art in Heaven.”

It is only “Lady Belle,” saying her prayers,—she is such an infant and always prays aloud,—“Hallowed be Thy Name.” And in a thrice you are kneeling by your bedside, helping little sister out with her rosary and praying that every Communion may be as happy as your first.

* * *

And the children grew apace. Laddie was a man now, tall, broad-shouldered, and a voice as deep as even father’s was when he first brought

her home. And the mother's eyes fill with tears. Her Laddie a man!—the tiny chap who, but yesterday, came sobbing to her with a little bruised finger, or laughingly held up a wee torn hat, held it up to mother, who seemed ever to have a magic needle and thread on hand, in all emergencies. But why should she wonder at Laddie, when her little girl, sweet-faced and almost ethereal, was to be married, next month,—just as she was some twenty odd years ago, and to go away from the now happy home and start one for herself in a tiny cottage, such as she and father had started in years ago. Ah! would the little girl be as happy as she was then? And the mother's eyes are soft and reminiscent as the vision of those bright and fleeting days float before her.

Ah! yes,—

“Parting with the little people,—
(Heart of mine, how fast they grow!)
Fashioning the wedding-dresses,
Treasuring the last caresses;
Waiting, as the years fly faster,
For the summons of the Master,—
That is what the mothers do.”

And this is what your mother did. Years went on and there were only left at home father, mother, and Baby Doll,—Doll, who was to be mother's consolation—if consolation she should need,—and the mother clutched wildly at the dull, aching throb in her heart, which sent a sentinel message through her brain,—her days were numbered!

And they came trooping home to mother's funeral. Laddie, now a tall, grave man, with streaks of grey in his hair, leading by the hand his two little children. “Lady Belle” was there with her stalwart and protecting husband; Carl, in soldier's uniform, from over the seas; Jep, from the busy clash of a city warehouse; Nell, from her convent home,—they were all there with father. And the storm beat heavily down, and the snow piled white and high, as mother's coffin was slowly lowered into the earth; the snowbirds chirped incessantly; the wind blew dolefully, and the hearts of the children were filled with grief. Ah! 'tis ever thus at a mother's requiem!

And afterwards they drifted away, each in pursuit of his own ideals, drifted away, leaving

father alone in the little cottage. Even Baby Doll had gone to crown another home, and queen over another fireside. Mother is peacefully sleeping in her rose-bowered mound, where father spends hours every day at her side. He is an old man now, bent, decrepit and weary, and as you watch his tottering form, almost unconsciously there runs through your mind,

“Spring is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang,
But brown must fly;
When he's forsaken,
Withered, and shaken,—
What can an old man do,—but die?”

KATY CAMILLE ADAMS.

TORONTO.

The Quebec Tercentenary.

THE Quebec Tercentenary Celebration is an accomplished fact. We now think of it, speak of it, write of it, with feelings of reverence. As it recedes from us with the inevitable passing of the days, the more reverent do we become. What a lesson it has taught!

We all know that with the ordinary festivity or celebration, that, though for the time being it may compel our interest and applause, when it is over we become convinced but more and more that we have been regaled upon Dead Sea fruit, and have applauded but mere worldly show and vanity.

The privileged thousands who have attended the Tercentenary of Quebec have come away feeling that they have indeed trodden upon holy ground.

As the Old Testament is emblematic of the New, so Quebec's past foreshadowed the present glorification, which has filled the eyes of an admiring world; has taught Canadians our country's history, for one reason or another hidden from us; and “lest they forget,” has recalled to present-day Frenchmen the true greatness of the France of old who taught the worship of God and not of human vanity!

Quebec, upon her rock throne, has in the eight pageants and the four thousand participants, seen once more her three hundred years pass before her.

Of everything presented by the pageants, surely, the heart, the vital point, the soul, was the trim and speedy little "Don de Dieu," Champlain's vessel, touching, as it were, the site of Quebec for the first time: well-named was the "Gift of God" which bore to our Canada the noble-minded, pious founder of Quebec.

What of the present? What could worthily succeed and honor the "Don de Dieu" but the dignified, the imposing "Indomitable," the pride of the greatest maritime power the world has ever seen! And whom but our Prince of Wales would we choose to pay—as he did—high and eloquent tribute to the memory of Champlain and the twenty times he crossed the Atlantic for the good of Canada!

These eight pageants present to most of us, for the first time, the full history of our country for, as it has been wittily put, all that the average English-speaking Canadian has cared to know about Quebec, is that Wolfe took it.

Historical fact, worthy and beautiful, is now burned in upon our perception and memory.

Be it known that the early expeditions, sent by the Old to the New World, were accompanied by missionary priests. Some historians forget to tell us that when the expeditions returned home the priests remained to labor among the aborigines; hence the Indian problem was solved, hundreds of years ago, by Spain and France. The "cruel" Spaniard, especially, is still revered by the North American Indian, and immortalized in the stone walls of the California missions.

To Christianize the natives was taught and recognized as the first duty.

In the name of God, Jacques Cartier, in 1534, took possession of Canada for his king, by erecting a cross, bearing this inscription: "Franciscus primus, Dei gratia Francorum Rex regnat."

But you may say, dear reader, that Cartier and all the early discoverers and explorers were interested chiefly, if not solely, in the fur trade, and that Christianizing the Indians was but a secondary consideration! Be that as it may have been, the average man and woman of to-day—you and I—are more interested in some sort of fur trade than in our neighbor's sanctification or, perhaps, our own!

France's missionary martyrs, De Breboeuf, Lalemant, Jogues, Aulneau, and others, were

the Lord's chosen souls even among His own faithful.

In this connection it is now pathetic to note, in a letter still preserved, and written to his mother, that the martyr-missionary, Father Aulneau, says he is assured that Sieur La Verandrye, the explorer, is more interested in furs than in souls! Strange to say, Verandrye's son died with the missionary; and together they have slept, in the same coffin, for one hundred and seventy-two years.

Cartier and Roberval having failed in their attempts to found a colony in Canada, France gave up the enterprise for a half-century; then came Champlain, who founded Quebec city, in 1608, and discovered the province of Ontario, in 1615.

The first pageant, presenting Cartier and Francis I., gives place to the second, showing us the court of Henry IV., and that king commissioning Champlain to explore and colonize the "New France" of Cartier. There is a touch of tender romance in this; for it brings before us the young wife of Champlain, who has chosen to accompany him to find her home in the wilderness of the New World. Do we not love to fancy that sweet and lovely lady, "tripping so lightly" the streets of old Quebec, and habitually mustering her courage to endure the thought or recital of Indian massacres!

The third pageant brings the first nuns from France. With what joy Madame de Champlain goes to meet and welcome these heroic souls! She hopes to return to France; they, like the priest-missionaries, have come to stay. These ladies, from the first families of France, eagerly take to their motherly arms and hearts the little vermin-covered savages, and minister to them until they are well-instructed, practical Christian children.

All these beloved communities are still with us. We have the Ursulines, founded by Mother Mary of the Incarnation; the Hospitalières, founded by Madame de la Peltrie; the Grey Nuns, or Sisters of Charity, founded by Madame d'Youville; and the Congregation of Notre Dame, founded by Marguerite Bourgeois. These sisterhoods, inspired from the Christian France of old, are found throughout the length and breadth of Canada and the United States,—in primary and high schools; in hospitals; in or-

phanages; in homes for the aged poor; in Indian missions; and in our leper hospital at Tracadie. They do not "advertise"; but what is not found in their cloister annals, God knows and remembers!

After the battle of the Plains of Abraham, the Sisters of Charity,—our Grey Nuns—nursed with equal tenderness their wounded French co-patriots, and the British invaders!

The fourth pageant reveals to us the citizen sentiment and spirit of the time. About 1660, the blood-thirsty Iroquois, having gained the ascendancy over the Hurons and Algonquins, the allies of the French, at last resolve upon the extermination of the French settlements of Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers. Dollard des Ormeaux, a young gentleman of Montreal, horrified at tortures threatening women and children, designs a plan of action whereby, although he and his volunteers must become willing martyrs, he hopes to check the Iroquois and save the settlements. He persuades sixteen other young men to join him in the enterprise. Having prepared themselves for death, and received the sacraments, with a few half-hearted Indian allies, who later desert them, they ascend the Ottawa to meet the hundreds of Iroquois; and they put up so brave a fight, to their last breath, that the astonished and daunted savages, after counting their dead, decide that when so small a number of Frenchmen have wrought so much havoc among them, they have much more reason to fear the forts and greater numbers of Frenchmen! So they leave the war-path; and Dollard's strategem ensures a few years of peace to the trembling settlements.

The fifth pageant brings in a new era. In 1665, the government of Canada is taken out of the hands of the fur-trading companies and is administered by the Crown, represented by "the Governor, the Bishop, and the Intendant." This is the time of Louis XIV., the grand monarch. Worthy of the time is the strong-minded, stern, self-sufficient Governor Frontenac, the terror of the Iroquois, whose only weakness was his perversity in dealing out "fire-water" and fire-arms to the Indians. Equally strong-minded and persevering was the good Bishop Laval, who, having first thought for souls, strenuously opposed Frontenac's mistaken policy.

Here is the conscientious Intendant, Talon,

the colonists' true friend; and here, in glaring contrast, is the dishonest Intendant, Bigot, the luxurious vulture preying upon the vitals of the impoverished people. In fancy we behold him again, pleasuring on the beautiful St. Lawrence in his magnificent and superbly-appointed barge; and, at last, we see him through the bars of a prison cell, when, recalled to France and disgraced, he is answering for his stewardship.

The sixth pageant is given to widespread discovery and exploration. In 1669, it is resolved that the country north and west of Lake Ontario shall be added to the dominions of the French king. Negotiations are opened with the various Indian tribes, and finally, after months of travel by canoe and on foot, the Commissioner, St. Luson, accompanied by Jesuit Fathers, meets the respective Indian chiefs on the shores of Georgian Bay. After friendly parley, a huge cross, bearing the arms of France, is erected and the chiefs take the oath of allegiance to the king.

Now follow the discovery of the copper mines of Lake Superior, and the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi by Father Marquette, Joliette and La Salle.

The seventh pageant suggests troubled times for the colony, and repeated attacks from British and Indian foes. Now is presented the child-heroine, Madeleine de Verchères, whose heart is brave as was that of Dollard des Ormeaux. Her father and mother are away from their home,—a small fort between Montreal and Three Rivers. Madeleine is left in charge. Surprised and attacked by a war-party of Iroquois, Madeleine, putting herself at the head of a garrison composed of her little brothers, three women, and two cowardly men servants, for several days and nights fights back attack after attack. The exhausted child allows herself only snatches of sleep, with her head and arms upon her gun. Monsieur and Madame Verchères with a relief force are welcomed by a little heroine with powder-soiled face!

The eighth pageant presents scenes from the battle of the Plains of Abraham. How thrilling is the mere mention of that momentous event! Both France and England have now realized that Canada is worth a battle: and bravely is that battle fought until the wounded victor, Wolfe, "dies happy," and the wounded and vanquished Montcalm resigns command for "some-

thing more important,—to prepare for death.”

Ah, the great Montcalm had the true conception of life; he never for a moment lost sight of “the one thing necessary.”

With the Prince of Wales, the heir of our Emperor-king, the other illustrious participants form a happy concourse that does honor to Quebec’s Tercentenary.

What Roman soldier and commander ever rivalled the gallant Field Marshal, Lord Roberts, the veteran, the venerated, the beloved “Bobs” of the British army! We rejoice that the Tercentenary is “in his time”!

Well worthy also of the occasion is Howard, Duke of Norfolk, the “saint” of the aristocracy, the Earl-Marshal of England, the man who scorns luxuries, and lives the simple life near to God and fellow man.

How meet that the sentries of the brave and magnanimous Montcalm should have been overcome, that the heights should have been scaled only by the Fraser Highlanders! Here we welcome their present-day chief, Fraser, Lord Lovat, descendant of that noble-minded, venerable Lord Lovat, whose loyalty could not be bought, and who died for his true king, his “Bonnie Prince Charlie.” When Culloden was lost, Prince Charlie left the field to confer with the aged chieftain, upon whose advice the British patriots disbanded.

The crowning pathos, the horror of it all, was that the lofty-minded Fraser, bowed by the burden of years and his country’s sorrows, was dragged to execution on Tower Hill, London. In the Tower is still shown—sickening sight!—the axe and block that ended the life of “Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat”!

Fourteen years later, the same Fraser blood—loyal as ever—won the heights of Quebec for Britain!

The presence of Major-General Pole-Carew, of South African fame, recalls the saying, “None but the brave deserve the fair,” for this “tallest soldier of them all” is accompanied by his radiantly-beautiful wife, the proclaimed “first beauty” of Great Britain and Ireland. This wondrously-beautiful daughter of Erin is the Lady Beatrice Butler, daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, a true descendant of the Butler rulers of Ireland, whose line is noted for beautiful women and brave men. For another reason may

the Lady Beatrice come in her own right,—she is a kinswoman of our “Iron Duke” of Wellington, whose mother was one of the Ormonde Butlers.

Another welcome and honored guest is Vice-President Fairbanks of the United States, whose country also claims, and honors, with Canada, the names, memories and achievements of Marquette, La Salle and other early discoverers and explorers.

What is to be said of France’s representatives? One—in truth, becomingly!—is the infidel Herbet. Well is he ignored when the invitations are issued for the great religious celebration—the Mass on the Plains of Abraham. “God will not be mocked”! And the Lord is mindful of His faithful; so we feel that, gathered with us at this Mass, this sacrifice of the new law, to His glory, are other true Canadians, the well-remembered saints and martyrs, such as Fathers De Breboeuf, Lalemant, Jogues and Aulneau. This is their triumphant hour; and the honor and glory of Quebec and Canada!

IDRIS.

My Island Ramble.

THE most beautiful and picturesque scenery that I have ever beheld in Canada, is that of the Thousand Islands, the most numerous group of river islands in the world, consisting of about fifteen hundred and eighty woody and rocky islets, in an expansion of the St. Lawrence, and situated partly on the Canadian and partly on the American side of the line,

Not so very many years ago, little was known of this “Garden of the Gods.” When Charles Dickens visited Canada, in 1842, he was attracted by the natural beauty of this then almost unknown region, and wrote of it:

“The beauty of this noble stream at almost any point, but especially in the commencement of this journey, where it winds its way among the Thousand Islands, can hardly be imagined. The number and constant succession of the islands, all green and richly wooded; their fluctuating sizes, some so large that for half an hour together one among them would appear as the opposite side of the river, and some so small that they are mere dimples upon its bosom, their infinite variety of shapes and the numberless com-

binations of beautiful forms which the trees growing on them present, all form a picture fraught with an uncommon interest and pleasure."

What would Dickens say to-day if he could revisit this island labyrinth, and view its river route traversed daily, during the season, by steamers that ply between Toronto, Kingston, and Montreal, stopping at all important points among the islands, and giving a complete panorama of the magnificent natural attractions of this favorite summer resort, unsurpassed for tranquil charm and poetic suggestion?

The steamer *St. Lawrence*, flying flags of every nation, leaves Alexandria Bay—where a step brings us from the wilderness of Nature's solitudes into the whirl and display of fashionable life—in the early dawn of a summer's morning, and the succession of ever-changing scenes of loveliness presented to the eye is such that even the blasé traveller finds interests growing at every turn of the boat. As it steams slowly away from the wharf, a point of the mainland projecting into the river is observed. This is "Bonnie Castle," at one time the home of the eminent poet, writer, and man of letters, Dr. J. G. Holland, the first editor of the *Century Magazine*.

Our course now leads us to another island, "Heart Island," which was converted from a wild, densely-wooded spot into one of the loveliest gardens that I have ever seen. Scarcely does this vision disappear from our gaze than we find ourselves in the Palisades, where the water is two hundred and forty feet deep and as clear as crystal. In the next ten miles of the trip, we are carried through narrow, tortuous channels into a region of surpassing beauty, full of interesting and exciting scenes, between rich masses of foliage mirrored in the still waters, or bold rocks, flecked with the exquisite pale greys or greens of encrusting lichens, or still shadowy bays, "kissed by overhanging birch and cedar boughs."

Mr. John A. Haddock, in his souvenir of the Thousand Islands, says: "In justice to one of the best pilots on the St. Lawrence River, the man who, above all others, originated these 'Island Rambles,' Captain Visger of Alexandria Bay, I must accord a generous meed of praise, because no man better deserves it. Early comprehending the fact that this group of islands, situated com-

paratively near to Alexandria Bay, which was destined to become the metropolis of the Thousand Islands, would attract the attention of large numbers of visitors and tourists, he began to turn his attention to the means of gratifying their very laudable curiosity, and scored a grand success. And so, to Captain Visger alone belongs the honor of having explored the different channels, and led the way through the most intricate windings of these picturesque archipelagos of the noble St. Lawrence."

The wonderful tour of the Thousand Islands is a trip worth making again and again, for it would take many summers to explore this Fairyland of delightful surprises—and many years to forget its memories.

REGINA PIGOTT.

Mendelssohn.

AMONG the art-centres of northern Europe few have laid the world under deeper obligations than sober, business-loving Hamburg, for when German opera was in its infancy the inhabitants of the old Hanse town fostered its early efforts with a well-directed zeal, which soon led to its acceptance as an independent manifestation of inventive power.

Here, on the 3rd. of February, 1809, one of the brightest musical geniuses of his century, Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, first saw the light of day—although the town was not destined to witness the development of his heaven-born genius. When Hamburg fell into the hands of the French, Mendelssohn's family, having incurred the displeasure of the invaders, were compelled to take refuge in Berlin, where Zelter instructed the young Felix in thorough-bass and composition, and Ludwig Berger, on the piano. The steady progress of his art-life, from the period of its first awakening, in early childhood, to that of its full maturity, is shown in the MSS. preserved in the Berlin Library. The music is carefully written in the neat and regular hand so well known to those who have had the privilege of examining his scores.

In the Spring of 1821, Weber visited Berlin. for the purpose of superintending the production of *Der Freischütz*, and Felix, naturally at-

tracted by the brilliancy of his genius and the beauty of his greatest opera, regarded him with an admiration which he retained undiminished until the end of his life. Sir Julius Benedict, in a lecture before the Camberwell Literary Institution, delighted his auditors with the story of his first meeting, on this occasion, with the young composer, who ran up to Weber in the street with a hearty and affectionate greeting.

In the November of the same year, Zelter took Felix to Weimar, on a visit to Goethe, in whose house he spent a happy fortnight. The poet received his youthful guest with undisguised affection; and the letters written by Felix to his parents and sisters contain an interesting description of the great man's domestic life. These letters are marvellous effusions, combining a man's keen power of observation with the freshness of a child's enjoyment, and we doubt if the cleverest word-painter in Europe could have produced a more delightful picture of Goethe in his moments of relaxation than that which was presented by this boy of twelve years of age. "That great things should be expected from a child able thus easily to win the heart of a man so notoriously difficult of access as the author of *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*, is only natural. But, though Felix was accustomed to associate with men and women at an age when most parents would have confined him to the nursery; though he was treated with respect, rather than indulgence, by the leaders of the German intellectual world, though his playing was praised, and his talent for improvisation openly and admiringly acknowledged; he is described by all who knew him at this time, as the most natural and charming boy imaginable, utterly unspoiled by dangerous adulation, modest in manner, gentle in disposition, and withal rejoicing in health, and youth, and life."

Sir Julius Benedict tells us how, after working hard at his first pianoforte quartet in C minor, he "cleared high hedges with a leap," and "climbed up the trees like a squirrel."

Hiller describes him as springing up to Aloys Schmitt's shoulders, and making the good professor carry him along a narrow passage which led to the house in which he was staying. Devrient writes: "He took his place among grown people, in his child's dress, a tight-fitting jacket, cut very low at the neck, with full trousers but-

toned over it. Into the slanting pockets of these, he loved to thrust his hands, rocking his head, covered with long brown curls, from side to side, and shifting restlessly from one foot to the other."

For the purpose of introducing Felix to Spohr, the Mendelssohn family made a lengthened tour in Switzerland, in 1822, stopping at Cassel on their way to the frontier. Two years afterwards, when Spohr visited Berlin, to superintend the first performance of his new opera, *Jessonda*, in that city, the intimacy, begun at Cassel, was renewed with genuine pleasure on both sides.

Towards the close of 1824, Moscheles paid a long visit to Berlin. So delighted were the Mendelssohns with his finished pianoforte playing that they begged him to accept Felix as a pupil. This he declined to do. "He has no need of lessons," he writes in his diary; "if he sees anything noteworthy in my style of playing, he catches it from me at once." Nevertheless, he consented to give him his advice, and, in a later page of his diary he writes: "To-day, from two to three, I gave Felix his first lesson; but not a moment could I conceal from myself the fact that I was with my master, not with my pupil." A week later: "He catches at the slightest hint I give, and guesses my meaning before I speak."

Mendelssohn's first composition of any importance was the Symphony in C minor, written in 1824. The following year his father took him to Paris, where both were brought into daily intercourse with the best musicians then settled in the French capital—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Hummel, Onslow, Paer, Halévy, Kalkbrenner, Herz, Boucher, Rode, Baillot, Kreutzer, Pixis—who rejoiced in doing honor to Felix's great talent. Even Cherubini, who rarely bestowed a word of praise or encouragement on anyone, treated him with unwonted consideration.

In 1825, the opera, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, was produced in Berlin. The libretto for this dramatic work, founded on an episode in the history of Don Quixote, had been prepared for Mendelssohn by his friend, Klingemann. The following year came the *Overture to A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which was first committed to paper in the form of a pianoforte piece *à quatre mains*, in which condition Moscheles heard it, in 1826. "How great was my delight,"

he writes, "when Felix played, with his sister Fanny, his new *Overture to A Midsummer Night's Dream!*" It must, indeed, have been a delight to hear it so interpreted while the composer himself was revelling in the first freshness of his beautiful inspiration.

Mendelssohn accepted the invitation to be conductor of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipzig. Not only was it couched in the most flattering terms, but it opened to him the highest and most honorable artistic position attainable in the German musical world. His house stood in Reichel's Garten, and so great was the delight with which he took possession of it that he afterwards wrote, "When I first came to Leipzig, I thought I was in Paradise." Almost immediately after his arrival, he received a visit from Chopin, whom he introduced to Fräulein Clara Wieck—afterwards Madame Schumann—then sixteen years old. His next visitor was Moscheles, who stayed long enough to be present at several of the concerts.

During a sojourn at Rome, in 1830, Mendelssohn's most serious undertaking was the musical illustration of Goethe's *Walpurgis-Nacht*, first conceived at Weimar, and finished at Milan. In 1833, he composed the Oratorio, *St. Paul*, which was produced at the Birmingham Festival under the composer's direction.

On the 24th. and 25th. of June, 1840, a festival was held in Leipzig, to celebrate the invention of printing. For this Mendelssohn composed a *Festgesang*, and his famous *Lobgesang*—the latter is undoubtedly one of the master's greatest works. "From first to last it breathes a spirit of exultant praise which we do not find surpassed in any part of his two great Oratorios. The treatment of the prevailing theme—identical, so far as its intervals are concerned, with the intonation of the Eighth Gregorian Psalm-tone—is masterly in the extreme. The wealth of melody which pervades the solo portions of the work is inexhaustible. And the expression of the whole, founded evidently upon the results of deep and earnest thought, is faultless. As one example out of many, it is only necessary to refer to the lovely tenor Arioso, *He healeth all your sorrows*, in which the wailing intervals of the minor mode are used with such consummate skill that, notwithstanding the reality and even the sweetness of the healing power, one

can never for a moment forget the immensity of the sorrow it is sent to alleviate."

By command of the King of Prussia, Mendelssohn was summoned to Potsdam, in 1845, for the first performance of his *Oedipus Coloneus*, and to Charlottenburg, for the production of *Athalie*. A month afterward he returned to Leipzig, accompanied by Jenny Lind—then at the height of her reputation in Berlin—who made her first appearance in the Gewandhaus, on the 4th. of December. Her songs—all sung in German, on this occasion—included Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, and *Leise zieht mein Gemüth*, accompanied on the piano by the composer. "Never before or since that memorable night, was the last of these delightful lieder so superbly sung, or so deliciously accompanied."

Mendelssohn's last great work was the Oratorio, *Elijah*, which was expressly composed for, and produced at, the Birmingham Festival of 1846. Of all important sacred works, *Elijah* is the only one to be performed at every festival of the season. It has been given at Worcester, this autumn, and, during the month of October it will be performed at Sheffield, Bristol, and Norwich. Evidently, this Oratorio has lost none of its power to attract, and nothing of its position among the masterpieces of sacred art. *Elijah* is safe, at least, until some overwhelming change takes place in taste. This is not likely to happen, for the sneerers at Mendelssohn and his music are not getting on very well in their crusade.

Mendelssohn died at the early age of thirty-eight. All his compositions—from his Symphonies to the charming Songs without Words—from the *Elijah* to the Anthems for two Choirs—breathe a life of freshness—a sublimity and devoutness, which more than compensate for an occasional absence of detailed and formal construction.

MARY LEYES.

Thoughts are illusive things. They vanish oftentimes as speedily as they come. They may return to us, but not in the same garb. They will come in another form, lacking, most frequently, the beauty of their first appearance. To retain them in their freshness and vigor, corral them on the spot.



A SCENE FROM THE FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH, OF AUSTRIA,
AT THE CONVENT OF THE "ENGLISH LADIES," ST. PÖLTEN, AUSTRIA,

The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its Foundation to its Secularization, 1626-1809.

BY REVEREND MOTHER ELIZABETH BLUME, GENERAL OF THE GERMAN BRANCH OF THE ENGLISH INSTITUTE.

CHAPTER IV.

ANNA BARBARA BABTHORPE, FOURTH GENERAL SUPERIOR.—1697-1711.

THE completion of the building of the house of the Institute at Munich—The Institute founded at Mindelheim, 1701—Confirmation of the Rules, in 1703—Munich since that period the permanent residence of the Chief Superior—The foundation of the first Austrian House of the Institute at St. Pölten, near Vienna, 1706.

Whilst the work of building the house of the Institute at Munich was advancing rapidly and the Community—at times anxious—again with joyous expectations looked forward to its completion, sad news from Rome arrived, announcing the death of the Chief Superior, Catharine Dawson. Anna Barbara Babthorpe, the Superior of the house at Munich, set out for Rome. Helen Catesby had been named Vicaress by the deceased.

However, by the General Chapter, which met soon afterwards, Anna Barbara Babthorpe was elected Superior General.

At the time of her election she was still in Rome, but returned at once to Bavaria, with the determination to take the necessary steps from that place for the strengthening and confirming of the Institute.

The new house in Munich, her care and her joy, was in the meantime completed—an imposing two-story building, occupying a large square, the main entrance of which opened on Weinstrasse. It was situated about the centre of the city, not far from the "Frauenkirche" (the Church of Our Lady) and in that parish. The upper square elevation, fronting on Weinstrasse, contained a large hall, surmounted by a cupola and a small tower, wherein were found a clock and two bells, baptized "Maria Joseph" and "Benno Ignatius," by the Abbot Tegernsee.

The hall with its three altars, bearing the title of "Our Lady of Humility," was used as an oratory for the meeting of the noble ladies, who spent their appointed hours of prayer and devotion there; divine service was also celebrated there, and, particularly, the feasts of the Good Shepherd and of the Heart of Mary were yearly solemnized with great splendor. A beautiful oil painting by M. Renata Hoffmann, a copy of the old picture of Our Lady in the above hall, may now be seen hanging in the Superior General's room in Nymphenburg.

The Community Chapel was located in the rear building, which was dedicated in 1697, by Bishop John I. Von Freising, under the title of the Immaculate Conception.

On the 8th. June, 1698, the body of St. Felcissimus was transported thither, and, on the 24th. of June, 1699, Father Adrian, the Capuchin Provincial of the Bavarian Province of the Order, bestowed upon the Superior General, the head of St. Generosus, and the bodies of Sts. Mercurian and Margarita, for the chapel at Munich. The latter were youthful saints who gave up their lives for Christ at the tender age of twelve, and, on that account, should be the special objects of the love and veneration of youth.

On the 28th. of April, 1692, the Archbishop of Cologne, and the Duke of Bavaria, "Joseph Clemens," Bishop of Freising, gave permission to the "English Ladies" of the Institute to build a vault and a mortuary chapel. The Chief Superior, Anna Barbara Babthorpe, gave a written promise that, however, the monastery of Our Lady should not lose the customary burial fee. Neither should the rights of the parish be interfered with.

In 1701 and 1710, she signed a similar document for the parish of Our Lady, with regard to administering the last Sacraments to the members of her Community, and keeping the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel.

Afterwards, Bishop John Von Fressing, on the 14th. of February, 1701, consented that everything necessary for the administration of the Sacraments to the sick should be taken from their own chapel and no longer from the church, by the pastor of "Our Lady," or his assistant. Up to this time, the deceased members of the Institute had been interred in a neighboring

vault belonging to the Carmelites, who were very friendly to them. After the new vault had been blessed by the Deacon of the Church of Our Lady, the first member of the Institute placed in this quiet resting-place was Jungfrau Franziska Feinstl, on the 4th. of December, 1697. Besides there reposed in this vault the remains of several "English Ladies," who as true confessors, had suffered much in England for their faith, especially Frances Bedingfield, Isabella Layton, and Johanna Twing.

St. Joseph was chosen to be the patron of this new and beautiful house. The following incident—the memory of which still continues as a tradition in the Institute—may have led to his being chosen as its patron:

When the first half of the house was completed, in 1694, and the Superior was about to occupy her room, she found lying on the floor a simple little picture of St. Joseph. As the room had been altogether empty and scarcely anyone had entered it, the finding of such an object seemed to her very remarkable. She made strict inquiries as to its owner, but without obtaining any information. Then the inspiration came to her that St. Joseph himself wished to be the patron of the new house.

Since then, the plain little picture having been simply framed, was kept in the room of the Superior General until the last one, Baroness Ernestine von Schaffmann, was obliged to leave at the time of the Secularization. However, in the midst of the confusion of these stormy times the little picture was saved, and found again its quiet place of honor in the room of each successive Superior in the mother house of Munich (Nymphenburg).

St. Joseph has been and still is the patron of the Institute. In the new building were five different schools, one for young girls of the nobility, and four for children of the middle classes. From the very opening of the schools, from 300 to 400 girls received education and instruction in all the branches of useful and practical knowledge. Apart from this building, there was a house for poor girls, founded by Jungfrau Anna Rohrl.

The "English Ladies" had bought the house at a great financial sacrifice in order to offer a free home to poor orphans—who were numerous, after the Thirty Years War. For many years

this orphanage was generously supported by donations, but, principally, by the Institute itself. The first private charitable institution, according to record, dating from 1710-1717, was founded at Munich by the Augustinians, to whom Frau Katharina Theresia Knobl left 5000 florins, the interest on which was to be yearly applied to the orphanage, in return for which, six children were to hear Mass, weekly, at the Augustinian Chapel.

In the year 1722, the "English Ladies" bought the Ligsalzische House in Weinstrasse, No. 10, not far from the new house of the Institute, for an orphanage, and thither the children of the above orphanage were removed. The "Englische Apotheke," now occupying this site, clearly indicates that this building once belonged to the "Englische Fräulein." In time, generous benefactors appeared; for instance, the Count-Bishop, attached to the Court, Joseph Gundiwald von Spaur, who made the Poor Girls' Home his sole heir, leaving to it 28,839 florins, on condition that the number of girls should be increased by twelve, which brought the number up to forty.

The Electoral Court often remembered this orphanage by sending the inmates wood, corn, &c.

The Prince Elector's widow, Maria Anna Sophia, bequeathed to them, March 24, 1795, the interest of 4% on 19,000 florins. The orphanage was overcrowded with poor children when, in 1808, at the time of the Secularization, it was taken from the Institute and handed over to the State, which, likewise, administered its revenues under the name of Rohrl-Spaurscher Funds; the interest on the above funds has been used since 1840 to pay for the education of orphans of the reduced upper class in the English Institute in Berga L.

Towards the close of the 17th. century, the material interests of the Munich house were considerably increased and improved, the foundation of a new house of the Institute at Mindelheim followed; the fourth in the present Kingdom of Bavaria.

(To be continued.)

Character is to wear forever; who will wonder or grudge that it cannot be developed in a day?

Absent-Minded.

SHOULD I tell her they were resting above her eyes, on her forehead, gently pushed up there out of the way of the eyes? Should I tell her? She wanted to know badly enough. At least, you would think so to watch the lady gesticulate and sigh, "Oh, where are they?—where, where, where? Only one moment ago I held them in my possession. The blessed little things, they will be my death!"—your darkness, rather, said the bold thought in my mind.

"Tell her, tell her," said my good genius.

"Yes, tell her; say that she, a great lady, an influential lady, a lady of weight and mentality, is bereft of ordinary feeling,—say it and be forever branded 'rude'," said my genius of fear.

My feet began to tremble where I stood,—looking straight at them, my hands twitched furtively, and my eyes grew larger, blurred, and, finally, like Lucy Gray, saw visions.

"Child," said the lady, "will you not look? They must be in the room: only this moment were they in my two hands. Oh, what shall I do!"

I was on the point of blurting out, "Feel your forehead, madam!" when thoughts of home came upon me, thoughts of my father. Would I tell him this bald truth? Should I speak to him thus plainly?

Yes, I would. Ah, but with him it were different. And I know I could fall at his feet, and I know he would take me up and forgive me before I had it said, for he was a man with a man's great way. This was a different situation, and, to the spot I stood riveted, looking wild-eyed at the lady and her forehead, where they were.

"Were you ever greatly frightened?" asked D. S., last summer, "frightened until a copper taste came into your mouth?" I had not known that this was the indication of the extremity of fear; but I have thought about it since and have tried to recall the cupric-sensation of that hour. But it is questionable wisdom—dwelling on gloomy subjects. It is pleasanter and wiser to think on pretty moments,—to be an optimist with one proviso, keep your reasons to yourself. If Providence has made the stars for you, if the world wags all for you, well, make a secret of it, for I tell thee, optimist, there is a boredom

by thy loquacious self. True, it is very sweet to harken to your neighbor's story, to listen to what she has to say, sympathetically. It does her good and you no harm.

But, to return to the lady. She was still mystified beyond description at the loss, while I, powerless and speechless, as the "Baby new to earth and sky," stood silent, when a gesture would have been sufficient to locate the *spectacles*.

Sometimes I think it the most charming thing in the world to be absent-minded. Particularly, when I recall F. O. T., for he is the dearest and greatest of men. No dreamer, yet his life is one dream of good deeds,—a scholar, a linguist, and a saint—one whose ways suggest truth, honor, and heaven. The dearest and the greatest! Why should he concern himself—indeed, he does not—about tedious shoelaces perversely in evidence because—entre nous—untied. Reader, I would kneel me down and tie those laces and count myself blessed in the doing, or brush a very dusty coat and neglected hat. Hat!—that's the word where tales may hang! Ask the sweetest of women, his mother, for in he came to see her, one day, toggled out in a superb satin castor. She was the gentlest of ladies, but nought availed to save her kindly heart from throbs, in agitation at the sight.

"My son, where did you get that hat?"

"Where did I get it?"

By this he had taken it off and was surveying the extravagant hat, in brown bewilderment.

"Yes, where did you get it?" and her eyes grew apprehensive. Strangers could not be expected to know her darling's propensity, and absent-mindedness suggested arrest, and arrest absent-mindedness, until the fond mother was on the verge of distraction.

"Where did I get it?" His eyes had grown large with surprise.

"Yes, where did you get it? Oh, think—where were you last before you came in to see me? Can't you remember?"

"Where was I? Yes, mother, it is Sir Wilfrid's." He left his mother on the spot, most unceremoniously.

I think it is Lamb who says it,—to be absent from the body is sometimes to be present with the Lord. At least, it is a form of "unselfhood," for at the very time when personally encounter-

ing the moon-stranded mortal, he passes you with no recognition. Or stop him and he starts and gives you a fright, too. He has been on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus, co-sphered with Plato, or with Harrington, framing “immortal commonwealths—devising some plan of amelioration to his country, or his species—peradventure, meditating some individual kindness or courtesy to be done to *thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.”

Indeed, if it were not good sometimes to be absent-minded, what should we do!

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Old Familiar Faces.

AFTER long years of estrangement, I again found myself in the quaint old village where I spent my happy childhood days. Everything was changed; the very birds seemed to warble strange-sounding notes. Wandering up the long hill, which still seemed to be an attraction, I met several people, but, to my disappointment, not one whom I knew.

A bulletin-board soon attracted my eye. I made my way to it, and was interested in the statement which ran thus:

“Mr. and Mrs. Brown will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary this evening. All old friends are invited.”

This will be an admirable chance, thought I, to meet some of my acquaintances, so eight o'clock found me all prepared to attend the celebration.

Rather a strange feeling overcame me as I reached the threshold of Brown's dwelling. However, I found courage enough to ring the bell. Already, old memories rose before my eyes—for who was the first to greet me but Emily, my old nurse. Not a feature was changed—the same kind smile still played about her lips—the same soft light still beamed in her eyes—and nothing in that countenance betrayed trouble or suffering. She ushered me into the presence of the guests. Again I was a child, with my schoolmates around me, for there sat Mr. and Mrs. Brown—the Joe and Nell of long ago. How they had aged! Mrs. Brown, with her snow-white hair falling in ripples over her furrowed

brow—Mr. Brown, with his thin, trembling hands leaning on a support, surely, this is an example of what years can do. But—had their faces changed? True, the cheeks were faded and hollow, and the eyes sunken, but the expression of that calm, reserved nature still lingered on Nell's face. As to Joe, there he was, with the same twinkle in his eye, the mouth ever ready to break into a smile. What a study there was in these two faces!

What was that grotesque-looking figure in the far corner of the room? Something about the garments attracted me, still I knew not what. A moment later, the person turned around and there was my old schoolmaster gazing at me above his glasses. What was once his special-occasion-apparel he now had on—an old green coat that reached almost to his knees—trousers that were tied around his ankles, and a collar that formed a splendid protection for his ears. He stood with his hands folded behind his back, looking at me silently. As usual, not a motion of his face expressed delight, but the corners of his mouth were drawn sternly across. The teeth were pressed close together, making those firm-set jaws. Surely, this was an old familiar face, and, though grave, it recalled the happiest days of my life. Others—too numerous to mention—that brought old memories, were there. All the faces told of peace and happiness. Everyone departed that night with a glad heart.

As I wended my way along the street my mind was so absorbed in the evening's events that I nearly failed to notice a woman huddled close to an old gate-post. She groaned and I spoke to her, but no answer came. I went closer and, to my horror, found that she was dead. In her hand was a small tin containing a few coppers, and an old shawl was wrapped about her shoulders—her dress was light, and, in fact, the very air seemed to whisper poverty. I gazed on and studied that face and soon traced the features of another friend. Alas! had it come to this? Was it possible that this was the former belle of the village? Had hers been the beggar's lot? Was this the outcome of her once ideal life? Thus my mind wandered as I continued to read that face. Its beauty was gone. No strength of character, no soul, nothing but ruin and disgrace showed forth in that countenance. What a contrast to the others I had seen that night! That

face was a history in itself. Every feature repeated with Moore—

"See, how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.
Thus, man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity."

GRACE PODGER.

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

IT is said that history repeats itself. This is certainly true in the life of a college.

Owing to this fact, it is again our pleasing task to congratulate both the pupils and the convent on the excellent results attained in the London College of Preceptors' Examinations, in which the pupils competed a month ago. A glance down the list of successes will show that "progress" is practically their motto.

Domestic economy has been taken as a subject by some of the pupils, this year. It is well that, while enlarging their knowledge of the arts and of science, the study of hygiene and home management be not set aside.

A word of special praise is due to Miss Lourdes Ferrary, seeing that, besides the first-class certificate gained in these examinations, she was awarded the advanced grade (local centre) certificate by the Royal Academy of Music, London, this present year.

STATEMENT OF CERTIFICATES.

First Class—Miss L. Ferrary, Pass Certificate; Distinction in Spanish and Music; Pass in Scripture History, English Language, English History, Arithmetic, French, Italian, and Domestic Economy.

Second Class—Miss M. Black, Honors Certificate; Distinction in French, Drawing, and Music; Pass in Scripture History, English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, and Spanish.

Second Class—Miss Novella, Honors Certificate; Distinction in French, Spanish, and Drawing; Pass in English Language, English His-

tory, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Music, and Domestic Economy (first class).

Miss P. Rodriguez, Pass Certificate; Pass in English Language, English History, Geography, Algebra, French, Spanish, and Drawing (second class), Arithmetic (third class), and Domestic Economy (first class).

Third Class—Miss M. Peña, Honors Certificate; Distinction in English Language, Arithmetic, Drawing, and Spanish; Pass in English History, Geography, Algebra, and French.

Third Class—Miss C. Novella, Honors Certificate; Distinction in English Language and Spanish; Pass in English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, and Drawing.

Third Class—Miss A. Imossi, Honors Certificate; Distinction in English Language and Drawing; Pass in English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, and Domestic Economy (first class).

Third Class—Miss G. Lane, Honors Certificate; Distinction in English Language; Pass in English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Drawing, and Domestic Economy. (first class).

Third Class—Miss J. Dotto, Honors Certificate; Distinction in Algebra and Spanish; Pass in English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, French, and Drawing.

Third Class—Miss C. Galvez, Honors Certificate; Distinction in English Language and Spanish; Pass in English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, and Drawing.

Third Class—Miss M. Neuville, Honors Certificate; Distinction in Spanish; Pass in English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, and Drawing.

Third Class—Miss G. Leggett, Pass Certificate; Pass in English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Drawing, and Domestic Economy (first class).

Third Class—Miss A. Baker, Pass Certificate; Pass in English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Drawing, and Domestic Economy (first class).

LOWER FORMS.

Miss M. Dowding: Dictation and Composition*, Arithmetic*, English Grammar*, Literature*, Geography*, Algebra*, French, and Drawing*.

Miss J. Peña: Dictation and Composition*, Arithmetic*, English Grammar, Literature, Algebra*, English History*, French, and Drawing*.

Miss C. Mosley: Dictation and Composition*, Arithmetic*, English Grammar, Literature, Geography, Algebra, French, and Drawing.

Miss W. Bellamy: Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, English History, Geography*, Algebra, and Drawing.

Miss P. Smith: Dictation and Composition*, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, English History, Algebra, French, and Drawing*.

Miss P. Armero: Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, English History, Geography, Algebra*, French, and Drawing.

Miss L. Cressingham: Dictation and Composition*, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, English History, Geography, and Drawing.

Miss J. Imossi: Dictation and Composition*, Arithmetic, English Grammar, English History, Algebra, and Drawing.

Miss D. Cooper: Dictation and Composition*, Arithmetic*, English Grammar, English History, Geography, and Algebra.

N. B.—Subjects marked with an asterisk obtained 75 per cent. or upwards.

Le Rire, Au Point De Vue Chrétien.

(Essai Couronné au Concours de la *Croix*.)

TOUJOURS EN HAUT!

Qu'est-ce que le rire? Question que l'antiquité a posée et que chaque siècle a répétée! Problème que la philosophie, la psychologie, la morale, la Religion a étudié sans le résoudre parfaitement encore! Indéfinissable secret de la suprême Intelligence!

Je n'ai point la témérité de le sonder, et laissant de côté l'analyse de sa cause fondamentale, je m'arrête à cette seconde interrogation: Doit-on rire? Question si importante, même au point de vue mystique, que les Docteurs de l'Église l'ont, tour à tour, discutée, et les plus doctes et pieux de nos Maîtres sacrés, après une subtile étude, ont conclu affirmativement. Le célèbre Tertullien lui-même, dans son austère langage, avance que "partout où le rire est convenable, il remplit son devoir. . ." Belle définition!

Deux mots la caractérisent: la convenance et le devoir. Ces deux mots rejettent bien loin tous ces rires que provoquent les multiples passions du coeur humain et dessinent d'un trait le caractère vrai du rire chrétien dans sa réelle beauté; épanouissement des nobles âmes, délassement nécessaire à l'esprit, ensoleillement de la vie sociale, franche et loyale expansion de certaines natures privilégiées qui semblent avoir reçu le don particulier de tout illuminer autour d'elles, transparent miroir des consciences pures, des âmes saintes, rire nuancé de tant d'émotions diverses dont j'e voudrais énumérer la forme variée, l'utilité réelle, le charme exquis; rire qui devient alors une réfection et une consolation:

Rires spontanés des bonheurs intenses, éclats contenus des joies profondes et pures!

Rires gracieux de l'aimable bienveillance!

Rires fins et spirituels de l'affectueuse et innocente taquinerie!

Rires joyeux de cercle de famille!

Rires candides et frais de l'enfance, gazouillis délicieux du berceau des bébés blonds et roses!

Rires enchanteurs de l'exubérante jeunesse!

Rires infiniment doux de l'indulgente tendresse maternelle!

Rires satisfaits et triomphants de l'époux, du père radieux!

Rires graves et chevrotants de l'aïeul aimé!

Quel charme vous possédez, quelle dilatation vous répandez, de quels rayons de vie vous illuminez le "home" du riche où du pauvre où règnent l'union et la vertu!

Rires célestes du dévouement, de la sainte charité, part choisie de la vierge chrétienne, vos éclats sont plus suaves, vos intonations plus mélodieuses!

Rires parfois mouillés de pleurs, qui sait quelle sublime vertu vous fait jaillir pour verser sur des coeurs bien-aimés la joie et le bonheur, et quelle sérénité vos échos jettent au fond de ces âmes généreuses qui, s'oubliant elles-mêmes, rient à travers leurs larmes pour remplir le doux office des anges: consoler, réjouir les autres! Que je plains ceux qui ne savent pas rire, plus encore ceux qui ne veulent plus rire parce qu'ils ont un jour rejoint, à quelque détour de leur route, notre inséparable compagne de voyage: l'inévitable souffrance!

Pauvres endoloris que la douleur étreint, pourquoi laisser votre coeur s'atrophier dans

cette noire mélancolie? pourquoi crisper si amèrement ces lèvres gracieuses? pourquoi tout assombrir sur votre passage? . . .

Si vous connaissiez la vertu du rire chrétien! . . . Il rassérène l'âme, stimule son ardeur chancelante, la rend vaillante et forte! C'est le cachet de l'âme vraiment chrétienne. Elle possède au-dedans d'elle-même un fond de bonheur permanent, elle puise sa joie à la source de l'Amour; rien ne peut altérer la sérénité de son ciel intérieur; nulle adversité ne l'abat, nulle douleur ne peut la terrasser.

Toujours souriante, toujours égale, elle se maintient calme, doucement joyeuse au-dessus de tous les orages de la vie. . . . Elle a solidement jeté l'ancre de sa Foi sur le fond immuable de l'Océan Divin, rien, absolument rien, ne saurait l'ébranler.

Une paix délicieuse embaume sa vie intime, une chaste joie en émane, une charité aussi ardente que discrète s'épanche sur tous ceux qui en approchent; de son rire limpide la grâce rayonne avec le bonheur! . . .

Et l'on ose dire que la Religion rend maussade, sombre, morose; que la gaieté est incompatible avec la piété, qu'au service de Dieu on devient rigide, austère, et que sais-je encore? . . . Que ne sait-on plutôt combien une piété intelligente et sérieuse rehausse les charmes de l'esprit, ennoblit et cimente toutes les affections, développe les plus exquis délicatesses du cœur! . . . Elle est aussi l'école des vertus aux règles sublimes et ardues; elle facilite tous les devoirs de société et de famille, elle s'allie parfaitement à un aimable et doux enjouement; elle est enfin la source cachée et féconde des joies stables et élevées dont le rire chrétien est la parfaite expression.

Nous pouvons donc rire: la convenance, le devoir, la Religion nous y invitent; nous le devons aussi pour répondre à la géniale pensée de Celui qui en fit un des traits distinctifs de "l'animal pensant."

A-t-il voulu que la noble créature qu'il destinait au bonheur parfait en portât sur le visage l'expression et les reflets?

A-t-il voulu encore irradier son "exil" en lui accordant cette délicate faculté de faire vibrer en notes harmonieuses le trop plein de ses joies intimes, pour verser partout à pleins bords l'exubérance de la vie?

Enfin a-t-il voulu que les échos de ses joies comme un encens parfumé montassent vers son Trône pour lui rendre hommage, et lui offrir incessamment une hymne d'adoration? . . .

Peut-être! Il y a tant d'affinité entre la joie et l'Amour!

Le Père Faber a écrit quelque part:

"Il n'y a pas d'adoration où il n'y a pas de joie. Car adorer Dieu, c'est plus que le craindre ou l'aimer, c'est trouver en Lui ses délices. . . ."

Et je conclus: le rire est un bienfait; chant d'amour de l'âme chrétienne; gage des joies éternelles qui lui sont promises: *In risu est proemium sapientiae*. (St. Augustin.)

MARY CUNNINGHAM.

Shakespeare at Loretto Convent.

THOSE who had the good fortune to receive from the Ladies of Loretto; invitations to the Shakespearean Readings given by Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, "America's Greatest Reader of Shakespeare," in the Convent Academy Hall, on the afternoons and evenings of Friday and Saturday of last week, enjoyed a literary and dramatic treat which they will not soon forget. The programme comprehended "The Taming of the Shrew," "King Lear," "King Henry the Fourth," and a lecture, with extracts from the various plays. In the whole of these the reader exhibited the very highest style of dramatic culture, voice, and action; and at the close of every period was loudly applauded by the large and cultivated audience.

While all the artist's efforts were good and inimitable, he reached his climax in "Sublime King Lear," over which the ghost of the immortal bard himself might be imagined present, applauding with the rest.

Not often do the people of Hamilton enjoy the privilege of hearing, in such sacred and sunny circumstances, such a world-renowned reader as Mr. Griffith; who has rendered a genuine treat, as well as lasting benefit, not only to the favored ladies and gentlemen who were present by invitation, but to the young ladies of the Academy of Loretto; and both credit and thanks are due not only to the distinguished artist himself, but to the enterprising "Ladies" who secured him.

Monday, 5th. Oct., 1908.

The Wayfarers.

QUAINT old Quebec, with its dizzy heights and frowning citadel, was celebrating the Tercentenary of its existence when the Wayfarers passed through the hilly, paved streets en route for that Mecca of suffering humanity, the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Soldiers of Wolfe and Montcalm, in their picturesque military uniforms of bygone days, flitted to and fro, and that soldier par excellence of modern warfare, Field Marshal Roberts, had already arrived, as well as the Duke of Norfolk, the former, by his military prestige, the latter, as the representative Catholic of England, to grace the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, who was expected on the morrow. The story runneth, that a patriotic Irish lady, whose summer residence crowns one of the hills in the vicinity of the historic city, had a huge bonfire erected on an eminence to greet the hero of Kandahar and Pretoria, as he sailed in, and, having anxiously scanned the horizon for the faint line of smoke which was to be his herald, had the torch applied at the seemingly-propitious moment when lo! in the full glory of the blaze the French frigate steamed in, and the gallant marshal missed the intended honor. Be that as it may, gentlemen and ladies, arrayed in the costumes of the days of Louis the Fourteenth, who were to take part in the pageant to be viewed by royalty, paraded the streets, on these memorable days of celebration, and added their quota to the unique features of the festive time. But what athlete bent on gaining a prize, ever paused to admire passing scenes, however varied their aspects? And so, the Wayfarers, "with face to Jerusalem," quickly boarded a car on which was heard on all sides the language of diplomacy and politesse, and whose destination was no other than the city of miracles. The occupants of the electric car seemed to be impressed with the idea that "la bonne Sainte Anne" had the tenderest regard for French Canadians, but, to two, at least, of the pilgrims, this sentiment did not particularly appeal. For although by their appreciation of the miracles wrought by their favorite saint, or through her intercession, the inhabitants on the banks of the Saint Lawrence seem to merit special favors, yet the more Catholic view, that her mediatory power is reserved for no particu-

lar race, will always find favor; and so, with unabated zeal, the remainder of the journey was made, until the sacred edifice, with its snowy domes, was reached, and the doors of the church, ever open, admitted the crowd of struggling humanity to the Sacred Presence. Here, as in days of old, when the great Healer appeared in the Temple, were seen the feeble, the blind, and the lame. The poor seemed to be absent, for there was no suggestion of material or intellectual poverty, in the well-ordered procession of human beings that swayed through the middle aisle to adore God on the altar, and venerate the relic of the saint who was the mother of her who gave unto the world the Saviour. The statue in front of the main altar, with its oval frame of lights, is wonderfully expressive of the love and mercy which pilgrims from afar expect, and which many have realized; but the crowning bliss of the Wayfarers was on the Festival of Ste. Anne, in the reception of Him from whom all good flows and Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. This joy baffles description; but for the sight of the crowds approaching and leaving the altar-rail, with the look of "peace which the world can neither bestow nor take away," memory would fain find words. Some one has said: "Tout lasse. Tout casse. Tout passe," and so, with the close of the memorable procession, the visit to the shrine was ended, and Quebec again reached, after an absence of some days. A drive through the historic Plains of Abraham, where the Holy Sacrifice had been celebrated in the open, the Sunday previous, seemed a fitting closing to the Wayfarers' pilgrimage, but the end had not yet come, for shadowed by the same kindness that ever hovered near, they found themselves on the morrow, on the broad bosom of the Saint Lawrence, sweeping by the picturesque hills of Quebec, until Murray Bay was reached. From the steamer, the height of the frowning hill, on which the famous summer resort is built, does not picturesquely commend itself. Nor is there any stretch of beach in sight, but with the "sail on" of Columbus, Tadoussac, with its historic old church, soon came in sight, and here one hour's delay was made. The ancient mission church, with the tablet to the memory of the last Father of the Mission, was well worth seeing, and the bell which was rung by unseen hands when the missionary lay dead

and cold, was an object that claimed attention. Here at this old trading post is the junction of the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence, and night was spent on the dark waters of the former. A glorious dawn followed, in the words of Coleridge—

“Nor dim, nor red, like God’s own head
The glorious sun uprist,”

and the course of the boat reversed, the beauties passed in the night were revealed. The waving, frowning hills, and the stupendous heights of Capes Torment and Eternity, stood out against the horizon, and, with the statue of the peerless Virgin on an eminence two hundred feet above the water, made an ineffaceable picture of the Saguenay. Night again, with its dusky veil, brooded over the St. Lawrence, reëntered, and the familiar shore was lost to sight until the old-time rivals, Laval and the Capitol, stood boldly out in the golden light of another dawn. And here the Wayfarers passed into more impenetrable darkness than brooded in the night over St. Lawrence or Saguenay.

M. B. C.

Ashes Gray.

Bright rose the sun, and joy was everywhere,
But yesterday;
And now I sit—a pall on all things fair—
By ashes gray.

A voice of rosy dawn, youth’s smile of mirth,
Came; went away:
Cold grows my heart, and cheerless on my
hearth
Are ashes gray.

So strange it seems,—this loneliness and daze!
We’ll go away,
Poor wondering heart!—from skies of chilling
haze,
To kinder day.

I turn; but to my ear comes knell of friends
Who pass away,
Or change: so all earth’s sympathy but ends
In ashes gray!

IDRIS.

Letter Box.

LONDON, England.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You have been hearing, during the summer, of the City of Twenty Palaces, for much has been said and written about the wonders of the Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd’s Bush, but no one who has not been on the ground can have any idea of the imposing White City which sprang up there at the bidding of that modern magician, Mr. Imre Kiralfy.

The magician in the story of “Aladdin” was able to create a palace in a night, Mr. Kiralfy, in an incredibly short time, called into being twenty palaces, which covered one hundred and forty acres of exhibition ground. When the first sod was cut the place was a desert, a gloomy stretch of mud and rank grass. Soon it became a state-ly town, with wide roads and pleasant gardens and a broad canal meandering through it, with fine buildings at every turn, each vista revealing fresh beauties, and every promise of being ready for the public to gaze upon its wonders at the beginning of May.

It was hard to believe when one saw the palaces glitter in the sunlight that they were not solid constructions of stone. The plaster work was marvellous, and all the details, as well as the broad outlines of design, were really in excellent taste. It reminded one now of the Chicago World’s Fair, now of the last Paris Exhibition. Certainly, nothing so good of its kind had ever before been seen in England.

The Court of Honor was one of the chief admiration spots for the crowds which thronged the place. Around an immense basin, fed by the canal, were vast halls of Oriental aspect. Their cupolas and minarets formed a delicate fretted pattern against the sky. Their dignified solidity and restful architecture breathed an ageless majesty and calm. At one end a cascade of water rippled down over crystal steps, illuminated from beneath with changing colors like some gigantic kaleidoscope.

Upon the lake, and hither and thither on the canal, electric and petrol motor-launches swiftly bore visitors from one point to another. There were also wheel-chairs for the weary, pushed by wiry blue-bloused little men. These aids to loco-

motion were greatly valued. So large an area did the exhibition cover that depending on one's legs alone, would soon reduce one to a state of limp despair.

Fortunately, the fatigue of getting there was reduced to a minimum. There were two railway stations actually in the grounds. The Central London Tube terminus and the Uxbridge-Road Station were at the very doors. The London United Electric tramway-cars passed the entrance, and the London County Council constructed a new tramway line up Wood-Lane, upon which the exhibition grounds bordered.

Again all those who spent the day there found excellent restaurants, at all prices. French or English, whichever they preferred; and plenty of opportunities to rest whenever they found the stress of sight-seeing becoming too strenuous. What better antidote against weariness could be imagined than the unpoetically-named Flip-Flap, a contrivance consisting of two huge cantilever arms which raised you up high in the air, giving you a bird's-eye view of the whole exhibition, and gently deposited you ninety yards away from where you made your ascent?

There were always opportunities to rest in the stadium, whether the Olympic Games were in progress or not. This enormous oval amphitheatre had a running track a third of a mile round an outer track for bicycles, motors, &c., 660 yards in circumference, and seats for 40,000 spectators. There was, in addition, a swimming pool more than a hundred yards long, and, in the middle, fourteen feet deep, for diving competitions.

Here the international sports of every description took place, while before and after, there were all kinds of other athletic displays. Three times a week there were fireworks in the stadium; and, late in the season, football, lacrosse, and hockey matches were played. Altogether the arena was capable of holding as many as 150,000 people, all getting a view of whatever was going on.

Especially forward were the Colonial Palaces, in which the King took a particular interest. To Australia His Majesty lent a very large painting of the proclamation of the Commonwealth, by Mr. Tom Roberts. With the French exhibits, too, the King was, of course, keenly sympathetic.

Prince Edward of Wales, accompanied by his brother, Prince Albert, and his tutor, made several trips on the Scenic Railway and on the Spiral Railway; and the purchase of sweets and picture-postcards was among their amusements. Prince Edward knew his way about the exhibition thoroughly, and was able to point out to his brother many things he had seen on previous visits. Opposite a toffee and sweet pavilion Prince Edward exclaimed, "Why, there is where I saw the things I promised to take back to Mary!"—his sister—and purchases were made.

One day, after a trip on the Spiral Railway and lunch at one of the restaurants, the Princes again took their places in the queue at the Scenic Railway. Paying their sixpences at the turnstile, they obtained seats near the back of the leading car, and, for the third time, enjoyed the rush down the precipitous slopes and the wide view of the White City, obtained from the mountain tops. At the end of the trip they quit their seats to move further forward, and, for the fourth time, sped over the route, the two Princes and their tutor occupying one seat at the very front of the train.

Leaving the Scenic Railway, the Princes walked down the Avenue of Progress to the Court of Honor, where they stopped to buy picture-postcards at one of the kiosques. Pictures of the Scenic Railway were wanted, and some little difficulty was experienced in procuring the right ones, for the postcards were sold only in sets of various views. Eventually, however, the Princes succeeded in getting what they wanted, Prince Albert remarking to his brother, "Write on yours that you have travelled about 1,200 miles on it."

The aged Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Cyriaco Maria Sancha Y Hervas, Primate of Spain and Patriarch of the West Indies, who was on a visit to London in connection with the Eucharist Congress, motored down to Hampton Court to see the famous Palace erected by Cardinal Wolsey. His Eminence, accompanied by several gentlemen, arrived at the Lion Gates, and, having been assisted from the vehicle, he walked through the wilderness to the East front. What memories must have been awakened by the scenes that met his gaze!

By command of the Queen of Spain, the Marquis de Villalobar has sent a fine portrait of her

Majesty to Lieutenant George Miller, M. V. O., bandmaster of the Royal Marines at Portsmouth. The band recently played at Osborne Cottage, at a garden party given by Princess Henry of Battenberg in honor of their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain, and Queen Victoria Eugénie graciously alluded to her long acquaintance with Mr. Miller and the band, and the time when they used to play at Osborne House during the reign of her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Duchess of Devonshire has returned to England for the autumn after having spent several weeks in Ireland; there has been immense jubilation in the neighborhood of Lismore Castle, owing to the fact that the very first year of her husband's accession to the dukedom, the new Duchess of Devonshire has, following in the footsteps of her immediate predecessor, just paid quite a lengthy visit there; for, until the marriage of the late Duke to Louise Duchess of Manchester, the visits of its ducal owners to this, quite the finest of the ancient inhabited castles in the Sister Isle, were very rare events.

Though now holding the rank of a great English Duchess, Her Grace of Devonshire has important links with Ireland. The eldest daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, much of her childhood was passed at Doreen, that lovely spot in the county of Kerry which owns her father as lord of the land; then, in the adjoining county of Waterford, lives her younger and only sister, to whom she is devotedly attached and who, as Lady Beatrix Fitzmaurice, married the young Marquis of Waterford just a few years after her own alliance to the heir of an English dukedom.

The traditions of Lismore Castle go back long before the Norman Conquest of England, when it was an Abbey, founded by St. Carthage, and one of the arches in the great ball-room is still shown as being a remnant of the monastic building of the seventeenth century. It is known that Henry II. penetrated as far south in Ireland as County Cork, and that this Norman monarch put in a stay at the old castle which had then taken the place of the abode of monks, and it was actually his son, John, who laid the foundations of what remains of the old building. Spenser resided there, and it was at Lismore Castle, that he wrote part of the "Faerie Queen." Most

interesting of all, perhaps, of those who are known to have lived there, comes in the name of Walter Raleigh: the end of the sixteenth century saw the great navigator actually in residence, and there are trees still in the grounds which are held by local tradition to have been planted by him. It was only towards the middle of the eighteenth century, indeed, that the place came into the possession of the great ducal house of Cavendish, through the marriage of the fourth Duke of Devonshire to the heiress of the Boyles, Earls of Cork.

The approach to Lismore Castle is, as the old place itself, most charming and romantic. After ascending the slope to the castle, under the wide avenue of ancient trees, the visitor crosses a fine stone bridge, which spans what was once an old-world moat. Standing on an elevated plateau, the old gateway leads under a stone arch into the splendid courtyard. Right round the square rises the stone-battlemented body of the building. Under a wide-spreading old tree, near the centre of this vast stone-paved court, is now a seat whence the entire aspect of the enclosure recalls to imagination what must have been the ideal *entourage* for the jousting of knights in armour. The interior gained, one passes through long, stone-paved corridors and a wide, grand staircase up into what was once a baronial hall, with stained glass Gothic windows, old-world panellings, and oak-timbered groined roof. From this, and running right through the main frontage, directly overlooking the steep terraced slopes above the river, are the private suite and the Staterooms, and from these terraces right down to the river—the Blackwater—so famed in fishing annals, stretch the glorious woods, edging the long line of stately towers, which form the principal frontage of this side of the old castle.

And now a word, before I close, about the work of the Catholic Women's League, during the Eucharistic Congress. Woman, however much she may struggle and strive and fight for her rights, can find no higher niche than that assigned to her by the Church. It is, therefore, not at all surprising to find that, although the women did not make their voices heard with any grand acclaim, they had a very important part to play in the Eucharistic Congress. A certain share in the work had been appointed to them by the Archbishop of Westminster, who felt

secure in his trust that they would not fail. The admirable way in which these devoted organizers proceeded was a striking tribute to the hearts that were guiding them. The office of the League, close to Westminster Cathedral, became a great centre where information of every kind was supplied. All day long, the services of the workers there were in demand, and even a short half-hour in their presence gave the visitor a deep impression of their good will, tact, and generosity.

"Why, it is the only religion in which we are all equal," said one of those busy workers, in reply to a comment on the sympathy she had been showing during interviews that would have tried the patience of many people. Here the women in authority realized that amongst the enormous crowds which poured into London from all parts of the Continent, as well as of Great Britain and the Colonies, many would be women. Seven thousand Congress tickets were issued, and at least half of these were in the hands of women. The organizers knew that many of the visitors would not know English. "What can I do to help?" was a question frequently poured into their ears by women of position and wealth. A reply very often given was, "You speak French, or, it may be, German or Italian; be ready to welcome those who cannot speak English, to advise them, and help them to enjoy their visit to London, as well as to share in the benefits of the Congress." Large numbers who came from different parts were quite poor, and it is impossible to convey in words the thought and consideration that were given to them.

Window accommodation was offered on all sides, and, in many cases, prices naturally ran very high. Lists were, however, available of windows where seats at a moderate price might be had. A certain number of women were told off to look after the sick, the halt, and the lame—for all these wished to participate in the great gathering. A band of the members of the League of all classes started forth in the morning and looked after their charges, seeing that they reached their windows, and that they were comfortably placed in good time. Flowers were brought from all directions. Some who had nothing else to give, brought the labor of their hands, or good taste and skill. Those from France showed their enthusiasm by chartering

a special train to bring their floral offerings, and these tokens of love and affection, expressed in the glowing colors of a southern land, were dispersed throughout the various halls.

Every convent in London offered hospitality of some kind to the stranger. Many of these retreats were filled. As most of the foreigners could not speak a word of English, one realized what it meant to Frenchwomen, for instance, to find the refugee nuns of France ready with a warm welcome and practical help. In the convents there was an immense amount of work to be done. The nuns coped with it without the slightest ruffling of their wonted serenity and dignity. The convent of St. Vincent de Paul, close to the Cathedral, was visited by the Papal Legate. At this orphanage, where one hundred and forty children find loving care, interior decorations on a lavish scale were made. Every window was wreathed with flowers, and candles glowed in each.

By special mandate of the Archbishop of Westminster, no woman was allowed to wear a hat when she attended High Mass, but instead a mantilla of black lace. This was in view of the innumerable people to whom a sight of the altar meant so much. Besides the fact that large hats with plumes would obstruct the vision it was also realized that the poor do not feel at their ease when they attend a church in the presence of others who are robed sumptuously.

On the occasion of the reception by the Papal Legate in the Albert Hall, the women wore black dresses, trained—when convenient—and high to the neck.

Fully 18,000 children from the elementary schools walked in procession to the house of the Archbishop of Westminster, where, from the balcony, they were reviewed by the Cardinals, and addressed, later, in the Cathedral, by Cardinal Logue. After the procession, those who came from a distance were entertained at the Convent of St. Vincent de Paul.

At the convents, fifty Masses were said during the mornings, commencing at 4.30, a. m., so the nuns had to be early astir. All day long, endless inquiries were made of them, for the convents were regarded as centres where information of every description could be obtained. When it is remembered that mostly all the coats of arms of the Cardinals, the large painted deco-

rations, &c., used in the halls, and innumerable wreaths of roses, were made at the convents, no one will withhold from the inmates due credit for the part they so unobtrusively but effectively took.

D. M.

MY DEAR RAINBOW:

A visit to the dear and venerable Abbey was one of the happiest episodes of my summer holidays this year. Most of your readers, I know, share my deep affection for that abode of the blest and all who inhabit it, therefore no apology need be offered for invading your valued space with an account of one delightful and memorable day spent under its hospitable roof, and marked by an unexpected event that cast a glamour of quite unusual gaiety and excitement over the occasion.

It was early in August, the most propitious month of the year for meeting one's favourite Sisters from all the Missions, and, by special good fortune, whom should I find awaiting me, though on the wing, but that dear Sister L., who, as you are aware, carries a nightingale in her throat, that, when liberated, can fill the air with sweetest melody. Now, though time was precious and there was no dearth of interesting subjects of conversation, the opportunity of being regaled with real music was too good to lose. Sister L., being amiably disposed, according to her wont, repaired, a quiet little quartette, to the Music Hall, where, free from observation or interruption, we counted on an impromptu recital after our own hearts. The "star," seated grandly before the piano on the stage, rehearsed some choice numbers, and the "audience" of three, with generous applause, encouraged the nightingale to sing just one more, and still another. So engrossed were we with the art divine and its pleasing interpreter, we sat contentedly in the front row,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

or so it seemed, until, at the end of a particularly sweet ballad, we were suddenly startled by the sound of vigorous applause and unmistakably masculine "Bravos," and "Encores," proceeding from the end of the hall. Imagine, if you can, the confusion of the modest performer on looking up (with genuine stage fright), and beholding no less than three stalwart forms ad-

vancing up the centre of the hall, accompanied by Reverend Mother and several Sisters. At least one figure was familiar, that of Reverend E. Murray, C. S. B., of St. Michael's College, Toronto, tall and commanding, who immediately introduced his smiling companions as Reverend R. O. Hughes, New York, and his nephew, a young theological student, both on a holiday tour through Canada, and unmistakably enjoying it. Father Murray whispered the information that his guest was also a singer, so, without further ceremony, he was led to the stage where, with perfect good humor, he accepted the situation and proceeded to charm his willing listeners with a rendering of many favourite songs that held them spellbound.

Could you imagine a happier accident than this appearance at the psychological moment of a veritable artist and one to whom it gave undisguised pleasure to join in our impromptu morning musicale. The strains of such a magnificent highly-trained voice soon attracted the scattered members of the Community from various parts of the house and grounds, and before the close of the brilliant little entertainment, the hall was fairly filled with enthusiastic listeners.

The gifts of our distinguished visitor were not confined to the vocal art. Interspersed among the songs were humorous anecdotes, recitations, and imitations that would assuredly have brought down the house if it had been composed of any other elements than "veiled ladies"—plus a worldling or two. Here was high-class vaudeville, if you please, that literally walked into our quiet retreat and fairly took us by storm. Some local talent, shy but "sure," was also induced to shine on this gala occasion.

Duets, quartettes, and a few choral numbers, as well as an interesting revelation of elocutionary gifts, added a pleasing variety to the programme which came to a close only as the noon hour approached, the sun showing no disposition to stand still even in honor of such a momentous occasion.

Never have I seen a more thoroughly delighted and satisfied audience, nor performers better pleased because of the pleasure they had been able to confer on their listeners. Father Hughes has an infectious gaiety of temperament which is felt the moment he enters a room, and his powers of entertainment appear to be inexhaust-

ible. It was something to be thankful for to have come in contact with such a vivid and inspiring personality. What it must mean to the boys over whom his influence is exercised daily is matter for real congratulation to them and to their parents.

I could tell you many more pleasant incidents of my visit to the Abbey, dear RAINBOW, but I must not encroach further on your space this time.

Yours faithfully,

A LOVER OF LORETTO.

INSTITUT DER ENGLISCHEN FRÄULEIN,
ST. PÖLTEN, AUSTRIA.

DEAR CHILDREN OF MARY:

I am sure you will be pleased to get a description of our festivities here, in honor of our good and venerable Emperor, who has just completed the sixtieth year of his reign.

It is difficult to give an account of the entertainment as it really was, but I shall endeavor to make it as satisfactory as possible.

The celebration of the auspicious event at the convent took place on the first of July—the preparation began long before. Our dear nuns made every imaginable effort to have it perfect, and indeed, they succeeded admirably, for every one was delighted with the exceedingly brilliant performance. The large concert hall was beautifully decorated, and the national colors—black and yellow—were everywhere in evidence. In the centre of the platform was a bust of the Emperor, surmounted by a scroll, on which were inscribed the following words: "Für den Kaiser die Ehre Habsburg hoch für alle Zeit"—his monogram was also conspicuous. Around the room were the coats of arms of the different countries subject to Austria.

The guests and parents of the pupils came in great numbers, and were honored by the presence of our Bishop. The proceedings, which began at five o'clock, opened with a chorus from Beethoven—"Gottes Macht und Vorsehung"—exquisitely rendered. The School Inspector followed with a very interesting speech, which, of course, elicited great applause. Then the Emperor's pupils came forward, and one, in the name of all, thanked the Emperor for his generosity and kindness to them, and placed flowers

before the bust. Another chorus—"Jubelhymne," by Wenhart—was sung, followed by many piano duets and recitations. Three young ladies, an Italian, a Bohemian, and a Hungarian, each in her own language, gave the last recitation. Last of all was the Comedy, which we enclose that you may read it. The pupils acted well and received the applause which they deserved, thus doing credit to the nuns who had taught them. The costumes were exceedingly pretty and were shown off to great advantage.

At the close of the entertainment, the enthusiastic audience joined in the chorus and gave three cheers for the Emperor. All were greatly pleased and could not praise sufficiently the manner in which the pupils had been trained to do their parts. I only regret that you, dear Children of Mary, were not present, but you will have, at least, a faint idea of how we celebrated the great event here.

Next morning, there was a Missa Cantata, and then came the longed-for moment to go home for the holidays.

We hope you will not forget to pray for us.

THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

PROGRAMME.

1. Beethoven, "Gottes Macht und Vorsehung" (Gellert), Chor mit Klavierbegleitung.
2. Festrede, gehalten von Herrn Dr. Karl Weilnböck, k. k. Bezirksschulinspektor.
3. Huldigung und Dank der kaiserlichen Zöglinge, gesprochen von Fräulein Josefina Muzika.
4. Hanisch: "Jubelhymne" (Wenhart), Chor.
5. Beethoven: Klavierkonzert in C-moll, I. Satz, zu vier Händen, gespielt von: Fräulein Irene Nikodem, Fräulein Ilka Spohn.
6. "Des Kaisers Arbeitszimmer," von Ferdinand v. Saar, gesprochen von Fräulein Adele Klazar.
7. Hans Schmitt: Feststudie über die österreichische Volks-Hymne, gespielt von Fräulein Adele Pavelié.
8. "Trifolium," gesprochen von Fräulein Marie Dubravitzky (ungarisch), Fräulein Josefine Neugebauer (böhmisch) und Fräulein Alma Rossini (italienisch).
9. Sitt: Walzer für Violine mit Klavierbegleitung. Violine: Fräulein Georgine

Hütter, Klavier: Fräulein Josefine Hütter.

10. Albert Biehl: Duo für Klavier und Harmonium. Fräulein Marie Waniek von Domyslow, Fräulein Margarethe Sprongl.

EIN TUGENDKRANZ IN DEMANTGLANZ.

Allegorisches Festgedicht zum 60 jährigen Regierungsjubiläum Seiner Majestät des

Kaisers Franz Josef I. von Österreich. von M. Sidonie Heimel-Purschke.

ALLEGORISCHE GESTALTEN:

Muse Klio Rosa Hofkirchner
Mut Franz Bretschneider
Grossmut Josefine Hütter
Gerechtigkeit Luise Schilcher
Güte Anna Killian
Weisheit Paula Buol
Pflichttreue Gabriele Winzor
Stärke Herta Lanjus
Gottvertrauen Elsa Wodak
Liebe Anna Burner
Chor der Völker.—Volkshymne.

GENEVA, Aug. 15, 1908.

DEAR SISTER L.:

I was very pleased to receive your letter of August third, to-day.

You write of your retreat just having closed, and to-day was the end of the course here. As I see it now, it was simply crazy of me to go chasing around Italy as if the police were after me. So little time between landing and being obliged to be here, July the thirty-first. Fancy any respectable, civilized person staying only two days in Rome. The result of the scamper was, that I was nearly dead with fatigue here, with the travelling and the amount of work required in the course.

Dalcroze is, I am convinced, one of the greatest minds in musical education of the day, and, perhaps, one of the greatest of the century. I would not have missed coming for double the money. This is only the third time that a Normal Course has been given, and I have the honor of being the first from the New World to attend. France, Switzerland, and Germany send most of

those attending, but others are here from Russia, Italy, Spain, England, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, and Finland. It is a wonderful method, far in advance of anything I know, first, because founded on totally unique principles, and second, because more embracing. Nearly every one present is a professional musician, from ten to thirty years of experience, persons who are well rated, of good education and reputation. I don't know if you know Catherine von Renner, she is a Hollander—a composer of reputation and a good musician. Then I could tell you of one director of schools and music, after another. You can see for yourself if such people would come to learn the principles of rhythm and ear-training from a comparatively young man and of another nationality, if there was not some pretty big reason. And you should see what asses we older ones are! We have come to the melancholy conclusion, that all our training was through the eye, and not the ear at all. Owing to the necessity of condensing as much as possible in the time, the course, which is not intended to be complete, but merely to give an idea of what is done, is very taxing, though, no doubt, if I had not run about so much before, I should not have felt it as I did. I cannot begin to describe it all, but will send a long article, which I shall publish in the *Buffalo News*, and possibly, also, in some musical paper.

There is immense enthusiasm among the class, and no ordinary man could waken and hold older ones if there was not cause.

I am dying to tell you all about the method. The English translation will not be ready for a couple of months, all the work here was done in French and German.

I told you I liked American Catholics better than those I saw here. In spite of Calvin, Catholicism seems to thrive in Geneva. In the church where I heard Mass (and went to Confession in German!) last Sunday, I counted six priests, and there were still four Masses to follow. One very near here, where I went this morning, the fifteenth.

I leave here on the nineteenth, on the way to Genoa. I sail August the twenty-third, calling at Barcelona, Cadiz, and Malaga. I shall be in New York tenth of September, home the eleventh.

Very sincerely,

A. G.

School Chronicle. Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

AN AUTUMN SENTIMENT.

Grant that these days may be our harvest season; that our lives may reap the fruitage of a well-spent year. Let us be happy with the joy of the flaming hillsides, with the glory of the Indian Summer, with the ecstasy of the ripening grain; happy in the harvest of our high hopes, in the garner of sweet memories, in the ripening of true friendships, in the reaping of bounteous blessings of the buoyant spring and brimming summer; happy in the knowledge of some little kindness done, some great good gained; happy in our new strength, our surer hope, our wider lives and loftier vision. Let these be our jubilant days, the days of our rejoicing.—*Edwin Osgood Grover.*

September eighth—Registration Day. A great many pupils registered.

September ninth—The Mass of the Holy Ghost, for the success of the school year, was celebrated by Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C.

September thirteenth—The Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. Owing to the fact of its being the feast of the Institute, all the pupils received Communion.

September sixteenth—The day pupils having had a half-holiday, on the previous day, so that they might attend the Laurier picnic, the faculty kindly allowed us to have one later.

One may well imagine our delight when we heard that we were to be permitted to spend an afternoon in the woods.

A few moments after dinner, all were in readiness and eager to set out. Our destination was the Dufferin Islands, thither we hurriedly wended our way past grand old Niagara, and along picturesque roads, until we reached the Glen. It is a charming spot, and its natural scenery is magnificent. The Power Companies have beautified it still more by making good paths, and conveniently placing rustic seats in alluring nooks and corners, so that the weary one may refresh herself, to continue in this labyrinth of beauty.

It was one of those hazy autumn days that tends to make one realize and appreciate the great beauties of nature.

At four o'clock a dainty luncheon was served. Soon after, the silvery tinkle of the bell reminded us that it was time to return home. It was rather difficult to get back to studies after our pleasant day, but we are all thoroughly imbued with the principle, "Duty before pleasure," so that it was not such a huge act of mortification to form our ranks, and re-enter once more the sheltering portals of our Alma Mater.

September twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second—The Forty Hours Devotion was held at the Church of Our Lady of Peace. The choir was composed of the pupils of the Academy. On Sunday morning, at 10.30, they sang Gounod's Convent Mass in C, and, on the other two days, Masses by Marzo and B. Hamma.

September twenty-second—At the usual hour of our daily walk, a car ride was proposed, to which, you may be sure, we all readily assented.

The streets of the metropolis seemed busier than usual, even the minims seemed imbued with the same spirit. One little man, in particular, perhaps he had attained the advanced age of five, and was thus the possessor of an unusual amount of curiosity, after regarding a young man, who, very carefully secured his bicycle in a rack, for that purpose, proceeded to examine this wonderful conveyance, but he was too zealous in fathoming the enigma and the object of his curiosity fell to the ground with a great crash, which brought the owner from a neighboring store. Meanwhile, our little friend, who had not exactly the bravery of a Napoleon, scampered up a flight of stairs nearby, not escaping, however, without causing considerable amusement to the young man, as well as to the onlookers of this little comedy.

September twenty-fifth—This was a long-looked-for day, and great was our joy when we heard that Mr. C. E. W. Griffith of the Chicago Shakespeare Club, and the greatest Shakespearean reader in America, would, in addition to reading three plays of the great dramatist, give us his interpretation of Dante's *Inferno*. Needless to say, we listened, enthralled, to his splendid rendition of the great Italian poet.

So many things have been written, and said, about the beauties of Shakespeare that it is needless to go into details, therefore, we will content ourselves with just giving our readers a synopsis of what we have heard read.

In the first reading, we were introduced to Henry IV., Harry Hotspur, the Prince of Wales, and the droll Falstaff—the disciple of the father of lies and bombast. He is, likewise, a firm believer in giving “the devil his due.” This drama might be rightly classified as the epic poem of England.

At our second reading, we were treated to a miscellaneous programme, consisting of scenes from Hamlet, his most famous drama—songs from the “Twelfth Night” and “Julius Cæsar.”

Shakespeare’s fame rests on “Othello,” “King Lear,” “Hamlet,” “Julius Cæsar,” “Macbeth” and “The Merchant of Venice.”

In the play, “As You Like It,” Jacques, the prince of philosophical idlers, sums up life in these famous and well-known lines—“All the world’s a stage,” etc.

Our last reading was the ever-pleasing comedy, “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.” It is one of Shakespeare’s earlier productions, and is replete with music. The little Western flower—“Love in Idleness”—is the key-note of the play.

This comedy was enacted on our spacious lawn, and if one had a vivid imagination, one would believe that she was in the woods near Athens. Probably, in Shakespeare’s time, the drama was produced with incidental music. Mendelssohn and other composers have written incidental music for this drama. Its absence was not felt, owing to the fact that Nature supplied it, in the murmur of the Falls, the sighing of the winds through the majestic pine-trees, and the sweet twitter of the birds,—the finest orchestra in the world could not produce such exquisite music as these children of Nature. The drama thus was charming and idyllic.

The same day, we were favored with a visit from our dear friend, Father Rosa, C. M., who gladdened our eyes and hearts by his coming.

September twenty-eighth—In accordance with a time-honored custom, the youngest child in the house carried the picture of St. Michael into the chapel. Miss Lotta Williams, being the youngest, headed the procession, accompanied by her two little attendants, Miss Hildegard Bartlett of Ottawa, and Miss May Dawson of Niagara Falls, N. Y., as candle-bearers. All three were dressed in white.

During this impressive ceremony, the grown girls chanted the “Te Deum.” MARY LEARY.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

The Diamond Jubilee of Mother Purification was celebrated on the sixteenth of July with as much elaboration as the holiday season allowed. His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, said an early Mass in the convent chapel, and at 10.30 there was Solemn High Mass—coram pontifice. Rev. J. H. Coty was celebrant, Reverend J. W. Englert, deacon; Reverend A. J. Leyes, subdeacon; Reverend M. J. Weidner, Master of Ceremonies; and Reverend R. E. M. Brady assisted the Bishop at the throne.

His Lordship’s address was necessarily brief but most impressive, and was followed by the *Te Deum*.

Representatives from the different houses of the Institute and from St. Joseph’s Convent, Hamilton, were present, also Mrs. Winterberry, niece of the Jubilarian.

Among the gifts was a gold chalice, presented by the relatives of M. M. Purification.

In the afternoon, the Papal blessing was received as a crowning joy.

Among the summer weddings of interest to RAINBOW readers was that of Miss Estelle Martin, a former pupil of Loretto, Niagara Falls, who, on the sixth of August, was married in Los Angeles, California, to Mr. Will Marion Vaughey. The ceremony was performed by Reverend J. Martin, C. M., brother of the bride, assisted by Reverend Clement Molloy, Rector of St. Agnes’ Church. The choir was composed entirely of the priests of St. Vincent’s College, and everything in connection with this ideal Catholic bridal made the day a never-to-be-forgotten one.

September first—The much-enjoyed vacation—so blissfully anticipated—that Utopia so delightful in memories, with its summer skies, and rest, and play, has vanished. But imagine our surprise, upon our return, to find that some kind fairy godmother had waved her magic wand and transformed the usual immaculately-neat sleeping apartments into a veritable camp! The promised new bedsteads, less prompt in appearing than we, had evidently loitered on the way, with a view, perhaps, to prolonging for us the pleasures of the glorious summertime, conse-

quently, we camped—not out—but behind four solid walls! One night, a merry maiden, whose singular power of imagination is well known, drowsily exclaimed, "Some one had better attend to the fire, it's getting rather low," just as Sister, with a quiet smile, turned out the brilliant gas jets.

September second—The death of Reverend B. Hazelton, S. J., to-day, has cast a gloom over Loreto, where the deceased numbers not only relatives but many friends. Father Hazelton was engaged in his own annual retreat at Sault au Recollet, preparatory to the giving of a series of missions, when God called him hence. The dread summons did not find him unprepared, and he joyfully responded.

Referring to this saintly young Jesuit, the *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* says: "As a priest, he had an insatiable thirst for souls; as a religious, he was a strict observer of the rules of his Order, and was remarkable for his obedience, that cardinal virtue of his special vocation; as a missionary, he possessed great organizing power, while his sermons and instructions were earnest and solid. All these qualities, natural and acquired, enhanced by the influence of a holy life, easily explain the success of his few short years of ministry.

A devout client of the Sacred Heart, Father Hazelton attributed his success in working for souls to the strength that came to him from this Divine source. Out of it he drew the zeal and earnestness that characterized his work, that made him forget himself, even to the verge of recklessness, and distinguished his missionary efforts in different parts of Canada, especially in the Maritime Provinces."

A few days after the demise of Father Hazelton, his cousin, Mrs. Callaghan—née Margaret Davis—of Detroit, Mich., passed away.

Miss Davis was one of the first pupils of Loreto Convent, Toronto, where she was beloved and esteemed by her teachers and companions for her sweet amiability and undeviating fidelity to duty.

We will pay the dear deceased the tribute of a faithful remembrance in prayer during the month set apart by the Church for this salutary devotion.

The death, recently, of Miss Jessie Clay, an Englishwoman, recalls the fact that she was the

last friend of Wordsworth and of Coleridge who survived to repeat the literary recollections of her youth. She was ninety-four years old, and was to the last vigorous and energetic. It was in her album that Wordsworth wrote these rather obvious lines:

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one.
The daisy by the shade it casts
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

September eleventh—A visit from Very Reverend P. H. McHale, C. M., Germantown, Pa.

A year ago, dear Sister M. Immaculata was here to greet her uncle. How he must have missed the gentle presence of her who was as immaculate in heart as in name! Let us hope that from her throne in heaven she is guarding the home she loved so well.

September seventeenth—The visit of Mrs. H. Cook and her sister Miss Maher of Washington, D. C.,—former pupils of Loreto Abbey, Toronto—was the occasion of a very happy reunion. Loreto numbers Anna and Essie among the most loyal of her Alumnæ, and the portals of every convent of the Institute in America always open wide in joyous welcome to them.

And what shall we say of Meko—the Chief—their travelling companion, with a pedigree as long as his venerable self, and who bore himself throughout the trying ordeal of new acquaintanceship like the southern aristocrat that he is. Although Meko has not attained the scriptural three score and ten, he has almost reached the age allotted to members of the canine family, and had *carte blanche* to wander from room to room, in company with the most charming of our maidens.

September twentieth—At the meeting of the Children of Mary, held to-day, Elizabeth MacSloy was elected President, and Regina Pigott Treasurer. These will be the only offices held during the term.

September twenty-second—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Jessie Tinsley—a former pupil of the Mount—to Mr. North Storms, on the ninth of October, at Carmi, Ill.

The *staff* congratulates Mr. Storms, and wishes the bride-to-be all possible happiness.

September twenty-third—Our dear companions, Helen and Jean Smith of Chicago, Ill., are enjoying a delightful visit from their mother—herself a former pupil of the Mount—and Ethel Wahl, also of Chicago, shares their happiness. These young ladies have been singularly fortunate in having visitors from their native city during the first month of their school life, for only a week before, Mr. A. West called and extended an invitation to luncheon.

September thirtieth—Again those wedding-bells! To-day for the marriage of Miss Anna Louise Talbot, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., to Mr. James Joseph O'Gara, of Calgary, Ont.

We heartily wish Mr. and Mrs. O'Gara many years of golden bliss as they tread together their united path through life.

October second—Reverend R. Brady and Reverend J. Cassidy and a very representative audience attended the first of Mr. Griffith's series of Shakespearean Readings and were most enthusiastic in their meed of praise of the artistic performance they had witnessed.

October third—His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, our beloved Bishop, honored with his presence Mr. Griffith's reading of King Henry IV., and, in his own inimitable happy vein, gave generous expression to the genuine pleasure which this rare intellectual treat afforded him, adding that he fully endorsed all the sentiments in reference to education, culture, &c., contained in Mr. Griffith's address to the audience, after the presentation of the drama.

His Lordship dwelt on the perfection of Mr. Griffith's interpretation, to praise which, His Lordship said, would be, "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet, to smoothe the ice, or add another hue unto the rainbow."

October fourth—Rosary Sunday—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by Reverend J. S. O'Leary, Cayuga, Ont., and a most instructive sermon on the origin, antiquity, and efficacy of the Rosary. Father O'Leary referred to the sublimity and beauty of the prayers of which it is composed—the Lord's Prayer, taught by Christ Himself—the Hail Mary—the salutation addressed by an archangel to the Virgin of Nazareth—the Doxology—the angels' hymn of praise to the Triune God.

The preacher exhorted us to study the beauties that lie hidden in Mary's Rosary, to recite it with devotion, to keep our souls in the state of grace, that thus there may be nothing to hinder the efficacy of our prayer.

And now I shall conclude my autumn chronicle with the words of another great preacher who reminds us that "when saying the Rosary we, as it were, echo tones that have been sung in varied measures, swept over many heart-strings, that have made thoughts infinitely diversified arise in psalmody to God and His Blessed Mother. Have not the words of the Rosary," he inquires, "been uttered for centuries by the lips of holy, heroic, self-sacrificing martyrs and consecrated virgins? Millions of poor, grief-stricken, abandoned, deeply bowed-down souls have, with confidence, sent these words on the wings of fervent prayer to heaven, mingling with them their sighs and tears. These words have kept company with the penitential tears of contrite sinners, and with the charity-fires of holy and innocent souls. In short, these words of the Holy Rosary have been the language with which men have held converse with God, and which a kind and loving Father has been at all times ready to hear."

ELIZABETH MACSLOY.

The following lines, received from Mr. W. Murray, Athol Bank, Hamilton, will be appreciated by RAINBOW readers, as well as by America's greatest Shakespearean Reader:

Grateful Minstrel Murray thanks the Ladies of
Loretto
For their delightful invitation
Upon the rare and choice occasion
On which they'll all be met to
Listen to the loftiest order
Of art on earth or o'er the border—
An art which endless gladness giveth—
"Shakespearean Readings by Great Griffith"—
Which invitation he, the bard,
Accepts with pleasure and regard.

Worldliness has been defined as a looking at the things that are seen, but *only closely enough to see their market value*. Spirituality is that further look which sees their eternal value.

Loreto Convent, Chicago.

LORETO CONVENT, Jackson Park Terrace, closed a very successful and interesting session, on the eighteenth of June last. A programme was presented which was as exquisitely chosen as it was artistically rendered. The ease and grace as well as the simplicity and earnestness which characterized the youthful performers, were evidences of the fact that these young ladies are being educated on the old conventual plan, in which moral culture is considered more than, and elegance of manner as much as, intellectual development. The reading of the honor list, however, gave proof that the course of study, which is extremely liberal, calls for strenuous application on the part of the students.

To chronicle the events of particular interest which occurred during the year, would be to show how well pleasure and relaxation have been combined with the cultivation of artistic and temperamental gifts.

St. Ursula's Literary Society celebrated the feast of their patroness, Oct. 21st., by a Tennysonian masquerade and a fête in the Land of the Lotos. King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, Sir Lancelot and Elaine, Gareth and Lynette, Geraint and Enid, and all the other noble knights and fair dames of that heroic time, were there, rubbing shoulders with the Princess Ida and the Prince, "blue-eyed and fair of face," Melissa and Florian, the gentle Lady Psyche and the naughty Cyril, Jephtha's daughter and Helen of Troy, while the good Haroun-al-Raschid listened patiently to the complaints of Cleopatra, chafing because she could not bend the will of the "dull cold-blooded Cæsar." Little Dagonet, wearing the cap and bells of a court jester, danced about, enlivening the company with his wit and wisdom, until called to order by Sir Tristram. The guests were led by Ulysses into the "hollow lotos land," where colored lights imitated "the charmed sunset," and the poppy, hanging from the craggy ledge, induced the soporific effect proper to the place. To complete the illusion, a troop of lotos-eaters, bearing branches of that enchanted stem, presented flowers and fruit to the guests, who "sate them down" on the refectory chairs and were served with other things besides lotos. On the place cards, which were decorated with poppies, were inscribed quota-

tions from Tennyson, supposed to be peculiarly adapted to the character of each guest. A series of toasts was given, some of them original, others in the words of the poet of the evening.

The St. Ursula Society also held a very interesting debate on a subject suggested by the study of "The Princess": "*Resolved*, That the intellect of woman is equal to that of man." The negatives had the questionable honor of winning. Perhaps one should say the *unquestionable* honor, since they won on the arguments evolved from their fertile brains and not on the intrinsic merits of their side of the subject.

Under the auspices of the same Society, were given two very enjoyable lectures by the eminent Shakespearean scholar, Rev. P. J. McCann of St. Cyril's College; one on "The Merchant of Venice," the other on "Macbeth." The latter was also the occasion of giving the students an opportunity of hearing the "Anita Quartette," whose reputation is deservedly extending. To Rev. A. O'Reilly, O. C. C., the students are indebted for a most instructive lecture on "Poetry."

The Feast of St. Cecilia was fittingly observed at Loreto. In the evening, a piano, violin, and song recital was given, at which a charming selection of pieces from renowned composers was rendered with remarkable taste and appreciation by the senior pupils. The junior and intermediate music pupils gave their annual recital, on June 2d., in the presence of their mistresses, who were delighted and surprised at the progress they had made.

The Third Academic Latin Class gave a recital in that language, on April 5th. After the singing of Jacopone's "Stabat Mater," an address was read which showed a good knowledge of Latin forms and constructions as well as the ability to turn them to account to secure a humorous effect. A composition on Chicago was also a triumphant exposition of what can be done with a vocabulary based mainly upon Cæsar. The elevated railways were given due attention, the "sky-scrappers," the great departmental stores, and the whining schoolboy who crawls unwillingly to school, were done to a nicety; even a well-merited compliment to the teacher of the aforesaid boy was worked in. A dramatized (Latin) version was given of the negotiations between Cæsar and Ariovistus, who sat on opposite sides of the stage and sent im-

puident messages to each other by a couple of legates who went to and fro between them. The scene representing Cæsar's meeting with the Gallic chiefs was well acted, the weeping of the envoys being particularly effective.

Shortly after Easter the "Cercle Francais" gave a little comedy, "Stella," with some musical selections from various French composers. The members of the cast entered into the play, which treated of boarding-school life, with a zest that showed them not unacquainted with the joys and woes of a "pensionnaire."

The Second Academics have a way of hiding their light under a bushel, but, occasionally, one gets a gleam of it through a crevice; for instance, when they invite a favored few to witness a contest in essay-writing. On such occasions they make their elders tremble for any laurels they may chance to have gained in that department.

To record all the other events of such deep interest to the school-girl microcosm, might be to weary the general reader; besides, are they not already written on the tablets of the heart as well as on the forbidden pages of diaries, where those who desire to be of the cognoscenti may read them.

M. E.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

Since I wrote you, the Right Reverend Monsignor Barbieri, O. S. B., administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the convent chapel, to eight of the pupils. Many visitors were present at the ceremony.

Later on, four of the children had the happiness of approaching Holy Communion for the first time. After Mass, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the day concluded with the usual solemn procession to Our Lady of Europa's.

The following week, Pepita Rodriguez, Olympia Canilla, Pilar Armero, and Concha Galvey, were received into the Congregation of the Children of Mary, by the Right Reverend Monsignor Barbieri. His Lordship delivered an eloquent exhortation on the privileges of true Children of Mary and on the advantages of devotion to our Immaculate Mother, after which there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The newly-received were then presented to the Lord Bishop, and the evening concluded with a pleasant time in St. Cecilia's. Several of the former pupils and some friends were present.

On the thirtieth of June, the College of Preceptors' Examinations, London, commenced, and continued until July third. Twenty-three candidates presented themselves. Reverend L. Matthews, chaplain to the Forces, presided.

July sixteenth, the announcement of the death of Colonel Dunne, C. B., the last survivor of Rorkes Drift, at Rome, was received by us with the deepest sorrow.

Before he expired, he received the special blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff. His remains rest in the cemetery of San Lorenzo. On his tomb is inscribed the Beatitude—Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God.

July twenty-seventh. The results of the Examinations of the College of Preceptors were received with enthusiasm. Such a large number of Honor Certificates and Distinctions speak well for the year's work. Lourdes Ferrary deserves special mention, having obtained First Place in the United Kingdom for Music, First Class.

CLEMENCIA NOVELLA.

Those who have allowed the finer sensibilities to die or become indifferent, have not met the affairs of life as bravely as they should, for the best that is in one should not suffer from contact with rougher things.

Jealousy is one of those respectable vices that can be indulged in by the professedly righteous. How many persons are there who lead religious lives and regard the Kingdom of Heaven as their rightful home, but who contrive to poison the lives of those with whom they live? A jealous woman communicates the fact of her jealousy without recourse to speech. Saying nothing, she fills the home with an atmosphere of displeasure when she ceases to be the centre of attention. Self-absorption is the soil of jealousy, and self-absorption is a disease so common that it is now recognized by wise physicians. Jealousy grows with increasing years and becomes a torment to existence. Trifles light as air become instruments of torture, and souls are racked with misgivings where there is no ground for trouble and still less for agony.

Personals.

"Alone, distinct, unique, incomparable!"

"Who was all that?"

"Napoleon."

"What a pity he didn't go into the show business."

"Oh, dear, which is the bass side of the biano?"

"Is the Retreat over already so soon again?"

"She just raved over my playing."

"I should think she would know enough to conceal her feelings the way the rest of us do."

"They have a little dog at the convent that's very rude. He took a bite out of a bird and left it there alive."

"I seen monkeys at the Zoo."

"I saw monkeys at the Zoo."

"Oh, I'm only six years old and I'll have to begin to learn to talk English all over again!"

"Rome is a city on the west side of the world."

"What's the matter with you? Didn't you get as much as you expected?"

"Yes, but I was counting on getting more than I expected."

"What are the products of the zones?"

"Well, I know one of them. Snow-apples grow in the frigid zone."

Good character is above all things else.

The longest life is one of which the most is made.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

God cares for everything that He has created; but, on the whole earth, nothing is so interesting to heaven as the fidelity of the soul, the fidelity of a weak heart and feeble will, endeavoring to overcome temptation. All the glory of earth is pale and faded beside the persevering struggles of such a soul.

Strength conquers many things, but only love can conquer selfishness.

God has put in our power the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them.

We all believe so little in the medicines of Christ that we do not know what ripples of healing are set in motion when we simply smile on one another.

No efforts we ever make can bring such splendid returns as the endeavor to scatter flowers as we go along, to plant roses instead of thorns: no investment will pay such large dividends as the firm effort put into kind words and kindly acts, the effort to radiate a kindly spirit toward every living creature.

Do not be discouraged, even if the people you try to help and encourage are ungrateful and unresponsive. Such efforts can never be lost, no matter how coldly they may be received. No one can honestly try to help another in vain.

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